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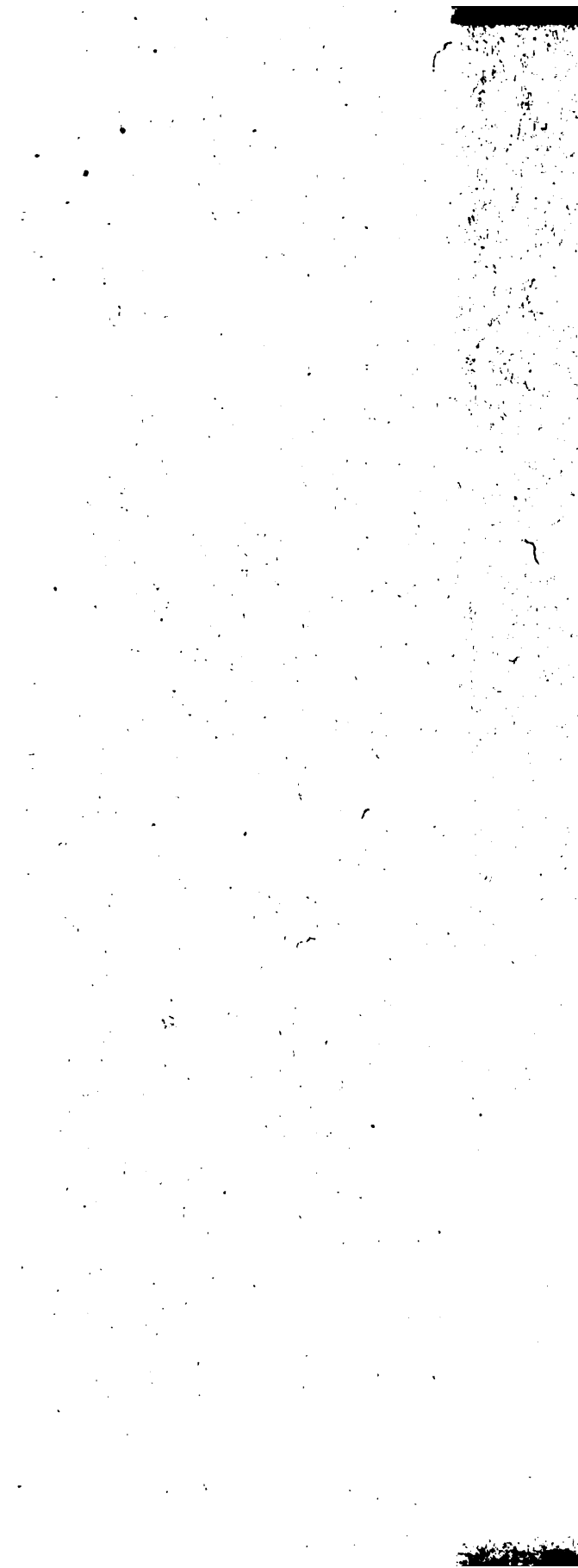
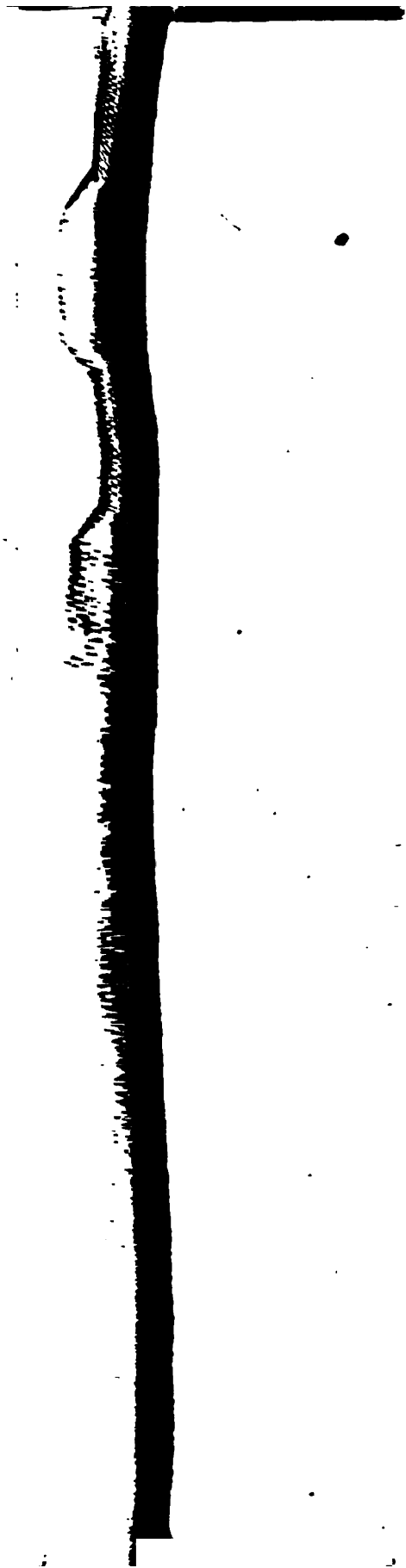
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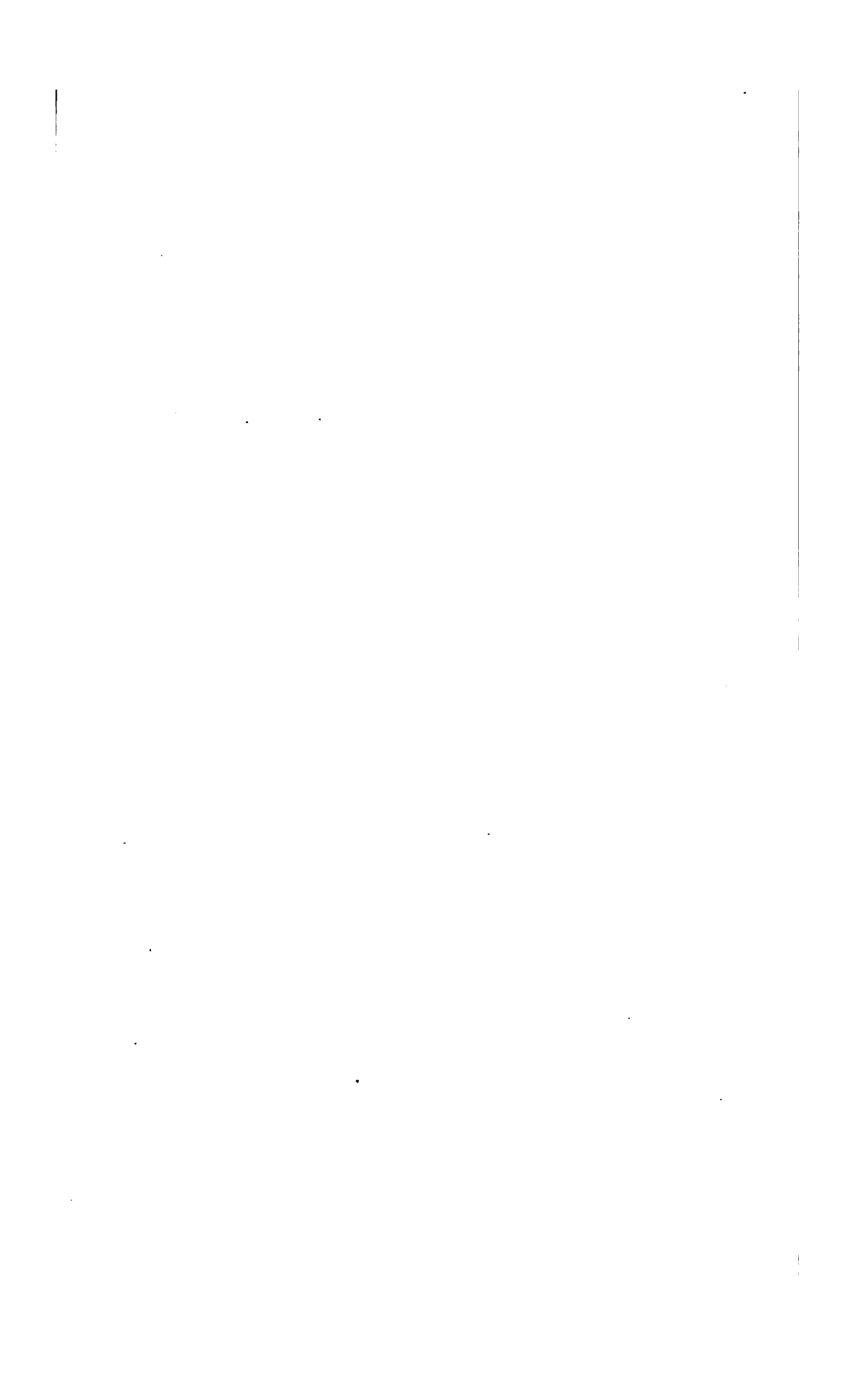
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THE

SOUTHERN LITERARY MESSENGER:

DEVOTED TO

EVERY DEPARTMENT OF LITERATURE

AND

THE FINE ARTS.

Au gré de nos desirs bien plus qu'au gré des vents.

Croëillon's Electre.

As we will, and not as the winds will.

VOL. II.

RICHMOND:

T. W. WHITE, PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR.

1835-6.



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SOUTHERN LITERARY MESSENGER.

VOL. II.

RICHMOND, DECEMBER, 1835.

No. 1.

T. W. WHITE, PROPRIETOR.

FIVE DOLLARS PER ANNUM.

PUBLISHER'S NOTICE.

☞ The gentleman, referred to in the ninth number of the *Messenger*, as filling its editorial chair, retired thence with the eleventh number; and the intellectual department of the paper is now under the conduct of the Proprietor, assisted by a gentleman of distinguished literary talents. Thus seconded, he is sanguine in the hope of rendering the second volume which the present number commences, at least as deserving of support as the former was: nay, if he reads aright the tokens which are given him of the future, it seems with even richer banquets for his readers, than they have hitherto enjoyed at his board.

Some of the contributors, whose effusions have received the largest share of praise from critics, and (what is better still) have been read with most pleasure by that larger, unsophisticated class, whom Sterne loved for reading, and being pleased "they knew not why, and care not wherefore"—may be expected to continue their favors. Among these, we hope to be pardoned for singling out the name of Mr. EDGAR A. POE; not with design to make any invidious distinction, but because such a mention of him finds numberless precedents in the journals on every side, which have rung the praises of his uniquely original vein of imagination, and of humorous, delicate satire. We wish that decorum did not forbid our specifying other names also, which would afford ample guarantee for the fulfilment of larger promises than ours: but it may not be; and of our other contributors, all we can say is—"by their fruits ye shall know them."

It is a part of our present plan, to insert *all original communications* as editorial; that is, simply to omit the words "For the Southern Literary Messenger" at the head of such articles:—unless the contributor shall especially desire to have that caption prefixed, or there be something which requires it in the nature of the article itself. *Selected articles*, of course, will bear some appropriate token of their origin.

With this brief salutation to patrons and readers, we gird up ourselves for entering upon the work of another year, with zeal and energy increased, by the recollection of kindness, and by the hopes of still greater success.

SKETCHES OF THE HISTORY

AND PRESENT CONDITION OF TRIPOLI, WITH SOME ACCOUNTS OF THE OTHER BARBARY STATES.

NO. IX.—(Continued.)

About this period commenced those differences between France and the Algerine Government, which led to the overthrow of the latter, and the establishment of the French in Northern Africa; the circumstances which occasioned the dispute were however of much older date.

Between 1793 and 1798 the French Government on several occasions obtained from the Dey and merchants

of Algiers, large quantities of grain on credit, for the subsistence of its armies in Italy, and the supply of the Southern Department where a great scarcity then prevailed. The creditors endeavored to have their claims on this account satisfied by the Directory, but that incapable and rapacious Government had neither the principle to admit, nor the ability to discharge such demands; every species of chicanery was in consequence employed by it in evading them, until the rupture with Turkey produced by the expedition to Egypt placing the Barbary States either really or apparently at war with the French Republic, a pretext was thus afforded for deferring their settlement indefinitely. Under the Consular *regime* however, a treaty of peace was concluded with Algiers on the 17th of December 1801, by the thirteenth article of which, the Government of each State engaged to cause payment to be made of all debts due by itself or its subjects to the Government or subjects of the other; the former political and commercial relations between the two countries were re-established, and the Dey restored to France the territories and privileges called the *African Concessions*, which had been seized by him on the breaking out of the war. This treaty was ratified by the Dey on the 5th of April 1802, and after examination of the claims on both sides, the French Government acknowledged itself debtor for a large amount to the Jewish mercantile house of Bacri and Busnach of Algiers, as representing the African creditors. Of the sum thus acknowledged to be due, only a very small portion was paid, and the Dey Hadji Ali seeing no other means of obtaining the remainder, in 1809 seized upon the *Concessions*; they were however of little value to France at that time, when her flag was never seen in the Mediterranean, and their confiscation merely served as a pretext for withholding farther payment. In 1813, when the star of Napoleon began to wane, and he found it necessary to assume at least the appearance of honesty, he declared that measures would be taken for the adjustment of the Algerine claims; but he fell without redeeming his promise, and on the distribution of his spoils, the Jewish merchants had not interest enough to obtain their rightful portion, which amounted to fourteen millions of francs.

Upon the return of the Bourbons to the throne of France, the government of that country became desirous to renew its former intercourse with the Barbary States, and to regain its ancient establishments and privileges in their territories, which were considered important from political as well as commercial motives. For this purpose, M. Deval a person who was educated in the East and had been long attached to the French Embassy at Constantinople, was appointed Consul General of France in Barbary, and sent to Algiers with powers to negotiate. The first result of this mission, was a convention which has never been officially published; however in consequence of it the *African Concessions* were restored to France, together with the exclusive right of fishing for coral on the coasts in their vicinity

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and various commercial privileges; in return for which the French were to pay annually to Algiers, the sum of sixty thousand francs. It appears also to have been understood between the parties, that no fortifications were to be erected within the ceded territories in addition to those already standing, and that arrangements should be speedily made for the examination and settlement of all their claims on both sides, not only of those for which provision was made in the treaty of 1801, but also of such as were founded on subsequent occurrences; after this mutual adjustment the treaty of 1801 confirming all former treaties was to be in force.

The annual sum required by Omar for the *Concessions*, was much greater than any which had been previously paid for them by France; Hussein however immediately on his elevation to the throne, raised it to two hundred thousand francs, and he moreover declared, that the debt acknowledged to be due to his subjects must be paid, before any notice were taken of claims which were still liable to be contested. In opposition to these demands, the French endeavored to prove their right to the territories of Calle and Bastion de France by reference to ancient treaties both with Algiers and the Porte, in which no mention is made of payment for them; with regard to the claims, they insisted that the only just mode of settlement, was by admitting into one statement all the demands which could be established on either side, and then balancing the account. The Dey however remained firm in his resolution, and exhibited signs of preparation to expel the French from the *Concessions*, when their government yielded the point concerning the amount to be annually paid.

A compromise was made respecting the claims between the French Government and the Agents of the Algerines, on the 28th of October, 1819; as the articles of this agreement have never been published, its terms are only to be gathered from the declarations of the French Ministers in the Legislative Chambers, and the semi-official communications in the *Moniteur* the organ of the Government. From these it appears that the French Government acknowledged itself indebted for the sum of seven millions of francs, to Messrs. Bacri and Busnach, which was to be received by them in full discharge of claims on the part of Algiers, under the thirteenth article of the treaty of 1801; from this sum however was to be retained a sufficiency to cover the demands of French subjects against Algiers under the same article, which demands were to be substantiated by the Courts of Law of France; finally, each party was to settle the claims of its own subjects against the other, founded on occurrences subsequent to the conclusion of the said treaty. The French historical writers affect to consider this arrangement entirely as a private affair between their Government and the Jewish merchants, and indeed the Ministry endeavored at first to represent it in that light to the Legislature; but they were forced to abandon this ground when they communicated its stipulations, and the Minister of Foreign Affairs declared in the Chamber of Deputies, that the Dey had formally accepted it on the 12th of April 1820, and had admitted that the treaty of 1801 was thereby fully executed.

In order to comply with this arrangement, a bill requiring an appropriation of seven millions of francs was

in June, 1820, submitted by the French Ministry to the Legislative Chambers, in both of which its adoption was resisted by the small minority then opposed to the Government. The debates on this occasion are worthy of notice, as many of the arguments advanced against the appropriation, have been since employed to defeat the bill for executing the treaty of 1831 by which the United States were to be indemnified for the injuries inflicted on their commerce by Napoleon. The claims against France were in both cases pronounced *antiquated* and *obsolete* [*vieilles réclamations, créances déchuës*] and the fact that they had long remained unsettled, was thus deemed sufficient to authorize their indefinite postponement. The great diminution to which the creditors had assented, was considered as affording strong presumption that their demands were destitute of foundation; and the probability that many of the claims, had been purchased at a low price by the actual holders, from the persons with whom the contracts were originally made, was gravely alleged as a reason for not satisfying them. The advantages secured to France by each Convention were examined in detail, and compared with the sums required for extinguishing the debts; and the Ministry were in both cases censured for not having obtained more in return for their payment. It is not surprising to hear such sentiments avowed by men educated in the service of Napoleon, but it is painful to find them supported by others distinguished for their literary merits, and for their exertions in the cause of liberty.

The bill for the appropriation of the seven millions of francs, was passed by a large majority in both Chambers, the influence of the Crown being at that period overwhelming. Four millions and a half were in consequence paid within the ensuing three years to the Jewish merchants, who having thus received the whole amount of their own demands retired to Italy; the remaining two and a half millions were retained by the Government of France in order to secure the discharge of the claims of its subjects, under the treaty of 1801, which were yet pending in the Courts of the Kingdom. At the retention of this sum, the Dey was, or affected to be at first much surprised, and he insisted that the Government should hasten the decisions of the Courts; however as years passed by without any signs of approach to a definitive settlement, his impatience became uncontrollable. Moreover in addition to the annoyance occasioned by this constant postponement, he was much dissatisfied, on account of the fortifications which the French were erecting at Calle, contrary as he insisted to the understanding between the parties at the time of its cession. To his observations and inquiries on both these subjects he received answers from the French Consul which were generally evasive and often insulting, until at length wearied by delays and having strong reason to believe that M. Deval had a personal interest in creating obstacles to an adjustment of the difficulties, he determined to address the French Government directly. Accordingly in 1826 he wrote a letter to the Minister of Foreign Affairs of that country, in which after indignantly expressing his sense of the conduct of the French Government, in the retention of this large sum and the erection of fortresses in the *Concessions*, he required that the remainder of the seven millions should be immediately paid into his own hands,

and that the French claimants should then submit their demands to him for adjustment.

No notice having been taken of the Dey's letter, the Algerine cruisers began to search French vessels in a manner contrary to the terms of existing treaties, and to plunder those of the Papal States which were by a Convention to be respected as French. Besides these acts of violence the Dey shortly after issued a proclamation declaring that all nations would be permitted on the same terms to fish for coral near the coasts of his Regency. M. Deval complained of these proceedings at a public audience on the 27th of April, 1827; Hussein in reply haughtily declared that he had been provoked to them by the bad faith of the French, and that he should no longer allow them to have a cannon in his territories, nor to enjoy a single peculiar privilege; he then demanded why his letter to the French Ministry had not been answered, and when M. Deval stated that his Government could only communicate with that of Algiers through himself, he was so much enraged that he seized a large fan from one of the attendants, with which he struck the representative of France several times before he could leave the apartment.

As soon as the French Government was informed of this outrage, a schooner was despatched to Algiers with orders to M. Deval to quit the place instantly; a squadron was also sent in the same direction, under the command of Commodore Collet who was charged to require satisfaction from the Dey. The schooner arrived in Algiers on the 11th of June, and M. Deval embarked in her on the same day, together with the other French subjects resident in the place, leaving the affairs of his office under the care of the Sardinian Consul. At the entrance of the bay the schooner met the French squadron, consisting of a ship of the line, two frigates and a corvette; M. Deval then joined the Commodore, and after consultation between them as to the nature and mode of the reparation to be demanded, the schooner was sent back to Algiers with a note containing what was declared to be the *ultimatum* of the French Government. This note was presented to Hussein on the 14th; in it the Dey was required to apologize for the offence committed against the dignity of France, by the insult to its representative; and in order to make the apology the more striking and complete, it was to be delivered on board the Commodore's ship, by the Minister of Marine, in the presence of M. Deval, and of all the foreign Consuls resident in Algiers, whose attendance was to be requested; the French flag was then to be displayed on the Casaba and principal forts, and M. Deval was to receive a salute of one hundred and ten guns.

The policy as well as the generosity of requiring such humiliating concessions from the Government of any country, may be questioned, but it is certainly hazardous to make the demand unless it be accompanied by the display of a force calculated to insure immediate compliance. Decatur indeed with a force perhaps inferior to that of Collet, propounded terms to Omar Dey in 1815, which were really much more onerous to Algiers than those offered on the present occasion by the French; they were accepted, and it is therefore needless to inquire what would have been his course in the other alternative. Collet was not so fortunate; his

demands were rejected with scorn and defiance by Hussein, who added that if the Commodore did not within twenty-four hours land and treat with him on the subjects in dispute between the two nations, he should consider himself at war with France. The French Commander did not think proper to comply with this invitation, and declared the place in a state of blockade, under the expectation probably that the distress produced by such a measure, might occasion discontent and commotions which would either oblige the Dey to lower his tone, or lead to the destruction of so refractory an enemy. Recollecting however what had occurred at Bona in May 1816, he adopted the precaution of sending vessels to the various establishments in the *Concessions*, in order to bring away the Europeans who were there, under the protection of the French flag; these vessels succeeded in rescuing the people, who were transported to Corsica, but their dwellings and magazines were rifled by the Bey of the Province, who had just received orders to that effect, and the fortifications at Calle were entirely destroyed.

The preceding account of the circumstances which led to the war between France and Algiers, will be found by comparison to vary considerably from those given by the French historical writers, and to be defective and unsatisfactory with regard to several important particulars, which are stated by them with great apparent clearness and confidence. To these objections, only general replies can be made; this account has been drawn entirely from original sources, and where they failed to supply the requisite information, silence has been preferred to the introduction of statements on doubtful authority. The only publications on the subject which may be termed official, are the declarations of the French Ministers contained in the Reports of the Debates in the Legislative Chambers, and the articles on the subject in question inserted from time to time in the *Moniteur*, the avowed organ of the Government. From the Algerines we have nothing. The conventions of which the alleged non-fulfilment occasioned this rupture have been withheld by the French Ministry; no account has been given of the claims against Algiers brought before the French Courts, of the causes which retarded the decisions respecting them, of the amount demanded or awarded; without precise information as to these particulars, it is impossible to form a correct judgment of the case. This silence and the vagueness and reserve so apparent in the communications of the French Government, on the subject, are certainly calculated to create suspicions, as to its sincerity in maintaining its engagements, and these suspicions are increased by an examination of its conduct throughout the whole affair.

It would be incompatible with the character or plan of these Sketches, to give a review of the proceedings of the French Government; the impression produced on the mind of the author, by a diligent study of the case, is that the parties in the dispute mistrusted the intentions of each other. The French were anxious to make permanent establishments on the coast of Northern Africa, which Hussein who had much more definite ideas of policy than perhaps any of his predecessors, determined from the commencement of his reign to oppose; before resorting to violent measures however, he wished to secure the payment of the large debt

due to himself and his subjects. The French having good reason from his conduct, to apprehend that as soon as he had received the whole of the sum, which they had engaged to pay, he would find some pretext to expel them from his dominions, may have had recourse to the old expedient of withholding a part, in order that he might be restrained from aggressions by the fear of losing it. We have no means of ascertaining the share which M. Deval may have had in producing or increasing the difficulties, but there is reason to believe that it was not inconsiderable; his conduct is admitted to have been highly imprudent and indeed improper, even by the best French authorities, and it was condemned as dishonorable by the Dey, as well as by the most respectable portion of the Consular body at Algiers.

Before entering upon the events of this war it will be proper to advert to the situation of the other Barbary States, and to notice the principal occurrences which transpired in them about this period.

It would be uninteresting to recount all the attempts made by the inferior powers of Europe to preserve peace with the Barbary Regencies; sufficient has been said to demonstrate the vainness of the expectation that the rulers of those states would be restrained from any course which promised to be immediately beneficial to their interests, by regard for engagements however solemnly taken. The King of the Netherlands by a judicious display of firmness in 1824, succeeded in preventing his country from being rendered tributary to Algiers; but he, as well as the sovereigns of Sweden and Denmark, continued to pay large annual sums to Tunis and Tripoli.

In Tunis, no events of much importance transpired during the reign of Mahmoud, which have not been already mentioned. The Regency continued at peace with foreign nations, and its situation was in general prosperous, notwithstanding the desolation produced by a plague in 1818, an extensive conspiracy headed by the Prime Minister in 1820, and the frequent contests between the adherents of Hassan and Mustapha the two sons of the Bey. Mahmoud at length died quietly on the 28th of March 1824, and Hassan succeeded without opposition.

A short time previous to the death of Mahmoud, some alterations not very material indeed, yet favorable on the whole to the United States, were made in the treaty concluded between their Government and that of Tunis in 1797. One of the amended articles provides—that no American merchant vessel shall be detained against the will of her captain in a Tunisian port, unless such port be closed for vessels of all nations, and that no American vessel of war should be so detained under any circumstances. This was considered by the British Government at variance with the terms of the engagement made with Admiral Freemantle in 1812, by which the armed vessels of nations at war with Great Britain were not to be suffered to leave a Tunisian port within twenty-four hours after the sailing of a British vessel; and the Consul was directed to ask for explanations on the subject from the Bey. Hassan who had by this time succeeded to the throne replied positively, that there was nothing contradictory in the two stipulations, and that this agreement had been made with the United

States, merely in order to place them on a level with other nations. As the British Government had thought proper to make the inquiry, it is strange that it should have been satisfied with such an answer; however, under the condition of things then existing and the probabilities with respect to the future, it was certainly not worth while to press the matter further.

The Pasha of Tripoli, notwithstanding the treaties made with Lord Exmouth in behalf of Sardinia and the Two Sicilies in 1816, and his protestations to the English and French Admirals three years after, sent out armed vessels to cruise against the commerce of the Italian States. When complaint was made of these depredations, Yusuf replied that the treaties were no longer binding, and that if those nations wished to remain at peace with him, they must pay him an annual tribute. To this insolent and unreasonable pretension, the King of Sardinia replied by fitting out a squadron composed of two frigates, a corvette and a brig, which sailed from Genoa in September 1825, and arrived before Tripoli on the 25th of that month.

Before relating the proceedings of this expedition it will be proper to give some account of the place against which it was sent.

The town of Tripoli stands on a rocky point of land projecting northwardly into the Mediterranean; it is surrounded by a high and thick wall, forming an unequal pentagon or figure of five sides of different lengths, of which the two northern are washed by the sea, the other three looking upon a sandy plain but partially cultivated. The circumference of the place is about three miles, and the area enclosed within the wall does not exceed one thousand yards square.

The shore on the north-western side of the town is bordered by rocky islets, which render it almost unapproachable by vessels; but in order to secure the place effectually from attack on that quarter, a battery has been erected on one of the islets called the French fort. The harbor is on the north-eastern side; it is about two miles in length and a mile in width, and is partially enclosed by a reef of rocks extending for some distance into the sea; on these rocks are situated the principal fortifications, and by filling up the space between them, which could be done with but little labor, the reef might be converted into a continued mole. The depth of water in the harbor no where exceeds six fathoms, and great care must be taken by vessels to avoid the numerous shoals and hidden dangers which beset the entrance; the frigate Philadelphia struck in fourteen feet water on one of these shoals distant three miles and a half northeast of Tripoli, and one mile north of Kaliusa Point at the eastern extremity of the harbor.

The fortifications of Tripoli on the land side are of no value, and could not for an instant withstand an attack from a well appointed force; the wall, said to have been built by Dragut, is of great height and thickness, and provided with a rampart on which are mounted some guns, but these pieces are generally useless from rust and want of carriages. Towards the harbor the defences are more respectable, and have on many occasions as already shown, preserved the place from capture or destruction. On the shore forming the south-eastern side of the harbor, are two forts called the Dutch and English forts, and opposite them on the reef of rocks are two others, much larger and stronger,

called the New and English forts; these have been all constructed by European engineers, and are kept in tolerable order.

There is but little appearance of wealth in Tripoli; the Moorish population amounting to about fourteen thousand are in general very poor, the trade being almost exclusively in the hands of the Jews, whose number is about two thousand. The palace contains some apartments possessing a certain degree of grandeur and furnished in a costly manner principally with French articles; in the town there are a few good stone buildings, with courts and arcades in the Italian style; these are however chiefly occupied by the foreign Consuls and merchants, the greater part of the inhabitants dwelling in mere hovels of mud but one story high. The roofs of the houses are all flat, and great care is taken to have the rain conveyed from them into cisterns, as there is not a well or spring of fresh water in the place.

A triumphant arch, the inscription on which denotes that it was erected in honor of the Roman Emperors Marcus Aurelius and Lucius Verus, is the only remarkable monument of antiquity in the place. It is much defaced, nearly buried in the ground and encumbered with mean houses; but as far as can be ascertained, it exceeds in beauty of design, proportion and parts, any other similar relique of Roman art.

The immediate environs of Tripoli are desert; about two or three miles to the eastward is a rich and highly cultivated plain called the Meseseah where the Foreign Consuls and the wealthy inhabitants of the town have their villas.

As soon as the Sardinian squadron arrived before Tripoli, the Cavaliere Sivori who commanded it immediately landed with some of his officers on the guaranty of the British Consul, and had an audience with the Pasha. Yusuf at first assured him that every thing would be accommodated, but on the day succeeding he presented a note in which his demand for tribute was unequivocally stated, accompanied by other proposals equally insulting. The Cavaliere on this took his leave, and having recommended the subjects and interests of his master to the care of the British Consul, he retired to his ships determined to assert the rights of his country by force. The sea was too rough at the time to permit the approach of the ships to the town, without danger of their being stranded; but Sivori wished to lose no time, and to effect if possible immediately the destruction of the Pasha's shipping; he accordingly manned a number of boats which entered the harbor at midnight in three divisions, commanded by Lieutenant Mamelli. The expedition was perfectly successful; a brig of twelve guns and two schooners of six guns each were boarded and set on fire, during a heavy cannonade from all the surrounding batteries; the men then landed from the boats, and endeavored to force the gates of the dock-yard and custom house, but this being found impracticable, they retreated in good order to their ships. "The next day the weather proving more favorable, preparations were made for an attack on the town; but Yusuf finding that he had mistaken the character of his assailants, and not wishing to subject himself to further loss, agreed to an adjustment, and signed a convention renewing the engagements made to Lord Exmouth in 1816.

The King of the Two Sicilies was less fortunate in his attempt to bring the Pasha of Tripoli to reasonable terms. Yusuf had suspended his demands on Naples for some time after the attack made on him by the Sardinians, and it was supposed that he had abandoned them; however in the beginning of 1828, he suddenly required from His Sicilian Majesty payment of one hundred thousand dollars immediately, and an annual tribute of five thousand more, as the price of continuance of peace. King Francis considered the honor of his country too precious, or the sums demanded by the Pasha too great, for he refused to pay either present or tribute, and even sent a squadron to Tripoli to bear his reply. The Sicilian force consisted of a ship of the line, two frigates, two corvettes, a brig, a schooner, and twelve gun and mortar boats, and arrived off Tripoli on the 22d of August, 1828, under the command of Baron Alphonso Sosi de Caraffa, who was authorized to treat with the Pasha respecting the future relations between the two countries. The Commander instantly landed under proper assurance of safety, and held a conference with the Pasha, in which he endeavored to induce him to adhere to the treaty of 1815; Yusuf however remained firm to his purpose, and rejected all propositions of adjustment on other terms than those he had already offered. The Sicilian flag was in consequence taken down from the Consulate, and the Consul retired with the Baron on board the squadron.

The next morning the 23d, the Sicilian squadron sailed into the harbor, and commenced an attack on the Tripoline vessels of war, twenty in number, which were drawn up in front of the reef of rocks, under the guns of the New and Spanish forts. The large ships of the squadron kept aloof from the batteries and only a few of the gun and mortar boats approached near enough to produce any effect by their fires. The injury sustained by either party was thus very slight, and a storm coming up, after a desultory contest of three hours, Caraffa thought proper to withdraw his forces, and put to sea. The storm continued for the two succeeding days; on the 26th the attack was resumed, but in the same inefficient manner; it was renewed on the 27th and 28th, during which the Sicilians expended a great deal of ammunition, but to very little purpose on account of the great distance at which their ships remained from the object of attack. At length on the 29th, the Commodore concluded that his attempts were likely to prove fruitless, and therefore resolved to return to Naples.

The Tripolines behaved with great gallantry throughout the affair, their own boats advancing frequently towards the enemy; their loss was trifling, and only two or three shots from the Sicilians reached the town, where they caused no damage. Immediately on the retreat of the squadron, Yusuf sent out his cruisers which took several Sicilian vessels, but the French Government interfered, and its Consul at Tripoli was ordered to negotiate in favor of Naples. The Pasha could not refuse such a mediation, and a Convention was in consequence signed on the 29th of October, by which the former treaty was renewed, the King of Naples however engaging to pay immediately twenty thousand dollars to Tripoli as indemnification for the expenses occasioned by the war.

Yusuf had by this time become an old man, and the decay of his body was accompanied by corresponding

changes in his character and mental faculties. The firmness which had so long sustained him under the pressure of heavy difficulties, gave place to a disposition to temporize, inclining him to sacrifice prospects of future advantage, in order to avert a present evil; the energy which had caused him to be viewed with a certain degree of respect, notwithstanding his repeated acts of treachery and violence, now exhibited itself in undignified bursts of passion, and an insatiable desire to increase his treasures was the only remnant of his former ambition. The condition of the Regency had indeed been improved in many respects during his reign; its productiveness was increased, the communications were more easy and secure, and the affairs of internal administration, as well as the intercourse with foreign nations, were conducted with greater regularity and precision than before his accession. These reforms however served as they were intended, only to advance the personal interests of the sovereign; and the people became more wretched as the means of oppression were thus rendered more effectual by system. To obtain money had become the sole object of Yusuf's plans: if he repressed the ravages of the wandering tribes, it was only that he might levy greater contributions himself; and if the caravans traversed his dominions with unwonted security, this advantage was more than counterbalanced by the augmentation of duties on their merchandize. In imitation of the Viceroy of Egypt, whom he seems to have adopted as his model, he likewise engaged in commercial speculations, which were productive of serious evils to his subjects. These enterprises were generally carried on by the Pasha in conjunction with foreigners resident in Tripoli, or through their agency; and in order to affect the value in the market of articles which he might wish to buy or sell, the duties on their export or import were on several occasions suddenly raised or lowered, to the ruin of regular merchants. Notwithstanding these arbitrary measures, or perhaps in consequence of them, the speculations were generally unsuccessful, and the Pasha became indebted on account of their failure for immense sums, principally to subjects of France and England; these creditors, when unable to obtain settlement of their claims in any other way, were in the habit of applying to their own Governments for relief, and the unfortunate Pasha after having been long dunned by an overbearing Consul, was occasionally obliged to open his treasury on the summons of an Admiral.

These and other troubles affected the Pasha the more deeply as he could place little confidence in those who surrounded him. Mohammed D'Ghies whose kindness and integrity were worthy of being employed in a better cause, still lived and bore the title of Chief Minister; but age and blindness had long rendered him incapable of attending to business, and the duties of his office were performed by his eldest son Hassuna, of whom more will be said hereafter. The other ministers and agents of the Pasha, were persons of whose unscrupulous character he must have received too many evidences, to have supposed them attached to him by any other ties than their interests.

In the members of his own family Yusuf could place but little reliance; he whose youth had been signalized by the murder of his brother and rebellion against his

father, could with an ill grace recommend fraternal affection among his children, or require of them obedience to his own authority. The attempt made by his eldest son Mohammed in 1816 to obtain possession of the throne has been already noticed; this wretch continued for ten years after his pardon in a species of exile, as Governor of Derne, while his next brother Ahmed enjoyed the title of Bey of the Regency, and was regarded as the probable successor to the crown. Ahmed however dying suddenly, Mohammed organized another conspiracy in his province, with a view to the overthrow of his father, which attempt proving like the former one unsuccessful, he again fled to Egypt where he died in 1829. Mohammed left in Tripoli a son named Enhammed who would have been the regular heir to the crown according to the customs of succession in Europe; but primogeniture is for various reasons little regarded in Oriental countries, and the reigning sovereign usually favors the pretensions of the son to whom he is the most attached, or whom he considers most capable of maintaining possession of the inheritance. For one or both of these reasons, Yusuf thought proper to set aside Enhammed, and to designate his own next surviving son Ali as the future Pasha of Tripoli; this prince was accordingly on the death of Ahmed, invested with the title of Bey, which gave him command of the troops, and in order to increase his wealth and influence, he was married to the daughter of the Chief Minister D'Ghies. These marks of favor only served to render Ali more impatient to enjoy the prize which they were intended to insure to him, and while waiting an opportunity to seize it, he gratified his own avarice by extorting as much money as he could from the people, through the aid of his myrmidons. The inhabitants thus suffering from the violent and arbitrary exactions of the Bey, in addition to the taxes and duties imposed on them by the Pasha, were frequently driven into rebellions, the suppressions of which by increasing the public expenses increased the miseries of the country.

In addition to these difficulties, Yusuf was tormented by the quarrels and jealousies of the Foreign Consuls residing in his capital, and by their interference in the affairs of his Government. Quarrels and jealousies are naturally to be expected among the members of a diplomatic corps, particularly of one in which all bear the same title and are nominally equal, while the influence possessed by each is generally commensurate with the power of the country which he represents. Thus the Consuls of France and England in Barbary have ever considered themselves superior to the representatives of other states, and have ever been rivals, each demanding the precedence on public occasions, and claiming a host of exclusive privileges either on the strength of treaties, or of custom. Their claims to superiority both in rank and privileges have been generally allowed by their European colleagues who according to circumstances range themselves under the banner of one or the other of these potentates; the Consuls of the United States have however uniformly refused to admit any inferiority on their own part, demanding for themselves the enjoyment of every substantial right granted to the representative of any other power, and abstaining from appearance on occasions of ceremony, in which a preference unfavorable to themselves may be manifested.

In *Algiers* and *Tunis*, these disputes seldom attracted the notice of the Government, and the influence which a Consul could exercise in either of those Regencies, was scarcely worth the sums which must be paid for it. In *Tripoli* however, and especially since 1815, the agents of Great Britain and France have each endeavored to obtain a degree of control in the affairs of the state. Colonel Warrington who has represented Great Britain during that period, is well calculated by his general intelligence and the inflexible resolution of his character to acquire this superiority; and having been always supported by his Government, many of his demands have been instantly complied with, which would otherwise have been regarded merely as the ebullitions of arrogance and presumption. On the slightest resistance to his wishes, the ships of war of his nation appeared in the harbor, the Minister who offended him sat uneasy in his place, and every aggression committed by a Tripoline upon the honor or interests of Great Britain, was speedily and severely punished.

The possession of such powers by the representative of Great Britain, would certainly not be regarded with indifference by France; as it is not so convenient however, to send squadrons on all occasions to the aid of the Consul, he is obliged to rely the more on his own resources. The French Consuls in *Barbary* and the *East* are generally persons who have been educated for the purpose, either in the embassy at *Constantinople*, or at some consulate in those countries. With regard to the propriety of such selections, experience seems to have shown that the advantages of acquaintance with the customs and languages of the Eastern nations, are more than counterbalanced by the loss of honorable feelings, and the disregard of moral restraints which frequently result from this mode of acquiring them. Whether *Baron Rousseau* who was for many years Consul of France in *Tripoli*, was trained in one of these schools, it is needless to inquire, but he appears to have displayed during his residence in that Regency, a talent and a disposition for intrigue, which would have done honor to the most accomplished drogaman of *Pera*. Between him and Warrington there was a constant struggle for influence, and the Pasha was alternately annoyed by the overbearing dictation of the British Consul, and the wily manoeuvres of *Rousseau*.

One of the most frequent causes of difficulties between the Governments of *Barbary* and the Consuls of Foreign Powers, is the right claimed by the latter to protect all persons within the walls of their residence. In those countries it is absolutely requisite for the security of the Consul and for the discharge of his duties, that the persons in his employ should not be subjected to the despotism of the Government, nor to the doubtful decisions of the tribunals; and provisions to that effect are generally inserted in the treaties between Christian nations and those of *Barbary*. The Consuls however insist that the privilege should extend to the protection not only of their families, servants and countrymen, but also of all other persons under their roof; and the most abandoned criminals having entered such a sanctuary, are thus frequently screened from punishment. This privilege is productive of inconvenience not only to the Government but also to the Consuls whom it frequently involves in difficulties; the representatives of the inferior powers therefore seldom attempt to maintain it,

but generally surrender the fugitive, if a native of the country, to the Government, or oblige him to quit their dwelling, rather than subject themselves to the hazard of having it invaded by force; those of Great Britain and France on the contrary, make it a point of honor not to yield, except in cases where the fugitive has injured some one of their colleagues or his guilt is clearly proved; and even then they have frequently required assurances that he should be pardoned, or that his punishment should be mitigated. A circumstance of this nature occurred in 1829 which brought these two parties in direct and open collision, and for a time involved the Consul of the United States in difficulties with the Government of *Tripoli*; the affair was originally of a private nature, but has ultimately produced the most serious changes in the situation of the Regency.

It is well known that many efforts have been made during the last forty years, by individuals and by some European Governments, to obtain information respecting the interior of the African Continent; we are all familiar with the names and adventures of *Ledyard*, *Parke*, *Burckhardt*, *Denham*, *Clapperton*, *Laing*, *Lander* and others, whose labors have been important from the light thrown by them on the subject of their researches, and still more so as exhibiting instances of perseverance and moral courage with which the annals of warfare offer few parallels. Several of these heroic travellers took their departure from *Tripoli*, as the communications between that place and the regions which they desired to explore are comparatively easy and safe; and the Pasha, whether actuated by the expectation of obtaining some advantage from their discoveries, or by more laudable motives, appears from their accounts to have used every exertion to facilitate their movements. They likewise concur in expressing their gratitude and respect for *Mohammed D'Ghies*, who entertained them all hospitably in *Tripoli* and furnished them with letters of credit and introduction, which, says *Denham*, "were always duly honored throughout Northern Africa."

Hassuna and *Mohammed D'Ghies* the two sons of this respectable person, are also mentioned in terms of high commendation by many who visited *Tripoli*. *Hassuna* the elder was educated in France, and afterwards spent some time in England where he was much noticed in high circles, notwithstanding the assertion of the *Quarterly Review* to the contrary; on his return to his native country, he for some time conducted the affairs of his father's commercial house, and afterwards those of his ministerial office, in which he was distinguished for his attention to business and his apparent desire to advance the welfare of his country. *Mohammed* the younger son was brought up under the eye of his father at home; *Captain Beechy* of the British Navy who spent some time at *Tripoli* in 1822 while employed in surveying the adjacent coast, describes him as "an excellent young man," and as "an admirable example of true devotion to the religion of his country, united with the more extended and liberal feelings of Europeans. He daily visits the public school where young boys are taught to read the *Koran*, and superintends the charitable distribution of food which the bounty of his father provides for the poor who daily present themselves at his gate. Besides his acquaint-

ance with English and French he is able to converse with the slaves of the family in several languages of the interior of Africa," &c. He was subsequently employed also in public affairs, and became the intimate confidant of his brother-in-law the Bey Ali.

On the 17th of July 1825, Major Gordon Laing of the British Army a son-in-law of Consul Warrington, quitted Tripoli with the intention of penetrating if possible directly to Tombuctoo, and thence descending the river which is said to flow near that city, to its termination. He was amply supplied with letters by the D'Ghies family; and orders were sent to the governors and chiefs of places on his route, which were subject to the Pasha to aid him by every means in the prosecution of his journey, and to forward his letters and journals to Tripoli. For some time after his departure his communications were regularly received and bills drawn by him at various places were presented at Tripoli for payment. From these accounts it appears, that taking a south-western course he arrived on the 13th of September at Ghadamis a town of considerable trade situated in an oasis about five hundred miles from Tripoli; thence he passed to Einsalah in the country of the Tuaricks (a fierce race of wanderers) which he reached on the 3d of December and left on the 10th of January 1826. His journals up to this date were regularly received; from his few subsequent letters we learn that during the month of February, the caravan with which he travelled was suddenly attacked in the night by a band of Tuaricks, who had for some days accompanied them; many persons of the caravan were killed and the Major was dreadfully wounded, but he escaped and arrived at Tombuctoo on the 18th of August. At this place he had remained five weeks when Boubokar the Governor of the town who had previously treated him with favor, suddenly urged him to depart immediately, stating that he had received a letter from Bello the Sultan of the Foulahs a Prince of great power in the vicinity of Tombuctoo, expressing the strongest hostility to the stranger; Laing accordingly quitted Tombuctoo on the 22d of September, in company with Burbushi an Arab Sheikh who had engaged to conduct him in safety to Arouan, distant about three hundred miles to the northward.

After this date nothing farther was heard from the traveller, no more of his bills were presented for payment at Tripoli, and Mr. Warrington becoming uneasy prevailed on the Pasha to have inquiries made respecting him. Messengers were accordingly despatched southward in various directions, one of whom on his return in the spring of 1827 brought an account that the Christian had been murdered soon after leaving Tombuctoo, by a party despatched from that place for the purpose. This statement was confirmed by all the other messengers on their return, and it was confidently repeated in a long article on the subject published in a Paris Journal, which gave the Prime Minister of Tripoli as authority. The other caravans and travellers however from the South contradicted these reports, and Hassuna D'Ghies on being questioned respecting the account given in the Paris Journal, denied that he had supplied such information and asserted his total disbelief of the story. These and other circumstances induced Mr. Warrington to suspect that the Pasha or his Minister had for some interested motive suppressed

Laing's communications; at his request therefore, the Commander of the British squadron in the Mediterranean sent a ship of war to Tripoli to give Yusuf notice that as the traveller had proceeded to the interior under his protection, he should hold him responsible for his safety, or at least for the delivery of his property and papers. This intimation was certainly of a most unreasonable character; the Pasha however could only exert himself to avert the threatened evil, by endeavoring to discover the traveller and at all events to disprove any unfair dealings or bad intentions on his own part with regard to him.

All doubts respecting the fate of the British traveller were however dispelled by the return to Tripoli of the servant who had accompanied him; from the statements of this man it was clearly ascertained, that the unfortunate Laing had been murdered in his sleep by his Arab conductor Burbushi on the third night after their departure from Tombuctoo, that is on the 25th of September 1826.

Some time after receiving this melancholy news, the British Consul was induced to believe that papers which were sent by his son-in-law from Tombuctoo, had actually arrived in Tripoli; and in the course of the investigations which he made in consequence, a suspicion was awakened in his mind that they had been secreted by Hassuna D'Ghies, in order to conceal some gross treachery or misconduct on his part. Under this impression Mr. Warrington urged the Pasha to have the papers secured, and not being satisfied with the means used for the purpose, he finally struck his flag, and declared that all official intercourse between himself and the Government of Tripoli, would be suspended until they were produced.

To avert the evils which might result from this measure, Yusuf labored diligently, and in the spring of 1829 he intercepted some letters sent from Ghadamis to Hassuna, which indicated a means of unravelling the mystery. Pursuing his inquiries farther, he became fully convinced of the perfidy of his Minister, and at length he declared to a friend of the British Consul, that two sealed packages sent by Laing from Tombuctoo, had been received by Hassuna and delivered by him to the French Consul in consideration of the abatement of forty per cent. in the amount of a large debt due by him to some French subjects. The fact of the receipt of the papers by Hassuna was to be proved by the evidence of the Courier who brought them from Ghadamis, and of other persons daily expected in Tripoli; the remainder of the Pasha's strange statement appears to have been founded entirely on a written deposition to that effect, of Mohammed D'Ghies the younger brother of the accused Minister, which was said to have been made in the presence of the Bey Ali and of Hadji Massen the Governor of the city.

On the strength of this declaration, Mr. Warrington insisted on the immediate apprehension of Hassuna, but he having received timely warning fled for refuge on the 20th of July, to the house of Mr. Cox the American Consul; and immediately after to the surprise of all concerned, it was found that his brother Mohammed had likewise sought an asylum under the roof of Baron Rousseau.

OCTOBER.

October in New England is perhaps the most beautiful—certainly the most magnificent month in the year. The peculiar brilliancy of the skies and purity of the atmosphere,—the rich and variegated colors of the forest trees, and the deep, bright dyes of the flowers, are unequalled by any thing in the other seasons of the year; but the ruin wrought among the flowers by one night of those severe frosts which occur at the latter end of the month, after a day of cloudless and intense sunshine, can scarcely be imagined by one not familiar with the scene.

Thou'rt here again, October, with that queenly look of thine—
All gorgeous thine apparel and all golden thy sunshine—
So brilliant and so beautiful—'tis like a fairy show—
The earth in such a splendid garb, the heav'n in such a glow.

'Tis not the loveliness of Spring—the roses and the birds,
Nor Summer's soft luxuriance and her lightsome laughing words;
Yet not the fresh Spring's loveliness, nor Summer's mellow glee
Come o'er my spirit like the charm that's spread abroad by thee.

The gaily-mottled woods that shine—all crimson, drab, and gold,
With fascination strong the mind in pensive musings hold,
And the rays of glorious sunshine there in saddening lustre fall—

'Tis the funeral pageant of a king with his gold and crimson pall.

Thou'rt like the Indian matron, who adorns her baby fair,
E'er she gives it to the Ganges' flood, all bright, to perish there;
Thou callest out the trusting buds with the lustre of thy sky,
And clotheest them in hues of Heaven all gloriously—to die.

Thou'rt like the tyrant lover, wooing soft his gentle bride—
Anon the fit of passion comes—and her smitten heart hath died;
The tyrant's smile may come again, and thy cheering noonday skies,
But smitten hearts and flowers are woo'd, in vain, again to rise.

Thy reign was short, thou Beautiful, but they were despot's hours—
The gold leaves met the forest ground, and fallen are the flowers;
Ah, 'tis the bitterness of earth, that fairest, goodliest show,
Comes to the heart deceitfully, and leaves the deeper wo.

Meine.

ELIZA.

MOTHER AND CHILD.

CHILD.

Where, mother, where have the fire-flies been
All the day long, that their light was not seen?

MOTHER.

They've been 'mong the flowers and down through the air,
But could not be seen—for the sunshine was there.
And thus, little girl, in thy morning's first light,
There are many things hid from thy mind's dazzled sight,
Which the evening of life will too clearly reveal,
And teach thee to see—or, it may be, to feel.

CHILD.

Where, mother, where will the fire-flies go
When the chilling snows fall and the winter winds blow?

MOTHER.

The tempest o'ercomes them, but cannot destroy:
For the spring time awakes them to sunshine and joy.
And thus, little girl, when life's seasons are o'er,
And thy joys and thy hopes and thy griefs are no more,
May'st thou rise from death's slumbers to high worlds of light,
Where all things are joyous, and all things are bright.

IMOGENE.

LINES

Written on one of the blank leaves of a book sent to a friend in England.

As he who sails afar on southern seas,
Catches rich odor on the evening breeze,
Turns to the shore whence comes the perfum'd air,
And knows, though all unseen, some flower is there—

Thus, when o'er ocean's wave these pages greet
Thine eye, with many a line from minstrel sweet,
Think of Virginia's clime far off and fair,
And know, though all unseen, a friend is there.

IMOGENE.

THE BROKEN HEART.

. . . . The morning dew-drop,
With all its pearliness and diamond form
Vanisheth.

. . . . She turned her from the gate, and walked
As quietly into her father's hall,
As though her lover had been true. No trace
Of disappointment or of hate was found
Upon the maiden's brow: but settled calm,
And dignity unequalled. And they spoke
To her, and she did mildly answer them
And smiled: and smiling, seem'd so like an angel,
That you would think the man who could desert
A form so lovely, after he had won
Her warm affections, must be more than demon.

And though she shrunk not from the love of those
Who were around her, and was never found
In fretful mood—yet did they soon discover
The rosy tinge upon her youthful cheek
Concentrate all its radiance into one
Untimely spot, and her too delicate frame
Wither away beneath the false one's power.
But lovelier yet, and brighter still she grew
Though Death was near at hand—as the moon looks
Most lovely as she sinks within the sea.
Her fond devoted parents watch with care
The fatal enemy: friends and physicians
Exert their skill most faithfully. Alas!
Could Love or Friendship bind a broken heart,
The fading flower might be recalled to life.

She's gone, where she will chant the melody
Of Seraphim and live—beyond the power
Of the base. Then weep not, childless parents, weep
not,—

But think to meet her soon. Her smile is yet
More lovely now than when a child of earth:
For she has caught the ray of dazzling glory
And sweet divinity, that beams all bright
Upon her Saviour's face; and waits to cast
That smile on thee.

Richmond, Va.

ELIZA.

HALLEY'S COMET—1760.

BY MISS E. DRAPER.

Good George the Third was sitting on his throne—
His limbs were healthy, and his wits were sound;
In gorgeous state St. James's palace shone—
And bending courtiers gather'd thick around
The new made monarch and his German bride,
Who sat in royal splendor side by side.

Pitt was haranguing in the House of Lords—
Blair in the Pulpit—Blackstone at the Bar—
Garrick and Foote upon the Thespian boards—

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And pious Whitfield in the open air—
While nervous Cowper, shunning public cares,
Sat in his study, fattening up his hares.
Sterne was correcting proof-sheets—Edmund Burke
Planning a register—Goldsmith and Hume
Scribbling their histories—and hard at work
Was honest Johnson; close at hand were some
Impatient creditors, to urge the sale
Of his new book, the Abyssinian tale.
Italia smiled beneath her sunny skies—
Her matchless works were in her classic walls;
They had not gone to feast the Frenchman's eyes—
They had not gone to fill Parisian halls:
The Swiss was in his native Canton free,
And Francis mildly ruled in Germany.
Adolphus reigned in Sweden; the renown
Of Denmark's Frederic overawed her foes;
A gentle Empress wore the Russian crown;
Amid the gilded domes of Moscow rose
The ancient palace of her mighty Czars,
Adorn'd with trophies of their glorious wars.
Altho' the glory of the Pole was stain'd,
Still Warsaw glitter'd with a courtly train,
And o'er her land Augustus Frederic reign'd;
Joseph in Portugal, and Charles in Spain—
Louis in France, while in imperial state
O'er Prussia's realm ruled Frederic the Great.
In gloomy grandeur, on the Ottoman throne
Sat proud Mustapha. Kerim Khan was great
Amid fair Persia's sons; his sword was one
That served a friend, but crush'd a rival's hate:
O'er ancient China, and her countless throng,
Reign'd the bold Tartar mighty Kian Long.
America then held a common horde
Of strange adventurers; with bloody blade
The Frenchman ruled—the Englishman was lord—
The haughty Spaniard, o'er his conquests sway'd—
While the wild Indian, driven from his home,
Ranged far and lawless, in the forest's gloom.
Thus was the world when last yon Comet blazed
Above our earth. On its celestial light
Proudly the free American may gaze:
Nations that last beheld its rapid flight
Are fading fast; the rest no more are known,
While his has risen to a mighty one.

EXTRACTS FROM MY MEXICAN JOURNAL.

Mexico—Procession of Nuestra Señora de los Remedios—Visit to the Country—Society and Manners in Mexico—Climate.

30th June, 1825. Since our arrival on the 25th May, my occupations have been such as to prevent my seeing many of the *lions* of Mexico. I have, however, walked through the principal streets, and visited most of the churches, of which some are very rich and splendid—some are ancient and venerable—others are fine and gaudy—while a few of the more modern are extremely neat and handsome. The churches are numerous: these, with the convents, occupy almost every alternate square of the city; but with all this show of

religion, there is a proportionate degree of vice among its population.

The city is, indeed, magnificent; many of the buildings are spacious. The streets are not wide, but well paved—clean in the most frequented, but excessively filthy in the more remote parts, and thronged with dirty, diseased, deformed, and half naked creatures. Disgusting sights every moment present themselves. At the corners of every street—each square is called a street, and bears a distinct name,—at the doors of the churches which you must be passing constantly in your walks—and sometimes in the areas of the private residences, you are importuned by miserable beggars, some of whom, not satisfied with a modest refusal, chase you into charity, which you are not assured is well bestowed.

We meet in the streets very few well dressed people; the ladies seldom walk, except to mass early in the morning, when some pretty faces are seen.

Such is the character of the street-population of Mexico. So much filth, so much vice, so much ignorance are rarely found elsewhere combined. Those who have seen the lazzaroni of Naples, may form a faint idea of the *leperos* of Mexico.

The *leperos* are most dexterous thieves—none can be more expert in relieving you of your pocket handkerchief; it is unsafe to trust them within your doors. I knew an American who had his hat stolen from under the bench on which he was seated in the Cathedral listening to a sermon!*

They are superstitious, too, almost to idolatry. I may here include with them the better class of people also. The recent reception of the image of *Nuestra Señora de los Remedios*, (Our Lady of Remedies,) I give as evidence of the justice of this remark. Her history is briefly this. She is a deity of Spanish origin—the more highly esteemed Lady of *Guadalupe*—the patron saint of Mexico, is indigenous. She accompanied the conquerors to the city of *Moteczuma*—was lost in their disastrous retreat on the celebrated *noche triste*—was found some years afterwards, in 1540, seated in a *maguay*, by an Indian, *Juan de Aguila*, who carried her to his dwelling, and fed her with *tortillas*, (Indian corn-cakes,) which were regularly deposited in the chest where she was kept. Suddenly she fled, and was discovered on the spot where her temple now stands—the place to which Cortés retreated on the night of his flight from the city. It is an eminence to the west of Mexico, distant about five miles.

This identical image, they say, still exists—it is about eight inches in height—it is richly decorated. It is believed to possess the power of bringing rain, and of staying the ravages of disease.

* A very ingenious theft by one of this class was mentioned to me by an American who was present when it took place. At a fair in the interior of the country, two Americans were seated on a bench engaged in conversation, one of them having his hat by his side with his hand upon it for its protection. Talking earnestly he occasionally uplifted his hand from the hat. On his rising from his seat, he was surprised to find in his hand not his own beaver, but an inferior one which had been substituted for it. At an incautious moment he had ceased to guard it; a hat was there when he put down his hand—but it was not his own.

† Cortés, in his *Letters*, writes the name of the Emperor of Mexico, *Moteczuma*. Humboldt says, I know not on what authority, that *Moteczuma* was his name. The English historians always call him *Montezuma*.

For many days previous to her entrance into the city, great preparations had been made. On the 11th inst. she was conveyed from her sanctuary in the President's coach, which was driven by a nobleman of the old regime, the *Marques de Salvatierra*, bare headed, and attended by a large number of coaches, and crowds of people on foot, to the *parroquia de Santa Vera Cruz*, a church just within the limits of the city. Here, as is usual, she was to rest one night, and on the following evening to proceed to the Cathedral. Before the appointed time, the streets leading to it were covered with canopies of canvass; draperies were suspended from every balcony, and strings of shawls and handkerchiefs stretched across, were seen fluttering in the wind. A regiment of troops marched out to form her escort, and thousands flocked to join her train. But a heavy rain began to fall, and the procession was necessarily postponed, the populace being delighted to find that the intercession of Our Lady was of so much avail, and their faith strengthened at the trifling expense of wet jackets. The procession was now appointed for an early hour the next morning, (a prudent arrangement, for it rains, in course, every evening, the rainy season having commenced,) and preparations were again made with increased zeal, proportionate with the gratitude felt at so prompt a dispensation of her Ladyship's favors. Two regiments of infantry and one of cavalry now composed the escort. The concourse of people was immense. Wax tapers, lanterns, candle-boxes, flags, and all the frippery of the churches were carried to grace the occasion; children dressed fantastically, with wings, and gay decorations upon their heads, but barefooted, with tapers in their hands, were led by their parents or nurses to take part in the pageant.

After the procession was formed, a discharge of artillery announced the departure of the holy image from the church, in which she had until now rested. The advance was a corps of cavalry, followed by flocks of ragged Indians, by respectable citizens and the civil authorities, all bearing lighted wax tapers; then followed the numerous religious orders, each order preceded by an Indian carrying on his back a huge mahogany candle-box; the higher dignitaries of the order, with their hands meekly folded on their breasts, each attended by two assistants, bringing up the rear of Carmelites, Augustines, Franciscans, Dominicans, and Mercedarians; next these were other Indians, followed by the *angelic* little children, who strew roses before the object of their adoration, *La Santa Virgen de los Remedios*, who stands majestically under a canopy, richly clothed, and surrounded by gilded ornaments, supported by four men. As she passed, the people who crowded the streets, and all who fill the windows under which she is carried, knelt, and roses are showered upon her from the roofs of the houses. Next her was another canopy, under which the Host was carried, to which the people also knelt. The troops brought up the rear, escorting Our Lady to the Cathedral, where she remains nine days. If it rain during this time, it is ascribed to her influence. If rain precede her entrance, it is because she was to be brought into the city; and if it follow her departure, it is the consequence of her late presence. The miracle, of course, never fails. After the rainy season has set in, she is introduced annually for the idolatrous worship of this

ignorant, superstitious people—not only the *canaille*, but also the most respectable portion of the community.

14th August, 1825. I returned to the city yesterday after an excursion of a week in the vicinity of *Chalco*, about twenty-five or thirty miles distant. We were invited by an acquaintance to his *hacienda*, where he promised fine sport with our guns. Not content with abundance of deer, we were to return with the spoils of sundry wild animals, such as wild-cats, bears, panthers, wolves and tigers. Prepared for ferocious contests, we set out with all the eagerness of huntsmen who feast in their imagination on their slaughtered prey. But in fact, though to hunt was our ostensible object, from which we expected little, although entertained by our friend with extravagant hopes, we left the city chiefly for the purpose of exercise, of viewing the country, and avoiding the water, which, at this season of the year, impregnated with the soda which the heavy rains disengage from the soil, deals sadly with strangers.

A ride of five or six hours brought us to the *hacienda*. This, I have elsewhere said, is a country seat, generally of large extent, with a chapel forming a part of the building, and surrounded by the reed or mud huts of the Indians, who are the laborers, or, as it were, vassals of the estate. A plain, thickly strewed with these *haciendas*, presents the appearance of numerous villages, each with its steeple and bell. The buildings are hollow squares, extensive and commodious, and embracing in their several ranges the usual conveniences of a farm, such as stables, and yards for poultry, sheep and cattle. They all have a look of antiquity, of strength and durability, which, at a distance, is imposing; but on nearer view, they are commonly found dilapidated, and devoid of neatness, and destitute of the garden and the orchard, which give so much the appearance of comfort to the country houses of the United States.

This is their general character, as far as I have seen them, and such was the commodious dwelling to which we were now hospitably invited. It bore the air of tattered grandeur—in its dimensions and in its ruined state showing marks of pristine elegance. It was partially fortified, as were most of them, during the revolution, for protection from lawless depredation, and from the numerous bands of banditti who then roamed through the country, and were royalists or republicans, as was most expedient to accomplish their designs. Even at this time, these defences are esteemed necessary to ensure safety from the robbers who have escaped the vigilance of government by concealing themselves in the adjacent mountains.

On the day of our arrival nothing occurred particularly to attract our notice, except that, after the conclusion of dinner, the tall Indian waiter fell upon his knees in the middle of the room and gave thanks—a custom common, I am told, in the country. To our surprise, this was not repeated. He was either told that we were heretics, (as all foreigners are designated) or was deterred because some of our Catholic friends were less devout on the occasion than was to be expected from them.

It may not be amiss here to mention, that the dinner table of the Mexicans is of indefinite length, always standing in the eating room. One end only is com-

monly used. The seat of honor is at the head, where the most distinguished and most honored guest is always placed; the rest arrange themselves according to their rank and consequence; the dependants occupying the lowest seats.

After a cup of chocolate at six o'clock the next morning, we went in pursuit of game, and roamed through the hills and mountains which are contiguous, meeting with very little success. At about twelve we partook of our breakfast, which was brought to us more than two leagues from the *hacienda*—after which we prosecuted our hunt. Our sole reward was a heavy shower of rain—and between four and five we returned to the *hacienda*, well wearied, having walked at least twelve miles over steep mountains.

On the following day we set out with our mules, &c. to try our fortune higher up the mountains, and after a ride of between three and four hours, reached a herdsman's hut, where we were to lodge at night. We were unsuccessful in finding game in the evening, and after a laborious search for deer, sought our hut—a log building, about fifteen feet square, in which twelve of us, men, women and children, stowed ourselves. Annoyed by fleas, and almost frozen by the chill mountain air, within two leagues of the snow-crowned *Iztaccihuatl*, we passed a sleepless night.

Early next morning, whilst others of the party engaged in hunting for deer, with two companions I ascended the highest peak of this range, (except those covered with snow,) with great labor and fatigue; but we were compensated amply by the grand view beneath and around us. The adjoining peak to the south of us was the *Iztaccihuatl*, about a league distant. We felt very sensibly the influence of its snow. Beyond this, the *Popocatepetl* raised its lofty cone, while far in the southeast appeared *Orizaba*, around whose crest the clouds were just then gathering. The plains of *Puebla* and *Mexico* are on opposite sides of this seemingly interminable ridge on which we stood. From the latter, the clouds, which we had been long admiring far beneath us, hiding the world from our view, were gradually curling, and disclosed the distant capital with its adjoining lakes and isolated hills. The chilling wind drove us from our height, but in descending we often rested to enjoy a scene which the eyes never tire in beholding.

In the evening, we left the mountain for the *hacienda*, where we spent another day. Our friends were extremely kind to us, and regretted more than ourselves our ill success in quest of game. Being little of a sportsman, to me it was a trifling disappointment. I enjoyed abundant gratification in seeing the country, its people and manner of living. Whatever may be said of the bad blood of the Mexicans, I cannot but view them as a mild and amiable people—nature has bestowed her bounties liberally upon them: for their state of degradation and ignorance they are indebted not to any natural deficiencies of their own, but to the miserable and timid policy of their former Spanish masters. They are superstitious, but this arises from their education; they are jealous of strangers—the policy of Spain made them so; and they are ignorant, for in ignorance alone could they be retained in blind subjection to the mother country. If they are vicious, their vices arise from their ignorance of what is virtuous—of what is ennobling. They are indolent because they are not permitted to

enjoy the fruits of industry, and nature supplies their wants so bountifully, they are compelled to exert themselves but little.

These are in fact serious defects, but the improvement of the Mexican people is daily taking place. They are beginning to be enlightened with the rays of the rising sun of liberty; and after the present generation has passed away, the succeeding one will exhibit those political and moral virtues, which are the offspring of freedom. The effects of a daily increasing intercourse with foreigners are even now perceptible, and lead me to believe, that, before many years roll over, a wonderful change must take place. Society, too, will improve: ladies will no longer gormandize or smoke—will discover that it is vulgar to attend cock-fights, and will bestow, with increased regard for their personal appearance, greater attention upon the cultivation of their minds.

In Mexico, there are few parties, either at dinner, or in the evening. None will suit but great balls, and these must occur seldom, else none but the wealthy can attend them, so expensive are the decorations and dresses of the ladies. They esteem it extremely vulgar to wear the same ball-dress more than once. Society is cut up into small *tertulias* or parties of intimate acquaintances, who meet invariably at the same house, and talk, play the piano, sing, dance, and smoke at their ease and pleasure.

Sometimes I attend the Theatre. This is divided into boxes, which families hire for a year. If the play be uninteresting, they visit each other's box, and pass the evening in conversation. It is diverting to observe the gentlemen take from their pockets a flint and steel for the purpose of lighting their cigars, and then to extend the favor of a light to the ladies; and sometimes the whole theatre seems as if filled with fire-flies.

Immediately on rising, a Mexican takes a small cup of chocolate with a little bread and a glass of water. At ten, they take what they call breakfast—it is in fact equivalent to a dinner, consisting not of tea or coffee, but of meats, sweetmeats and wine. At about three, dinner is served. At six or seven, they again take chocolate; and at ten, an enormous supper is laid of hot meats, &c. equal to a third dinner. At these meals, three or four dishes of meats, with very few vegetables, are brought on in various courses—the *olla podrida*, a mixture of meats, fruits, and vegetables boiled together—always constitutes a part of the first course—*frijoles*—beans boiled—invariably precede the sweetmeats, of which the Mexicans are extremely fond. Perhaps this is the reason why good teeth are seldom seen in Mexico.

* * * * *

23d November, 1825. I have stated that few parties are given in Mexico. Balls are sometimes held by the American and English Legations. If, on these occasions, fifty ladies attend, it is considered a prodigious number to assemble together. The expenses of preparation which they incur are enormous, and deter many, however devoted they may be to pleasure, from partaking in frequent diversions of this kind. Society, too, has not acquired that equilibrium which the democratical institutions of the country must produce eventually. A powerful aristocracy, as may reasonably be supposed, still exists in the capital—time alone will level this—it will die with the present generation, taking for granted

that the republicanism of Mexico will be permanent. Aristocracy, of course, reduces the highest class of society to a limited number, so that a large assemblage of ladies here would be thought small in the United States.

At whatever hour you invite company, it will not collect before nine, and the most fashionable appear between ten and eleven. The music soon invites them to the waltz, or to the Spanish country-dance, both of which are graceful, and perhaps voluptuous, when danced, as in Mexico, to the music of guitars or of bandolines. They dance upon brick floors—there are none other in Mexican houses—generally bare, but foreigners have introduced the more comfortable fashion of covering them with canvass; and as the steps are simple, without the hopping and restlessness of our cotillons or quadrilles, it is not so unpleasant as would be supposed; they glide over the pavement without much exertion. The dancing continues, not uninterruptedly as with us, but at intervals, until twelve o'clock, when the ladies are conducted to the supper table, which must be loaded with substantial as well as sweet things. After supper, dancing is continued, and the company begins to disperse between one and two in the morning, and sometimes not until near daybreak.

None of the wealthy families have followed the example set them by foreigners. They give no balls or dinners. Although I have now been here six months, I have never dined in a Mexican house in the city. Their hospitality consists in this: they place their houses and all they possess at your disposal, and are the better pleased the oftener you visit them, but they rarely, if ever, offer you refreshments of any kind. It is said that they are gratified if you will dine with them unceremoniously, but they never invite you.

31st December, 1825. I can scarcely persuade myself that to-morrow will be New-Year's day. The weather is most delightful. We are now sitting with our windows open—at night too. About a fortnight ago the mornings were uncomfortably cool; but the sun at mid-day is always hot. What a delightful climate! And we are now eating the fruits of a northern mid-summer. We have always had fresh oranges since our arrival. A week since we had green peas; and to-day five different kinds of fruit appeared upon our table—oranges, apples, walnuts, *granaditas de China*, and *chirimoyas*—the last, *la reina de los frutos*, (the queen of fruit,) tasting like strawberries and cream. The markets contain numerous other sorts. Our friends at home are now gathering around the glowing coals, or treading the snow without. We see the former in the kitchen only—the latter on the volcanoes which tower in the distance.

7th December, 1827. A letter from home affords me the satisfaction of knowing that our friends generally continue to enjoy good health, and are subject to none other than the ordinary ills of life, such as cut-throat weather, squalling brats, or a twinge or two of gout or rheumatism. These are evils which humanity is decreed to suffer throughout the world; but in Mexico we are more exempt from most of them than elsewhere. The sun now shines twelve hours of every day, and either the moon or stars give light to the other twelve. Such will the weather continue to be until May or June, when the rains fall with such regularity and certainty, that very slight observation enables us to know when

to go out, or to shelter ourselves. The mornings now are only a little cool, although we are in mid-winter; and our tables are supplied with fruit as bountifully as in the months of July and August. Our other ills are in like manner trivial. We are sometimes *ennuyés* for want of society, but books, and sometimes a game of chess, enable us to live without being driven to the commission of suicide. And as a *dernier resort*, we throw ourselves into the arms of Morpheus, this being the peculiar delightful climate for sleep—no mosquitos, nor extremes of heat or cold. The thermometer ordinarily ranges at about 70° of Fahrenheit.

SCENES FROM AN UNPUBLISHED DRAMA,

BY EDGAR A. POE.

I.

ROME. A Lady's apartment, with a window open and looking into a garden. Lalage, in deep mourning, reading at a table on which lie some books and a hand mirror. In the background Jacinta (a servant maid) leans carelessly upon a chair.

Lalage. Jacinta! is it thou?

Jacinta (*perthly*.) Yes, Ma'am, I'm here.

Lalage. I did not know, Jacinta, you were in waiting. Sit down!—let not my presence trouble you—
Sit down!—for I am humble, most humble.

Jacinta (*aside*.) 'Tis time.

(*Jacinta seats herself in a side-long manner upon the chair, resting her elbows upon the back, and regarding her mistress with a contemptuous look. Lalage continues to read.*)

Lalage. "It in another climate, so he said,
"Bore a bright golden flower, but not 't this soil!"
(*pauses—turns over some leaves, and resumes.*)

"No lingering winters there, nor snow, nor shower—
"But Ocean ever to refresh mankind
"Breathes the shrill spirit of the western wind."
Oh, beautiful!—most beautiful!—how like
To what my fevered soul doth dream of Heaven!
O happy land! (*pauses.*) She died!—the maiden died!
O still more happy maiden who couldst die!

Jacinta!
(*Jacinta returns no answer, and Lalage presently resumes.*)
Again!—a similar tale

Told of a beauteous dame beyond the sea!
Thus speaketh one Ferdinand in the words of the play—
"She died full young"—one Bossola answers him—
"I think not so!—her infelicity
Seem'd to have years too many"—Ah luckless lady!

Jacinta! (*still no answer.*)

Here's a far sterner story
But like—oh! very like in its despair—
Of that Egyptian queen, winning so easily
A thousand hearts—losing at length her own.
She died. Thus endeth the history—and her maids
Lean over her and weep—two gentle maids
With gentle names—Eiros and Charmion!
Rainbow and Dove!—Jacinta!

Jacinta (*pettishly.*) Madam, what is it?

Lalage. Wilt thou, my good Jacinta, be so kind
As go down in the library and bring me
The Holy Evangelists.

Jacinta. Pshaw! (*exit.*)

Lalage. If there be balm
For the wounded spirit in Gilcad it is there!

Dew in the night time of my bitter trouble
Will there be found—"dew sweeter far than that
Which hangs like chains of pearl on Hermon hill."

(re-enter Jacinta, and throws a volume on the table.)

There, ma'am's, the book. Indeed she is very troublesome.

(aside.)

Lalage (astonished.) What didst thou say Jacinta?
Have I done aught

To grieve thee or to vex thee?—I am sorry.
For thou hast served me long and ever been
Trust-worthy and respectful. (resumes her reading)

Jacinta. I can't believe

She has any more jewels—no—no—she gave me all.

(aside.)

Lalage. What didst thou say, Jacinta? Now I be-
think me

Thou hast not spoken lately of thy wedding.
How fares good Ugo?—and when is it to be?
Can I do aught?—is there no farther aid
Thou needest, Jacinta?

Jacinta. Is there no farther aid?

That's meant for me. (aside) I'm sure, Madam, you
need not

Be always throwing those jewels in my teeth.

Lalage. Jewels! Jacinta,—now indeed, Jacinta,
I thought not of the jewels.

Jacinta. Oh! perhaps not!

But then I might have sworn it. After all,
There's Ugo says the ring is only paste,
For he's sure the Count Castiglione never
Would have given a real diamond to such as you;
And at the best I'm certain, Madam, you cannot
Have use for jewels now. But I might have sworn it.

(exit.)

(Lalage bursts into tears and leans her head
upon the table—after a short pause raises it.)

Lalage. Poor Lalage!—and is it come to this?

Thy servant maid!—but courage!—'tis but a viper
Whom thou hast cherished to sting thee to the soul!

(taking up the mirror.)

Ha! here at least's a friend—too much a friend
In earlier days—a friend will not deceive thee.
Fair mirror and true! now tell me (for thou canst)
A tale—a pretty tale—and heed thou not
Though it be rife with woe. It answers me.
It speaks of sunken eyes, and wasted cheeks,
And Beauty long deceased—remembers me
Of Joy departed—Hope, the Seraph Hope,
Inurned and entombed!—now, in a tone
Low, sad, and solemn, but most audible,
Whispers of early grave untimely yawning
For ruin'd maid. Fair mirror and true!—thou liest not!
Thou hast no end to gain—no heart to break—
Castiglione lied who said he loved—
Thou true—he false!—false!—false!

(while she speaks a monk enters her apartment,
and approaches unobserved.)

Monk. Refuge thou hast

Sweet daughter! in Heaven. Think of eternal things!
Give up thy soul to penitence, and pray!

Lalage (arising hurriedly.) I cannot pray!—My soul
is at war with God!

The frightful sounds of merriment below
Disturb my senses—go! I cannot pray—
The sweet airs from the garden worry me!

Thy presence grieves me—go!—thy priestly raiment
Fills me with dread—thy ebony crucifix
With horror and awe!

Monk. Think of thy precious soul!

Lalage. Think of my early days!—think of my father
And mother in Heaven! think of our quiet home,
And the rivulet that ran before the door!
Think of my little sisters!—think of them!
And think of me!—think of my trusting love
And confidence—his vows—my ruin—think! think!
Of my unspeakable misery!—begone!
Yet stay! yet stay!—what was it thou saidst of prayer
And penitence? Didst thou not speak of faith
And vows before the throne?

Monk. I did.

Lalage. 'Tis well.

There is a vow were fitting should be made—
A sacred vow, imperative, and urgent,
A solemn vow!

Monk. Daughter, this zeal is well!

Lalage. Father, this zeal is any thing but well!
Hast thou a crucifix fit for this thing?

A crucifix whereon to register

A vow—a vow. (he hands her his own.)

Not that—Oh! no!—no!—no! (Shuddering.)

Not that! Not that!—I tell thee, holy man,

Thy raiments and thy ebony cross affright me!

Stand back! I have a crucifix myself,—

I have a crucifix! Methinks 'twere fitting

The deed—the vow—the symbol of the deed—

And the deed's register should tally, father!

(draws a cross-handled dagger and raises it on high.)

Behold the cross wherewith a vow like mine
Is written in Heaven!

Monk. Thy words are madness, daughter!

And speak a purpose unholy—thy lips are livid—

Thine eyes are wild—tempt not the wrath divine—

Pause ere too late!—oh be not—be not rash!

Swear not the oath—oh swear it not!

Lalage. 'Tis sworn!

II.

ROME. An apartment in a palace. Politian and Baldazzar,
his friend.

Baldazzar.——Arouse thee now, Politian!

Thou must not—nay indeed, indeed, thou shalt not

Give way unto these humors. Be thyself!

Shake off the idle fancies that beset thee,

And live, for now thou diest!

Politian. Not so, Baldazzar,

I live—I live.

Baldazzar. Politian, it doth grieve me

To see thee thus.

Politian. Baldazzar, it doth grieve me

To give thee cause for grief, my honored friend.

Command me, sir, what wouldst thou have me do?

At thy behest I will shake off that nature

Which from my forefathers I did inherit,

Which with my mother's milk I did imbibe,

And be no more Politian, but some other.

Command me, sir.

Baldazzar. To the field then—to the field,

To the senate or the field.

Politian. Alas! Alas!

There is an imp would follow me even there !

There is an imp ~~hath~~ followed me even there !

There is—what voice was that ?

Baldazzar. I heard it not.

I heard not any voice except thine own,

And the echo of thine own.

Politian. Then I but dreamed.

Baldazzar. Give not thy soul to dreams : the camp—
the court

Befit thee—Fame awaits thee—Glory calls—

And her the trumpet-tongued thou wilt not hear

In harkening to imaginary sounds

And phantom voices.

Politian. It is a phantom voice,

Didst thou not hear it then ?

Baldazzar. I heard it not.

Politian. Thou heardest it not !—*Baldazzar*, speak
no more

To me, *Politian*, of thy camps and courts.

Oh ! I am sick, sick, even unto death,

Of the hollow and high sounding vanities

Of the populous Earth ! Bear with me yet awhile !

We have been boys together—school-fellows—

And now are friends—yet shall not be so long.

For in the eternal city thou shalt do me

A kind and gentle office, and a Power—

A Power august, benignant, and supreme—

Shall then absolve thee of all farther duties

Unto thy friend.

Baldazzar. Thou speakest a fearful riddle

I will not understand.

Politian. Yet now as Fate

Approaches, and the hours are breathing low,

The sands of Time are changed to golden grains,

And dazzle me, *Baldazzar*. Alas ! Alas !

I cannot die, having within my heart

So keen a relish for the beautiful

As hath been kindled within it. Methinks the air

Is balmy now than it was wont to be—

Rich melodies are floating in the winds—

A rare loveliness bedecks the earth—

And with a hotter lustre the quiet moon

Siteth in Heaven.—Hist ! hist ! thou canst not say

Thou hearest not now, *Baldazzar* !

Baldazzar. Indeed I hear not.

Politian. Not hear it !—listen now,—listen !—the
faintest sound

And yet the sweetest that ear ever heard !

A lady's voice !—and sorrow in the tone !

Baldazzar, it oppresses me like a spell !

Again !—again !—how solemnly it falls

Into my heart of hearts ! that voice—that voice

I surely never heard—yet it were well

Had I but heard it with its thrilling tones

In earlier days !

Baldazzar. I myself hear it now.

Be still !—the voice, if I mistake not greatly,

Proceeds from yonder lattice—which you may see

Very plainly through the window—that lattice belongs,

Does it not ? unto this palace of the Duke.

The singer is undoubtedly beneath

The roof of his Excellency—and perhaps

Is even that *Alessandra* of whom he spoke

As the betrothed of *Castiglione*,

His son and heir.

Politian. Be still !—it comes again !

Voice And is thy heart so strong
(*very faintly.*) As for to leave me thus

Who hath loved thee so long

In wealth and wo among ?

And is thy heart so strong

As for to leave me thus ?

Say nay—say nay !

Baldazzar. The song is English, and I oft have heard it
In merry England—never so plaintively—

Hist—hist ! it comes again !

Voice Is it so strong

(*more loudly.*) As for to leave me thus,

Who hath loved thee so long

In wealth and wo among ?

And is thy heart so strong

As for to leave me thus ?

Say nay—say nay !

Baldazzar. 'Tis hush'd and all is still !

Politian. All is not still.

Baldazzar. Let us go down.

Politian. Go down, *Baldazzar* ! go !

Baldazzar. The hour is growing late—the Duke
awaits us,—

Thy presence is expected in the hall

Below. What ails thee, Earl *Politian* ?

Voice Who hath loved thee so long,

(*distinctly.*) In wealth and wo among,

And is thy heart so strong ?

Say nay !—say nay !

Baldazzar. Let us descend !—'tis time. *Politian*, give

These fancies to the wind. Remember, pray,

Your bearing lately savored much of rudeness

Unto the Duke. Arouse thee ! and remember !

Politian. Remember ? I do. Lead on ! I do remember.

(*going.*)

Let us descend. *Baldazzar* ! Oh I would give,

Freely would give the broad lands of my earldom

To look upon the face hidden by yon lattice,

To gaze upon that veiled face, and hear

Once more that silent tongue.

Baldazzar. Let me beg you, sir,

Descend with me—the Duke may be offended.

Let us go down I pray you.

(*Voice loudly.*) Say nay !—say nay !

Politian (*aside.*) 'Tis strange !—'tis very strange—me-
thought the voice

Chimed in with my desires and bade me stay !

(*approaching the window.*)

Sweet voice ! I heed thee, and will surely stay.

Now be this Fancy, by Heaven, or be it Fate,

Still will I not descend. *Baldazzar*, make

Apology unto the Duke for me,

I go not down to night.

Baldazzar. Your lordship's pleasure

Shall be attended to. Good night, *Politian*.

Politian. Good night, my friend, good night.

III.

The Gardens of a Palace—Moonlight. *Lalage* and *Politian*.

Lalage. And dost thou speak of love

To me, *Politian* ?—dost thou speak of love

To *Lalage* ?—ah wo—ah wo is me !

This mockery is most cruel—most cruel indeed !

Politian. Weep not! oh, weep not thus—thy bitter tears

Will madden me. Oh weep not, Lalage—
Be comforted. I know—I know it all,
And still I speak of love. Look at me, brightest,
And beautiful Lalage, and listen to me!
Thou askest me if I could speak of love,
Knowing what I know, and seeing what I have seen.
Thou askest me that—and thus I answer thee—
Thus on my bended knee I answer thee. (*kneeling.*)
Sweet Lalage, I love thee—love thee—love thee;
Thro' good and ill—thro' weal and wo I love thee.
Not mother, with her first born on her knee,
Thrills with intenser love than I for thee.
Not on God's altar, in any time or clime,
Burned there a holier fire than burneth now
Within my spirit for thee. And do I love? (*arising.*)
Even for thy woes I love thee—even for thy woes—
Thy beauty and thy woes.

Lalage. Alas, proud Earl,
Thou dost forget thyself, remembering me!
How, in thy father's halls, among the maidens
Pure and reproachless of thy princely line,
Could the dishonored Lalage abide?
Thy wife, and with a tainted memory—
My seared and blighted name, how would it tally
With the ancestral honors of thy house,
And with thy glory?

Politian. Speak not—speak not of glory!
I hate—I loathe the name; I do abhor
The unsatisfactory and ideal thing.
Art thou not Lalage and I Politian?
Do I not love—art thou not beautiful—
What need we more? Ha! glory!—now speak not of it!
By all I hold most sacred and most solemn—
By all my wishes now—my fears hereafter—
By all I scorn on earth and hope in heaven—
There is no deed I would more glory in,
Than in thy cause to scoff at this same glory
And trample it under foot. What matters it—
What matters it, my fairest, and my best,
That we go down unhonored and forgotten
Into the dust—so we descend together.
Descend together—and then—and then perchance—

Lalage. Why dost thou pause, Politian?

Politian. And then perchance
Arise together, Lalage, and roam
The starry and quiet dwellings of the blest,
And still—

Lalage. Why dost thou pause, Politian?

Politian. And still together—together.

Lalage. Now Earl of Leicester!

Thou lovest me, and in my heart of hearts
I feel thou lovest me truly.

Politian. Oh, Lalage! (*throwing himself upon his knee*)
And lovest thou me?

Lalage. Hist!—hush! within the gloom
Of yonder trees methought a figure past—
A spectral figure, solemn, and slow, and noiseless—
Like the grim shadow Conscience, solemn and noiseless.
(*walks across and returns.*)

I was mistaken—'twas but a giant bough
Stirred by the autumn wind. *Politian!*

Politian. My Lalage—my love! why art thou moved?
Why dost thou turn so pale? Not Conscience' self,

Far less a shadow which thou likenest to it,
Should shake the firm spirit thus. But the night wind
Is chilly—and these melancholy boughs
Throw over all things a gloom.

Lalage. Politian!

Thou speakest to me of love. Knowest thou the land
With which all tongues are busy—a land new found—
Miraculously found by one of Genoa—
A thousand leagues within the golden west;
A fairy land of flowers, and fruit, and sunshine,
And crystal lakes, and over-arching forests,
And mountains, around whose towering summits the
winds

Of Heaven untrammelled flow—which air to breathe
Is Happiness now, and will be Freedom hereafter
In days that are to come?

Politian. O, wilt thou—wilt thou
Fly to that Paradise—my Lalage, wilt thou
Fly thither with me? There Care shall be forgotten,
And Sorrow shall be no more, and Eros be all.
And life shall then be mine, for I will live
For thee, and in thine eyes—and thou shalt be
No more a mourner—but the radiant Joys
Shall wait upon thee, and the angel Hope
Attend thee ever; and I will kneel to thee,
And worship thee, and call thee my beloved,
My own, my beautiful, my love, my wife,
My all;—oh, wilt thou—wilt thou, Lalage,
Fly thither with me?

Lalage. A deed is to be done—
Castiglione lives!

Politian. And he shall die! (*exit.*)

Lalage. (*after a pause.*) And—he—shall—die!—
alas!

Castiglione die? Who spoke the words?
Where am I?—what was it he said?—*Politian!*
Thou art not gone—thou art not gone, *Politian!*
I feel thou art not gone—yet dare not look,
Lest I behold thee not; thou *couldst* not go
With those words upon thy lips—O, speak to me!
And let me hear thy voice—one word—one word,
To say thou art not gone,—one little sentence,
To say how thou dost scorn—how thou dost hate
My womanly weakness. Ha! ha! thou art not gone—
O speak to me! I *knew* thou wouldst not go!
I knew thou wouldst not, couldst not, durst not go.
Villain, thou art not gone—thou mockest me!
And thus I clutch thee—thus!—He is gone, he is
gone—

Gone—gone. Where am I?—'tis well—'tis very well!
So that the blade be keen—the blow be sure,
'Tis well, 'tis very well—alas! alas! (*exit.*)

LOGIC.

Among ridiculous conceits may be selected *par excellence*, the thought of a celebrated Abbé—"that the heart of man being triangular, and the world spherical in form, it was evident that all worldly greatness could not fill the heart of man." The same person concluded, "that since among the Hebrews the same word expresses death and life, (a point only making the difference,) it was therefore plain that there was little difference between life and death." The chief objection to this is, that no one Hebrew word signifies life and death.

AN ADDRESS ON EDUCATION,

AS CONNECTED WITH THE PERMANENCE OF OUR REPUBLICAN INSTITUTIONS.

Delivered before the Institute of Education of Hampden Sidney College, at its Anniversary Meeting, September the 24th, 1835, on the invitation of that body,—by Lucian Minor, Esq. of Louisiana.

[Published by request of the Institute.]

Mr. President, and Gentlemen of the Institute:

I am to offer you, and this large assembly, some thoughts upon EDUCATION, as a means of preserving the Republican Institutions of our country.

The sentiment of the Roman Senate, who, upon their general's return with the shattered remains of a great army from an almost annihilating defeat, thanked and applauded him for *not despairing of the Republic*, has, in later times, been moulded into an apothegm of political morality; and few sayings, of equal dignity, are now more hackneyed, than that "A good citizen will never despair of the commonwealth."

I shall hope to escape the anathema, and the charge of disloyalty to our popular institutions, implied in the terms of this apothegm, if I doubt, somewhat, its unqualified truth; when you consider how frequently omens of ruin, overclouding the sky of our country, have constrained the most unquestionable republican patriot's heart to quiver with alarm, if not to sink in despair.

When a factious minority, too strong to be punished as traitors, treasonably refuse to rally under their country's flag, in defence of her rights and in obedience to her laws; when a factious majority, by partial legislation, pervert the government to the ends of self-aggrandizement or tyranny; when mobs dethrone justice, by assuming to be her ministers, and rush madly to the destruction of property or of life; when artful demagogues, playing upon the credulity or the bad passions of a confiding multitude, sway them to measures the most adverse to the public good; or when a popular chief (though he were a Washington) contrives so far to plant his will in the place of law and of policy, that the people approve or condemn both measures and men, mainly if not solely, by his judgment or caprice; and when all history shews these identical causes (the offspring of ignorance and vice) to have overthrown every proud republic of former times;—then, surely, a Marcus Brutus or an Algernon Sidney,—the man whose heart is the most irrevocably sworn to liberty, and whose life, if required, would be a willing sacrifice upon her altars—must find the most gloomy forebodings often haunting his thoughts, and darkening his hopes.

Indeed, at the best, it is no trivial task, to conduct the affairs of a great people. Even in the tiny republics of antiquity, some twenty of which were crowded into a space less than two-thirds of Virginia,—government was no such *simple machine*, as some fond enthusiasts would have us believe it might be. The only very simple form of government, is despotism. There, every question of policy, every complicated problem of state economy, every knotty dispute respecting the rights or interests of individuals or of provinces, is at once solved by the intelligible and irreversible *sic volo* of a Nicholas or a Mohammed. But in republics, there are passions to soothe; clashing interests to reconcile; jarring opinions to mould into one result, for the general weal. To effect this, requires extensive and accurate knowledge,

supported by all the powers of reasoning and persuasion, in discussing not only *systems* of measures, but their minutest details, year after year, before successive councils, in successive generations: and supposing the *machinery* of Legislative, Executive, and Judiciary to be so simple or so happily adjusted, that an idiot might propel it, and a school-lad with the first four rules of arithmetic—or even "a negro boy with his knife and tally stick"—might regulate its movements and record their results; still, those other objects demand all the comprehension and energies of no contracted or feeble mind. Nor are these qualities needful only to the actual administrators of the government. Its proprietors, the people, must look both vigilantly and intelligently to its administration: for so liable is power to continual abuse; so perpetually is it tending to steal from them to their steward or their agent; that if they either want the requisite sagacity to judge of his acts, or substitute a blind confidence in him for that wise distrust, which all experience proves indispensable to the preservation of power in the people,—it will soon be *their power* no longer. A tame surrender of it to him is inevitable, unless they comprehend the subjects of his action well enough to judge the character of his acts: unless they know something of that vast and diversified field of policy, of duty, and of right, in which they have set him to labor. Yes—in its least perplexed form, on its most diminutive scale, the task of self-government is a perilously difficult one; difficult, in proportion to its nobleness: calling for the highest attributes of the human character. What, then, must it be, in a system so complex as ours? Two sets of public functionaries, to appoint and superintend: two sets of machinery to watch, and keep in order: each of them not only complicated within itself, but constantly tending to clash with the other. Viewing the State government alone, how many fearful dissensions have arisen, as to the extent of its powers, and the propriety of its acts! Turning then to the Federal government, how much more awful and numerous controversies, respecting both the constitutionality and expediency of its measures, have, within half a century, convulsed the whole Union! No less than three conjunctures within that time, threatening us with disunion and civil war; not to mention the troubles of the elder Adams' administration, the conspiracy of Burr, the Missouri dispute, or the cloud (now, I trust, about to disperse) which has just been lowering in our northern sky. To the complexity of our two governments, separately considered, add the delicate problems daily springing from their relations with one another, and from the mutual relations of the twenty-four states—disputes concerning territory; claims urged by citizens of one, against another state; or wrongs done to some states, by citizens and residents of others—all these, and innumerable other questions, involving each innumerable ramifications, continually starting up to try the wisdom and temper, if not to mar the peace, of our country;—and say, if there are words forcible and emphatic enough to express the need, that the *POPULAR WILL*, which supremely controls this labyrinthine complication of difficulties, should be enlightened by knowledge, tempered by kindness, and ruled by justice?

* Mr. Randolph's Speech in the Virginia Convention, November, 1829.

Gentlemen, when such dangers hedge our political edifice; when we recollect the storms which have already burst upon it, and that, although it has survived them, we have no guarantee for its withstanding even less furious ones hereafter—as a ship may ride out many a tempest safely, and yet be so racked in her joints as to go down at last under a capful of wind; above all, when we reflect that the same cankers which have destroyed all former commonwealths, are now at work within our own;—it would betoken, to my view, more of irrational credulity than of patriotism, to feel that sanguine, unconditional confidence in the durability of our institutions, which those profess, who are perpetually making it the test of good citizenship “never to despair of the republic.”

But is it ever to be thus? Were then the visions of liberty for centuries on centuries, which our fathers so fondly cherished, all deceitful? Were the toil, and treasure, and blood they lavished as that liberty's price, all lavished in vain? Is there no deliverance for man, from the doom of subjection which kings and their minions pronounce against him? No remedy for the diseases which, in freedom's apparently most healthful state, menace her with death?

If it is not ever to be thus; if the anticipations of our revolutionary patriots were not all delusive dreams, and their blood fell not in vain to the ground; if man's general doom is not subjection, and the examples of his freedom are not mere deceitful glimmerings up of happiness above the fixed darkness which enwraps him, designed but to amuse his fancy and to cheat his hopes; if there is a remedy for the diseases that poison the health of liberty;—the reason—that remedy—can be found only in one short precept—ENLIGHTEN THE PEOPLE!

Nothing—I scruple not to avow—it has been my thought for years—nothing but my reliance on the efficacy of this precept, prevents my being, at this instant, a monarchist. Did I not, with burning confidence, believe that the people can be enlightened, and that they may so escape the dangers which encompass them, I should be for consigning them at once to the calm of hereditary monarchy. But this confidence makes me no monarchist: makes me, I trust, a true whig; not in the party acception of the day, but in the sense, employed by Jefferson, of one who *trusts and cherishes the people*.^{*} Throughout his life, we find that great statesman insisting upon *popular instruction* as an inseparable requisite to his belief in the permanency of any popular government: “Ignorance and bigotry,” said he, “like other insanities, are incapable of self-government.” His authority might be fortified by those of Sidney, Montesquieu, and of all who have written extensively or luminously upon free government: but this is no time for elaborate quotations; and indeed why cite authorities, to prove what is palpable to the glance?

Immensè is the chasm to be filled, immeasurable the space to be traversed, between the present condition of mental culture in Virginia, and that which can be safe-

* “The parties of Whig and Tory are those of nature. They exist in all countries, whether called by these names, or by those of Aristocrats and Democrats—*Côté droite* and *côté gauche*—Ultras and Radicals—Serviles and Liberals. The sickly, weakly, timid man, fears the people, and is a tory by nature. The healthy, strong, and bold, cherishes them, and is a whig by nature.” Jefferson.

ly relied upon, to save her from the dangers that hem round a democracy, unsupported by popular knowledge and virtue. Cyrus the Great, when a boy, among his play fellows, avoided contests with his inferiors in strength and swiftness; always challenging to the race or the wrestling match, those fleet and stronger than himself: by which means, observes Xenophon, he soon excelled them. Imitating this wise magnanimity of Cyrus, let us, in looking around to find how we may attain an excellence, worthy of Virginia's early and long illustrious but now paling fame, compare ourselves not with States that have been as neglectful as we, of popular education, but with some which have outstript us in that march of true glory.*

The *Common-school* system of New York, which has been in operation since the year 1816, is in substance this: The counties having been already laid off into tracts of five or six miles square, called *townships*,—each of these, upon raising one half the sum needed there for teachers' wages, is entitled to have the other half furnished from the state treasury: and each *neighborhood* in the township, before it can receive any part of this joint sum, must organize itself as a *school district*, build and furnish a school house, and cause a school to be taught there for at least three months, by a teacher who has been examined and found duly qualified, by a standing committee, appointed for that purpose. To the schools thus established, all children, rich and poor alike, are admitted without charge. Mark the fruits of this system. In 1832, there were in the state 508,878 children; of whom 494,959 were *regular pupils at the common-schools*: leaving fewer than 14,000 for private or other instruction, and reducing the number who are unschooled, to an inappreciable point. In Massachusetts, the townships are compelled by law to defray nearly the whole expense of their schools; and the organization is in other respects less perfect than in New York. In each, however, about *ONE-FOURTH* of the *whole population* is receiving instruction for a considerable part of the year; and in Massachusetts, in 1832, there were but *TEN persons between the ages of 14 and 21, who could not read and write*.

Connecticut, with a school fund yielding 180,000 dollars annually, and with common schools established by law in every township, finds their efficacy in a great degree marred by a single error in her plan. This error is, that *the whole expense is defrayed by the state*. In consequence of this, the people take little interest in the schools; and the children are sent so irregularly, as to derive a very insignificant amount of beneficial instruction: so clearly is it shewn, that a *gratuity, or what seems to be one*, is but lightly valued. The statesmen of Connecticut, convinced that the only method of rousing the people from their indifference, is to make them contribute something for the schools in their own immediate neighborhood, and so become solicitous to *get the worth of their money*, are meditating the adoption of a plan like that of New York.

Even in Europe, we may find admirable, nay wonderful examples, for our imitation.

* Montesquieu, mentioning the adoption, by the Romans, of an improved *buckler* from a conquered nation, remarks, that the chief secret of Roman greatness was, *their renouncing any usage of their own, the moment they found a better one*. [“Ils ont toujours renoncé à leurs usages, sitôt qu'ils en ont trouvé de meilleurs.”] *Grandeur et Décadence des Romains*—Chap. 1.

Prussia has a system, strikingly analogous to that of New York; and in some respects, superior to it. As in New York, the superintendence of popular education is entrusted to a distinct branch of the government; to a gradation of salaried officers, whose whole time is employed in regulating the courses of study, compiling or selecting books, examining teachers, and inspecting the schools. At suitable intervals, are schools expressly for the instruction of teachers: of which, in 1831, there existed thirty-three—supplying a stock of instructors, accomplished in all the various knowledge taught in the Prussian schools. In no country on earth—little as we might imagine it—is there probably so well taught a population as in Prussia. Witness the fact, that in 1831, out of 2,043,000 children in the kingdom, 2,081,000 regularly attended the common schools: leaving but 22,000 to be taught at their homes or in private academies.* France, in 1833, adopted the Prussian plan, with effects already visible in the habits and employments of her people; and similar systems have long existed in Germany, and even in Austria. The schools for training teachers (called, in France and Germany, *normal schools*) pervade all these countries.

In England, government has yet done little towards educating the common people: but Scotland has long enjoyed *parish schools* equalled only by those of Prussia, Germany, and some of our own states, in creating a virtuous and intelligent yeomanry. Throughout Great Britain, voluntary associations for the diffusion of useful knowledge, in which are enrolled some of the most illustrious minds not only of the British empire but of this age, have been for years in active and salutary operation; and, by publishing cheap and simple tracts upon useful and entertaining subjects, and by sending over the country competent persons to deliver plain and popular lectures, illustrated by suitable apparatus, they have, as the North American Review expresses it, "poured floods of intellectual light upon the lower ranks of society."

From a comparison with no one of the eight American and European states that I have mentioned, can Virginia find, in what she has done towards enlightening her people, the slightest warrant for that pre-eminent self-esteem, which, in some other respects, she is so well entitled to indulge. Except England, she is far behind them all: and even England (if her Societies for diffusing knowledge have not already placed her before us) is now preparing, by wise and beneficent legislation, to lead away with the rest.

Let me not be deemed unfilial or irreverent, if I expose, somewhat freely, the deficiencies of our venerable commonwealth in this one particular. It is done in a dutiful spirit, with a view purely to their amendment: and may not children, in such a spirit and with such a view, commune frankly with one another?

A great and obvious difference between our primary school system, and the common-school systems of the northern states, is, that *they* take in ALL children: while

*The enumeration in Prussia, is of children between 7 and 14 years of age; in New York, of those between 5 and 16. In Prussia, the sending of all children to school is ensured by legal penalties upon parents, guardians, and masters, who fail to send. New York approximates remarkably to the same result; by simply enlisting the interest of her people in their schools.

†Ever since 1646, except 36 years, embracing the tyrannical and worthless reigns of Charles II and James II.

we aim to instruct only the children of the poor; *literary paupers*. We thus at once create two causes of failure: first, the slight value which men set upon what costs them nothing, as was evinced in the case of Connecticut; second, the mortification to pride (an honest though mistaken pride,) in being singled out as an object of charity.* As if these fatal errors had not sufficiently ensured the impotence of the scheme, the schools themselves are the least efficient that could be devised. Instead of teachers retained expressly for the purpose,—selected, after strict examination into their capacities, and vigilantly superintended afterwards, by competent judges—the poor children are entered by the neighboring commissioner (often himself entirely unqualified either to teach or to direct teaching,) in the private school which chance, or the teacher's unfitness for any other employment, combined always with cheapness of price, may have already established nearest at hand. There, the little *protégé* of the commonwealth is thrown amongst pupils, whose parents pay for them and give some heed to their progress; and having no friend to see that he is properly instructed—mortified by the humiliating name of *poor scholar*—neglected by the teacher—and not rigorously urged to school by any one—he learns nothing, slackens his attendance, and soon quits the temple of science in rooted disgust.

Observe now, I pray you, how precisely the results agree with what might have been foretold, of such a system. In 1833, nearly 33,000 *poor children* (literary paupers) were found in 100 counties of Virginia; of whom but 17,981 attended school at all: and these 17,981 attended on an average, but SIXTY-FIVE DAYS OF THE YEAR, EACH! The average of learning acquired by each, during those 65 days, would be a curious subject of contemplation: but I know of no arithmetical rule, by which it could be ascertained. That it bears a much less proportion to the reasonable attainments of a full scholastic year, than 65 bears to the number of days in that year, there can be no doubt.

Ranging, out of the schools, through the general walks of society, we find among our poorer classes, and not seldom in the middling, an ignorance equally deplorable and mortifying. Judging by the number met with in *business* transactions, who cannot write their names or read, and considering how many there are whose poverty or sex debars them from such transactions, and lessens their chances of scholarship; we should scarcely exceed the truth, in estimating the *white adults of Virginia who cannot read or write, at twenty or thirty thousand*.

* "What you say here, is verified" (said a venerable friend to me, on reading these sheets as they were preparing for the press—a friend who at the age of 72, has taken upon him to teach 12 or 14 boys; more than half of them without compensation—) "what you say here, is verified in my school. Those who do not pay, attend hardly half their time; and one, who is anxious to learn, and would learn if he came regularly, is kept by his father to work at home, and has not been to school now for more than a fortnight. And it was just so," continued he, "when I managed the W. trust fund for a charity school, 20 odd years ago. The parents could not be induced to send their children. Sometimes they were wanted at home: sometimes they were too ragged to go abroad: sometimes they had no victuals to carry to school. And when we offered to furnish them provisions if they would attend, the parents said 'no, that was being too dependent.' In short, the school produced not half the good it might have done. There was the most striking difference between the charity scholars, and those who paid." Similar testimony as to such schools may be obtained of hundreds.

And of many who can read, how contracted the range of intellect! The mineral, vegetable, and animal kingdoms, all unexplored, though presented hourly to the eye; the glorious heavens, their grandeur, their distances, and the laws of their motion, unthought of; man himself—his structure, so fearful and so wonderful—those traits in his bodily and mental frame, attention to which would the most essentially conduce to bodily and mental health—all unnoted; History, Geography, *tabula rasa* to them! And for political knowledge, upon which we of Virginia mainly pride ourselves—choose, at random, a man from the throng in any court-house yard, and question him touching the division of power between our two governments, and its distribution among the departments of each: the probabilities are ten to one, that he will not solve one in ten of your questions—even of those which are to be answered from the mere faces of the two constitutions. Take him then into that wild, where *construction* has been wont to expatiate, and you will find him just able to declare *for* or *against* this or that controverted power or measure: not because his reason has discerned it to be constitutional or otherwise, but because it is approved or disapproved by a chief of his own party, or by the leader of a hostile one. And the aggregate of opinions thus caught by accident, is the basis of the *popular will*: and it is the voice prompted by this will, that is called “*The voice of God!*”

Do not misapprehend me. Never would I have the voice of the people other than “the voice of God”—other than all-powerful—within its appropriate sphere. I am as loyal to their sovereignty as the most devout of their flatterers can be: and it is from my desire to see it perpetuated, that I speak out these unpalatable truths. Some roughness of handling is often necessary to heal a wound. The people, like other sovereigns, are sometimes misled by flattery: they should imitate also the wisdom of those monarchs we occasionally meet with in history, who can hear unwelcome truths, and let the speaker live; nay, hearken kindly to his discourse, and let it weigh upon their future conduct. Do I overrate the portion of the people I now address, in classing them with such monarchs?

Sagacious men have not been wanting among us, to see the radical defects of our primary school system: and in 1829, the late Mr. Fitzhugh* of Fairfax, stimulated the Legislature to a feeble effort towards correcting them, by *empowering* the school commissioners of any county to lay it off into districts of not less than three nor more than seven miles square; and to pay, out of the public fund, *two-fifths* of the sum requisite for building a school house, and half a teacher's salary, for any one of those districts, whenever its inhabitants, by *voluntary subscription*, should raise the residue necessary for these purposes: and the schools thus established were to be open, gratuitously, alike to rich and poor. But the *permissive* phraseology of this statute completely neutralized its effect. It might have been foreseen, and it was foreseen, that *empowering* the commissioners to act, and leaving the rest to *voluntary contributions*, would be unavailing, where the workings of the

school system had so long been regarded with apathy. The statute has been acted upon, so far as I have learned, in but *three* counties of the State; remaining, as to the other 107, a dead letter. I have the strongest warrant—that of *actual experiment*, in New York and in Massachusetts—for saying, that had the law *commanded* the commissioners to lay off districts in all counties where the census shewed a sufficiently dense white population; and had it then organized in the districts some local authorities, whose *duty* it should be to levy the needful amount upon their people;—I should have been saved the ungracious task of reproaching my country with her want of parental care; and Virginia would now be striding onward, speedily to recover the ground she has lost in the career of true greatness.

If a sense of interest, and of duty, do not prompt her people, and her legislature, immediately, to supply defects so obvious, to correct evils so glaring; surely, very shame at the contemplation of her inferiority to those, above whom she once vaunted herself so highly, will induce measures which cannot be much longer deferred without disgrace as well as danger.

In addition to *normal schools* (for training teachers,) an able writer in the Edinburgh Review (to which* I owe the particulars of the Prussian, German, and French school systems) suggests, in my opinion very judiciously, the attaching of a Professorship to Colleges, for lecturing upon the *art of instruction*; to be called the professorship of *Didactics*. Such a chair, ably filled, would be invaluable for multiplying enlightened teachers, and for enhancing the dignity of that under-estimated pursuit. Conjointly with the normal schools, it would soon ensure an abundant supply of instructors for all the common schools.

The kinds of knowledge which should be studied in the schools, and diffused by books, tracts, and oral lectures, among the people, form an important topic of consideration. It is not for me, at least now and here, to obtrude an inventory of my favorite subjects, or favorite books: but the claims of a few subjects upon our regard are so overshadowing, as to make dissent scarcely possible, and their omission wholly unpardonable, in any extensive view of the connexion between *popular education*, and *popular government*.

Foremost of these, is the subject of Constitutional Law, and Political Right: something of which might be taught, even in childhood. If the children of Rome were obliged, at school, to lay up in memory the laws of the Twelve Tables, with all their ferocious absurdities; how much more should the children of our country learn those fundamental laws, which guarantee to them the noble inheritance of a rational and virtuous freedom! Even to very young minds, the structure and powers of our two governments may be rendered intelligible by familiar and impartial treatises, with clear oral explanations. The merit of impartiality in these political lessons, is illustrated by the odiousness of a departure from it, which startled me the other day, in reading the THIRTY-FIFTH EDITION of a popular and in other respects an excellent History of the United States,† de-

* William H. Fitzhugh—whose death cannot yet cease to be deplored as a public calamity; cutting short, as it did, a career, which his extraordinary means and his devoted will alike bade fair to make a career of distinguished usefulness.

* Nos. 116, 117—July and October, 1833—reviewing several works of M. Cousin, who went as commissioner from France, to explore and report upon the Prussian and German systems of public instruction.

† By Charles A. Goodrich. The abstract of the Constitution is

signed for schools; where that section* of the Federal Constitution which declares the powers of Congress, is presented thus: "The Congress of the United States shall have power to make and enforce *all laws which are necessary to the general welfare*—AS to lay and collect taxes," &c.—going on to enumerate the specified powers, as mere examples of Congressional omnipotence! And the myriads of tender minds, which probably already owe all their knowledge of the Constitution to the abstract where this precious morsel of political doctrine occurs, can hardly fail to carry through life the impression, that the powers of Congress are virtually as unbounded as those of the British Parliament. Now, to make patriots, and not partisans—upholders of vital faith, not of sectarian doctrine—treatises for the political instruction of youth should quote the *letter* of every such controverted passage, with a brief and fair statement of the opinions and reasonings on both sides. The course of political study would be very incomplete, without the Declaration of Independence, and Washington's Farewell Address: and occasion might readily be found to correct or guard against some fallacies, afloat among mankind, and often mischievously used as axioms. "That the majority should govern," is an instance of them: a saying, which, by being taken unqualifiedly as at all times placing the majority above the Constitution and Laws, has repeatedly caused both to be outraged. Witness the "New Court Law" of Kentucky, in 1825; and a very similar act passed by Congress, in 1801. The prevalent opinions, that parties, and party spirit, are salutary in a republic; that every citizen is in duty bound to join one or the other party; and that he ought to go with his party, in all measures, whether they be intrinsically proper or otherwise; if not fallacies so monstrous as to make their currency wonderful, are at least propositions so questionable and so important, as to make them worthy of long and thorough investigation before they be adopted as truths.

Without expending a word upon that trite theme, the *utility of history* to all who have any concern in government, I may be allowed to remark, that works for historical instruction, instead of being filled with sieges and battles, should unfold, as much as possible, those occult and less imposing circumstances, which often so materially influence the destinies of nations: the well-timed flattery—the lap-dog saved—the favorite's intrigue—the priest's resentment or ambition—to which field marshals owe their rise, cabinets their dissolution, massacres their carnage, or empires their overthrow. Yet the reader need not be denied the glow he will experience at the story of Thermopylæ, Marathon, Leuctra, or Bunker Hill. All those incidents, too, whether grand or minute, which may serve as warnings or as encouragements to posterity, should be placed in bold relief, and their influence on the current of events, clearly displayed. Numberless opportunities will occur, for impressing upon the minds of young republicans, truths which deeply concern the responsibilities involved in that name: the artifices of demagogues—the danger, in a democracy, of *trusting* implicitly to the honesty and skill of public agents—the worthlessness of popularity, unless it be "the popularity which follows, not that

taken, he says, from "Webster's Elements of General Knowledge."

* Article 1 § 8.

which is run after"—the importance of learning to resist the erring impulses of a misguided multitude, not less than the unrighteous mandates of a frowning tyrant!—the ease, so often exemplified, with which a people may be duped by the forms of freedom, long after the substance is gone—the incredible aptitude of *example* to become *precedent*, and of *precedent* to ripen into *law*, until usurpation is established upon the ruins of liberty—and the difference between *true* and *false* GREATNESS, so little appreciated by the mass of mankind. This last point could not be better illustrated, than by a fair comparison of Washington with Bonaparte: a task which Dr. Channing, of Boston, has executed, in an essay among the most elegant and powerful in the English or any other language.

To render *Political Economy* intelligible to a moderate capacity, dissertations sufficiently plain and full might easily be extracted from the writings of Smith and Say, and from the many luminous discussions, oral and written, which it has undergone in our own country. Miss Martineau has shewn how well its truths may be set forth in the captivating form of tales: and the writings of Mr. Condé Raguet teem with felicitous illustrations.

Practical Morals—I mean that department, which teaches, and *habituates* us, to behave justly and kindly to our fellow creatures—will ever be poorly taught by dry precepts and formal essays. No vehicle of moral instruction is comparable to the striking narrative. How is it possible for any school-boy to rob an orchard, after having read Miss Edgeworth's "Tarlton?"—or to practise unfairness in any bargain, when he has glowed at the integrity of Francisco, in purposely shewing the *bruised side* of his melon to a purchaser? or not to loathe party spirit, when he has been early imbued with the rational sentiments contained in the "Barring Out?" In short, to be familiar with the mass of that lady's incomparable writings for youth, and not have the principles and feelings of economy, industry, courage, honor, filial and fraternal love, engrained into his very soul? Or how can he fail to find, in "Sandford and Merton," for the daily occasions of life, the happiest lessons of duty and humanity, and for those great conjunctures which never occur in many a life time, the most resistless incentives to a more than Roman heroism?

Other branches of knowledge are desirable for the republican citizen, less from any peculiar apposition to his character as such, than from their tendency to enlarge his mind; and especially because, by affording exhaustless stores of refined and innocent pleasure, they win him away from the haunts of sensuality. "I should not think the most exalted faculties a gift worthy of heaven," says Junius, "nor any assistance in their improvement a subject of gratitude to man, if I were not satisfied, that to *inform the understanding, corrects and enlarges the heart*." Felix Neff, the Alpine pastor, whose ardent, untiring benevolence, ten years ago, wrought what the indolent would deem miracles, in diffusing knowledge, and a love of knowledge, amongst an untutored peasantry, found their indifference towards *foreign missions* immovable, until they had learned something of *geography*: but so soon as they had read the

* Lord Mansfield.

† The "*ardor civium prava jubarum*," not less than the "*cultus instantis tyranni*."

description of distant countries, and seen them upon the map, they conceived an interest in the people who dwelt there; and entered warmly into the scheme of beneficence, which before had solicited their attention in vain. "Their new acquirements," observes Neff, "enlarged their spirit, and made new creatures of them; seeming to triple their very existence." Geometry, he remarked, also "produced a happy moral development:" doubtless by the beauty of its unerring march to truth. Arithmetic it is superfluous to recommend: but its adjunct, Algebra, deserves cultivation as an exercise to the analyzing faculties; as an implement, indispensable to the prosecution of several other studies; and as opening a unique and curious field of knowledge to the view.

The *physical sciences*, shewing the composition and defects of soils, and the modes of remedying those defects—the natures and properties of minerals and vegetables—the modes in which different bodies affect each other—the mechanical powers—the structure of man's own frame, and the causes which benefit or injure it—the utility of these cannot escape any mind.

For books, and tracts, and oral lectures for the people, there will be no want of materials or models, or even of the actual fabrics themselves. The publications of the British and American Societies for the Diffusion of Knowledge, are mines, in which selection, compilation, and imitation, may work with the richest results to this great cause. Many of these productions, and still more eminently, the scientific writings of Dr. Franklin, afford most happy specimens of the style, suited to treatises for popular use: no parade of learning; no long word, where a short will serve the turn; no Latin or Greek derivative, where an Anglo-Saxon is at hand; no technical term, where a popular one can be used. By presenting, in a form thus brief, simple, and attractive, subjects which in their accustomed guise of learned and costly quartos or octavos, frighten away the common gaze, as from a Gorgon upon which none might look, and live, you may insinuate them into every dwelling, and every mind: the school urchin may find them neither incomprehensible, nor wearisome; and the laboring man be detained from the tipping house, and even for an hour, after the day's toil is over, from his pillow, to snatch a few morsels from the banquet of instruction.

Many will cavil at the attempt to disseminate generally, so extended a round of knowledge: and if, to escape the charge of *impracticability*, we say, that our aim is to impart merely a slight and general acquaintance with the proposed subjects,—then, *sciolism*, and *smattering*, will be imputed to the plan; and Pope's clever lines, so often misapplied, about the *intoxicating effect of shallow draughts from the Pierian Spring*, will be quoted upon us. Come the objection in prose or in verse, it is entirely fallacious.

Learning, either superficial or profound, intoxicates with vanity, only when it is confined to a few. It is by seeing or fancying himself wiser than those around him, that the pedant is puffed up. But now, all the community, male and female, are proposed to be made partakers of knowledge; and cannot be vain, of what all equally possess. Besides—the sort of knowledge that naturally engenders conceit and leads to error, is the *partial knowledge of details*; not a comprehensive

acquaintance with *outlines*, and *general principles*. A quack can use the lancet, and knows it to have been successfully employed for severe contusions and excessive heat; but does not know the *general fact*, that under extreme exhaustion, indicated by a suspended pulse, stimulants, and not depletives, are proper. Seeing a man just fallen from a scaffold, or exhausted with heat and fatigue in the harvest field—his pulse gone—the quack bleeds him, and the patient dies. Again—a loungers at judicial trials, having picked up a few legal doctrines and phrases—perhaps being master of a "Hening's Justice"—conceives himself a profound jurisprudent; and besides tiring the ears of all his acquaintance with technical pedantry, he persuades a credulous neighbor, or plunges himself, into a long, expensive, and ruinous law-suit. The worthy Mr. Saddle-tree, and Poor Peter Peebles,* are masterly pictures of such a personage: pictures, of which few experienced lawyers have not seen originals. The storm so lately (and perhaps even yet) impending from the north, and several other conspicuous ebullitions of fanaticism, are clearly traceable to the perversion of a text† in our Declaration of Independence and Bills of Rights, detached from its natural connexion with kindred and qualifying truths, by minds uninstructed in the *general principles* of civil and political right. The mind which has been accustomed only to a microscopic observation of one subject, or one set of subjects, is necessarily contracted, fanatical, and intolerant: as the wrinkled crone, who, during a long life, has never passed the hills environing her cabin, or heard of any land besides her own province, believes her native hamlet the choicest abode of wisdom and goodness, and its humble church the grandest specimen of architectural magnificence, in the world; and hears with incredulity or horror, of distant countries, containing mountains, rivers, climates, and cities, such as her thoughts never conceived, and people with complexions, customs, language, and religion, different from all that she has ever known. But the intellect, that has surveyed the outlines and observed the relations of many various subjects (even though not thoroughly familiar with any,) resembles the man who by travelling, or even on a map, has traced the boundaries and marked the relative positions of different countries. Knowing that *they exist, and are peopled*, he readily forms distinct ideas of their surfaces, and their moral traits: their mountains, rivers, and cities, their arts, commerce, manners, institutions, and wars, rise before his imagination, or are grasped by his knowledge: and whatever he hears, he is prepared rationally to credit or reject, to approve or censure, as it comports well or ill with probability and with reason. Now, to counteract the one, and to promote the other, of these two conditions of mind, are precisely what is proposed by the advocates of popular instruction. They propose to teach *outlines*; and carefully to impress the fact, that *only outlines are taught*: so as to shew the learner, plainly, the precise extent of his knowledge, and (what is yet more important) of his *ignorance*. It is thus, that, being not "proud that he hath learned so much," but rather "humble that he knows no more," vanity and self-conceit will be most certainly prevented:

* In "The Heart of Mid Lothian," and "Redgauntlet."

† "All men are created equal," &c. This principle is, in substance, asserted in the Bill of Rights or Constitution of almost every State in the Union.

that a wise doubt of his own infallibility will make him tolerant of dissent from his opinions: that he will be prepared at all times to extend his acquisitions easily and judiciously, and to connect them well with previous acquisitions—proving how truly Blackstone has said, in paraphrase of Cicero,* “the sciences are social, and flourish best in the neighborhood of each other:” in short, that he will approach most nearly to that “healthful, well proportioned” expansion of intellect and liberality of character, which Locke† terms a *large, sound, roundabout sense*. In this point of view, it will be found that “a little learning is” not “a dangerous thing.”

I am deeply sensible, that I have left untouched many topics, even more important and more pertinent to the main theme of my remarks, than some which I have discussed. Indeed, so wide and so varied is that main theme, that I have found myself greatly embarrassed in selecting from the numerous particulars which solicited my regard on every hand. I have not presumed to offer any fully rounded plan, of that legislative action which is so imperiously demanded by the public weal, and soon will be, I trust, by the public voice. A few hints, are all that seemed to become me, or indeed that could well be crowded into my brief share of this day's time. For a plan, both in outline and in detail, I point to our sister states and to the European countries, that have taken the lead of us: and to the virtues and wisdom, by which our statesmen will be able to supply the defects, avoid the errors, and even, I trust, surpass the excellences, of those states and countries. That the Legislature may be wrought up to act, individual influence, and the more powerful influence of associations for the purpose—of whom I deem you, gentlemen, the chief, because the first—must be exerted. You must draw the minds of the constituent body forcibly to the subject. It must be held up in every light; supported by every argument; until the people shall be persuaded but to consider it. Then, half the work will have been done. And in its further progress towards consummation—when the illuminating process shall have fairly begun—still it will be for you, gentlemen, and for those whom your example shall call into this field of usefulness with and after you, to exert, with no slumbering energy, the endowments wherewith you and they, are entrusted. You, and they, must become authors, and the prompters of authors. Books, for use in the schools, and cheap, simplifying tracts as well as books for circulation among the people, must be composed, compiled, and selected. Lectures, plain and cheap, and suitably illustrated, must be delivered through town and country. After the example of the good Watts, and of our own many illustrious contemporaries in Britain and America, learned men must oblige Science to lay aside the starched dignity and grand attire, by which hitherto she has awed away the vulgar; and to render herself universally amiable, by being humbly useful: as the wisest‡ of heathens is said to have “brought Philosophy down from the skies, placed her in human haunts, and

made her discourse on the daily concerns of human life.”

In this whole enterprise, its undertakers should resolve to be convinced by no sneers, daunted by no difficulties, arrested by no obstacles. Difficulties and obstacles enough, indeed, will present themselves to the timid or superficial glance; but they will vanish, before calm scrutiny and brave determination. Even where the means of solving or removing them may not occur before hand to the mind, what was lately said in a worse cause, will prove to be true: “Where there is a will, there is a way.” In such a cause as ours, and in reference to the epithets of “visionary,” “impracticable,” “chimerical,” “Quixotic,” and all the other imaginary lions which will be discovered in our path, well may we say, with the generous confidence of Lord Chatham, that we “trample upon impossibilities.”

Has not our success, indeed, been already demonstrated? Demonstrated, in the first place, by unnumbered instances of parallel, and more stupendous enterprises, accomplished under circumstances less favorable than those which attend our undertaking? Such enterprises as the Reformation of Luther—the settlement of America—her deliverance from a foreign yoke—the teaching of the blind and the dumb* to read and to write? Demonstrated, again, by actual experiment, that sovereign test of practicability—experiment, seven times repeated, with extensive, if not complete success—in New York, in Connecticut, in Massachusetts, in Austria, in Germany, in Prussia, in Scotland? Yes—it is no untried path we are called to tread: scarcely a step of the way, but has been explored and smoothed before us. All that we have to do, is to look around—see what others have done—correct our own procedure by what we perceive defective in theirs—and forthwith open the floodgates of light, and bid the torrent pour.

Young gentlemen, foster-sons of the venerable institution near us! Some, if not all of you, are destined by your opportunities, and by bosoms glowing with honorable ambition, and beating high with the consciousness of talent, for a conspicuous part in the drama of life. Your eyes, doubtless, have already often glanced around, to see in what field you shall reap the harvest of wealth, respect, and fame, which hope represents as awaiting you. The buzz of notoriety, the palm of eloquence, the gorgeousness of office—those glittering bribes, which have lured onward their tens of thousands to mere splendid misery or to a shameful end after all—have, no doubt, displayed their attractions to you: but permit me to suggest, that if you will devote the powers with which nature and education have gifted you, to the patriot task of purifying and expanding the minds of your countrymen—besides enjoying in your latter days that sweetest of earthly thoughts, the thought of a life spent in usefulness—you may have gathered laurels of glory, compared with which, all the chaplets ever won in the tilt-yard of vulgar ambition are paltry weeds.

My wealthy fellow citizens! remember, that where

* —“omnes artes, quae ad humanitatem pertinent, habent quoddam commune vinculum, et quasi cognatione quadam inter sese continentur.” *Orat. pro Arch. Poet.*

† Conduct of the Understanding.

‡ Socrates. “Primus ille Philosophiam devocavit a caelo, et in uribus collocavit, et in domos introduxit; et coegit de vita et moribus, rebusque bonis et malis querere.” *Cic. Tuscul. 5.*

* Dr. Johnson; after having witnessed the surprising performances of the pupils in a College for the deaf and dumb at Edinburgh in 1778, concluded that such a triumph over an infirmity apparently irremediable, left nothing hopeless to human resolution. “After having seen the deaf taught arithmetic,” says he, “who would be afraid to cultivate the Hebrews?” *Journey to the Western Islands.*

suffrage is nearly universal and the majority rules, if the great body of the people be ignorant or immoral, property is never secure from assaults, under the disguise of law: either agrarian schemes, or oppressive protecting systems, or advantages to certain classes, or some form of unequal taxation; all, the result of ill-informed minds, or of depraved dispositions. And if lawlessness assume not the garb of legislation, still it is always banded with ignorance in the firing of barns, the destruction of labor-saving machinery,* conspiracies to raise wages, and all the terrific outrages that spring from the fury of mobs. Thus, by a wise Providence, are you, who are the most able to promote the education of the people, also by far the most interested in doing so. If there can be a case, in which a judicious liberality is the truest economy, that case is now yours: and never may the *ill husbandry of niggardliness* be more awfully exemplified, than by your grudging a small particle of your wealth, to place the remainder beyond the reach of this peril.

My fellow citizens (if any such are before me) who do not possess wealth, and who have scarcely tasted of the cup of knowledge! You surely need no exhortation to quaff freely of that cup, when it shall come within your grasp: but I do exhort you to employ your influence as men, and your constitutional power as voters, in persuading your fellow citizens, and in prompting your public agents, to adopt the requisite measures for dispelling, now and forever, the clouds and darkness in which republican freedom can never long live.

And if, at the remotest point of future time, to which we may look forward as witnessing the existence of human government any where, our democratic forms shall still retain, unimpaired, even their present purity, and present fertility of substantial freedom and happiness; much more, if they shall have waxed purer, and stronger, and more fruitful of good, with each revolving century,—defying the power or conciliating the love of foreign states—maintaining domestic harmony—oppressing none, protecting all—and so fully realizing the fondest hopes of the most sanguine statesman, that no “despair of the republic” can trouble the faintest heart:—all will be owing (under Providence,) to the hearkening of this generation and the succeeding ones, to that voice—not loud, but solemn and earnest—which, from the shrine of Reason and the tombs of buried commonwealths, reiterates and enforces the momentous precept—“ENLIGHTEN THE PEOPLE!”

THE WISSAHICCON.

Its bounding crystal frolicked in the ray,
And gushed from cleft to crag with saltless spray. *Byron.*

It is probable there are but few individuals residing in the vicinity of Philadelphia, who have not heard, during some interval of business engagements, of Wissahiccon creek, a beautiful and romantic stream that falls into the no less romantic Schuylkill, about five miles above the city. The stream is visited, stately,

by but a small number of persons, but as it is neither found on any map, nor marked in any gazetteer that I have ever examined, there may be some apology afforded for the indifference to magnificent scenery, manifested by hundreds and thousands of our citizens, who, though domiciled in its immediate vicinity, have never deemed it worthy of a visit. So true it is, that there is a proneness in human nature to undervalue the gifts of Providence which are placed within our reach, and to admire and covet those which are located at a distance. Were a fatiguing journey of several hundred miles necessary, in order to enjoy a ramble along the banks of the Wissahiccon, we should then, without doubt, view its placid waters, its sluggish, meandering course, its richly covered banks, and its imposing precipices, with the admiration and enthusiasm which scenes of this character never fail to inspire in the minds of those who passionately love the untouched works of the hand of nature. But the delightful little stream courses along within a few miles of our doors, and a ride to its most picturesque views, is but an hour's excursion; hence, except to a few, whose researches have discovered, and whose good taste enabled them to appreciate, the beauty, sublimity and majesty of this stream, it is almost unknown.

But there are persons who have not been thus negligent of nature's treasures in this vicinity, and to these a visit to the fascinating Wissahiccon, calls up remembrances and associations of the most delightful character. To those who enjoy Nature in her majesty—free, uncontrolled, undespoiled of her beauty by the effacing efforts of human skill—there is no spot, within a circle of many miles, so rich in imagery, so imposing in appearance, so fascinating in attraction, as the banks of the Wissahiccon. The stream takes its rise from several springs in the upper part of Montgomery county, and flows, for a short distance, through a limestone country, remarkable for fertility and a high state of cultivation. Thence it passes, south-westernly, “a sweet smiling stream sleeping on the green sward,” into more undulating land, until it reaches the Chesnut ridge, from which it progresses, at times indolently, and at times with an impetuous current, through a narrow valley, hedged in on either side by high hills, steep and craggy cliffs and precipitous mountains, until it strikes the Schuylkill, about a mile above the falls. Along its whole course the scenery of the Wissahiccon is beautiful, but it is the portion lying within six or eight miles of its mouth, that is generally regarded as the most attractive, as it exhibits, in bolder relief than any other portion, the peculiar sublimity and grandeur of the stream, and the imposing and majestic ledge of rock work through which it passes. It is along this distance that I have been accustomed to ramble during leisure moments, for years, and it is under the shade of the forests of brilliant hue that line its banks, that I have often reclined, and enjoyed, undisturbed, the sweet melody of nature, issuing from the bursting green foliage around me. I love nature with enthusiasm, and whether standing on the bank of a running stream and listening to the sweet gushing sound of its waters, or seated on an eminence overlooking the waving fields of golden fruit that bless the labor of the husbandman; whether enchanted by the Siren song of nature's minstrels in the spring, or watching the many-colored leaves of the for-

* No one can have forgotten the ravages committed, a year or two since, by the ignorant poor of Kent, and some others of the southern and middle counties of England, chiefly under the delusive idea, that their sufferings were caused by labor-saving machinery.

out, as they are borne through the air by the whistling winds of autumn—there is, in the scene before me, absorbing attraction, calling forth reflections which never fail to mellow down the selfish and unkind feelings of the heart, and to shed a peaceful, consoling, and happy influence—all-pervading and lasting in its impressions—over the heart.

The wild and majestic are, however, the scenes to which I am most strongly attached, and which invariably elicit, to a greater extent than those of a softer character, passionate emotions of wonder and admiration. I love to stand at the base of a mountain whose summit reaches the clouds, and to clamber among rocks and under precipices whose projecting cliffs threaten destruction to the hardy adventurer—I love to explore the dense forests of our bold and beautiful hills, and to bury myself in the hidden recesses of nature, where the foot of man has never trod, where the sound of civilization has never been heard—I love to stand at the foot of Niagara, and watch the mighty torrent of a mighty inland sea hurling its concentrated power into the gulph below, and to gaze deep, deep, into that awful abyss—unfathomable, destructive, appalling—I love to see the elements at war, to hear the rush of the tornado and whirlwind, laying prostrate in their furious course every impediment to their destructive progress, and to witness the fall of the powerful oak and the whirlings of its cleft branches in the sea of matter above, crushing and overwhelming the most formidable obstacles of art. These are scenes in which the spirit of the enthusiast revels, and they are scenes which strike the soul with awe, speaking trumpet-tongued of the presence of an Almighty power, of the omnipotence of his authority, of the insignificance of human effort, and the frailty of human life.

The scenery near the mouth of the Wissahiccon is of a wild, romantic, and imposing character, beautiful in its ever-varying aspect, and interesting in its mystic associations. High hills, occasionally assuming the appearance of mountains, rise on either side, covered with a dense and beautifully-variegated foliage. The dogwood, with its beautiful flowers, the chestnut, the locust, the melancholy willow, the sumac, the gum, with its vermillion leaves, and the gloomy hemlock, flourish here in all their native grandeur; and the lofty oak, the father of the forest, stretches out his thickly-covered branches to afford shade and shelter to the weary pedestrian. Wild flowers, in great number and varieties, rivalling each other in loveliness, are found in the underwood, giving effect to the drapery of the verdant trees, by enlivening the dark hues of the thickly-growing and over-shadowed forest. Some of these flowers and plants are of rare quality and surpassing beauty, and far eclipse in attraction many that are cultivated with care and pride in our gardens; but here they spring up, year after year, in silence and solitude, being literally

“——— Born to blush unseen,
And waste their fragrance on the desert air.”

In the valley of the stream, along the eastern side of which, for a mile or two, a convenient road has been chiseled and scooped out of the sides of the stony hill, the vision is completely obstructed by the imposing banks, and hills rising above hills, on either shore; and

but for the unpoetic noise of a laboring mill, and the span of a rude bridge which crosses to a small cavern or cleft in the rocky slope, there would be nothing to betray the presence of man, or to mark the contiguity of human enterprise. Alas! that not one spot—not even the glorious Wissahiccon—bearing the undoubted impress of the hand of the God of nature, can escape the desolating depredations and officious interference of the onward march of civilization.

The carriage road commencing at the mouth of the Wissahiccon, crosses the stream on a covered bridge, about a mile and a half above, winds up a hill of considerable elevation, and passes over to the ridge. From the covered bridge access along the creek is obtained by means of a foot path, on the western side, which is marked through the forest, over crags and cliffs, rugged rocks and rooted trees, until it reaches a beautiful green lawn, a little parlor in the wilderness, celebrated as the resort of occasional pic-nic parties of young ladies and gentlemen from the city, and where, on the grassy floor, youth and beauty have often mingled in the graceful dance, and joined in the merry song of innocence and gay hilarity. It is a sweet spot, and surrounded, as it is, by scenery of the wildest and most romantic character, may very appropriately be designated the “oasis of the Wissahiccon.” Near this place, immediately on the water’s edge, the ruins of an antiquated stone building are discovered, scattered over the ground, and as no trace of the original appearance of the edifice can be found, the imagination is permitted to enjoy free scope in dwelling upon the character and pursuits of its ancient founders. On the opposite side, the banks rise up, in many places almost perpendicularly, to the height of mountains, and but few have the temerity to attempt a passage along the course of the stream, as a single false step might hurl them among the dangerous rocks and jutting cliffs below. Here, as well as on the western side, several clefts and caverns in the granite rocks may be found, but it does not appear that they extend to any great depth under the massive structure; and here, upon the edge of a hill, may be seen the point at which it was sometime since proposed to throw a bridge over the stream, to carry across the rail road from Philadelphia to Norristown. The projectors of the scheme reached thus far in their onward progress, but in casting a glance over the precipice into the gulph below, were struck with dismay at the formidable obstacles which appeared, and prudently abandoned the hazardous and wildly-conceived undertaking.

Near Garsed’s flax mill, the foot-path crosses to the eastern shore of the stream, on a rude log chained to an adjacent stone, and passes up through a forest overhanging the sluggish waters, and through a thick underwood, which, in some places, is almost impenetrable. Occasional openings in the dense foliage, which become more frequent as the pedestrian progresses up the stream, afford highly picturesque and enchanting views of the surrounding hills, such as those who appreciate Nature in her majesty, would journey miles upon miles, and endure pain and fatigue without murmuring, to behold. In every direction the scenes unfolded to the eye are rich and enchanting beyond description, and remind the writer who associates therewith ideas of intellectual pleasure and enjoyment, of the beautiful lines of the poet:

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"Dear solitary groves, where peace doth dwell!
Sweet harbors of pure love and innocence!
How willingly could I forever stay
Beneath the shade of your embracing greens,
List'ning unto the harmony of birds,
Tun'd with the gentle murmur of the stream."

One of the most interesting spots on the Wissahiccon, is in the immediate vicinity of the great perpendicular rock of granite, opposite Rittenhouse's mill. Here the dark shadows of the hill fall, with beautiful effect, upon the gurgling stream, and the rich and deep woodland foliage, the tangled and fragrant shrubbery, the towering cliffs on the one side, and imposing hills and dales on the other, give to the place a charm and fascination, which the reflecting mind may enjoy, but of which it is impossible to convey with the pen, any accurate description. It was near this enchanting place, on the sun side of a high hill, as is currently believed, that Kelpius and his friend, scholars of Germany, located themselves about the close of the seventeenth century, and where for years they dwelt in quiet and religious meditation, awaiting, with anxious prayer, the coming of the "Lady of the Wilderness," and where they died, as we now know, "without the sight." It was here, that, at a period long anterior to the arrival of Kelpius, the untamed monarch of these wilds came to enjoy the rich treasures of nature, and to worship, in silence, the goodness and bounty of the Great Spirit. It was here, perhaps, on the summit of this very hill, that the original owners of the soil convened for the war dance and to make preparations for a furious and bloody contest; or mayhap it was here that the chiefs of different tribes assembled to bury the hatchet of war, and to smoke the calumet of amity and peace. Perhaps it was here that the noble young warrior, flushed with the honors of victory, stole silently at the midnight hour, to breathe his tale of love and his vows of devotion, into the ear of his blushing and affianced bride; and surely no spot can be found, in the whole range of our wide-spread territory, so suitable for scenes of this character. Here is the abode of romance, here the spirit of nature holds undisputed sway—and here, among these rugged rocks, and in this dense foliage—by the side of this poetic stream, with its associations of woody heights and shady dells, it is fitting that pure and holy vows of love should be uttered, where Heaven, in every leaf of the forest, in every blade of grass, may be called upon to bear witness to their sincerity and truth.

But the Wissahiccon has fallen into other hands. The untutored savage no longer strolls over these silent mountains and vales, for his abode has been removed far away, beyond the western waters. The bones of his warrior fathers lie bleached and neglected in the depths of the valley, for the high-bounding spirit of the son is tamed, by the contaminating influence of his civilized brethren. The active deer no longer bounds over the hills and dales of the Wissahiccon, for he has been driven to more sequestered abodes. The stream is, however, much the same—its placid waters are still beautiful as mirrors—its shores are still romantic—its groves are still enchanting—and so may they ever remain, undisturbed, untouched by the dilapidating hand of man! The place should ever be reserved as a refreshing retreat, where the soul may be uplifted in devotion, and

the heart gladdened in sweet contemplation—where no sound shall be heard but the notes of melody and joy, in delightful union with the tones of the murmuring rill.

"To sit on rocks, to muse o'er flood and fell,
To slowly trace the forest's shady scene,
Where things that own not man's dominion dwell,
And mortal foot hath ne'er or rarely been;
To climb the trackless mountain, all unseen,
With the wild flock that never needs a fold;
Alone o'er steepes and foaming falls to lean;
This is not solitude—'tis but to hold
Converse with nature's charms, and see her stores unroll'd."

Two or three miles above the perpendicular rock, on the eastern shore of the stream, and in a spot equally beautiful and romantic, stands an edifice of great antiquity, connected with which there are a number of interesting associations. It is built nearly on the summit of a slope that stretches into a ravine, walled in on three sides by elevated hills, thickly covered with foliage. The building is of stone, three stories high, with numerous windows, four to each chamber, of uniform size, and appearance; sixty years ago there was a balcony around the second story, and the old-fashioned eaves, plastered in semi-circular form, still to be seen, exhibit the architectural taste and style of a past century. The date of its erection is supposed to be the year 1706, and its founders a society of religious Germans, probably known as *Pietists* or *Seven day Baptists*, who no doubt selected this secluded situation in order to secure peace and quietness in their religious devotions. Many of the aged inhabitants of the neighborhood remember this monastery, as a building of unchanged appearance, even from the days of their boyhood, and some have connected therewith curious traditions of romance and legends of mystic tale. Notwithstanding the edifice has lately undergone a thorough alteration, and is now the permanent residence of a highly respectable and very intelligent family, it still bears the reputation of being visited by spirits.

The fact of this building having been occupied as a monastery, by a brotherhood of Germans, is, however, involved in doubt. One tradition alleges, that it was tenanted for sometime, by a fraternity of Capuchins, or White Friars, who took upon themselves vows of abstinence and poverty, and who slept upon wooden or stone pillows, with places scooped out for the head. In confirmation of this tradition, an ancient burial place near the premises, now under tillage, is pointed out, where repose the remains of many of the brotherhood. Another and more probable story is, that the building was actually erected for a religious society, professing a faith similar to that of the Seven day Baptists at Ephrata, near Lancaster, but never occupied, as those for whom it was designed deemed it expedient to leave the neighborhood, and join the settlement at Ephrata. The *Chronica Ephrata* expressly states that, previous to the formation of that community, in May, 1733, they had dwelt in separate places as hermits, and "the hermits of the ridge" are frequently mentioned. That there was a feeling of affection between these hermits and the brotherhood in Ephrata, is beyond all doubt, as the *Chronica*, in another place, speaks of some brothers of single devotedness at Roxborough, "who subsequently fell in with the spirit of the world and married."

Kelpius, probably the first of the hermits, on the Wissahiccon, died in the year 1708. He was succeeded by

Seelig, who survived him many years, and who was contemporary with Conrad Matthias, another recluse, whose cave was near the Schuylkill. Tradition speaks of these Germans as being men of undoubted piety and great learning. Kelpius wrote several languages, and his journal, in Latin, is now in the possession of a distinguished antiquarian of Philadelphia. He waited the coming of the "Lady of the Wilderness,"—the "woman clothed with the sun, and the moon under her feet, and upon her head a crown of twelve stars," spoken of in the scriptures, as having "fed into the wilderness, where she hath a place prepared of God, that they should feed her there a thousand two hundred and threescore days." (Rev. xii.) We may wonder that such a man as Kelpius should labor under a delusion of this character, but those who will visit the spot he selected for his "prayerful waiting," will agree with me in opinion that it was singularly well chosen to harmonize with and foster his eccentric views, and romantic religious expectations.

There is another interesting legend, connected with the monastery on the Wissahiccon, which I feel inclined to allude to, if I may do so without being held responsible for its veracity. It is a tale of unhappy love, and relates to a young, beautiful, and accomplished French lady, who followed her lover to the Indian wars, who fought in disguise by his side, and who closed his eyes when he fell at her feet, mortally wounded. Being subsequently admitted, for temporary shelter, into the monastery, she passed a year or two in unavailing grief, and died, heart-broken at the loss of all she held near and dear on earth. The particulars of the melancholy fate of the beautiful Louisa I may hereafter unfold to the reader, but I beg my young friends who may discover the mound which covers her remains at the foot of a weeping willow, washed by the gurgling stream, to shed a tear to the memory of one whose beauty and virtues deserved a happier fate.

I have thus attempted to give a sketch of the ever-delightful Wissahiccon, and to cast a hasty glance at a few of the prominent incidents with which it was once associated. If I have failed to excite interest in the mind of the reader, let him not hesitate to attribute the circumstance to the feeble powers of the writer, rather than to the poverty of the subject to which his attention has been called. Beautiful and magnificent beyond comparison are the picturesque views of this romantic stream, and for ages to come may its crystal waters continue to course through the valley, affording peaceful enjoyment to the pedestrian on its banks, and unqualified delight to those who may ramble through its attractive forests.

Philadelphia, October 1835.

LE BRUN.

Le Brun, a Jesuit, wrote what he called a Christian Virgil, and a Christian Ovid. The Virgil consists, of Eclogues, Georgics, and an Epic of twelve books, all however on devotional subjects. The Ovid is in the same taste. The Epistles are pious ones—the Fasti are the six days of the Creation—the Elegies are the Lamentations of Jeremiah—the Art of Love is a poem on The Love of God, and the history of some Conversations supplies the place of the Metamorphoses.

MEMORY.

Oh! why should Memory love to dwell
On pleasures which can come no more?
And why should Fancy's magic spell
So brightly gild each scene of yore?

Ev'n Hope's delusive, glittering beam
May cease to shed its cheering light;
And, dull and cold, Time's onward stream
May flow before the aching sight.

But Memory, like a fairy dream,
Still haunts the pensive view,
And, like mild Evening's lingering beam,
Clothes fading scenes in loveliest hue.

The Past, with all its glittering train
Of joys, so sweet, so quickly fled,
At Memory's touch returns again,
To cheer the heart whose hopes are dead.

Fond Retrospection lingers near
Each scene of bliss which could not last,
And links again that chain so dear,
Which Memory flings around the past.

Hopes, Friendships, Loves—a seraph band—
Which Time's cold blast had rudely torn,
As Memory waves her magic wand,
With more than former bliss return.

They come, like Music's distant breath,
So soft, so sweet their whisperings are—
And fadeless is that lovely wreath
With which they bind the brow of care.

Oh! Memory's joys will *always* last—
No cloud can dim their brilliant ray;
Still bright and brighter glows the Past,
As Hope's sweet visions fade away.

THE CITY.

The City—the City—its glare and din—
Oh! my soul is sick of its sights and shows,
My spirit is cramp'd, and my soul pent in—
I can scarcely think, and it seems to me
My very breathing is not so free,
As where the breeze in its freedom blows,
And the vines untrammel'd but seem to be
Disporting to tell of their liberty.
There, *there* I'd be—Oh! my spirit pines
For the rivers, the trees, and the forest vines.

From the crowded streets, and the jostling throng,
And garish glitter, and vain parade—
My native woods! how I long, I long
To bury me in thy wilds again;
Then Art, and Fashion, and Form, oh! then
I'll eschew ye all in my wild-wood shade.
Like an uncaged bird, I shall scarcely know
Which way to bend me, or whither to go;
Yet I think my spirit would grateful rise
Unto God, who dwells in the clear blue skies.
Columbia, S. C.

MACEDOINE:

BY THE AUTHOR OF OTHER THINGS.

I.

"I tell it as 'twas whispered unto me,
By a strange voice not of this world I ween."

The Baron has gone to a distant land
Beyond the far wave the sun sets on;
Last eve but one he kissed his hand
To his lady, the lovely Marion,
As he urged his proud cousser along the plain
That leads to the sea, from his wide domain,
In the van of a gallant vassal train.

In sooth, her lord is a noble knight
As e'er couched lance in tourney or fight—
But yet the lady loved him not,
And heaven ne'er blest their lonely lot.
"No little voices, no fairy footfalls
Broke the deep hush of their silent halls;"
For Coldness hung over their bridal couch,
And chilled their hearts with his icy touch.
The lady scarce smiled when her lord was nigh—
And when she did, her pensive eye
Had somewhat in its look the while
Which seemed to shide the moment's guile,
And check the mimic play of mirth
To which the lip alone gave birth.
Like light that sports on frozen streams
That warm not in its wintry beams,
Is the smile of the lip that would fain seem glad—
Albeit the heart is gloomy and sad.

* * * *

I watched the lady from afar,
As she sat in the western balcony—
Oh! none more beautiful could be;
The sun had sunk upon the sea,
And twilight came with the evening star.

The lady leaned o'er the balustrade,—
I ween 'twas not the voice of the breeze
That came from the grove of orange trees;
For the lady started as half afraid,
And her cheek turned pale, then flushed blood-red,
As the voice of lips invisible said:
"Meet me to-night by the bastioned wall,
When the midnight moon looks over the sea—
When the mermaid sleeps in her ocean hall,
And the world seems made but for you and me."

* * * *

'Twas a lovely night—the moonlit sea
Was smooth and fair as beauty's brow;
And down in the coral caves below,
Where white pearls lie, and seaflowers grow,
The mermaid was dreaming quietly.
And lo! a knight and a lady fair
Stood in the shade of the bastioned wall:
I watched them as they lingered there—
Oh! they were to each other all
In the wide, wide world their hearts held dear;
He clasped her trembling to his breast,
And kissed from her lids the glittering tear.
She sighed, and pointed to the west,
And again her tears flowed unrepent;

* * * *

II.

SONG.

Give strong drink unto him that is ready to perish, and wine
unto those that be of heavy hearts.

Let him drink—and remember his misery no more.

Proverbs—Chap. xxxi. 6 and 7.

This is a dark and dreary world
To which we're vainly clinging—
We spurn at life, yet dread the fate
Each hour is nearer bringing.
It is not love—it is not hope,
That binds us to our sorrow—
But wild vague fears—a shrinking dread
Of an unearthly morrow:
Then wreath the bowl, and pour the wine—
A truce to sober thinking—
And pledge the joy that lingers yet—
The deep, deep joy of drinking.

Oh! 'tis a dark and fearful curse
Hangs o'er this brief existence—
The knowledge of a fixed doom
That mocks our poor resistance.
In vain the path is strewn with flowers,
The truth will ne'er forsake us—
A grisly demon dogs our steps,
And must at last o'ertake us:
Then wreath the bowl, and pour the wine—
Avaunt all idle thinking—
And pledge the joy that yet remains—
The deep, deep joy of drinking.

III.

RUINS.

Ye grey and mouldering walls!—ye ivied towers!
From whence the midnight-loving bird doth pour
Her dreary note upon the solemn hour!
Ye dim arcades!—ye fancy-haunted bowers!
Ruined—but how majestic in decay!
I love thee well; and gazing thus on thee
In twilight solitude, it seems to me
A spirit voice comes stealing up this way—
The voice of vanished years—and many a tale
It tells my musing mind of gallant lords
And ladies gay—of moonlight-whispered words,
And deeds of high renown—of crimes that pale
The cheek to dream—and the malignant scowl
Of evil eyes beneath the monkish cowl.

IV.

SONNET.

Oh! I could almost weep to think that thou
Whom heaven hath moulded in a form as fair
As fancy pictures those of upper air,
Shouldst thus belie the promise of that brow
Where truth seems to repose, pure as its snow.
Alas! that treachery should lurk beneath
Such smiles!—a hidden serpent in a wreath
Of Eden flowers!—what art thou, wouldst thou know?
In all thy pride of charms?—A living tomb
Of buried hopes—the grave of ruined hearts
Which trusted, loved thee,—dreaming not that arts
Which taught the soul excess of bliss, would doom
The worshipper to—no! not Death, but worse—
And yet thou art too fair a thing to curse.

LIONEL GRANBY.

CHAP. VI.

"The letters are original, though sometimes in bad taste, and generally verbose." *Edinburgh Review.*

I had not been a long time at College before I received a large packet from home, enclosing a number of letters from my uncle, Frederick, and Lucy. One of them was folded in an odd fashion—directed in a stiff and inky hand, and surmounted with a mass of red sealing wax, on which was rudely impressed the ragged outline of the Granby arms. This was one of my uncle's pedantic, prolix, advisory, and generous epistles, and I was soon placed in possession of the following neatly written sentences.

Chalgrue, ———.

My Dear Boy:—When Erasmus visited Sir Thomas More, that obstinate sophist, and that martyr to a scolding wife, (how nobly he bore her!) he said that he could always write a pleasing letter when his hand was the secretary of his heart. *En passant*, Erasmus made a gallant speech on this memorable visit. In admiring the kind fashion of saluting females with a kiss, on your arrival or departure from an entertainment, he said, and that philosophically, that this habit preserved health, in calling a constant and blushing glow to the cheek, and that in his moments of sickness he could wish no happier situation than to be placed near an English nunnery, where if he could not be kissed for charity he might yet live in hopes of it. Now my hand is the obedient secretary, and my heart is anxious to dictate its duties. How true, yet how simple is this conceit! and how far superior to the monkish verbosity, and strangled sentiment of those bad novels which you read merely because they are new. The heart is the *écritoire* of the letter writer, and have you never paused with feelings of admiration and delight over the affectionate and eloquent letters of a woman? She writes from the heart, and pours out the swelling torrent of all her thoughts and feelings. Man thinks *what* to write, and will fritter away feeling and sacrifice nature in the struggle for easy periods and mellifluous cadences. It is not learning that shadows with tints of tenderness the beautiful letters of Tully—nor is it philosophy which lends that nameless grace, and elastic interest, to the epistles of Pliny. 'Tis nature whose affections, like the rainbow, beautify and hallow the roughness of every spot over which it spans its creative arch. A letter, says Tully, cannot blush, "*epistola enim non erubescit*," if it could, it would never have this characteristic when I addressed it to you. I cannot write aught that will suffice either your cheek or mine, though I might whisper something about your fair cousin, Isa Gordon. You love her, Lionel? and she may return your affection, but you must owe it to your distinction. Isa is no sickly and prurient-hearted girl who can solely love the person, for she demands the intellectual man, and in the hymeneal chaplet which is to adorn her brow, the laurel must twine its emblematic vanities. Let this hope excite you to study—let this holy object imp your eagle wing, for on every page of your books you must see her name urging and stimulating the slumbering energies of your ambition. I would not have you free from love, nor untouched, as Spenser calls it, by its pensive discontent, for no young man can prosper with-

out its stirring and startling excitements. I myself, "*visi puellis idoneus*," and I know that it softens the asperities of temper—gentles the turbulence of youth—breaks down the outworks of vice, and detracts no more from the firmness of mind than the polish of the diamond does from its solidity. You may read philosophy and think of woman—dwell on poetry and find your taste expanding into delicacy and elevation by dreaming of her gentleness, and I suppose that even in the crabbed study of the law, you may find her image peeping over black letter, or smiling through yellow parchment. When I was at college poor Ridon whom Johnstone shot, ('twas a fair duel) being in love, translated most of that portion of Coke upon Littleton which relates to females, into poetry of all styles, and measures. Only think of his drawing poetical conceits from this dull book, and scattering them on the margin of the leaden volume, like so many flowers prodigally thrown into a grave-yard! I have this rare copy, and in a page blotted with notes, references, and *queries*, these crippled lines, have stumbled themselves into the text.

"*Tenant per la curtesie d'Engleterre.*"

Chap. IV. sect. 85.

A feme that has lands
Enters Hymen's bands,
And has heirs in the nuptial ty;
Then those lands shall descend,
When her life's at an end,
To her Lord in curtesy.

This species of poetry was all that he ever wrote, and he was wont to say, that he thought it was his duty to the sex, to use the language of rhyme, and thus make the law respectful.

I do not know how to advise you about the study of law. I once looked into it, and though it may be a garden teeming with the elegancies of Pæstum, I could not bear that rough dragon of pedantry, Coke, who guarded its threshold. It is a sort of hustle-cap game, between judges and lawyers, and a perilous mystery wherein common sense cannot trust itself, without that peculiar and dogged impudence, which bears all the vulgarity, without the courage, of effrontery. Now there is philosophy in every thing, and if you will acquire decent effrontery I will call it, for your sake, dignity and learning; and I will even believe that it requires some thing to understand a plain statute, and some genius to pervert it. Yet I cannot look with a sarcastic eye on the hallowed relics of the legal institutions of antiquity. Go back, my dear boy, to the redundant fountains of ancient literature—and you will find that Plato and Tully, have long ago, looked up for the pure seat of law only to the bosom of God, and that the Norman gibberish and dog-latin, which were quoted to burn witches and sustain kings, though they may make you a lawyer skilled in precedents, can never make you the scourge of knavery, the fearless champion of innocence, nor the enlightened advocate of your country's rights. Old Sir Roger L'Es-trange wrote a mournful valedictory, when he left the riots and Apician nights of the Inns for the labors and stolid gravity of the bar, and, amid many sarcasms on the profession, he has thus happily sketched the character of an honest lawyer.

"He can prosecute a suit in equity without seeking to create a whirlpool where one order shall beget another,

and the poor client be swung around (like a cat before execution,) from decree to rehearing—from report to exception, and *vice versa*, till his fortunes are shipwrecked, and himself drowned, for want of white and yellow earth to wade through on. He does not play the empiric with his client, and put him on the rack to make him bleed more freely; casting him into a swoon with frights of a judgment, and then reviving him again with a cordial writ of error, or the dear elixir of an injunction, to keep the brangle alive, as long as there are any vital spirits in the pouch. He can suffer his neighbors to live quiet about him without perpetual alarms of actions and indictments, or conjuring up dormant titles to every commodious seat, and making land fall five years purchase, merely for lying within ten miles of him."

Devote most of your leisure hours to the study of Virginian antiquities, for it is a noble field, and one which glows into beauty beneath cultivation. Williamsburg itself is a hoary and whitened monument of ancient pomp and power, and there still dwells around it the trembling twilight of former greatness. There is something distinctive, learned, and patriotic, in the character of a home antiquary, which will lift you far above the little pedants, who have dipped the wing in Kennet, or tasted of the shallow learning of Athenian Stuart. Do you not remember the indignant, yet pathetic lines which Warton wrote in a blank leaf of Dugdale's Monasticon, and the spirited scorn with which he repels the sneers of ignorance and dulness? The antiquary is neither a visionary, nor an enthusiast, for his pursuits teach the holiest love of country, and call into action the softest and gentlest affections of the human heart, while his guileless life occasionally shines forth with the chastened light of virtue and learning. Virginia is a land whose thrilling history beggars all romance—every fragment of which, like a broken vase, will multiply perfume. Who knows aught of that gallant band, who so fearfully revenged the massacre of 1622?—the bold patriots who resisted the illegal restrictions on trade—the intrepid spirits who, led by Bacon, anticipated by a century our national era, or that chivalric corps, who, under Vernon, rotted on the pestilential shores of Carthage? Who dwells with the patriot's pride, on that unconquerable strength of infant freedom which made historic Beverley the Hampden of the colony? Or who troubles himself to inquire into the blood-stained life of that Westmoreland Parke, who siezed the throne of Antigua, and who died in the last dyke of a bootless though fiercely fought field? Who cares to remember the enlightened and learned botanist Clayton, whose modest book, written in the purest Latin, gained for himself and country, a once proud though now forgotten fame? And who will believe that the wise, pious, and eloquent Bishop Porteus was born, and gambolled away his boyhood on the sunny shores of the majestic York-river? They are all forgotten! and we neglect the vivid and truthful romance of our own beautiful land, to learn the nursery tales of fickle Greece, and factious Rome. In the shifting of the social scene, naught has been left to remind us of the busy drama once acted in Virginia, and even garrulous tradition now doubts its existence, while our feet hourly trample on the sepulchered silence of all that once adorned, dignified, and elevated human nature.

I do not wish to give you a learned essay on books, nor to advise you what authors to read. Your taste is now matured, and that faculty will see that justice is done to its delicacy. The great object of study is to teach us *how*, and not *what* to think; and the principal art of authorship is the power of pilfering with judgment from the ruins of ancient lore. But trust not to this poor and suspicious honor. Rely for success on the daring emprise of your own genius, and should it fail to lift you from the earth, descend not to the dunghill of pedantry. Be a poet for the women—a historian for the men—and a scholar for your own happiness. Confirm your taste by satiating memory with the beauties of the Spectator, and let Horace hourly talk you into the dignity and elegance of the sensible gentleman. Be accurate, rather than extensive, in your knowledge of history, and a recollection of dates will give you victory in every contest. Learn the technicalities of geometry; for this will satisfy the groping mathematician, while the world will take your pedantry for wisdom, and your crabbed words for learning. There has been, and ever will be, an everlasting conflict between the radiant course of genius, and the mole-hill track of diagrams and problems. Strength of mind is claimed as the attribute of mathematical study, while we forget that any other study, pursued with the same strictness of attention, will equally fashion the mind into system and method, while it will be free from the slavish obedience and indurated dulness, which result from the memory of lines and proportions.

You know, my dear boy, my notions concerning your dress. Express nothing in fancy; and without being the Alpha or Omega of fashion, be neither fop nor sloven, and dress for the effect of general and not particular dignity, and never wear a striped cravat. Do not ape eccentricity of manner and opinion, and take the world in a laughing and good humored mood. I detest a beardless Cato, for I never knew one of them, who could stand fire. Talk to women about every thing but prudence and propriety, and they will think you as wise as you are well bred; for they cannot bear the restraint of advice, or the judgment of criticism. Tasso makes his heroine taunt Rinaldo with gravity and sedateness, and when she calls him a "Zenocrates in love" the volume of her eloquence exhibits the bitterest venom of female invective.

Chalgrave is now still, solitary, and deserted; and were it not for Lucy's cheerful voice, I should look on myself as a living tomb. Your pup Gildippe tore off the cover of my Elzevir Horace, an offence deserving a halter, yet she is pardoned for your sake. Tell me not of Sir Isaac Newton's diamond, for he never destroyed a jewel so rare, and so highly prized—ask Col. H. if a colt is best broken in a snaffle-bit—and tell him 'tis downright superstition to worm a genuine pointer. I send the pistols made by Wodgen and Barton, and carrying a ball of the most approved weight. Do write to me, and never forget that you are a Granby.

I am, my dear boy,

Yours truly,

CHARLES GRANBY.

P. S. Translate the Ode to Fortune for me! Old Schrevelli said that he had rather be the author of that poem, than the Emperor of all the Austrias, and there was more sense than enthusiasm in his noble preference.

P. S. Never scrape your bullets with a knife—but use a flat file. Do not play the flute; and never write verses on a “flower presented to a lady,” on “a lady singing,” or on “receiving a lock of hair;” for of all puppyism, this is the smallest accomplishment.

P. S. Never buy a gaudy handkerchief! Do not say *raised, disremember, expect for suspect*; and never end the common courtesies of conversation with the frigid Sir! “Thank ye Sir!” “Drink tea instead of coffee, for ’tis more patrician; and do not render yourself suspected by pronouncing criticisms on wines.

The postscripts were multiplied through a full page, which presented a striking picture of all the odd conceits—incongruous notions, and broad feeling which tortured my kind uncle’s tranquil brain, and I arose from the perusal of his letter with mingled emotions of love, respect, and laughter. Lucy’s epistle was like that of all girls, full of small news, long words, and burning sentences of love and sentiment, and inquiring in a postscript of the health of Arthur Ludwell, as her mother was greatly interested in his welfare. Frederick gave me a learned dissertation on the origin of civil society, and the philosophy of Bolingbroke, scourging me into frantic ambition, and ending with a prayer that I would ever keep my honor untainted. My *honor* was then the subject of their hopes and fears; and, as I eyed the pistols, I found the fierceness of my nature lurking with a tranquil rapture around the open, and undisguised hints of my family. To my temperament, the neat and elegant workmanship, and the beautiful polish of the pistols, argued sternness and chivalry: and under the protection of the code of honor, I was determined, by braving every conflict, to gratify my long, deep, and vindictive hate of Pilton. How curiously constituted, how wayward, and yet how uncontrollable is the swelling pulse of the human heart, when agitated by some momentary and master passion; at any other period, the remembrance of Isa Gordon, would have soothed me into a lover’s thoughtful gloom, but now every gentle and luxuriant tendril which was woven around my heart was a crushed and bleeding ruin, and I examined my uncle’s gift of blood—only to murmur the name of Pilton.

My visits to Miss Pilton’s had been attentive, and constant, and I had concealed my fraud with such art, that I found her listening with unhesitating confidence, to the deceitful passion which I daily uttered. Cautious of proposing matrimony, yet ever alert to hint it—afflicting distress and melancholy—and alternately jealous and confiding, I awoke her sympathy, only to gain her passionate and abiding affection, while I secured my victory by every art which duplicity could invent, or falsehood suggest. I saw her reject the accomplished and educated youth whose pure and guileless feelings had retained the early romance of childhood’s love, and when I found her in tears, with her head reclining on my bosom, she told me, with a blushing cheek, that she had sacrificed him, whose singleness and purity of heart she could not doubt, for me alone.

’Twas a calm and soft evening when Miss Pilton left Williamsburg, and, ere we parted, I extorted from her unsuspicious feelings a promise that she would write to me. Day had languished itself into night, when I found myself a solitary loiterer in the noiseless grove

which skirted the city. The wind sobbed through the dreary and desolate silence of the forest, and when I looked up to the twinkling and radiant light which blazes in a starry sky of Virginia, the innate piety of Nature almost chastened me into repentance. How vain is that feeble wisdom which impotently labors to read those mute and living oracles of God? yet who, in searching into them, does not feel that his heart is kindled into enthusiasm, by their wild and spiritual eloquence. May not each bright and dazzling star whose lambent fire dances over the cloudless sky be the abode of spirits enjoying a realm of mind—of philosophers who rived the adamant of vulgar error—of patriots who offered their blood at the shrine of their country—of those who opened a vista for freedom through the gloom of tyranny—and of the poet who, fettered to the earth, boldly anticipated a foretaste of his eternal home, in some earthly, yet beautiful and rapturous dream? THEA.

THE DREAM.

I.

I dreamed a dream—and still upon my mind
The image of that dream, on Memory’s page
Inscribed in letters large and legible,
Rests vivid as the lightning’s scathing flash.
Beneath a spreading oak, that towered high
And lone upon a hillock’s grassy plot,
A Maiden stood—and by her side a Youth,
Whose summers did, tho’ few, outnumber hers;
And *she* was beautiful as rainbow tints—
Her voice, like sweetest music borne upon
The bosom of some gentle breeze far o’er
The hushed and silent waters of the deep—
Her breath, like fragrant odors from the lap
Of Flora sent, when Morning’s blush appears—
Her heart, the home where wild affections dwell—
Her mind, of intellectual power the seat—
Her eye, the mirror to her speaking soul!
Upon her marble brow was set the seal
Of *Dignity*—and in her slender form
Were blended grace and perfect symmetry.
The Youth was tall, erect—but unlike her
In all things save affection’s swelling tide:
Unknowing of the bright and quenchless fire,
At Beauty’s altar lit, that constant burned
Within his bosom’s deep recess, the world
Had deemed him changeful as the fitful wind.
Silent they were, and round them silence reigned:
Above, the clear blue ether spread her veil,
And by them swept the gentle, fresh’ning breeze
That cooled the burning temples of the one,
The flowing tresses of the other waved.
Beneath them was a wide spread plain, o’er which
The full Moon poured her streams of silver light,
And in a flood of glory bathed both plain
And rugged cliffs that wildly rose beyond.
Upon that lovely scene the maiden looked
That joy and stillness breathed into her heart;
But he that meeting, had not sought to gaze
On landscapes, living though they were. He saw
But her whose form before him rose, so bright,
So beautiful, that all else faded from

The view : He heard no sound save that alone
Which from his beating heart was sent : and oft
He did essay to breathe the hallowed thoughts
That in his bosom long had slept—the pent-
Up fountains of his love to ope ; but oft
In vain, 'till faltering accents came at last,
And told the feelings of his inmost soul.
But *she* was calm ; no falling of the eye—
No heightened color's tinge—no trembling of
That silver voice, spoke aught of passion there.
Yet kindness breathed in every word that fell
From off her Angel lips—and told that though
Her heart with his beat not in unison,
It still could feel for sorrows not its own.
Though soft, like breath of pois'nous Simoom came
Her voice. Young Hope her dewy pinions shook,
And as she winged her airy flight away,
Came casking Care her place to fill. And yet
A moment's space he lingered there ; and as
Upon her saddened face he once again
Did look with mingled feelings, inly swore
To perish ere his love should fade and die.
And she did pensive turn her steps along
Their homeward way, again to be the life,
The light, the chiefest joy of all around.

II.

A change swept o'er the aspect of my dream,
And in its mystic flight my spirit bore
Me to the festive hall. I saw them 'midst
The thoughtless throng—their eyes lit up with joy—
Their lips all wreathed in smiles—and on their cheeks
The glowing hues of pleasure mantled high.
He spoke not oft to her, but frequent did
Address him to some other fair—and all
Did deem, and she did hope that love of her
Was buried deep in Lethe's magic pool ;
And lighter then of heart to think that care
His mind had left, unwonted gladness beamed
Forth from her speaking eye, and lit with ten-
Fold lustre up those features ever fair.

III.

The scene was changed. Apart within the walls
Of his lone study sat the youth. Before
Him lay a letter, breathing much of deep,
Impassioned love. Yea, he again had dared
At that same Angel-shrine his heart to lay,
And, well as words could speak, a love to paint,
Not torpid, cold and calculating, like
The selfish feeling of a worldly man—
But with the every fibre of his heart
Involved. For he had seen her oft, and well
Had studied both her features, mind and heart,
Since first the pangs of unrequited love
Across his bosom shot : in all things had
He found her of such perfect, faultless mould—
So far beyond compare with all that e'er
His eye had looked upon—yea, e'en than aught
Of fairy form, which frolic fancy in
Her wildest mood had shadowed glowing forth
To young imagination's quickened sight,—
That madly had he drunk at passion's fount,
Ere yet the voice of reason whispered late,
(Too late, alas ! for in the vortex was

He twirling then, unskilled the yawning gulf
To shun,) that she was not for one like him.
Perchance the spell that bound him unto her
And deep affection's gushing waters stirred,
Was wrought into its present strength—for that
She minded him of one—a sister dear—
Like her in nature as in name, on whom
His heart did centre once, when joyous, bright
And sunny hours e'er gilded o'er the stream
Of early life about their childhood's home ;
When each was to the other all that earth
Of joy could give—a little world—beyond
Whose narrow bounds their youthful vision then
Extended not. And now in her he saw
The image of that sister's mind and heart
Reflected back in colors yet more bright,
And felt that life to him was nothing worth,
Except with her its joys and ills were shared.

IV.

The scene was changed. Within her father's home
The maiden sat, and bent her o'er the page
On which were traced the wild outpourings of
Her lover's heart. A cloud was on her brow—
Not gathered there by anger, but by grief.
And long she sorrowed o'er the fate of one
Whom she had learned to value far above
The worthless crowd that throngs round Beauty's form ;
Then sudden snatched a pen, and tho' it pained
Her much, did haste once more in kindest terms
To bid him banish Hope—for tho' a friend
She'd ever be—to him she could no more.

V.

Again my spirit bore me to the youth's
Lone study, where I saw him pacing to
And fro, with heavy step and downcast look.
His eye was fixed and dull—all smiles had fled,
And o'er his pallid, bloodless cheek had woe
His sable mantle flung. But whilst he thus
Was moved, anon there entered one endeared
By Friendship's strongest ties, who knew the fate
His fondest hopes had met, and told a tale
Of which he deemed not aught before—a tale
That scarce at first could credence gain, so dread
Its import was ; yet soon he found 'twas but
Too true—" His sacred letter, ere it reached
Its destined port, had by some strange mischance
Been torn, its secrets filched and heralded
Abroad : yet, by the wakeful kindness of
That much-loved one, his hallowed thoughts had reached
The ears of few." Then sudden o'er him came
A fearful mood that shook his every limb.
Like liquid fire his blood along his veins
Did course, and to his throbbing temples mount—
Then rush tumultuous back upon his heart
That sent it once again with quickened speed
Along his swollen, well-nigh bursting veins ;
And from his lips at times did fall unmeet
And vengeful words, that told what passion stirred
Within. But that soon passed, and to the eye
His troubled soul, as that of infant hushed
To sleep upon its mother's breast, was calm.

VI.

The scene was changed. Before the altar stood

The maiden, in her bridal vestments clad,
 And gave her hand and virgin heart away—
 Whilst mantling blushes o'er her features spread
 Like Iris' colors on the deepened blue
 Of Heaven's high vault—to one whose kindling eye
 Was turned with rapture on her matchless face,
 And who in part was like unto the youth
 That first beside her stood—*yet not the same.*
 And she did love him with a boundless love—
 Deep, pure and changeless as Jehovah's word—
 The very essence of her being, that life's
 Quiescent stream with fairest garlands strewed—
 For he her youthful heart's responsive chord
 Had known to touch with sweet and winning words,
 By graceful mien, and giant strength of mind.
 Unblest he was with Mammon's glittering hoard—
 In nothing rich, save worth's neglected store;
 And yet for that, her heart with wildest joy
 Did but the closer cling unchanged to him.
 And he, with pride and pleasure took her to
 His bosom beating high; for none could know,
 And knowing not admire. But his was not
 The fervent adoration of the heart,
 In prostrate homage bowed before her shrine,
 That moved the soul of him who first essayed
 Her peerless love to win. And yet before
 Them to all seeming lay a flowery path,
 Along whose scented walks they might their way
 With noiseless step and even tender wend.

VII.

Once more, and only once, a change passed o'er
 My fateful dream. In sultry, southern clime,
 Again upon my vision fell the tall,
 Attenuated image of that youth,
 Whom first beneath the spreading oak I saw;
 And he was changed not less in feature than
 In heart. The glow of health had fled his cheek,
 Now haggard, swart and bronzed by burning sun.
 His eye, once bright with joyous life, had lost
 Its lustre now, and deep upon his brow
 Had care her furrows traced. His spirit too,
 So light and buoyant once, was now all bound
 And broken like the willow's drooping branch.
 But o'er his heart a yet more fearful change
 Had come. Once warm and sensibly alive
 To pity's cry—e'er breathing love for all—
 Now cold and seared—the living fountains of
 Its sympathy were dried—and dead it was
 To all things save the worldly schemes that fierce
 Ambition wrought. And none did know the weight
 Of anguish on its aching chords that pressed,
 Since living man no commune held with him:
 For he did spurn them as unhallowed things,
 And round him wrapt the cloak of selfishness:
 For what was now the world to him, since she
 Whose presence had made all things beautiful,
 Was lost, forever lost? And he did look
 Unmoved on fairest form, and brightest eye;
 Unmoved he heard full many a voice attuned
 In sweet accordance with the soft piano;
 For mute were all the echoes of his soul,
 Since never could he hope again such pure,
 Such bright, such dazzling purity to find,
 As dwelt within the heart of her he loved.

And nought the slumbering powers of his mind
 Did rouse and prompt to grapple with the herd
 That crossed his path, save only the desire
 To banish thought and leave a name behind.
 For he did feel that none would glory in
 His present fame, and that he was a lone
 And desert being—all forgetting, and
 By all forgot. And though his soul did thirst
 At honor's fount to drink and laurels win,
 He only scorned the world—the world's acclaim—
 And whilst it flattered, loathed its fulsome praise.
 And yet unto all outward seeming was
 His spirit calm as ocean's waves, when lie
 The winds of Heaven upon her bosom hushed.

Here ceased my dream—for on my slumbers broke
 The glare of day, and called my spirit home.

SYLVESTER.

MS. FOUND IN A BOTTLE.

[From 'The Gift,' edited by Miss Leslie.]

BY EDGAR A. POE.

A wet sheet and a flowing sea. *Cunningham.*

Of my country and of my family I have little to say. Ill usage and length of years have driven me from the one, and estranged me from the other. Hereditary wealth afforded me an education of no common order, and a contemplative turn of mind enabled me to methodize the stores which early study very diligently garnered up. Beyond all things the works of the German moralists gave me great delight; not from any ill-advised admiration of their eloquent madness, but from the ease with which my habits of rigid thought enabled me to detect their falsities. I have often been reproached with the aridity of my genius—a deficiency of imagination has been imputed to me as a crime—and the Pyrrhonism of my opinions has at all times rendered me notorious. Indeed a strong relish for Physical Philosophy has, I fear, tinctured my mind with a very common error of this age—I mean the habit of referring occurrences, even the least susceptible of such reference, to the principles of that science. Upon the whole, no person could be less liable than myself to be led away from the severe precincts of truth by the *ignes fatui* of superstition. I have thought proper to premise thus much lest the incredible tale I have to tell should be considered rather the ravings of a crude imagination, than the positive experience of a mind to which the reveries of fancy have been a dead letter and a nullity.

After many years spent in foreign travel, I sailed in the year 18—, from the port of Batavia, in the rich and populous island of Java, on a voyage to the Archipelago of the Sunda islands. I went as passenger—having no other inducement than a kind of nervous restlessness which haunted me like a fiend.

Our vessel was a beautiful ship of about four hundred tons, copper-fastened, and built at Bombay of Malabar teak. She was freighted with cotton-wool and oil, from the Lachadive islands. We had also on board coir, jaggeree, ghee, cocco-nuts, and a few cases of opium. The stowage was clumsily done, and the vessel consequently crank.

We got under way with a mere breath of wind, and for many days stood along the eastern coast of Java without any other incident to beguile the monotony of our course than the occasional meeting with some of the small grubs of the Archipelago to which we were bound.

One evening, leaning over the taffrail, I observed a very singular, isolated cloud, to the N. W. It was remarkable, as well for its color, as from its being the first we had seen since our departure from Batavia. I watched it attentively until sunset, when it spread all at once to the Eastward and Westward, girding in the horizon with a narrow strip of vapor, and looking like a long line of low beach. My notice was soon afterwards attracted by the dusky red appearance of the moon, and the peculiar character of the sea. The latter was undergoing a rapid change, and the water seemed more than usually transparent. Although I could distinctly see the bottom, yet, heaving the lead, I found the ship in fifteen fathoms. The air now became intolerably hot, and was loaded with spiral exhalations similar to those arising from heated iron. As night came on, every breath of wind died away, and a more entire calm it is impossible to conceive. The flame of a candle burned upon the poop without the least perceptible motion, and a long hair, held between the finger and thumb, hung without the possibility of detecting a vibration. However, as the captain said he could perceive no indication of danger, and as we were drifting in bodily to shore, he ordered the sails to be furled, and the anchor let go. No watch was set, and the crew, consisting principally of Malays, stretched themselves deliberately upon deck. I went below—not without a full presentiment of evil. Indeed every appearance warranted me in apprehending a Simoom. I told the captain my fears—but he paid no attention to what I said, and left me without deigning to give a reply. My uneasiness however prevented me from sleeping, and about midnight I went upon deck. As I placed my foot upon the upper step of the companion ladder, I was startled with a loud, humming noise, like that occasioned by the rapid revolution of a mill-wheel, and before I could ascertain its meaning, I found the ship quivering to its centre. In the next instant, a wilderness of foam hurled us upon our beam-ends, and, rushing over us fore and aft, swept the entire decks from stem to stern.

The extreme fury of the blast proved in a great measure the salvation of the ship. Although completely water-logged, yet, as all her masts had gone by the board, she rose, after a minute, heavily from the sea, and, staggering awhile beneath the immense pressure of the tempest, finally righted.

By what miracle I escaped destruction, it is impossible to say. Stunned by the shock of the water, I found myself upon recovery, jammed in between the stern-post and rudder. With great difficulty I gained my feet, and looking dizzily around, was, at first, struck with the idea of our being among breakers, so terrific beyond the wildest imagination was the whirlpool of mountainous and foaming ocean within which we were engulfed. After a while, I heard the voice of an old Swede, who had shipped with us at the moment of our leaving port. I hallooed to him with all my strength, and presently he came reeling aft. We soon discovered that we were the sole survivors of the accident. All on deck, with the exception of ourselves, had been swept

overboard, and the captain and mates must have perished as they slept, for the cabins were deluged with water. Without assistance, we could expect to do little for the security of the ship, and our exertions were at first paralyzed by the momentary expectation of going down. Our cablehad, of course, parted like pack-thread, at the first breath of the hurricane, or we should have been instantaneously overwhelmed. We scudded with frightful velocity before the sea, and the water made clear breaches over us. The frame-work of our stern was shattered excessively, and, in almost every respect, we had received considerable injury—but to our extreme joy we found the pumps unchoked, and that we had no great difficulty in keeping free. The main fury of the Simoom had already blown over, and we apprehended little danger from the violence of the wind—but we looked forward to its total cessation with dismay, well believing, that, in our shattered condition, we should inevitably perish in the tremendous swell which would ensue. But this very just apprehension seemed by no means likely to be soon verified. For five entire days and nights—during which our only subsistence was a small quantity of jaggerice, procured with great difficulty from the fore-castle—the hulk flew at a rate defying computation, before rapidly succeeding flaws of wind, which, without equalling the first violence of the Simoom, were still more terrific than any tempest I had before encountered. Our course for the first four days was, with trifling variations, S. E. and by South; and we must have run down the coast of New Holland. On the fifth day the cold became extreme, although the wind had hauled round a point more to the Northward. The sun arose with a sickly yellow lustre, and clambered a very few degrees above the horizon—emitting no decisive light. There were no clouds whatever apparent, yet the wind was upon the increase, and blew with a fitful and unsteady fury. About noon, as nearly as we could guess, our attention was again arrested by the appearance of the sun. It gave out no light, properly so called, but a dull and sullen glow unaccompanied by any ray. Just before sinking within the turgid sea its central fires suddenly went out, as if hurriedly extinguished by some unaccountable power. It was a dim, silver-like rim, alone, as it rushed down the unfathomable ocean.

We waited in vain for the arrival of the sixth day—that day to me has not yet arrived—to him, never did arrive. Thenceforward we were enshrouded in pitchy darkness, so that we could not have seen an object at twenty paces from the ship. Eternal night continued to envelop us, all unrelieved by the phosphoric sea-brilliance to which we had been accustomed in the tropics. We observed too, that, although the tempest continued to rage with unabated violence, there was no longer to be discovered the usual appearance of surf, or foam, which had hitherto attended us. All around was horror, and thick gloom, and a black sweltering desert of ebony. Superstitious terror crept by degrees into the spirit of the old Swede, and my own soul was wrapped up in silent wonder. We neglected all care of the ship, as worse than useless, and securing ourselves as well as possible to the stump of the mizen-mast, looked out bitterly into the world of ocean. We had no means of calculating time, nor could we form any guess of our situation. We were however well aware

of having made farther to the Southward than any previous navigators, and felt extreme amazement at not meeting with the usual impediments of ice. In the meantime every moment threatened to be our last—every mountainous billow hurried to overwhelm us. The swell surpassed any thing I had imagined possible, and that we were not instantly buried is a miracle. My companion spoke of the lightness of our cargo, and reminded me of the excellent qualities of our ship—but I could not help feeling the utter hopelessness of hope itself, and prepared myself gloomily for that death which I thought nothing could defer beyond an hour, as, with every knot of way the ship made, the swelling of the black stupendous seas became more dismally appalling. At times we gasped for breath at an elevation beyond the Albatross—at times became dizzy with the velocity of our descent into some watery Hell, where the air grew stagnant, and no sound disturbed the slumbers of the Kraken.

We were at the bottom of one of these abysses, when a quick scream from my companion broke fearfully upon the night. 'See! see!'—cried he, shrieking in my ears,—'Almighty God! see! see!' As he spoke, I became aware of a dull, sullen glare of light which rolled, as it were, down the sides of the vast chasm where we lay, and threw a fitful brilliancy upon our deck. Casting my eyes upwards, I beheld a spectacle which froze the current of my blood. At a terrific height directly above us, and upon the very verge of the precipitous descent, hovered a gigantic ship of nearly four thousand tons. Although upreared upon the summit of a wave of more than a hundred times her own altitude, her apparent size still exceeded that of any ship of the line or East Indiaman in existence. Her huge hull was of a deep dingy black, unrelieved by any of the customary carvings of a ship. A single row of brass cannon protruded from her open ports, and dashed off from their polished surfaces the fires of innumerable battle-lanterns, which swung to and fro about her rigging. But what mainly inspired us with horror and astonishment, was that she bore up under a press of sail in the very teeth of that supernatural sea, and of that ungovernable hurricane. When we first discovered her, her stupendous bows were alone to be seen, as she rose up, like a demon of the deep, slowly from the dim and horrible gulf beyond her. For a moment of intense terror she paused upon the giddy pinnacle, as if in contemplation of her own sublimity, then trembled and tottered, and—came down.

At this instant, I know not what sudden self-possession came over my spirit. Staggering as far aft as I could, I awaited fearlessly the ruin that was to overwhelm. Our own vessel was at length ceasing from her struggles, and sinking with her head to the sea. The shock of the descending mass struck her, consequently, in that portion of her frame which was already under water, and the inevitable result was to hurl me with irresistible violence upon the rigging of the stranger.

As I fell, the ship hove in stays, and went about, and to the confusion ensuing, I attributed my escape from the notice of the crew. With little difficulty I made my way unperceived to the main hatchway, which was partially open, and soon found an opportunity of secreting myself in the hold. Why I did so I can hardly tell. A nameless and indefinite sense of awe, which at first sight of the navigators of the ship had taken hold

of my mind, was perhaps the principle of my concealment. I was unwilling to trust myself with a race of people who had offered, to the cursory glance I had taken, so many points of vague novelty, doubt, and apprehension. I therefore thought proper to contrive a hiding-place in the hold. This I did by removing a small portion of the shifting-boards in such a manner as to afford me a convenient retreat between the huge timbers of the ship.

I had scarcely completed my work, when a footstep in the hold forced me to make use of it. A man passed by my place of concealment with a feeble and unsteady gait. I could not see his face, but had an opportunity of observing his general appearance. There was about it an evidence of great age and infirmity. His knees tottered beneath a load of years, and his entire frame quivered under the burthen. He muttered to himself in a low broken tone, some words of a language which I could not understand, and groped in a corner among a pile of singular-looking instruments, and decayed charts of navigation. His manner was a wild mixture of the peevishness of second childhood, and the solemn dignity of a God. He at length went on deck, and I saw him no more.

* * * * *

A feeling, for which I have no name, has taken possession of my soul—a sensation which will admit of no analysis, to which the lessons of by-gone time are inadequate, and for which I fear futurity itself will offer me no key. To a mind constituted like my own the latter consideration is an evil. I shall never,—I know that I shall never—be satisfied with regard to the nature of my conceptions. Yet it is not wonderful that these conceptions are indefinite, since they have their origin in sources so utterly novel. A new sense, a new entity is added to my soul.

It is long since I first trod the deck of this terrible ship, and the rays of my destiny are, I think, gathering to a focus. Incomprehensible men! Wrapped up in meditations of a kind which I cannot divine, they pass me by unnoticed. Concealment is utter folly on my part, for the people *will not see*. It was but just now that I passed directly before the eyes of the mate,—it was no long while ago that I ventured into the captain's own private cabin, and took thence the materials with which I write, and have written. I shall from time to time continue this journal. It is true that I may not find an opportunity of transmitting it to the world, but I will not fail to make the endeavor. At the last moment I will enclose the MS. in a bottle, and cast it within the sea.

An incident has occurred which has given me new room for meditation. Are such things the operations of ungoverned Chance? I had ventured upon deck and thrown myself down, without attracting any notice, among a pile of ratlin-stuff and old sails in the bottom of the yawl. While musing upon the singularity of my fate, I unwittingly daubed with a tar-brush the edges of a neatly-folded studding-sail which lay near me on a barrel. The studding-sail is now bent upon the ship, and the thoughtless touches of the brush are spread out into the word DISCOVERY.

I have made many observations lately upon the structure of the vessel. Although well armed, she is not, I think, a ship of war. Her rigging, build, and general equipment, all negative a supposition of this kind.

What she is not I can easily perceive, what she is I fear it is impossible to say. I know not how it is, but in scrutinizing her strange model and singular cast of spars, her huge size and overgrown suits of canvass, her severely simple bow and antiquated stern, there will occasionally flash across my mind a sensation of familiar things, and there is always mixed up with such shadows, as it were, of recollection, an unaccountable memory of old foreign chronicles and ages long ago.

I have been looking at the timbers of the ship. She is built of a material to which I am a stranger. There is a peculiar character about the wood which strikes me as rendering it unfit for the purpose to which it has been applied. I mean its extreme *porousness*, considered independently of the worm-eaten condition which is a consequence of navigation in these seas, and apart from the rotteness attendant upon age. It will appear perhaps an observation somewhat over-curious, but this wood has every characteristic of Spanish oak, *if Spanish oak were distended or swelled by any unnatural means.*

In reading the above sentence a curious apothegm of an old weather-beaten Dutch navigator comes full upon my recollection. 'It is as sure,' he was wont to say, when any doubt was entertained of his veracity, 'as sure as there is a sea where the ship itself will grow in bulk like the living body of the seaman.'

About an hour ago I made bold to thrust myself among a group of the crew. They paid me no manner of attention, and, although I stood in the very midst of them all, seemed utterly unconscious of my presence. Like the one I had at first seen in the hold, they all bore about them the marks of a hoary old age. Their knees trembled with infirmity, their shoulders were bent double with decrepitude, their shrivelled skins rattled in the wind, their voices were low, tremulous, and broken, their eyes glistened with the rheum of years, and their gray hairs streamed terribly in the tempest. Around them on every part of the deck lay scattered mathematical instruments of the most quaint and obsolete construction.

I mentioned some time ago the bending of a studding-sail. From that period the ship, being thrown dead off the wind, has held her terrific course due South, with every rag of canvass packed upon her from her trucks to her lower-studding-sail booms, and rolling every moment her top-gallant yard-arms into the most appalling hell of water, which it can enter into the mind of man to imagine. I have just left the deck, where I find it impossible to maintain a footing, although the crew seem to experience little inconvenience. It appears to me a miracle of miracles that our enormous bulk is not buried up at once and forever. We are surely doomed to hover continually upon the brink of Eternity, without taking a final plunge into the abyss. From billows a thousand times more stupendous than any I have ever seen, we glide away with the facility of the arrowy sea-gull, and the colossal waters rear their heads above us like demons of the deep, but like demons confined to simple threats and forbidden to destroy. I am led to attribute these frequent escapes to the only natural cause which can account for such effect. I must suppose the ship to be within the influence of some strong current, or impetuous under-tow.

I have seen the captain face to face, and in his own cabin—but, as I expected, he paid me no attention. Al-

though in his appearance there is, to a casual observer, nothing which might bespeak him more or less than man—still a feeling of irrepressible reverence and awe mingled with the sensation of wonder with which I regarded him. In stature he is nearly my own height, that is, about five feet eight inches. He is of a well-knit and compact frame of body, neither robust nor remarkably otherwise. But it is the singularity of the expression which reigns upon the face, it is the intense, the wonderful, the thrilling evidence of old age so utter, so extreme, which strikes upon my soul with the shock of a Galvanic battery. His forehead, although little wrinkled, seems to bear upon it the stamp of a myriad of years. His gray hairs are records of the past, and his grayer eyes are Sybils of the future. The cabin floor was thickly strewn with strange, iron-clasped folios, and mouldering instruments of science, and obsolete, long-forgotten charts. His head was bowed down upon his hands, and he pored with a fiery unquiet eye over a paper which I took to be a commission, and which, at all events, bore the signature of a monarch. He muttered to himself, as did the first seaman whom I saw in the hold, some low, peevish syllables of a foreign tongue, and although the speaker was close at my elbow, yet his voice seemed to reach my ears from the distance of a mile.

The ship and all in it are imbued with the spirit of Eld. The crew glide to and fro like the ghosts of buried centuries, their eyes have an eager and uneasy meaning, and when their figures fall athwart my path in the wild glare of the battle-laterns, I feel as I have never felt before, although I have been all my life a dealer in antiquities, and have imbibed the shadows of fallen columns at Balbec, and Tadmor, and Persepolis, until my very soul has become a ruin.

When I look around me I feel ashamed of my former apprehensions. If I trembled at the blast which has hitherto attended us, shall I not stand aghast at a war-ring of wind and ocean, to convey any idea of which the words tornado and Simoom are trivial and ineffective! All in the immediate vicinity of the ship is the blackness of eternal night, and a chaos of foamless water; but, about a league on either side of us, may be seen, indistinctly and at intervals, stupendous ramparts of ice, towering away into the desolate sky, and looking like the walls of the Universe.

As I imagined, the ship proves to be in a current, if that appellation can properly be given to a tide which, howling and shrieking by the white ice, thunders on to the Southward with a velocity like the headlong dashing of a cataract.

To conceive the horror of my sensations is, I presume, utterly impossible—yet a curiosity to penetrate the mysteries of these awful regions predominates even over my despair, and will reconcile me to the most hideous aspect of death. It is evident that we are hurrying onwards to some exciting knowledge—some never-to-be-imparted secret, whose attainment is destruction. Perhaps this current leads us to the Southern Pole itself—it must be confessed that a supposition apparently so wild has every probability in its favor.

The crew pace the deck with unquiet and tremulous step, but there is upon their countenances an expression more of the eagerness of hope than of the apathy of despair.

In the meantime the wind is still in our poop, and as we carry a crowd of canvass, the ship is at times lifted bodily from out the sea—Oh, horror upon horror! the ice opens suddenly to the right, and to the left, and we are whirling dizzily in immense concentric circles, round and round the borders of a gigantic amphitheatre, the summit of whose walls is lost in the darkness and the distance. But little time will be left me to ponder upon my destiny—the circles rapidly grow small—we are plunging madly within the grasp of the whirlpool—and amid a roaring, and bellowing, and shrieking of ocean and of tempest, the ship is quivering, oh God! and—going down.

A SKETCH.

BY ALEX. LACEY BEARD, M. D.

The shades of night are fleeing fast away
Before the blushing of the morning light;
The diamond stars that gleamed in bright array
Through the lone watches of the silent night,
Are fading dimly, as an orb more bright,
The glorious sun, from the deep coral caves,
Comes leaping forth in swift and tireless flight,
And as the sea his burning bosom laves,
More brightly throws his glance across the bounding waves.

The cheerful songsters of the verdant grove,
Are trilling forth their merry morning lays—
Their matin songs of warm impassioned love,
Which sweetly strike the ear of him who strays
Through the green paths and shady woodland ways,
Drinking deep pleasure from old Nature's wells,
Where the wild cat'ract in the sunlight plays,
Or seated lone, mid dark and mossy dells—
Or on some rocky mount yields to her magic spells.

The red-breast, mounted on some tow'ring tree,
Is chanting loud his merry, mirthful strain;
And the sweet lark's melodious notes of glee,
Are softly floating o'er the dewy plain.
From the broad fields which wave with golden grain,
Echoes the whistle of the timid quail;
And the loud laughter of the reaper train
Sweeps wildly by, borne on the passing gale
O'er woodland hill afar, and flowery-vested vale.

I hear the tuneful sound of humming bees,
And gently blows the soothing summer wind
With murmuring sound among the wavy trees,
And where gay flowers, in wild luxuriance twined,
Shed fragrance on its wings. How dull, how blind
To nature and her charms is he who sleeps
Through the glad morn, nor feels the fragrant wind
That o'er the hills and verdant valleys sweeps,
Till with wild joy the heart of Nature's lover leaps!

O'er hill and valley far away I've strayed,
And gathered roses wet with morning dew,
To deck the grave where sleeps a gentle maid
Whose tender heart no change nor coldness knew,
But throbb'd with love, which warmer, holier grew
As waxed more dim life's faint and flickering light,
And to the close remained unchanged and true—

A holy flame that burned, amid the blight,
Of fell disease and anguish, more divinely bright.

The sun climbs higher in the azure sky—
More fiercely on the earth descend his beams—
The tender flowers hang low their heads and die,
And wearied cattle seek the cooling streams.
Faint grow the ploughmen and their toil-worn teams;
The reapers too have ceased their strains of mirth;
No more the air with sounds of pleasure teems;
And now the shadows traced upon the earth,
And the fierce heat, proclaim the sultry noon-day's birth.

O'er the wide fields the herds have ceased to rove,
The tuneful birds have hushed their morning song,
Silent and lone is the deserted grove
Which late re-echoed to the warbling throng.
Hark! hark! I hear, sounding the vales along,
The mellow horn—the pleasant sound which calls
From the hot fields, the wearied harvest throng
To seek, where the old oak tree's shadow falls,
Their noon-day meal hard by the flowery cottage walls.

Within a green and trellised bower I lie,
Securely sheltered from the solar rays,
And on the bright and glowing summer sky
In contemplation rapt, I fix my gaze,
And scan each fleecy cloud which slowly strays
Like some pure spirit o'er the azure dome,
Making amid its wild and trackless ways,
Its boundless depths, a bright ethereal home
Where lone and airy forms in silent grandeur roam.

And here at noon-day hour I often dream
Of the fair hopes which light life's gloomy waste—
A desert plain o'er which a laughing stream,
Has found a way, its banks with wild flowers graced.
But ah! alas! when the fair stream is traced,
Amid lone sands we find its darksome goal.
O dreary life! in death's cold grasp embraced—
A withered thing, a dark and blotted scroll,
O'er which oblivion's deep and sluggish waters roll.

In early youth upon the sea of life,
We spread our sails, nor dream of pain nor care,
Nor the fierce tempest, nor the raging strife
Which gathers round our bark where'er we steer,
But on we rush, heedless and without fear,
Till, shipwrecked all our hopes, we helpless lie
And feel the bitter pangs of black despair—
Or from the demon strive in vain to fly,
Or rush into the arms of Death and madly die.

The sun is sinking down the western skies—
A holy calm is reigning o'er the earth—
From the green valleys cheerful sounds arise—
The tinkling sheep-bell, and the merry mirth
Of happy children—laughing at the birth
Of some new pleasure. Now the setting sun,
More brightly gleaming o'er the virent earth,
Casts a rich glow of golden light upon
The fleecy clouds, which line the western horizon.

Along yon valley where (a silent grove!)
Those dark green pines in loneliness arise;
With a sad heart in solitude I'll rove,
And darkly muse upon the broken ties

Of happier days—the bright and smiling eyes,
Whose gentle light gave life a summer bloom,
And made this earth seem like a Paradise—
Now cold and rayless in the starless gloom,
Which darkly hovers o'er and shrouds the loathsome
tomb.

The twilight shades are gathering o'er the land—
Shrouding the valleys in the gloom of night,
While I beside a murmuring streamlet stand,
And see depart the last faint rays of light
Which linger round yon mountain's topmost height.
'Tis the lone night—another day has gone,
And Time who speeds with never tiring flight,
Beheld a thousand laughing eyes this morn,
That now are sleeping where no day shall ever dawn.

GREEK SONG.

The exploit of Harmodius and Aristogiton, in slaying Hipparchus, tyrant of Athens, on the festal day of Minerva—hiding their poniards in myrtle wreaths, which they pretended to carry in honor of the Goddess, was celebrated in an Ode, the unsurpassed strength and beauty of which, it has utterly baffled the skill of all English versifiers to transfuse into our language. The learned are not agreed as to the author of this noble specimen of classic minstrelsy; though by most, it is ascribed to Callistratus. Some have set it down to Alcæus; misled, perhaps, by the tyrant-hating spirit it breathes,—so fully in unison with the deep, trumpet tones of his "golden lyre." Unhappily for the paternity of this ode, he died *eighty years* before the event it celebrates. Of no other relic of antiquity, probably, have so many translations been attempted. I have seen seven or eight. If the following be added to so many woful failures, the author will not be greatly troubled. It never was in print before—I believe.

HYMN,

IN HONOR OF HARMODIUS AND ARISTOGITON.

[Εν μύρτῳ κλαδί το ξίφος φέρουσιν
Ὁσπερ Ἀρμόδιος κ' Ἀριστογείτων, &c.]

TRANSLATION.

Wreath'd in myrtle, my sword I'll conceal,
Like those champions, devoted and brave,
When they plunged in the tyrant their steel,
And to Athens deliverance gave.

Belov'd heroes! your deathless souls roam,
In the joy-breathing isles of the blest;
Where the mighty of old have their home—
Where Achilles and Diomed rest.

In fresh myrtle my blade I'll entwine,
Like Harmodius, the gallant and good,
When he made, at the tutelary shrine,
A libation of Tyranny's blood.

Ye deliverers of Athens from shame—
Ye avengers of Liberty's wrongs!
Endless ages shall cherish your fame,
Embalmed in their echoing songs.

Amongst other translations of this exquisite ode, is one by *Charles Abraham Elton*, a translator of Hesiod, and of several other Grecian poems; all of which are in a London edition of two elegant 8vo. volumes. The first stanza of his version is as follows:

"In myrtle veiled will I my falchion wear;
For thus the patriot sword
Harmodius and Aristogiton bare,
When they the tyrant's bosom gored,
And bade the men of Athens be
Regenerate in equality."

It is a proof of the fairness with which Mr. Elton has aimed at a literal rendering of his author, that he has made even the name of ARISTOGITON retain its place; as inharmonious a one, perhaps, as ever "filled the trump of future fame." In the *Edinburgh Review* for January, 1833, we find a translation of considerable merit, in the stanza of "Bruce's Address;" less literal than Mr. Elton's, yet more brief and simple, and partaking more of the thrilling energy of the original. In its arrangement, the edition of Ilgen is followed. It is due to the author of the foregoing translation to say, that it was written long before the year in which this one was published; and before he had seen the seven or eight others above mentioned.

"Wreathed with myrtles be my glaive,*
Like the falchion of the brave,
Death to Athens' lord that gave,
Death to Tyranny!

Yes! let myrtle wreaths be round,
Such as then the falchion bound,
When with deeds the feast was crown'd,
Done for Liberty!

Voiced by Fame eternally,
Noble pair! your names shall be,
For the stroke that made us free,
When the tyrant fell!

Death, Harmodius! came not near thee,
Isles of bliss and brightness cheer thee,
There heroic breasts reverse thee,
There the mighty dwell!" P.

SONNET.

O fairest flow'r; no sooner blown than blasted,
Soft silken primrose faded timelessly.—*Milton.*

It was an infant dying! and I stood
Watching beside its couch, to mark how Death,
His hour being come, would steal away the breath
Of one so young, so innocent, so good.
Friends also waited near—and now the blood
'Gan leave the tender cheek, and the dark eye
To lose its wonted lustre. Suddenly
Slight tremblings o'er him came; anon, subdued
To utter passiveness, the sufferer lay,
Far, far more beautiful in his decay
Than e'er methought before! I held his hand
Fast lock'd in mine, and felt more feebly flow
The pulse already faint and fluttering. Lo!
It ceased; I turn'd, and bow'd to God's command.†

* * *

* Sword. † Samuel II. Chap. xii.—22, 23.

SPECIMENS OF LOVELETTERS

IN THE REIGN OF EDWARD IV.

From the second volume of a Collection of Original Letters written during the reigns of Henry VI, Edward IV, and Richard III. By John Penn, Esq. M. A. and F. R. S.

I.

Right reverend and worshipful, and my right well beloved Valentine, I recommend me unto you, full heartlie desiring to hear of your welfare, which I beseech Almighty God long for to preserve unto his pleasure, and your heart's desire.

And if it please you to hear of my welfare, I am not in good heele (*health*) of bodie, nor of heart, nor shall be till I hear from you

For there woties (*knows*) no creature that pain I endure
And for to be dead (*for my life*), I dare it not discue (*discover*)

And my lady my mother hath labored the matter to my father full diligently, but she can no more get than ye know of, for the which God knoweth I am full sorry. But if that ye love me, as I trust verily that ye do, ye will not leave me therefore; for if that ye had not half the livelihood that ye have, for to do the greatest labour that any woman alive might, I would not forsake you.

And if ye command me to keep me true wherever I go,
I wis I will do all my might you to love, and never no mo,
And if my friends say, that I do amiss
They shall not me let (*hinder*) so far to do,
Mine heart me bids ever more to love you—
Truly over all earthlie thing
And if they be never so wrath
I trust it shall be better in time coming

No more to you at this time, but the Holy Trinity have you in keeping; and I beseech you that this bill be not seen of none earthlie creature save only yourself.

And this letter was ended at Topcroft, with full heavy heart &c

By your own

MARGERY BREWS.

II.

Right worshipful and well beloved Valentine, in my most humble wise, I recommend me unto you &c.

And heartlie I thank you for the letter, which that ye send me by John Beckerton, whereby I understand and know that ye be purposed to come to Topcroft in short time, and without any errand or matter, but only to have a conclusion of the matter betwixt my father and you; I would be the most glad of any creature alive, so that the matter might grow to effect. And thereas (*whereas*) ye say, an (*if*) ye come and find the matter no more towards you than ye did aforetime, ye would no more put my father and my lady my mother to no cost nor business for that cause a good while after, which causeth my heart to be full heavie; and if that ye come, and the matter take to none effect, then should I be much more sorry, and full of heaviness.

And as for myself I have done, and understand in the matter that I can or may, as God knoweth; and I let you plainly understand, that my father will no more money part withal in that behalf, but an 100*l*. and 50 marks (33*l*. 6*s*. 8*d*;) which is right far from the accomplishment of your desire.

Wherefore, if that ye could be content with that good, and my poor person, I would be the merriest

maiden on ground; and if ye think not yourself so satisfied, or that ye might have much more good, as I have understood by you afore; good, true, and loving Valentine, that ye take no such labor upon you, as to come more for that matter, but let what is, pass and never more be spoken of, as I may be your true lover and beadwoman during my life.

No more unto you at this time, but Almighty Jesu preserve you both bodie and soul &c.

By your Valentine

Topcroft 1476.7.

MARGERY BREWS.

MARCELIA.

Then she is drown'd?

Drown'd—Drown'd.

Too much of water hast thou, poor Ophelia!
And therefore I forbid my tears.—*Hamlet*.

It was a solitary spot!—

The shallow brook that ran throughout the forest,
(Aye chattering as it went,) there took a turn
And widened;—all its music died away,
And in the place, a silent eddy told
That there the stream grew deeper. There dark trees
Funereal (cypress, yew, and shadowy pine,
And spicy cedar,) cluster'd; and at night
Shook from their melancholy branches sounds
And sighs like death!—"Twas strange, for thro' the day
They stood quite motionless, and looked, methought,
Like monumental things, which the sad earth
From its green bosom had cast out in pity,
To mark a young girl's grave. The very leaves
Disown'd their natural green, and took a black
And mournful hue: and the rough brier had stretch'd
His straggling arms across the water, and
Lay like an armed sentinel there, catching
With his tenacious leaf, straws, wither'd boughs,
Moss that the banks had lost, coarse grasses which
Swam with the current—and with these it hid
The poor Marcellia's death-bed!

Never may net

Of vent'rous fisher be cast in with hope,
For not a fish abides there. The slim deer
Snorts, as he ruffles with his shorten'd breath
The brook, and, panting, flies th' unholy place—
And the wild heifer lows and passes on;
The foaming hound laps not, and winter birds
Go higher up the stream. And yet I love
To loiter there; and when the rising moon
Flames down the avenue of pines, and looks
Red and dilated through the evening mists,
And chequer'd as the heavy branches sway
To and fro with the wind, I listen, and
Can fancy to myself that voices there
Plain, and low prayers come moaning thro' the leaves
For some misdeed!

The story goes, that a
Neglected girl (an orphan whom the world
Frown'd upon,) once strayed thither, and 'twas thought
Did cast her in the stream. You may have heard
Of one Marcellia, poor Molini's daughter, who
Fell ill, and came to want in youth? No?—Oh!
She loved a man who marked her not. He wed,
And then the girl grew sick, and pin'd away,
And drown'd herself for love!—Some day or other
I'll tell you all the story.

* * *

TO MIRA. BY L. A. WILMER.

Far from the gaudy scenes my earliest youth
 Loved to inhabit, which Hope's rising sun
 Lent every grace and charm—save that of Truth,
 And made me happy but to be undone,
 (My joys expectant blasted ere begun,)
 Far from those pleasing scenes 'tis mine to roam.
 Friendless, forlorn, my idle course I run,
 While Disappointment, a malignant gnome,
 Still tortures, and the grave appears my happiest home.

Ere yet I bid a long, a last farewell
 To the sweet Muse, reluctant to forego
 The sacred solace and enchanting spell
 Which charm'd my solitude, and sooth'd my woe—
 Ere I renounce my harp, and cease to know
 The poet's rapture, when his eye surveys
 The heavenly visions fancy doth bestow,
 On which her favored sons alone may gaze,
 Once more I lift my voice to sing in Mira's praise.

While sickly flattery heaps the unhallowed shrine
 Of pomp and pride with praise that pall the sense,
 Let spotless candor, Heaven-born truth be mine:
 Base are the praises sold at truth's expense:
 Mira! thy name all falsehood drives from hence!
 Accept this tribute due to worth like thine—
 Accept this offering of a heart from whence
 No guile shall rise to taint this verse of mine,
 But friendship's holy signet sanctify each line.

O might I deem my verse could live beyond
 The petty confines of the dreary tomb—
 Might I believe my wishes not too fond,
 That point to fame beyond the eternal gloom—
 When this frail form shall in the grave consume,
 That future ages shall my works behold—
 Then, Mira, on this page thy name's perfume
 Should breathe a fragrance, when the hand is cold
 And crumbled into dust which here that name enrolled.

As long as years revolved, and seasons came,
 Tho' other flowers should fade away and die,
 An ever-blooming flower should be thy name,
 Dipped in the radiance of the evening sky:
 When marble monuments in ruins lie,
 And sculptured pillars from their bases fall,
 Could I but place fair Mira's name on high
 In Fame's eternal, adamant hall,
 Then would my lot be blessed, my hopes accomplished
 all.

Tho' placed by Fate in this ungenial clime,
 Where scarce the sacred Muse hath deigned to tread—
 These Western lands, where Song appears a crime,
 And Genius rears a sad and sickly head—
 And tho' malignant stars their influence shed—
 Yet might I boast thy friendship, I would bend
 No more when black misfortunes round me spread;
 But my last breath in thankfulness would send,
 And tell to future times thou wast my only friend.

I have seen womankind in all their charms—
 Yea! all that beauty, wealth, and wit bestow—
 With all that strikes the eye, or fancy warms,
 In festal halls, where gold and diamonds glow,

And gay costumes that mock the painted bow
 Of Iris hanging on Heaven's battlements:
 Yet not all these could bid my bosom know
 Such admiration, or such joys dispense,
 As when the maiden smiled in heavenly innocence.

Then, Mira, not to pride my harp is strung—
 Not to the measures of the giddy dance—
 The boasted beauty shall remain unsung,
 For I, unmoved, can meet her fatal glance.
 Not in the fairy regions of romance
 My footsteps stray—but Truth directs my song:
 To Truth's eternal portals I advance,
 Deserted by the rhyming crew so long,
 And Virtue, Worth, and Thou shall still employ my
 tongue.

With thee, sweet Modesty and Truth reside—
 Sincerity from courts and crowds exiled—
 Virtue, that shuns the haughty brow of Pride—
 And Charity, Heaven's first-born, favorite child,—
 As if the skies upon thy birth had smiled,
 And given thee all to make a woman dear.
 Yes! thou couldst humanize the savage wild,
 Make tigers pause thy soothing voice to hear,
 Melt marble hearts, and smooth the brow of cankering
 care.

When the last echoes of my harp expire,
 In mournful breathings on Patapsco's shore—
 When the unpractised hand that struck the wire,
 Shall wake those wild and artless notes no more—
 When the green meadow and the torrent's roar—
 The woody walk, so long my dear delight,
 With all that charmed my fancy most before—
 When Death shall veil these objects from my sight,
 O say, wilt thou my name in thy remembrance write?

Then let the world its malice all combine—
 Its hate I reck not, and its wrongs despise:
 A bliss they dream not of shall still be mine—
 A bliss untold, yet worthy of the skies,
 Which all their curs'd malevolence defies.
 Even in the anguish of the mortal hour,
 My soul superior to the gloom shall rise,
 And smile on Death when all his terrors lower,
 And the grim tyrant stalks full panoplied in power.

STANZAS.

Oh! never, never, until now,
 Seem'd happiness so near me—
 Hope never wore a brighter brow
 To flatter or to cheer me:
 Yet while I listen to her voice,
 Sad memory is shiding—
 And I must tremble to rejoice,
 And weep while I'm confiding.

I thought my spirit had grown old,
 While counting years by sorrow,
 And that the future could unfold
 For me no happier morrow;
 But ah! I find myself a child
 Of newly waken'd feeling,
 As full of dreams, as bright and wild,
 As fancy's first revealing.

LEILA.

Critical Notices.

THE HEROINE.

The Heroine: or Adventures of Cherubina. By Eaton Stannard Barrett, Esq. New Edition. Richmond: Published by P. D. Bernard.

Cherubina! Who has not heard of Cherubina? Who has not heard of that most spiritual, that most ill-treated, that most accomplished of women—of that most consummate, most sublimated, most fantastic, most unappreciated, and most inappreciable of heroines? Exquisite and delicate creation of a mind overflowing with fun, frolic, farce, wit, humor, song, sentiment, and sense, what mortal is there so dead to every thing graceful and glorious as not to have devoured thy adventures? Who is there so unfortunate as not to have taken thee by the hand?—who so lost as not to have cultivated thy acquaintance?—who so stupid, as not to have enjoyed thy companionship?—who so much of a log, as not to have laughed until he has wept for very laughter in the perusal of thine incomparable, inimitable, and inestimable eccentricities? But we are becoming pathetic to no purpose, and supererogatively oratorical. *Every body* has read Cherubina. There is no one so superlatively unhappy as not to have done this thing. But if such there be—if by any possibility such person should exist, we have only a few words to say to him. Go, silly man, and purchase forthwith "*The Heroine: or Adventures of Cherubina.*"

The Heroine was first published many years ago, (we believe shortly after the appearance of Childe Harold;) but although it has run through editions innumerable, and has been universally read and admired by all possessing talent or taste, it has never, in our opinion, attracted half that notice on the part of the critical press, which is undoubtedly its due. There are few books written with more tact, spirit, *naïveté*, or grace, few which take hold more irresistibly upon the attention of the reader, and none more fairly entitled to rank among the classics of English literature than the Heroine of Eaton Stannard Barrett. When we say all this of a book possessing not even the remotest claim to originality, either in conception or execution, it may reasonably be supposed, that we have discovered in its matter, or manner, some rare qualities, inducing us to hazard an assertion of so bold a nature. This is actually the case. Never was any thing so charmingly written: the mere style is positively inimitable. Imagination, too, of the most ethereal kind, sparkles and blazes, now sportively like the Will O' the Wisp, now dazzlingly like the Aurora Borealis, over every page—over every sentence in the book. It is absolutely radiant with fancy, and that of a nature the most captivating, although, at the same time, the most airy, the most capricious, and the most intangible. Yet the Heroine must be considered a mere burlesque; and, being a copy from Don Quixotte, is to that immortal work of Cervantes what *The School for Scandal* is to *The Merry Wives of Windsor*. The Plot is briefly as follows.

Gregory Wilkinson, an English farmer worth 50,000 pounds, has a pretty daughter called Cherry, whose head is somewhat disordered from romances reading. Her governess is but little more rational than herself,

and is one day turned out of the house for allowing certain undue liberties on the part of the butler. In revenge she commences a correspondence with Miss Cherry, in which she persuades that young lady that Wilkinson is not her real father—that she is a child of mystery, &c.—in short that she is actually and *bonâ fide* a heroine. In the meantime, Miss Cherry, in rummaging among her father's papers, comes across an antique parchment—a lease of lives—on which the following words are alone legible.

This Indenture
For and in consideration of
Doth grant, bargain, release
Possession, and to his heirs and assigns
Lands of Sylvan Lodge, in the
Trees, stones, quarries, &c.
Reasonable amends and satisfaction
This demise
Molestation of him the said Gregory Wilkinson.
The natural life of
Cherry Wilkinson only daughter of
De Willoughby eldest son of Thomas
Lady Gwyn of Gwyn Castle.

This "excruciating MS." brings matters to a crisis—for Miss Cherry has no difficulty in filling up the blanks.

"It is a written covenant," says this interesting young lady in a letter to her Governess, "between this Gregory Wilkinson, and the miscreant (whom my being an heiress had prevented from enjoying the title and estate that would devolve to him at my death) stipulating to give Wilkinson 'Sylvan Lodge,' together with 'trees, stones, &c.' as 'reasonable amends and satisfaction' for being the instrument of my 'demise,' and declaring that there shall be 'no molestation of him the said Gregory Wilkinson' for taking away the 'natural life of Cherry Wilkinson, only daughter of' ———— somebody 'De Willoughby eldest son of Thomas.' Then follows 'Lady Gwyn of Gwyn Castle.' So that it is evident I am a De Willoughby, and related to Lady Gwyn! What perfectly confirms me in the latter supposition, is an old portrait which I found soon after, among Wilkinson's papers, representing a young and beautiful female superbly dressed; and underneath, in large letters, the name of 'Nell Gwyn.'"

Fired with this idea, Miss Cherry gets up a scene, rushes with hair dishevelled into the presence of the good man Wilkinson, and accuses him to his teeth of plotting against her life, and of sundry other mal-practices and misdemeanors. The worthy old gentleman is astonished, as well he may be; but is somewhat consoled upon receiving a letter from his nephew, Robert Stuart, announcing his intention of paying the family a visit immediately. Wilkinson is in hopes that a lover may change the current of his daughter's ideas; but in that he is mistaken. Stuart has the misfortune of being merely a rich man, a handsome man, an honest man, and a fashionable man—he is no hero. This is not to be borne: and Miss Cherry, having assumed the name of the Lady Cherubina De Willoughby, makes a precipitate retreat from the house, and commences a journey on foot to London. Her adventures here properly begin, and are laughable in the extreme. But we must not be too minute. They are modelled very much after those of Don Quixotte, and are related in a series of letters from the young lady herself to her governess. The principal characters who figure in the Memoirs are Betterton, an old *debauché* who endeavors to entangle the Lady Cherubina in his toils—

Jerry Sullivan, an Irish simpleton, who is ready to lose his life at any moment for her ladyship, whose story he implicitly believes, without exactly comprehending it—Higginson, a grown baby, and a mad poet—Lady Gwyn, whom Cherubina believes to be her mortal enemy, and the usurper of her rights, and who encourages the delusion for the purpose of entertaining her guests—Mary and William, two peasants betrothed, but whom Cherry sets by the ears for the sake of an interesting episode—Abraham Grundy, a tenth rate performer at Covent Garden, who having been mistaken by Cherry for an earl, supports the character *à merveille* with the hope of eventually marrying her, and thus securing 10,000 pounds, a sum which it appears the lady possesses in her own right. He calls himself the Lord Altamont Mortimer Montmorenci. Stuart, her cousin, whom we have mentioned before, finally rescues her from the toils of Betterton and Grundy, and restores her to reason, and to her friends. Of course he is rewarded with her hand.

We repeat that Cherubina is a book which should be upon the shelves of every well-appointed library. No one can read it without entertaining a high opinion of the varied and brilliant talents of its author. No one can read it without laughter. Its wit, especially, and its humor, are indisputable—not frittered and refined away into that insipid compound which we occasionally meet with, half giggle and half sentiment—but racy, dashing, and palpable. Some of the songs with which the work is interspersed have attained a most extensive popularity, while many persons, to whom they are as familiar as household things, are not aware of the very existence of the Heroine. All our readers must remember the following.

Dear Sensibility, O la!
I heard a little lamb cry ba!
Says I, so you have lost mamma!
Ah!
The little lamb as I said so,
Frisking about the fields did go,
And frisking trod upon my toe.
Oh!

And this also,

TO DOROTHY FULVERTAFT.
If Black-sea, White-sea, Red-sea ran
One tide of ink to Isphahan;
If all the geese in Lincoln fens
Produced spontaneous well-made pens;
If Holland old or Holland new,
One wondrous sheet of paper grew;
Could I, by stenographic power,
Write twenty libraries an hour;
And should I sing but half the grace
Of half a freckle on thy face;
Each syllable I wrote should reach
From Laverne to Bognor's beach;
Each hair-stroke be a river Rhine,
Each verse an equinoctial line.

We have already exceeded our limits, but cannot refrain from extracting Chapter XXV. It will convey some idea of the character of the Heroine. She is now at the mansion of Lady Gwyn, who, for the purpose of amusing her friends, has dressed up her nephew to represent the supposed mother of the Lady Cherubina.

CHAPTER XXV.

This morning I awoke almost well, and towards evening was able to appear below. Lady Gwyn had invited several of her friends; so that I passed a delightful afternoon; the charm, admiration, and astonishment of all.

When I retired to rest, I found this note on my toilette.

To the Lady Cherubina.

Your mother lives! and is confined in a subterranean vault of the villa. At midnight two men will tap at your door, and conduct you to her. Be silent, courageous, and circumspect.

What a flood of new feelings gushed upon my soul, as I laid down the billet, and lifted my filial eyes to Heaven! Mother—endearing name! I pictured that unfortunate lady stretched on a mattress of straw, her eyes sunken in their sockets, yet retaining a portion of their youthful fire; her frame emaciated, her voice feeble, her hand damp and chill. Fondly did I depict our meeting—our embrace; she gently pushing me from her, and baring my forehead, to gaze on the lineaments of my countenance. All, all is convincing; and she calls me the softened image of my noble father!

Two tedious hours I waited in extreme anxiety. At length the clock struck twelve; my heart beat responsive, and immediately the promised signal was made. I unbolted the door, and beheld two men masked and cloaked. They blindfolded me, and each taking an arm, led me along. Not a word passed. We traversed apartments, ascended, descended stairs; now went this way, now that; obliquely, circularly, angularly; till I began to imagine we were all the time in one spot.

At length my conductors stopped.

'Unlock the postern gate,' whispered one, 'while I light a torch.'

'We are betrayed!' said the other, 'for this is the wrong key.'

'Then thou beest the traitor,' cried the first.

'Thou liest, dost lie, and art lying!' cried the second.

'Take that!' exclaimed the first. A groan followed, and the wretch tumbled to the ground.

'You have killed him!' cried I, sickening with horror.

'I have only hamstrung him, my Lady,' said the fellow. 'He will be lame while ever he lives; but by St. Cripplegate, that won't be long; for our captain has given him four ducats to murder himself in a month.'

He then burst open the gate; a sudden current of wind met us, and we hurried forward with incredible speed, while moans and smothered shrieks were heard at either side.

'Gracious goodness, where are we?' cried I.

'In the cavern of death!' said my conductor; 'but never fear, Signora mia illustrissima, for the bravo Abellino is your povero devotissimo.'

On a sudden innumerable footsteps sounded behind us. We ran swifter.

'Fire!' cried a ferocious accent, almost at my ear; and there came a discharge of arms.

I stopped, unable to move, breathe, or speak.

'I am wounded all over, right and left, fore and aft, long ways and cross ways, Death and the Devil!' cried the bravo.

'Am I bleeding?' said I, feeling myself with my hands.

'No, blessed St. Fidget be praised!' answered he; 'and now all is safe, for the banditti have turned into the wrong passage.'

He then stopped, and unlocked a door.

'Enter,' said he, 'and behold your mother!'

He led me forward, tore the bandage from my eyes, and retreating, locked the door after him.

Agitated by the terrors of my dangerous expedition, I felt additional horror in finding myself within a dismal cell, lighted with a lantern; where, at a small table, sat a woman suffering under a corpulency unparalleled in the memoirs of human monsters. Her dress was a patchwork of blankets and satins, and her gray tresses were like horses' tails. Hundreds of frogs leaped about the floor; a piece of mouldy bread, and a mug of water, lay on the table; some straw, strewn with dead snakes and skulls, occupied one corner, and the distant end of the cell was concealed behind a black curtain.

I stood at the door, doubtful, and afraid to advance; while the prodigious prisoner sat examining me all over.

At last I summoned courage to say, 'I fear, madam, I am an intruder here. I have certainly been shown into the wrong room.'

'It is, it is my own, my only daughter, my Cherubina!' cried she, with a tremendous voice. 'Come to my maternal arms, thou living picture of the departed Theodore!'

'Why, ma'am,' said I, 'I would with great pleasure, but I am afraid—Oh, madam, indeed, indeed, I am quite sure you cannot be my mother!'

'Why not, thou unnatural girl?' cried she.

'Because, madam,' answered I, 'my mother was of a thin habit; as her portrait proves.'

'And so I was once,' said she. 'This deplorable plumpness is owing to want of exercise. But I thank the Gods I am as pale as ever.'

'Heavens! no,' cried L. 'Your face, pardon me, is a rich scarlet.'

'And in this our tender meeting?' cried she. 'To disown me, to throw my fist in my teeth, to violate the lilies of my skin with a dash of scarlet? Hey diddle diddle, the cat and the fiddle! Tell me, girl, will you embrace me, or will you not?'

'Indeed, madam,' answered I, 'I will presently.'

'Presently!'

'Yes, depend upon it I will. Only let me get over the first shock.'

'Shock!'

Dreading her violence, and feeling myself bound to do the duties of a daughter, I kneeled at her feet, and said:

'Ever respected, ever venerable author of my being, I beg thy maternal blessing!'

My mother raised me from the ground, and hugged me to her heart, with such cruel vigor, that, almost crushed, I cried out stoutly, and struggled for release.

'And now,' said she, relaxing her grasp, 'let me tell you of my sufferings. Ten long years I have eaten nothing but bread. Oh, ye favorite pullets, oh, ye inimitable tit-bits, shall I never, never taste you more? It was but last night, that maddened by hunger, methought I beheld the Genius of Dinner in my dreams. His mantle was laced with silver seals, and his locks were dropping with soups. He had a crown of golden fishes upon his head, and pheasants' wings at his shoulders. A flight of little tartlets fluttered about him, and the sky rained down comfits. As I gazed on him, he vanished in a sigh, that was impregnated with the fumes of brandy. Hey diddle diddle, the cat and the fiddle.'

I stood shuddering, and hating her more and more every moment.

'Pretty companion of my confinement!' cried she, apostrophizing an enormous toad which she pulled out of her bosom 'dear, spouted fondling, thou, next to my Cherubina, art worthy of my love. Embrace each other, my friends.' And she put the hideous pet into my hand. I screamed and dropped it.

'Oh!' cried I, in a passion of despair, 'what madness possessed me to undertake this execrable enterprise!' and I began beating with my hand against the door.

'Do you want to leave your poor mother?' said she in a whimpering tone.

'Oh! I am so frightened!' cried I.

'You will spend the night here, however,' said she; 'and your whole life too; for the ruffian who brought you hither was employed by Lady Gwyn to entrap you.'

When I heard this terrible sentence, my blood ran cold, and I began crying bitterly.

'Come, my love!' said my mother, 'and let me clasp thee to my heart once more!'

'For goodness sake!' cried I, 'spare me!'

'What!' exclaimed she, 'do you spurn my proffered embrace again?'

'Dear, no, madam,' answered I. 'But—but indeed now, you squeeze me so!'

My mother made a huge stride towards me; then stood groan-lag and rolling her eyes.

'Help!' cried I, half frantic, 'help! help!'

I was stopped by a suppressed titter of infernal laughter, as if from many demons; and on looking towards the black curtain, whence the sound came, I saw it agitated; while about twenty terrific faces appeared peeping through slits in it, and making grimaces of a most diabolical nature. I hid my face with my hands.

'Tis the banditti!' cried my mother.

As she spoke, the door opened, a bandage was flung over my eyes, and I was borne away half senseless, in some one's arms; till at length, I found myself alone in my own chamber.

Such was the detestable adventure of to-night. Oh, that I should live to meet this mother of mine! How different from the mothers that other heroines rummage out in northern turrets and ruined chapels! I am out of all patience. Liberate her I must, of course, and make a suitable provision for her too, when I get my property; but positively, never will I sleep under the same roof with—(ye powers of filial love forgive me!) such a living mountain of human horror. Adieu.

HAWKS OF HAWK-HOLLOW.

The Hawks of Hawk-Hollow; a Tradition of Pennsylvania. By the author of Calavar and the Infidel. Philadelphia: Carey, Lea & Blanchard.

By *The Gladiator*, by *Calavar*, and by *the Infidel*, Dr. Bird has risen, in a comparatively short space of time, to a very enviable reputation; and we have heard it asserted that his last novel '*The Hawks of Hawk-Hollow*,' will not fail to place his name in the very first rank of American writers of fiction. Without venturing to subscribe implicitly to this latter supposition, we still think very highly of him who has written *Calavar*. Of this last mentioned work, and of *the Infidel*, we have already given our opinion, although not altogether as fully as we could have desired: and we regret that circumstances beyond our control have prevented us from noticing the *Hawks of Hawk-Hollow* until so late a day as the present.

Had this novel reached us some years ago, with the title of, '*The Hawks of Hawk-Hollow: A Romance by the author of Waverley*,' we should not perhaps have engaged in its perusal with as much genuine eagerness, or with so dogged a determination to be pleased with it at all events, as we have actually done upon receiving it with its proper title, and under really existing circumstances. But having read the book *through*, as undoubtedly we should have done, if only for the sake of Auld Lang Syne, and for the sake of certain pleasantly mirthful, or pleasantly mournful recollections connected with *Ivanhoe*, with *the Antiquary*, with *Kenilworth*, and above all with that most pure, perfect, and radiant gem of fictitious literature the *Bride of Lammermuir*—having, we say, on this account, and for the sake of these recollections read the novel from beginning to end, from Aleph to Tau, we should have pronounced our opinion of its merits somewhat in the following manner.

"It is unnecessary to tell us that this novel is written by Sir Walter Scott; and we are really glad to find that he has at length ventured to turn his attention to American incidents, scenery, and manners. We repeat that it was a mere act of supererogation to place the words 'By the author of Waverley' in the title page. The book speaks for itself. The style vulgarly so called—the manner properly so called—the handling of the subject to speak pictorially, or graphically, or as a German would say plastically—in a word the general air, the *tout ensemble*, the prevailing character of the story, all proclaim, in words which one who runs may read, that these volumes were indited 'By the author of Waverley.'" Having said thus much, we should resume our *critique* as follows.

"The Hawks of Hawk-Hollow is, however, by no means in the *best* manner of its illustrious author. To speak plainly it is a positive failure, and must take its place by the side of the Redgauntlets, the Monasteries, the Pirates, and the Saint Ronan's Wells."

All this we should perhaps have been induced to say had the book been offered to us for perusal some few years ago, with the supposititious title, and under the supposititious circumstances aforesaid. But alas! for our critical independency, the case is very different indeed. There can be no mistake or misconception in the present instance, such as we have so fancifully imagined. The title page (here we have it) is clear, explanatory, and not to be misunderstood. The Hawks of Hawk-

Hollow, A Tradition of Pennsylvania, that is to say a novel, is written, so we are assured, not by the author of Waverley, but by the author of that very fine romance Calavar—not by Sir Walter Scott, Baronet, but by Robert M. Bird, M. D. Now Robert M. Bird is an American.

We will endeavour to give an outline of the story. In a little valley bordering upon the Delaware, and called Hawk-Hollow from a colony of hawks who time out of mind had maintained possession of a blasted tree at its *embouchure*, resided, some fifty years ago, one Gilbert, an English emigrant. He had seven sons, all of whom displayed in early life a spirit of desperate and reckless adventure, and a love of the wild life of the woods and mountains. Oran was the name of the eldest, and at the same time the most savage and intractable of the seven. The disposition thus evinced obtained for these young desperadoes the *sobriquet* of the Hawks of Hawk-Hollow. Gilbert, the father, falls heir to a rich estate in England, and after making a vain attempt to settle in that country and educate his children as gentlemen, returns at length to the valley of Hawk-Hollow, so much more congenial to the temper and habits of his sons. A fine but fantastic manor-house is erected, and the family acquire consideration in the land. In the meantime Mr. Gilbert's first wife dying, he weds another, who bears him a daughter, Jessie. At the opening of the tale, however, a Captain Loring resides upon the estate, and in the mansion of the Gilberts, holding them as the agent or tenant of a certain Col. Falconer, who is a second edition of Falkland in Caleb Williams,—and who has managed to possess himself of the property at Hawk-Hollow, upon its confiscation on account of the tory principles and conduct of the Hawks.

During the happier days of the Gilberts, the life of this Falconer was preserved by three of them, upon a certain occasion of imminent peril. He however, being badly wounded, they convey him to their father's house, and Jessie, their sister, attends him in the character of nurse. She loves him. He returns her love with gratitude and perhaps some little actual affection, not however sufficient to banish from his mind the charms or the wealth of a lady of whom he had been previously enamored—the daughter of a gentleman who had succored and patronised him at a time when he needed aid, and who discarded him upon perceiving the growing intimacy between his child and his *protégé*. Grateful however for the kindness and evident affection of Jessie, and intoxicated with her beauty, he marries her in a moment of madness and passion—prevailing upon her to keep the marriage a secret for a short time. At this critical juncture, Falconer, who has already risen to honors and consideration in the world, as an officer of the Colonial army, receives overtures of reconciliation both from his old patron and his daughter. His former flame is rekindled in his bosom. He puts off from day to day the publication of his marriage with Jessie, and, finally, goaded by love and ambition, and encouraged by the accidental death of the regimental chaplain who married him, as well as by that of the only witness to the ceremony, he flies from Jessie who is about to become a mother, and leaving herself and friends under the impression that the rite of marriage had been a mere mockery for the

purpose of seduction, throws himself at once into the arms of his first love, and at length espouses her, a short time before the decease of Jessie, who dies in bringing a son into the world.

The wrath of the brothers of Jessie, has doomed this child to destruction—but their mother, at this same period giving birth to a still-born infant, an exchange is brought about through the instrumentality of an old nurse Elsie Bell, who plays an anomalous part in the story, being half witch, and half gentlewoman. The effect of this exchange is that the still-born child of Mrs. Gilbert is buried as the offspring of Jessie, while her real offspring, is sent to the West Indies, to be nurtured and educated by a sister of Mr. Gilbert. The boy thus sent was called Hyland, after one of the Hawks who perished in the *reacue* of Col. Falconer.

Such are the events which, at the opening of the story, have broken up the family of the Gilberts, and effected their ruin.

“The sons no longer hunted with the young men of the county, but went, as in their war expeditions, alone: and when others thrust themselves into their company they quarrelled with them, so that they began to be universally feared and detested. To crown all, as soon as the Revolution burst out they went over to the enemy: and, being distributed among the wild and murderous bands of savages forming on the north-western frontiers, they soon obtained a dreadful notoriety for their deeds of daring and cruelty. Of course this remarkable defection of the sons, caused the unlucky father to be suspected and watched. He was accused at last of aiding and abetting them in their treasonable practices, and soon, either from timidity or a consciousness of guilt, he fled, seeking refuge within the royal lines. This was sufficient for his ruin: for, after the usual legal preliminaries, he was formally outlawed, as his sons had been before, and his property confiscated. He died soon afterwards, either at New York, or Jamaica.”

Hyland, the son of Falconer by Jessie, but the supposed youngest brother of the Hawks, returns after many years, to his native country with the intention of accepting a British commission; but seeing more closely, and with his own eyes, the true principles which actuated the colonists, he finally relinquishes that design. In the meantime visiting the Hawk-Hollow under the assumed name of Herman Hunter, and in the character of a painter, he becomes enamored of Catherine, the daughter of Captain Loring. The attachment is mutual, although the lady is already betrothed to Henry, the son of Col. Falconer, a rather gentlemanly, although a very dissipated and good-for-nothing personage. Difficulties thicken of course. Miss Harriet Falconer, a copy in many respects of Di Vernon, becomes, for some very trivial reason, a violent enemy of Herman Hunter, and even goes so far as to suspect him of being connected with the outlawed Hawks of the Hollow. Captain Loring, on the other hand, is his firm friend—a circumstance which restores matters to a more proper equilibrium, and much flirtation is consequently carried on, in and about the old mansion house and pleasure grounds of the Gilberts. In the meantime an attempt is made, by some unknown assassin, upon the life of Col. Falconer, at New York; and the county is thrown into a panic, by the rumor that Oran, the eldest brother of the Hawks, is not dead, as was supposed, but in existence near the Hollow with a desperate band of refugees, and ready to pounce upon

the neighboring village of Hillborough. Miss Harriet Falconer busies herself in a very unlady-like manner to ferret out the assassin of her father. Plot and counterplot follow in rapid succession. New characters appear upon the scene. A tall disciple of Roscius called Sterling, is, among others, very conspicuous, thrusting his nose into every adventure, and assuming by turns, although in a very slovenly way, the character of a Methodist preacher, of a pedlar, of a Quaker, and of a French dancing master. Elsie Bell, the old witch, prophecies, predicates, and prognosticates; and in short matters begin to assume a very serious and inexplicable aspect. Hyland Gilbert *alias* Herman Hunter, the painter, is drawn into an involuntary connection with his supposed brother Oran, the refugee, and some circumstances coming to light not very much to his credit, he is obliged to flee from the mansion of the gallant Captain—not, however, until he has declared his passion for the daughter, into the ear of the daughter herself. Through the instigation of Harriet Falconer, the day is at length fixed for the marriage of her brother Henry with Catherine Loring. Accident delays the ceremony until night, when, just as the lady is hesitating whether she shall say *yes*, or *no*, the tall gentleman yeilded Sterling who has managed, no one knows how, to install himself as major-domo, chief fiddler, and master of ceremonies at the wedding, takes the liberty of knocking the bridegroom on the head with his violin, while Oran, the refugee, jumps in at one window with a gang of his followers, and Hyland Gilbert, *alias* Herman Hunter, the painter, popping in at another, carries off the bride at a back door *veniens contradicente*. The bird being flown, the hue and cry is presently raised, and the whole county starts in pursuit. But the affair ends very lamely. Precisely at the moment when Hyland Gilbert, *alias* Herman Hunter, the painter, has carried his mistress beyond any prospect of danger from pursuit, he suddenly takes it into his head, to change his mind in relation to the entire business, and so, turning back as he came, very deliberately carries the lady home again. He himself, however, being caught, is sentenced to be hung—all which is exceedingly just. But to be serious.

The crime with which the young man is charged, is the murder of Henry Falconer, who fell by a pistol shot in an affray during the pursuit. The criminal is lodged in jail at Hillborough—is tried—and, chiefly through the instrumentality of Col. Falconer, is in danger of being found guilty. But Elsie Bell now makes her appearance, and matters assume a new aspect. She reveals to Col. Falconer the exchange of the two infants—a fact with which he had been hitherto unacquainted—and consequently astounds him with the information that he is seeking the death of his own son. A new turn is also given to the evidence in the case of the murder by the death-bed confession of Sterling, who owns that he himself shot the deceased Henry Falconer, and also attempted the assassination of the Colonel. The prisoner is acquitted by acclamation. Col. Falconer, is shot by mistake while visiting his son in prison. Harriet dies of grief at the exposure of her father's villainy, and of her own consequent illegitimacy. Hyland Gilbert and Catherine are united. Oran, the refugee, who fired the shot by which Col. Falconer was accidentally killed, being hotly pursued, and dangerously wounded, escapes, final-

ly, to his fastnesses in the mountains, where, after a lapse of many years, his bones and his rifle are identified. Thus ends the Hawks of Hawk-Hollow.

We have already spoken of the character of Elsie Bell. That of Harriet Falconer, is forced, unnatural, and overstrained. Catherine Loring, however, is one of the sweetest creations ever emanating from the fancy of poet, or of painter. Truly feminine in thought, in manner, and in action, she is altogether a conception of which Dr. Bird has great reason to be proud. Phoebe, the waiting maid, (we have not thought it worth while to mention her in our outline,) is a mere excrescence, and, like some other personages in the tale, introduced for no imaginable purpose. Of the male *dramatis personae* some are good—some admirable—some execrable. Among the good, we may mention Captain Caliver of the Dragoons. Captain Loring is a *chef d'œuvre*. His oddities, his infirmities, his enthusiasm, his petulance, his warm-heartedness, and his mutability of disposition, altogether make up a character which we may be permitted to consider original, inasmuch as we have never seen its prototype either in print, or in actual existence. It is however true to itself, and to propriety, and although at times verging upon the *outré*, is highly creditable to the genius of its author. Oran, the refugee, is well—but not excellently drawn. The hero Hyland, with whom we were much interested in the beginning of the book, proves inconsistent with himself in the end; and although to be inconsistent with one's self, is not always to be false to Nature—still, in the present instance, Hyland Gilbert in prison, and in difficulty, and Herman Hunter, in the opening of the novel, possess none of the same traits, and are not, in point of fact, identical. Sterling is a mere mountebank, without even the merit of being an original one: and his death-bed repentance is too ludicrously ill-managed, and altogether too manifestly out of place, to be mentioned any farther. Squire Schlachtenschlager, the Magistrate, is the best personification of a little brief authority in the person of a Dutchman, which it has ever been our good fortune to encounter.

In regard to that purely mechanical portion of Dr. Bird's novel, which it would now be fashionable to denominate its *style*, we have very few observations to make. In general it is faultless. Occasionally we meet with a sentence ill-constructed—an inartificial adaptation of the end to the beginning of a paragraph—a circumlocutory mode of saying what might have been better said, if said with brevity—now and then with a pleonasm, as for example. "And if he wore a mask in his commerce with men, it was like that iron one of the Bastille, which when put on, was put on for life, and was at the same time of iron,"—not unfrequently with a bull proper, videlicet. "As he spoke there came into the den, eight men attired like the two first who were included in the number." But we repeat that upon the whole the style of the novel—if that may be called its style, which style is not—is at least equal to that of any American writer whatsoever.

In the style *properly* so called—that is to say in the prevailing tone and manner which give character and individuality to the book, we cannot bring ourselves to think that Dr. Bird has been equally fortunate. His subject appears always ready to fly away from him. He dallies with it continually—hovers incessantly round

it, and about it—and not until driven to exertion by the necessity of bringing his volumes to a close, does he finally grasp it with any appearance of energy or good will. The *Hawks of Hawk-Hollow* is composed with great inequality of manner—at times forcible and manly—at times sinking into the merest childishness and imbecility. Some portions of the book, we surmise, were either not written by Dr. Bird, or were written by him in moments of the most utter mental exhaustion. On the other hand, the reader will not be disappointed, if he looks to find in the novel many—very many well sustained passages of great eloquence and beauty. We open the book at random, and one presents itself immediately to our notice. If Dr. Bird has a general manner at all—a question which we confess ourselves unable to decide—the passage which we are about to quote is a very fair, although perhaps rather too favorable specimen of that manner.

"Thus whiling away the fatigue of climbing over rocks, and creeping through thickets with a gay rattle of discourse, the black-eyed maiden dragged her companion along until they reached a place where the stream was contracted by the projection on the one bank of a huge mass of slaty rock, and on the other, by the protrusion of the roots of a gigantic plane-tree—the sycamore or button-wood of vulgar speech. Above them, and beyond the crag, the channel of the rivulet widened into a pool; and there was a plot of green turf betwixt the water and the hill, on the farther bank, whercon fairies, if such had ever made their way to the world of Twilight, might have loved to gambol under the light of the moon. A hill shut up the glen at its upper extremity; and it was hemmed in on the left, by the rocky and woody declivity over which the maidens had already passed. Over this, and just behind a black rounded shoulder that it thrust into the glen, a broad ray from the evening sun shot across the stream, and fell in a rich yellow flood over the vacant plot. There was something almost Arcadian in this little solitude; and if instead of two well-bred maidens perched upon the roots of the sycamore, on seats chosen with a due regard to the claims of their dresses, there had been a batch of country girls romping in the water, a passing Actæon might have dreamed of the piny Gargaphy, its running well *fons tenui perlucidus unda*—and the bright creatures of the mythic day that once animated the waters of that solitary grot. But the fairy and the wood-nymph are alike unknown in America. Poetic illusion has not yet consecrated her glens and fountains; her forests nod in uninvaded gloom, her rivers roll in unsanctified silence, and even her ridgy mountains lift up their blue tops in unphantomed solitude. Association sleeps, or it reverts only to the vague mysteries of speculation. Perhaps

A restless Indian queen,
Pale Marian with the braided hair,

may wander at night by some highly favored spring;
perhaps some tall and tawny hunter

In vestments for the chase arrayed,

may yet hunt the hart over certain distinguished ridges, or urge his barken canoe over some cypress-fringed pool; but all other places are left to the fancies of the utilitarian. A Greek would have invented a God to dwell under the watery arch of Niagara; an American is satisfied with a paper-mill clapped just above it."

Of the songs and other poetic pieces interspersed throughout the book, and sometimes not aptly or gracefully introduced, we have a very high opinion. Some of them are of rare merit and beauty. If Dr. Bird can always write thus, and we see no reason for

supposing the contrary, he should at once, in the language of one with whom he is no doubt well acquainted,

Turn bard, and drop the play-wright and the novelist.

In evidence that we say nothing more than what is absolutely just; we insert here the little poem of *The Whippoorwill*.

Sleep, sleep! be thine the sleep that throws
Elysium o'er the soul's repose,
Without a dream, save such as wind
Like midnight angels, through the mind;
While I am watching on the hill
I, and the wailing whippoorwill.

Oh whippoorwill, oh whippoorwill!

Sleep, sleep! and once again I'll tell
The oft pronounced yet vain farewell:
Such should his word, oh maiden, be
Who lifts the fated eye to thee;
Such should it be, before the chain
That wraps his spirit, binds his brain.

Oh whippoorwill, oh whippoorwill!

Sleep, sleep! the ship hath left the shore,
The steed awaits his lord no more;
His lord still madly lingers by,
The fatal maid he cannot fly—
And thrids the wood, and climbs the hill—
He and the wailing whippoorwill.

Oh whippoorwill, oh whippoorwill!

Sleep, sleep! the morrow hastens on;
Then shall the wailing slave be gone,
Flitting the hill-top far for fear
The sounds of joy may reach his ear;
The sounds of joy!—the hollow knell
Pealed from the mocking chapel bell.

Oh whippoorwill, oh whippoorwill!

In conclusion: The *Hawks of Hawk-Hollow*, if it add a single bay to the already green wreath of Dr. Bird's popular reputation, will not, at all events, among men whose decisions are entitled to consideration, advance the high opinion previously entertained of his abilities. It has no pretensions to originality of manner, or of style—for we insist upon the distinction—and very few to originality of matter. It is, in many respects, a bad imitation of Sir Walter Scott. Some of its characters, and one or two of its incidents, have seldom been surpassed, for force, fidelity to nature, and power of exciting interest in the reader. It is altogether more worthy of its author in its scenes of hurry, of tumult, and confusion, than in those of a more quiet and philosophical nature. Like *Calavar* and *The Infidel*, it excels in the drama of action and passion, and fails in the drama of colloquy. It is inferior, as a whole, to the *Infidel*, and vastly inferior to *Calavar*.

PEERAGE AND PEASANTRY.

Tales of the Peerage and the Peasantry, Edited by Lady Dacre. New York: Harper & Brothers.

We had been looking with much impatience for the republication of these volumes, and henceforward we shall look with still greater anxiety for any thing announced as under the editorial supervision of Lady Dacre. But why, Lady Dacre, this excessive show of modesty, or rather this most unpardonable piece of affectation? Why deny having written volumes whose authorship would be an enviable and an honorable dis-

unction to the proudest literati of your land? And why, above all, announce yourself as editor in a title-page, merely to proclaim yourself author in a preface?

The *Tales of the Peerage and the Peasantry* are three in number. The first and the longest is *Winifred, Countess of Nithsdale*, (have a care, Messieurs Harpers, you have spelt it *Nithsdale* in the very heading of the very initial chapter) a thrilling, and spirited story, rich with imagination, pathos, and passion, and in which the successful termination of a long series of exertions, and trials, whereby the devoted Winifred finally rescues her husband, the Earl of Nithsdale, from tyranny, prison, and death, inspires the reader with scarcely less heartfelt joy and exultation than we can conceive experienced by the happy pair themselves. But the absolute conclusion of this tale speaks volumes for the artist-like skill of the fair authoress. An every day writer would have ended a story of continued sorrow and suffering, with a bright gleam of unalloyed happiness, and sunshine—thus destroying, at a single blow, that indispensable unity which has been rightly called the unity of effect, and throwing down, as it were, in a paragraph what, perhaps, an entire volume has been laboring to establish. We repeat that Lady Dacre has given conclusive evidence of talent and skill, in the final sentences of the *Countess of Nithsdale*—evidence, however, which will not be generally appreciated, or even very extensively understood. We will transcribe the passages alluded to.

"'And dearer to my ears'—said Lady Nithsdale 'the simple ballad of a Scottish maiden, than even these sounds as they are wafted to us over the waters!'"

"They stopped to listen to the song as it died away; and, as they listened, another and more awful sound struck upon their ears. The bell of one of the small chapels often constructed on the shores of Catholic countries, was tolled for the soul of a departed mariner. As it happened, the tone was not unlike one of which they both retained only too vivid and painful a recollection. The Countess felt her husband's frame quiver beneath the stroke. There was no need of words. With a mutual pressure of the arm they returned upon their steps and sought their home. Unconsciously their pace quickened. They seemed to fly before the stroke of that bell! Such suffering as they had both experienced, leaves traces in the soul which time itself can never wholly efface."

The *Hampshire Cottage* is next in order—a tale of the Peasantry; and the volumes conclude with *Blanche*, a tale of the Peerage. Both are admirable, and worthy of companionship with *Winifred, Countess of Nithsdale*. There can be no doubt that Lady Dacre is a writer of infinite genius, possessing great felicity of expression, a happy talent for working up a story, and, above all, a far more profound and philosophical knowledge of the hidden springs of the human heart, and a greater skill in availing herself of that knowledge, than any of her female contemporaries. This we say deliberately. We have not yet forgotten the *Recollections of a Chaperon*. No person, of even common sensibility, has ever perused the magic tale of *Ellen Wareham* without feeling the very soul of passion and imagination aroused and stirred up within him, as at the sound of a trumpet.

Let Lady Dacre but give up her talents and energies, and especially her time to the exaltation of her literary fame, and we are sorely mistaken if, hereafter, she do not accomplish something which will not readily die.

EDINBURGH REVIEW.

The Edinburgh Review, No. CXXIV, for July 1835. American Edition, Vol. II, No. 2. New York: Theodore Foster.

Article I in this number is a critique upon "The History of the Revolution in England in 1688. Comprising a View of the Reign of James the Second, from his Accession to the Enterprise of the Prince of Orange. By the late Right Honorable Sir James Mackintosh; and completed to the Settlement of the Crown, by the Editor. To which is prefixed, a Notice of the Life, Writings, and Speeches of Sir James Mackintosh. 4to. London, 1834." The Reviewer commences by instituting a comparison between the work of Sir James, and Fox's History of James the Second. Both books are on the same subject—both were posthumously published, and neither had received the last corrections. The authors, likewise, belonged to the same political party, and had the same opinions concerning the merits and defects of the English Constitution, and concerning most of the prominent characters and events in English history. The palm is awarded to the work of Mackintosh. "Indeed"—says the critic—"the superiority of Mr. Fox to Sir James as an orator, is hardly more clear than the superiority of Sir James to Mr. Fox as an historian. Mr. Fox with a pen in his hand, and Sir James on his legs in the House of Commons were, we think, each out of his proper element. We could never read a page of Mr. Fox's writings—we could never listen for a quarter of an hour to the speaking of Sir James—without feeling that there was a constant effort, a tug up-hill. Mr. Fox wrote debates. Sir James Mackintosh spoke essays." The style of the fragment is highly complimented, and justly. Every body must agree with the Reviewer, that a History of England written throughout, in the manner of the History of the Revolution, would be the most fascinating book in the language. The printer and editor of the work are severely censured, but the censure is, in some respects, misapplied. Such errors as making the pension of 60,000 livres, which Lord Sunderland received from France, equivalent to 2,500 pounds sterling only, when, at the time Sunderland was in power, the livre was worth more than eighteen pence, are surely attributable to no one but the author—although the editor may come in for a small portion of the blame for not correcting an oversight so palpable. On the other hand the misprinting the name of Thomas Burnet repeatedly throughout the book, both in the text and Index, is a blunder for which the editor is alone responsible. The name is invariably spelt Bennet. Thomas Burnet, Master of the Charter House, and author of the *Theoria Sacra*, is a personage of whom, or of whose works, the gentleman who undertook to edit the Fragment of Sir James Mackintosh has evidently never heard. The Memoir prefixed to the History, and its Continuation to the settlement of the Crown, both by the Editor of the Fragment, are unsparingly, but indeed most righteously, condemned. The Memoir is childish and imbecile, and the Continuation full of gross inaccuracies, and altogether unworthy of being appended to any thing from the pen of Mackintosh.

Article II is a very clever Review of the "Archaisms of Aristophanes, with Notes Critical and Explanatory, adapted to the Use of Schools and Universities.

By T. Mitchell, A. M. 8vo. London, 1835." Mr. Mitchell made his first appearance as a translator and commentator in 1820, and his second in 1822, upon both which occasions he was favorably noticed in the Edinburgh. High praise is bestowed in the present instance upon the *Achænienses*. The *Wasps* will follow, and thus it appears the chronological order of the Comedies will not be preserved. The old fault is to be found with this Review, viz: It is more of a dissertation on the subject matter of the book in question than an analysis of its merits or defects. By far the greater part of the Article is occupied in a discussion of the character of the Athenians.

Article III is headed "a Voyage of Discovery to Africa and Arabia, performed in his Majesty's Ships *Leven* and *Barracouta*, from 1822 to 1826, under the command of Capt. F. W. W. Owen, R. N. By Capt. Thomas Boteler, R. N. 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1835." Captain Owen sailed in January 1822 in the *Leven* Frigate, accompanied by the *Barracouta*, a ten-gun brig, with instructions to survey the entire Eastern coast of Africa, the Western coast of Madagascar—the islets and shoals interjacent—together with the Western coast of the Continent from the Zaire to Benin, and from the Rio Grande to the Gambia. All this was accomplished in five years. The narrative of Boteler, who was lieutenant of the *Leven*, is nothing more than a revised edition of that originally prepared by Capt. Owen, and which was a failure in a literary sense. The Review, as usual, says very little concerning the manner in which Captain Boteler has performed his task.

Article IV. "Deontology; or the Science of Morality: in which the Harmony and Coincidence of Duty and Self-Interest, Virtue and Felicity, Prudence and Benevolence, are explained and exemplified. From the MSS. of Jeremy Bentham. Arranged and edited by John Bowring, 2 vols. octavo, London, 1834." "This book," says the Reviewer, "simply contains Mr. Bentham's thrice told tale upon Utility. It furnishes us with no fresh illustrations, no better system than we had already found in his 'Principles of Morals and Legislation.'" We heartily agree with the critic that there was no necessity for the publication of these posthumous volumes. They add nothing to the work just mentioned, and are, in many points, inferior. But the Notice concludes in the following words. "Is it to be wondered at, that the most learned, accurate, and philosophical nation in Europe—the Germans—treat with contempt ignorance and insolence like this? They admit the merits of Mr. Bentham as a juriconsult, in his analysis and classification of the *material* interests of life; but their metaphysicians and moralists agree, we believe without an exception, in considering his speculative philosophy as undeserving even the pomp and ceremony of an argument." We have only to add, that, in our opinion of the metaphysics of Mr. Bentham, we are, by no means, Germans to the very letter.

Article V. is an excellently well toned, and perfectly satisfactory Review of the "Journal by Frances Anne Butler, 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1835." It defends this lady from the charge of intentionally depreciating America; cites a long list of instances in which she has spoken in terms of the greatest cordiality of our people, individu-

ally, and as a nation; shows in what manner she has repeatedly let slip opportunities of saying, and saying too with perfect justice, things little likely to flatter our vanity; defends her from the ridiculous accusation of vulgarity (there is positively not an iota of vulgarity in the composition of Fanny Kemble) and very justly gives us a rap over the knuckles for our overweening vanity, self-sufficiency, and testiness of temper. The whole article is excellent, and the conclusion is particularly to our mind. "There is no chance of her return to a profession that she so cordially detested. Under these circumstances the only compensation Mr. Butler can make to us he must make. He is bound to see that she goes on with her faithful and amusing journal, and that she finishes, at her leisure, some of the sundry stories, plays, and novels, on which, it seems, she had already set to work amid the interruptions of the stage."

The sixth article is a review of "The Works of George Dalgarno, of Aberdeen. 4to. Reprinted at Edinburgh: 1834." This work is merely a reprint of the old Treatises of Dalgarno, the publication not extending beyond the sphere of the Maitland Club—a society instituted at Glasgow in imitation of the Edinburgh Ballantyne Club. The first treatise of Dalgarno is entitled "Ars Signorum, Vulgo Character Universalis, et Lingua Philosophica. Londini 1661." The second is "Didascalocophus, or the Deaf and Dumb Man's Tutor: to which is added a Discourse of the Nature and Number of Double Consonants: both which Tracts being the first (for what the author knows) that have been published upon either of the subjects. Printed at the Theater in Oxford, 1690." The memory of Dalgarno had nearly perished when Dugald Stewart called public attention to his writings, on account of his having anticipated, on grounds purely speculative, and *a priori*, what has now been proved *a posteriori* by Horne Tooke and others, viz: that all grammatical inflections are reducible to the noun alone.

Article VII is headed "Narrative of a Second Voyage in search of a North-West Passage, and of a Residence in the Arctic Regions during the years 1829, 1830, 1831, 1832, 1833. By Sir John Ross, C. B., K. S. A., K. C. S., &c. &c., Captain in the Royal Navy. Including the Reports of Commander, now Captain, James Clark Ross, R. N., F. R. S., F. L. S., &c. and the Discovery of the Northern Magnetic Pole. 4to. London: 1835." The Reviewer professes himself unable to regard the observations made by Commander Ross in relation to the Magnetic Pole in the light of a discovery. "It was certainly a great satisfaction to stand upon a rock where the dip was 89° 59', and where the polarity of nicely suspended needles was insensible; but it may be questioned whether or not the place of the Magnetic Pole can be best determined by observations made at a distance or near the spot; and we are not satisfied that the position assigned by Commander Ross is more accurate than that given by the curves of Professor Barlow, the calculations of Hansteen, and the observations of Captain Parry." The fact is that the Magnetic Pole is *movable*, and, place it where we will, we shall not find it in the same place to-morrow. Notice is taken also by the critic that neither Captain nor Commander Ross has made the slightest reference to the fact that the Magnetic

Pole is not coincident with the *Pole of maximum cold*. From observations made by Scoresby in East Greenland, and by Sir Charles Giesecké and the Danish Governors in West Greenland, and confirmed by all the meteorological observations made by Captains Parry and Franklin, Sir David Brewster has deduced the fact that the Pole of the Equator is not the Pole of maximum cold: and as the matter is well established, it is singular, to say no more, that it has been alluded to by neither the Commander nor the Captain.

Article VIII is 1. A "History of the Cotton Manufacture in Great Britain, with a Notice of its Early History in the East, and in all quarters of the Globe; a Description of the Great Mechanical Inventions which have caused its unexampled extension in Great Britain: and a View of the Present State of the Manufacture, and the condition of the Classes engaged in its several departments. By Edward Baines, Jr. Esq. 8vo. London: 1835."

2. "The Philosophy of Manufactures: or an Exposition of the Scientific, Moral, and Commercial Economy of the Factory System of Great Britain. By Andrew Ure, M. D. 8vo. London: 1835." Mr. Baines' work is spoken of in high terms, as discovering much laborious research, and being both interesting and valuable. With the exception of Smith's *Memoirs of Wool*, published in 1747, it is said to be the only work giving a clear and copious account of the rise, progress, and actual condition of any of the great branches of industry carried on in the kingdom. Dr. Ure's work is censured for inaccuracy of detail. Its title is evidently a misnomer.

Article IX is "A Poet's Portfolio; or Minor Poems. In Three Books. By James Montgomery, 12mo. London, 1835."

The first production of Mr. Montgomery, 'The Wanderer of Switzerland,' was noticed about twenty-eight years ago in the Edinburgh, and much fault found with it for inflation of style, and affectation. The present volume has induced the Journal to alter its tone entirely, and the *Minor Poems* are (perhaps a little too highly) lauded. "There is," says the critic, "something in all his poetry which makes fiction the most impressive teacher of truth and wisdom; and by which, while the intellect is gratified, and the imagination roused, the heart, if it retains any sensibility to tender or elevating emotions, cannot fail to be made better." The Reviewer, as usual, does not stick to his text, but comments, in detail, upon *all* the published poems of Montgomery.

The tenth and concluding paper is a Review of "The Second Report of his Majesty's Commissioners on Ecclesiastical Revenue and Patronage: Ireland. Ordered by the House of Commons to be printed: 1834"—and "First Report of the Commissioners of Public Instruction: Ireland. Presented to both Houses of Parliament, by command of his Majesty: 1835."

This article is written with great ability; but why call that a Review which is purely a dissertation on the state of the Irish Church? It concludes with a correspondence between the Editor of the Edinburgh, and Mr. Alan Stevenson, respecting evidence given, by the latter, before the Parliamentary Committee on Light Houses. The Journal, in No. CXXIII, accused Mr. S. of deceiving the Committee by erroneous testimony;

and, upon Mr. S. demanding an explanation, the Review not only refuses to retract its assertions, but declares that, had it known certain facts at the time of inditing the offensive article, it would have expressed itself with double severity.

NUTS TO CRACK.

Nuts to Crack: or Quips, Quirks, Anecdote and Facete of Oxford and Cambridge scholars. By the author of Facetia Cantabrigiensis, etc. etc. etc. Philadelphia: E. L. Carey & A. Hart.

Although this little volume is obviously intended for no other eyes than those of the 'Oxford and Cambridge scholar,' and although it is absolutely impossible for any American to enter fully into the spirit of its most inestimable quizzes, oddities and eccentricities, still we have no intention of quarrelling with Carey & Hart, for republishing the work on this side of the Atlantic. Never was there a better thing for whiling away a few loose or unappropriated half hours—that is to say in the hands of a reader who is, even in a moderate degree, imbued with a love of classical whimsicalities. We can assure our friends—all of them who expect to find in these excellent 'Nuts to Crack' a mere *risfamento* of stale jests—that there are not more than two or three anecdotes in the book positively entitled to the appellation of antique. Some things, however, have surprised us. In the first place what is the meaning of *Anecdote* and *Facete*? In the second what are we to think of such blunders, as "one of honest Vere's classical *jeu d'esprit*," (the *jeu d'esprit* printed too in Long Primer Capitals) in a volume professing to be *Anecdote* and *Facete* (oh!—too bad) of Oxford and Cambridge scholars? And thirdly is it possible that he who wrote the *Facetia Cantabrigiensis* is not aware that the "cutting retort attributed to the celebrated Lord Chesterfield, when a student of Trinity Hall, Cambridge" may be found among the *Facetia* of Hierocles—not to mention innumerable editions of Joe Miller?

We have already said enough of the *Nuts to Crack*, but cannot, for our lives, refrain from selecting one of its good things for the benefit of our own especial readers.

The learned Chancery Barrister, John Bell, K. C., "*the Great Bell of Lincoln*," as he has been aptly called, was Senior Wrangler, on graduating B. A., at Trinity College, Cambridge, in 1786, with many able competitors for that honor. He is likewise celebrated, as every one knows, for writing three several hands; one only he himself can read, another nobody but his clerk can read, and a third neither himself, clerk, nor any body else can read. It was in the latter hand, he one day wrote to his legal contemporary and friend, the present Sir Launcelot Shadwell, inviting him to dinner. Sir Launcelot, finding all his attempts to decypher the note about as vain, as the wise men found theirs to unravel the cabalistic characters of yore, took a sheet of paper, and having smeared it over with ink, folded and sealed it, and sent it as his answer. The receipt of it staggered even the Great Bell of Lincoln, and after breaking the seal, and eyeing it, and turning it round and round, he hurried to Mr. Shadwell's chambers with it, declaring he could make nothing of it. "Nor I of your note," retorted Mr. S. "My dear fellow!" exclaimed Mr. B. taking his own letter in his hand, "is not this as plain as can be,—*"Dear Shadwell, I shall be glad to see you at dinner to day?"* "And is not this equally as plain," said Mr. S. pointing to his own paper, "*My dear Bell, I shall be happy to come and dine with you?"*"

ROBINSON'S PRACTICE.

The Practice in Courts of Law and Equity in Virginia. By Conway Robinson. Vol. II, containing Practice in suits in Equity. pp. 648. Richmond: Printed by Samuel Shepherd. 1835.

The first volume of this work came out about three years ago; and received so earnest a welcome from the legal profession, that the author's tardiness in producing the second might be matter of wonder, were not his devoted attention to an unusually large practice well known. The present is destined, because it deserves, to be a much greater favorite with the law-book-reading public, than the former volume was. The arrangement is after a better classification of subjects; rendering it easier to find the doctrine desired, on any given point: and there is a larger proportion of valuable matter—matter not to be found in the Revised Code, or in Tate's Digest. Indeed there are few works, more copiously filled with useful, and *not-too-obvious* learning. Industry and research are the author's manifest characteristics. He is a real *brownie*—if not for supernatural speed of workmanship, at least in the world of trouble he will save his brethren. Here, within 442 pages (for the other 206 of this tome—*horresco referens*—are *index*), he has compressed matter, and inestimable matter too, for which the practitioner would otherwise have to hunt through, not only the thirty volumes of Virginia Reports (counting Chancellor Wythe's) but the numberless ones of New York, Massachusetts, the Federal Courts, and England.

In his *abstracts of cases*, the author is, in the main, particularly successful. Not only does he give them with a clearness, (the result of brevity, effected by discarding non-essentials) which we would gladly see judges and reporters emulate,—but he sometimes gathers from them doctrines, which the reporter has overlooked, and which a cursory reader would therefore be little apt to discover. For example, in pp. 20, 21, he states these two points, as decided in the case of *Blow v. Maynard*, 2 Leigh, 21: 1st, That a fraudulent donee of personality is accountable for it and its increase, and also for hires, and profits, accruing since the donor's death, as executor *de son tort*; just as a rightful executor would be, who had taken possession at the donor's death: and 2d, That a *party* to the fraud, who shared with the donee the profits of the property fraudulently conveyed, is accountable jointly with the donee. Now the reporter in his marginal summary of the case, does not mention these as among the points decided; though in the decree of the court (2 Leigh, p. 67,) they manifestly appear. Again—in the case of *Tod v. Baylor*, (as now reported in 4 Leigh, 498,) it is not said, at all, that *only two of the judges concurred* in the third point there stated as adjudged. But our author tells us so, (p. 10,) and we are thus enabled to estimate the authority at its true value—as *persuasive* only,—not *obligatory*, in other cases.

The mechanical execution of the book does infinite credit to the printer. The typography is unsurpassed; and the paper is white, pure, and firm, so as to receive notes of the pen without blotting—a great merit in law books.

If it were only to shew that we are free of our craft as critics, we must find some fault with this work: pre-

missing, that *merit is its staple*; and that, if more of the criticism be occupied with its faults, it is chiefly because they are somewhat hard to detect, amidst the pile of excellences. The chaff, this time, is hidden by the wheat.

There is *not enough compression* in some parts. In this volume, it is true, not a tithe of the statute law is quoted, that over-burthens the former one: but when he does cite a statute, the author still gives it to us in all the exuberance of legislative verbosity. Thus, he fills the third part of a page with the law of *lapsed legacies*; (p. 91) when, considering that only the *substance* was essential—especially as every owner of the book may be supposed to have the Code also—it might more clearly, and as satisfactorily, have been couched in five lines, as follows: "When a legatee or devisee, descended from the testator, dies before him, leaving any descendant who survives him; the legacy or devise shall vest in such surviving descendant, as if the legatee or devisee had survived the testator, and then died unmarried and intestate." And he takes *three quarters of a page* (copied from the Revised Code) to say that "a surety may in writing notify the creditor to sue upon the bond, bill, or note, which binds the surety; and unless the creditor sue in reasonable time, and proceed with due diligence to recover the sum due, the surety shall be exonerated." (pp. 132, 133.) In the name of all that is reasonable, why should not a writer disencumber his pages of the rubbish of *howbeit*, *provided*, *nevertheless*, *notwithstanding*, and *aforesaid*, when, by doing so, he might save himself and his readers so much time and toil?

Some quarrel, too, we have, with the *judicial law*, which principally fills the book. It is too *mere a digest of cases*. A head in the Table of Contents refers us to a page, where we expect to find a full elementary exposition of at least the leading doctrines that fall under that head: but we see perhaps only a single case, or a judge's *dictum*, not at all realizing the promise of the reference, by unfolding all pertinent general principles. Thus, under the caption, "WHEN STATEMENT OF A TRANSACTION MUST BE TAKEN ALTOGETHER," instead of finding a general rule laid down on the point indicated, we find only a case briefly stated, from which we are left to deduce a rule, *if we can*. (pp. 329, 330.) Under the very next head, the well established principle, that "an Answer is no evidence for the defendant, as to any thing it affirms, not responsive to the allegations of the Bill, but that it is evidence, so far as it responds to those allegations"—is whittled away to the position, that it is not evidence as to any affirmative matter, touching which the Bill *seeks no discovery*. Now, if the Bill positively alleges one thing (whether it calls for a *discovery* or not,) and the answer as positively alleges the reverse; such denial stands for proof, and must be rebutted by testimony: and so, we conceive, do the cases clearly evince, which are cited by our author himself; *Beckwith v. Butler*, *Paynes v. Coles* (see 1 Munf. 379, 389, 397,) and even *Taylor v. Moore*, whence he quotes (and quotes truly) in the form of a judge's *dictum*, the position in question—not to speak of 1 Call, 224, 390; the *dicta* of Roane and Carrington in the case of *Rowton v. Rowton*, 1 Hen. and Munf.; and many other authorities. The principle, in its true extent, is well illustrated by the case cited from 1 John-

son's Reports, 580, where an Answer alleging usury, of which the Bill had said nothing, was held *no evidence*. The case from 2 Leigh, 29, is infelicitously adduced. The point professedly quoted from it was not there adjudged: it was only maintained by *one judge*, who (we say it with a deference heightened by affection, as well as by respect) seems to us to have therein gainsayed the well settled doctrine we have referred to, and therefore to have *erred*. The Answer, there, (see 2 Leigh, 35, 36) was responsive to the Bill, and must have prevailed against it, but for the numerous and weighty countervailing circumstances detailed by that judge himself. (pp. 49 to 53.) The *deed* in controversy was stamped with more badges of fraud than are enumerated in the celebrated *Twyne's Case*. These, doubtless, and not any doubt as to the legal effect of the Answer, satisfied the minds of the other judges, who merely agreed in pronouncing the deed fraudulent, without assigning reasons.

Some omissions in so comprehensive a work, were to be expected—indeed were unavoidable. Not in the spirit of censure, therefore, but merely to awaken the author's attention in his next edition, or in his next production, we remark, that he has overlooked an important decision; (in 2 Leigh, 370,) 'that a tenant, whose goods are wrongfully distrained, cannot obtain relief in equity, unless he shew good reason for not having brought his action of replevin.'

Divers other topics we were minded to discuss with our intelligent author: but on glancing over our two last paragraphs, we are struck with fear lest our unprofessional readers may have been already offended at the strong *smell of the shop*, discernible in what we have produced; and stop their ears against the technical dissonance of

—“sounds uncouth, and accents dry,
That grate the soul of harmony.”

But we cannot let the *Index* pass unreprieved. Its length—the length of its *indicating* sentences—and the utter absence of any *sub-alphabetical* arrangement—in a great degree frustrate its use as an index. We can find what we want nearly as well by the 'Contents.'

After all our censures, however—or cavils, if the author pleases—there remains to him so large a residue of solid desert, that he cannot miss the small deduction we have made. His book is one which we would advise every lawyer, in Virginia at least, to buy; and even those in other states—the Western, especially, whose Chancery systems most resemble ours—can hardly find one that will aid them so much in disentangling the intricacies of Chancery Practice. Never have we paid the price of a commodity more ungrudgingly.

MEMOIR OF DR. RICE.

A Memoir of the Reverend John H. Rice, D. D. First Professor of Christian Theology in Union Theological Seminary, Virginia. By William Maxwell. Philadelphia: Published by J. Whetham.

This Memoir will be received and read with pleasure generally: and among those who have been so fortunate as to have seen and heard Dr. Rice, it will be perused with the deepest interest and gratification. We believe there are very many, in Virginia especially, who will be able to identify the letters of this divine, contained

in the present volume; with the voice, the manner, and personal appearance of the man himself—and upon all such Mr. Maxwell has conferred an obligation of no common kind. The greater portion of the work consists of these letters, and they are valuable in every respect. Many of them are, as Mr. M. himself expresses it, entirely *narrative*, and give the most authentic and minute accounts of the various movements of the writer at different periods of his life, particularly after his removal to Richmond, and during his labors in establishing the Union Theological Seminary. Others again are *pastoral*, and addressed to different members of his Church. Some are merely ordinary letters of friendship. All, however, are full of thought, and give evidence of an elevated, a healthy, cheerful, powerful, and well regulated mind.

In availing himself of the assistance afforded by these letters, Mr. Maxwell has never anticipated their contents—thus avoiding much useless repetition, and suffering the subject of the Memoir to tell, in a great measure, his own story in his own words. The work is well—indeed even beautifully *gotten up*—is embellished with an admirably finished head of Mr. Rice, engraved by J. Sartain, from a painting by W. J. Hubbard—and is, in every respect, an acceptable and valuable publication. Among the letters in the volume is one from John Randolph of Roanoke, and several from Wm. Wirt. We select one of these latter, being well assured that it will be read with that deep interest which is attached to every thing emanating from the same pen.

TO THE REV. JOHN H. RICE.

Washington, February 1, 1822.

MY DEAR SIR,—Your letter of the 31st ult. is just received at 5 P. M. for I have just returned from the President's. I feel the blush of genuine shame at the apparent presumption of adding my name in favor of the magazine to that of the eminent gentlemen at Princeton. This is real and unaffected—but you desire it—and I dare follow your beck in any direction. Would that I could in one still more important.

Holingshead's History of Duncan of Scotland, is under copy by my Elizabeth (my daughter, once your pet) for the purpose of showing the full basis of Shakspeare's Macbeth. I think you will be pleased with it—and the readers of Shakspeare must differ much from me, if they do not find it very interesting.

If you suppose from what I said of nine o'clock that that is my hour of going to bed on *week-day nights*, you are mistaken by several hours. For some time past, I have been obliged to be in my office before breakfast, and till nine or ten o'clock at night, when I have to come home, take my tea, talk over family affairs, and get to bed between eleven and twelve; but it is killing me also. And as death would be most extremely inconvenient to me in more respects than one, at this time, I shall quit that course of operations, and look a little to my health, if I can survive the approaching Supreme Court—*sed quare de hoc*.

My troubles not being already enough, in the estimation of the honorable body now assembled in the Capitol, they are beginning to institute inquiries, for my better amusement, into the circumstances of three fees paid me by the government, in the course of the four years that I have been here, for professional services foreign to my official duties—a thing which has been continually done at all times, under this government, but which they affect to think a new affair entirely, and only an additional proof among ten thousand others of the waste of public money, by the rapacity, if not peculation, of those in office. I am sick of public life; my skin is too thin for the business; a politician should have the hide of a rhinoceros, to bear the thrusts of the folly, ignorance, and meanness of those who are disposed to mount into momentary consequence by questioning *their betters*, if I may be excused the expression after professing my modesty. "There's nought but care on every hand;" all, all is vanity and vexation of spirit, save religion, friendship, and literature.

I agree that your story of the *Oysterman* is the best, but I

suspect that the Orange story is the true original. I knew old Bletcher: he was a Baptist preacher; and although I did not hear the words, they are so much in his character that I verily believe them to have been uttered by him; and it would have been quite in his character too to have gone on with the amplification you suggest.

I do sincerely wish it were in my power to mount the afore-said gay streamer, and long Tom, on your gallant little barque. I will try in the spring and summer to contribute a stripe or two, and a blank cartridge or so; but I shall not tell you when I do, that it is I, for it is proper you should have it in your power to say truly, "I do not know who it is." I have already got credit for much that I never wrote, and much that I never said. The guessers have an uncommon propensity to attribute all galling personalities to me, all sketches of character that touch the quick, and make some readers wince. I have, in truth, in times gone by, been a little wanton and imprudent in this particular, and I deserve to smart a little in my turn. But I never wrote a line wickedly or maliciously. There is nothing in the Spy that deserves this imputation, and nothing in the Old Bachelor, which, give me leave to tell you, "*venia deter verbo*," you and your magazine, and your writer, "have underrated. There is a juster criticism of it in the Analectic Magazine—but this writer, too, has not true taste nor sensibility. He accuses me of extravagance only because he never felt himself, the rapture of inspiration. And you accuse me of redundant figure, because you are not much troubled yourself with the throes of imagination—just as G—H— abuses eloquence because there is no chord in his heart that responds to its notes. So take that. And if you abuse me any more, I will belabor your magazine as one of the heaviest, dullest, most drab-colored periodicals extant in these degenerate days. What! shall a Coneyoga wagon-horse find fault with a courier of the sun, because he sometimes runs away with the chariot of day, and sets the world on fire? So take that again, and put it in your pocket. But enough of this *badinage*, for if I pursue it much farther you will think me serious—besides it is verging to eleven, and the fire has gone down. I began this scrawl a little after five—walked for health till dark—came in and found company who remained till near ten—and could not go to bed without a little more talk with you. But I shall tire you and catch cold—so with our united love to Mrs. Rice, my dear Harriet, and yourself, good night.

Your friend, in truth,

WM. WIST.

LIFE OF DR. CALDWELL.

Oration on the Life and Character of the Rev. Joseph Caldwell, D.D. late President of the University of North Carolina, by Walker Anderson, A.M.

It was only within the last few days that we met with the above oration, in a pamphlet form—and we cannot refrain from expressing the very great pleasure its perusal has afforded us. Dr. Caldwell was unquestionably a great and good man—and certain are we that the task of paying tribute to his manifold qualifications and virtues, now that he is gone, could not have been committed to abler hands, than those of Professor Anderson. The tone of feeling pervading the oration is quite characteristic of the author—ardent—affectionate—consistent.

"We come," says he, near the beginning, "we come as a band of brothers, to do homage to that parental love, of which all of us, the old as well as the young, have been the objects; and by communing with the spirit of our departed father, to enkindle those hallowed emotions which are the fittest offering to his memory. But why needs the living speaker recall to your remembrance the venerated and beloved being whose loss is fresh in the memories of all who hear me? We stand not, it is true, over his grave, as the Spartan over the sepulchre of his king, but his memorials present themselves to the eye on every side and are felt in every throbbing bosom. The shady retreats of this consecrated grove—the oft frequented halls of this seat of learning—the sacred edifice in which we are assembled—and the very spot on which I stand, are memorials to awaken the

busy and thronging recollections of many a full heart! *Quicumque ingreditur in aliquam historiam vestigium ponimus.* I look around this assembly and see monuments of his love and of his labors, such as can never grace the memory of the warrior, and which throw contempt on all the sculptured memorials of kings. I look at the eyes beaming with intelligence; I contemplate the refined intellects; I see their rich fruits in public and honorable employment; I recall the memory of others who are far distant, but whose thoughts are mingling with ours upon this occasion; who have carried with them the seeds of virtue and wisdom which they gathered here, and in other lands, have brought forth the noblest results of usefulness and honorable consideration. I revert, too, to those whose bright career is ended, and who preceded their guide and instructor to the abodes of the blessed. I think of all this, and feel that you need not the voice of the speaker to arouse your grateful recollections" p. 4.

Mr. Anderson shortly after this, goes into a very interesting sketch of the family history of the deceased, portraying with great tenderness and delicacy, the maternal solicitude to which young Caldwell was so deeply indebted for his well doing in after life—and evincing as we humbly conceive, in this part of his oration, fine powers as a biographical writer. There is much force in his development of the Doctor's character throughout, but especial beauty, we think, in the way in which he treats of his religious principles. One extract more from the pamphlet, in proof of what we have just said, must close this hasty and imperfect notice of it.

"The religious character of Dr. Caldwell, was not the formation of a day, nor the hasty and imperfect work of a dying bed. His trust was anchored on the rock of ages, and he was therefore well furnished for the terrible conflict that awaited him. We have seen that he had made Religion the guide of his youth; it beautified and sanctified the labors of his well spent life; nor did it fail him in the trying hour, when an all-wise but inscrutable Providence permitted to be to him peculiarly dark and fearful. The rich consolations of his faith became brighter and stronger, amidst the wreck of the decaying tabernacle of flesh; and if the dying testimony of a pure and humble spirit may be received, death had for him no sting—the grave achieved no triumph. In any frequent and detailed account of his religious feelings he was not inclined to indulge—the spirit that walks most closely with its God, needs not the sustaining influence of such excitements—yet a few weeks previous to his death, a friend from a distant part of the State calling to see him, made inquiries as to the state of his mind, and had the privilege of hearing from him the calm assurance of his perfect resignation and submission to the will of God. His hope of a happy immortality beyond the grave, was such as belongs only to the Christian, and by him was modestly but humbly entertained. It was to him a principle of strength that sustained him amidst the conflicts of the dark valley; and to us who witnessed the agonies of his passing hour, a bright radiance illumining the gloom which memory throws around the trying scene." pp. 33, 39.

WASHINGTONII VITA.

A Life of George Washington, in Latin Prose: By Francis Glass, A.M. of Ohio. Edited by J. N. Reynolds. New York: Published by Harper and Brothers.

We may truly say that not for years have we taken up a volume with which we have been so highly gratified, as with the one now before us. A Life of Washington, succinct in form, yet in matter sufficiently comprehensive, has been long a desideratum: but a Life of Washington precisely such as a compendious Life of that great man should be—written by a native of Ohio—and written too, in Latin, which is not one jot inferior to the Latin of Erasmus, is, to say the least of it,—a novelty.

We confess that we regarded the first announcement

of this rare *avis* with an evil and suspicious eye. The thing was improbable, we thought. Mr. Reynolds was quizzing us—the brothers Harper were hoaxed—and Messieurs Anthon and Co. were mistaken. At all events we had made up our minds to be especially severe upon Mr. Glass, and to put no faith in that species of classical Latin which should emanate from the back woods of Ohio. We now solemnly make a recantation of our preconceived opinions, and so proceed immediately to do penance for our unbelief.

Mr. Reynolds is entitled to the thanks of his countrymen for his instrumentality in bringing this book before the public. It has already done wonders in the cause of the classics; and we are false prophets if it do not ultimately prove the means of stirring up to a new life and a regenerated energy that love of the learned tongues which is the surest protection of our own vernacular language from impurity, but which, we are grieved to see, is in a languishing and dying condition in the land.

We have read Mr. R.'s preface with great attention; and meeting with it, as we have done, among a multiplicity of worldly concerns, and every-day matters and occurrences, it will long remain impressed upon our minds as an episode of the purest romance. We have no difficulty in entering fully with Mr. Reynolds into his kindly feelings towards Mr. Glass. We perceive at once that we could have loved and revered the man. His image is engraven upon our fancy. Indeed we behold him now—at this very moment—with all his oddities and appurtenances about him. We behold the low log-cabin of a school-house—the clap-board roof but indifferently tight—the holes, ycleped windows, covered with oiled paper to keep out the air—the benches of hewn timber stuck fast in the ground—the stove, the desk, the urchins, and the Professor. We can hear the worthy pedagogue's classical 'Sabes,' and our ears are still tingling with his hyperclassical exhortations. In truth he was a man after our own heart, and, were we not Alexander, we should have luxuriated in being Glass.

A word or two respecting the Latinity of the book. We sincerely think that it has been underrated. While we agree with Mr. Reynolds, for whose opinions, generally, we have a high respect, that the work can boast of none of those elegancies of diction, no rich display of those beauties and graces which adorn the pages of some modern Latinists, we think he has forgotten, in his search after the mere flowers of Latinity, the peculiar nature of that labor in which Mr. Glass has been employed. Simplicity *here* was the most reasonable, and indeed the only admissible elegance. And if this be taken into consideration, we really can call to mind, at this moment, no modern Latin composition whatever much superior to the *Washingtonii Vita* of Mr. Glass.

The clothing of modern ideas in a language dead for centuries, is a task whose difficulty can never be fully appreciated by those who have never undertaken it. The various changes and modifications, which, since the Augustan age, have come to pass in the sciences of war and legislation especially, must render any attempt similar to that which we are now criticising, one of the most hazardous and awkward imaginable. But we cannot help thinking that our author has succeeded à

merveille. His ingenuity is not less remarkable than his grammatical skill. Indeed he is never at a loss. It is nonsense to laugh at his calling Quakers *Tremebundi*. *Tremebundi* is as good Latin as *Trementes*, and more euphonical Latin than *Quakeri*—for both which latter expressions we have the authority of Schroeckh: and *glandes plumbeæ*, for bullets, is something better, we imagine, than Wyttenbach's *bombarda*, for a cannon; Milton's *globulus*, for a button; or Grotius' *capilamentum*, for a wig. As a specimen of Mr. G.'s Latinity, we subjoin an extract from the work. It is Judge Marshall's announcement in Congress of the death of Washington.

"Nuncius tristis, quem heri accepimus, hodierno die nimium certus advenit. Fuit Washingtonius; heros, dux, et philosophus; ille, denique, quem, imminente periculo, omnes intuebantur, factorum clarorum memoria duntaxat vixit. Quamvis enim, eos honore afficere solenne non esset, quorum vita in generis humani commodis promovendis insumpta fuit, Washingtonii, tamen, res gestæ tantæ existerunt, ut populus universus Americanus, doloris indicium, qui tam laetè patet, deponere suo jure debet."

"Rempublicam hanc nostram, tam longè latèque divisam, unus ferè Washingtonius ordinandi et condendi laudem meret. Rebus omnibus, tandem confectis, quarum causâ exercitiis Americanis propositus fuerat, gladium in vomerem convertit, bellumque pace lætissimè commutavit. Cum civitatum fœderatarum Americanarum infirmitas omnibus manifesta videretur, et vincula, quibus Columbi terra latissima coptinebatur, solverentur, Washingtonium omnium, qui hanc nostram præclaram rempublicam stabiliverant, principem vidimus. Cum patria charissimæ eum ad sedandos tumultus, bellumque sibi imminens ad propulsandum et avertendum, vocaret; Washingtonium, otium domesticum, quod ei semper charum fuit, relinquente, et undè civilibus, civium commoda et libertatem servandi causâ, merum, haud semel conspeximus; et consilia, quibus libertatem Americanam stabilem effecerat, perpetua, ut spero; semper, erunt."

"Cum populi liberi magistratus summus his constitutus esset, cumque tertio præses fieri facillimè potuisset, ad villam, tamen, suam, recessit, neque ab omni munere civili in posterum procul amoveri, ex animo cupiebat. Utinque vulgi opinio, quod alios homines, mutetur, Washingtonii, certè, fama sempiterna et eadem permanebit. Honoremus, igitur, patres conscripti, hunc tantum virum mortuum: civitatum fœderatarum Americanarum consilium publicum civium omnium sententias, hæc una in re, declaret."

"Quamobrem, chartas quasdam hic manu teneo, de quibus Congressus sententiam rogare velim: ut, nempe, civitatum fœderatarum Americanarum consilium publicum præsidem visat, simul cum eo, gravi de hoc casu, condoliturum: ut Congressus principis sella vestibus pullis ornatur; utque Congressus pars reliqua vestibus pullis induatur: utque, denique, idonea à Congressu parentur, quibus planè manifestum fiat, Congressum, virum bello, pace, civiumque animis primum, honore summo afficere velle."*

The 'barbarisms' of Mr. Glass are always so well in accordance with the genius of Latin declension, as

* The sad tidings which yesterday brought us, this day has but too surely confirmed. Washington is no more. The hero, the general, the philosopher—he, upon whom, in the hour of danger, all eyes were turned, now lives in the remembrance, only, of his illustrious actions. And although, even, it were not customary to render honor unto those who have spent their lives in promoting the welfare of their fellow men, still, so great are the deeds of Washington, that the whole American nation is bound to give a public manifestation of that grief which is so extensively prevalent.

Washington, we had nearly said Washington *alone*, deserves the credit of regulating and building up, as it were, the widely extended territory of this our Republic. Having finally achieved all for which he had accepted the command of the American forces, he converted his sword into a ploughshare, and joyfully exchanged war for peace. When the weakness of the United States of America appeared manifest to all, and the bands by which the very extensive land of Columbus was held together,

never to appear at variance with the spirit of the language, or out of place in their respective situations. His 'equivalents,' too, are, in all cases, ingeniously managed: and we are mistaken if the same can be said of the 'equivalents' of Erasmus—certainly not of those used by Grotius, or Addison, or Schroeckh, or Buchanan, neither of whom are scrupulous in introducing words, from which a modern one is deduced, in the exact sense of the English analogous term—although that term may have been greatly perverted from its original meaning.

Having said thus much in favor of the *Washingtonii Vita*, we may now be permitted to differ in opinion with Professor Wylie and others who believe that this book will be a valuable acquisition to our classical schools, as initiatory to Cæsar or Nepos. We are quite as fully impressed with the excellences of Mr. Glass' work as the warmest of his admirers; and perhaps, even more than any of them, are we anxious to do it justice. Still the book is—as it professes to be—a Life of Washington; and it treats, consequently, of events and incidents occurring in a manner utterly unknown to the Romans, and at a period many centuries after their ceasing to exist as a nation. If, therefore, by Latin we mean the Language spoken by the Latins, a large proportion of the work—disguise the fact as we may—is necessarily *not Latin at all*. Did we indeed design to instruct our youth in a language of possibilities—did we wish to make them proficient in the tongue which *might have been spoken* in ancient Rome, had ancient Rome existed in the nineteenth century, we could scarcely have a better book for the purpose than the Washington of Mr. Glass. But we do not perceive that, in teaching Latin, we have any similar view. And we have given over all hope of making this language the medium of universal communication—that day-dream, with a thousand others, is over. Our object then, at present, is simply to imbue the mind of the student with the idiom, the manner, the thought, and above all, with the words of antiquity. If this is not our object, what is it? But this object cannot be effected by any such work as the *Washingtonii Vita*.

were in danger of being loosened, we have seen Washington the first among those who re-invigorated this our glorious Republic. When his beloved country called him to quiet tumults, and to avert the war with which she was menaced, we have once more seen Washington abandon that domestic tranquillity so dear to him, and plunge into the waters of civil life to preserve the liberties and happiness of his countrymen: and the counsels with which he re-established American liberty will be, as I hope, perpetual.

When he had been twice appointed the Chief Magistrate of a free people, and when, for the third time, he might easily have been President, he nevertheless retired to his farm, and really desired to be freed from all civil offices forever. However vulgar opinion may vary in respect to other men, the fame of Washington will, surely, be the same to all eternity. Therefore, let us show our reverence for this so great man who is departed, and let this public counsel of the United States of America declare upon this one subject the opinion of all our citizens.

For this end I hold these resolutions in my hand, concerning which I would wish the opinion of Congress, viz: that this public counsel of the United States of America should visit the President to condole with him upon this heavy calamity—that the speaker's chair be arrayed in black—that the members of Congress wear mourning—and lastly, that arrangements be entered into by this assembly, in which it may be made manifest that Congress wish to do every honor to the man first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen.

NORMAN LESLIE.

Norman Leslie. A Tale of the Present Times. New York: Published by Harper and Brothers.

Well!—here we have it! This is the book—the book *par excellence*—the book be-puffed, be-plastered, and be-Mirrored: the book "attributed to" Mr. Blank, and "said to be from the pen" of Mr. Asterisk: the book which has been "about to appear"—"in press"—"in progress"—"in preparation"—and "forthcoming:" the book "graphic" in anticipation—"talented" *a priori*—and God knows what in *prospectu*. For the sake of every thing puffed, puffing, and puffable, let us take a peep at its contents!

Norman Leslie, gentle reader, a Tale of the Present Times, is, after all, written by nobody in the world but Theodore S. Fay, and Theodore S. Fay is nobody in the world but "one of the Editors of the New York Mirror." The book commences with a Dedication to Colonel Herman Thorn, in which that worthy personage, whoever he may be, is held up, in about a dozen lines, to the admiration of the public, as "hospitable," "generous," "attentive," "benevolent," "kind-hearted," "liberal," "highly-esteemed," and withal "a patron of the arts." But the less we say of this matter the better.

In the Preface Mr. Fay informs us that the most important features of his story are founded on fact—that he has availed himself of certain poetical licenses—that he has transformed character, and particularly the character of a young lady, (oh fi! Mr. Fay—oh, Mr. Fay, fi!) that he has sketched certain peculiarities with a mischievous hand—and that the art of novel writing is as dignified as the art of Canova, Mozart or Raphael,—from which we are left to infer, that Mr. Fay himself is as dignified as Raphael, Mozart, and Canova—all three. Having satisfied us on this head, he goes on to say something about an humble student, with a feeble hand, throwing groupings upon a canvass, and standing behind a curtain: and then, after perpetrating all these impertinences, thinks it best "frankly to bespeak the indulgence of the solemn and sapient critics." Body of Bacchus! we, at least, are neither solemn nor sapient, and, therefore, do not feel ourselves bound to show him a shadow of mercy. But will any body tell us what is the object of Prefaces in general, and what is the meaning of Mr. Fay's Preface in particular?

As far as we can understand the plot of Norman Leslie, it is this. A certain family reside in Italy—"independent," "enlightened," "affectionate," "happy,"—and all that. Their villa, of course, stands upon the seashore, and their whole establishment is, we are assured, "a scene of Heaven," &c. Mr. Fay says he will not even attempt to describe it—why, therefore, should we? A daughter of this family is nineteen when she is wooed by a young Neapolitan, Rinaldo, of "mean extraction, but of great beauty and talent." The lover, being a man of suspicious character, is rejected by the parents, and a secret marriage ensues. The lady's brother pursues the bridegroom—they fight—and the former is killed. The father and mother die (it is impossible to see for what purpose they ever lived) and Rinaldo flies to Venice. Upon rejoining her husband in that city, the lady (for Mr. Fay has not thought her worth enduing with a specific appellation) discovers

him, for the first time, to be a rascal. One fine day he announces his intention of leaving herself and son for an indefinite time. The lady beseeches and finally threatens. "It was the first unfolding," says she, in a letter towards the dénouement of the story, "of that character which neither he nor I knew belonged to my nature. It was the first uncoiling of the basilisk within me, (good Heavens, a snake in a lady's stomach!). He gazed on me incredulously, and coolly smiled. You remember that smile—I fainted!!!" Alas! Mr. Davy Crockett,—Mr. Davy Crockett, alas!—thou art beaten hollow—thou art defunct, and undone! thou hast indeed succeeded in grinning a squirrel from a tree, but it surpassed even thine extraordinary abilities to smile a lady into a fainting fit!

"When I recovered"—continues the lady—"he was gone. It was two years before I could trace him. At length I found he had sailed for America. I followed him in the depth of winter—I and my child. I knew not the name he had assumed, and I was struck mute with astonishment, in your beautiful city, on beholding, surrounded by fair ladies, the form of my husband, still beautiful, and still adored. You know the rest." But as our readers may not be as well informed as the correspondent of the fair forsaken, we will enlighten them with some farther particulars.

Rinaldo, upon leaving his *cara sposa*, had taken shipping for New York, where, assuming the name of "Count Clairmont of the French army," he succeeds in cutting a dash, or, in more proper parlance, in creating a sensation, among the beaux and belles of the city of Gotham. One fair lady, and rich heiress, Miss Flora Temple, is particularly honored by his attentions, and the lady's mother, Mrs. T., fired with the idea of her daughter becoming a real countess, makes no scruple of encouraging his addresses. Matters are in this position when the wife of the adventurer arrives in New York, and is quite bewildered with astonishment upon beholding, one snowy day, her beloved Rinaldo sleighing it to and fro about the streets of New York. In the midst of her amazement she is in danger of being run over by some horses, when a certain personage, by name Norman Leslie, but who might, with equal propriety, be called Sir Charles Grandison, flies to her assistance, whisks herself and child up in the very nick of time, and suddenly rescues them, as Mr. Fay has it, "from the very jaws of Death"—by which we are to understand from the very hoofs of the horses. The lady of course swoons—then recovers—and then—is excessively grateful. Her gratitude, however, being of no service just at that moment, is bottled up for use hereafter, and will no doubt, according to established usage in such cases, come into play towards the close of the second volume. But we shall see.

Having ascertained the address of Rinaldo, *alias* the Count Clairmont, the lady, next morning, is successful in obtaining an interview. Then follows a second edition of entreaties and threats, but, fortunately for the nerves of Mrs. Rinaldo, the Count, upon this occasion, is so forbearing as not to indulge in a smile. She accuses him of a design to marry Miss Temple, and he informs her that it is no concern of hers—that she is not his wife, their marriage having been a feigned one. "She would have cried him through the city for a villain," (Dust ho!—she should have advertised him) but

he swears that, in that case, he will never sleep until he has taken the life of both the lady and her child, which assurance puts an end to the debate. "He then frankly confesses"—says Mrs. Rinaldo, in the letter which we have before quoted,—"that his passion for Miss Temple was only a mask—he loved her not. *Me* he said he loved. It was his intention to fly when he could raise a large sum of money, and he declared that I should be his companion." His designs, however, upon Miss Temple fail—that lady very properly discharging the rascal. Nothing daunted at this mishap our Count proceeds to make love to a certain Miss Rosalie Romain, and with somewhat better success. He prevails upon her to fly, and to carry with her upon her person a number of diamonds which the lover hopes to find sufficient for his necessities. He manages also to engage Mrs. Rinaldo (so we must call her for want of a better name) in his schemes.

It has so happened that for some time prior to these occurrences, Clairmont and Norman Leslie, the hero of the novel, have been sworn foes. On the day fixed for Miss Romain's elopement, that young lady induces Mr. Leslie to drive her, in a gig, a short distance out of town. They are met by no less a personage than Mrs. Rinaldo herself, in another gig, and driving (*proh pudor!*) through the woods *sola*. Hereupon Miss Rosalie Romain very deliberately, and to the great astonishment, no doubt, of Mr. Leslie, gets out of that gentleman's gig, and into the gig of Mrs. Rinaldo. Here's plot! as Vapid says in the play. Our friend Norman, finding that nothing better can be done, turns his face towards New York again, where he arrives, in due time, without farther accident or adventure. Late the same evening Clairmont sends the ladies aboard a vessel bound for Naples, and which is to sail in the morning—returning himself, for the present, to his hotel in Broadway. While here he receives a horse-whipping from Mr. Leslie on account of certain insinuations in disparagement of that gentleman's character. Not relishing this treatment he determines upon revenge, and can think of no better method of accomplishing it than the directing of public suspicion against Mr. Leslie as the murderer of Miss Romain—whose disappearance has already created much excitement. He sends a message to Mrs. Rinaldo that the vessel must sail without him, and that he would, by a French ship, meet them on their landing at Naples. He then flings a hat and feathers belonging to Miss Romain upon a stream, and her handkerchief in a wood—afterwards remaining some time in America to avert suspicion from himself. Leslie is arrested for the murder, and the proofs are damning against him. He is, however, to the great indignation of the populace, acquitted, Miss Temple appearing to testify that she actually saw Miss Romain subsequently to her ride with Leslie. Our hero, however, although acquitted, is universally considered guilty, and, through the active malice of Clairmont, is heaped with every species of opprobrium. Miss Temple, who, it appears, is in love with him, falls ill with grief: but is cured, after all other means have failed, by a letter from her lover announcing a reciprocal passion—for the young lady has hitherto supposed him callous to her charms. Leslie himself, however, takes it into his head, at this critical juncture, to travel; and, having packed up his baggage, does actually forget himself so far as to go a-

Willising in foreign countries. But we have no reason to suppose that, goose as the young gentleman is, he is silly enough to turn travelling correspondent to any weekly paper. In Rome, having assumed the *alias* of Montfort, he meets with a variety of interesting adventures. All the ladies die for him: and one in particular, Miss Antonia Torrini, the only child of a Duke with several millions of piastres, and a palace which Mr. Fay thinks very much like the City Hall in New York, absolutely throws herself *sans ceremonie* into his arms, and meets—tell it not in Gath!—with a flat and positive refusal.

Among other persons whom he encounters is a monk Ambrose, a painter Angelo, another painter Ducci, a Marquis Alezzi, and a Countess D., which latter personage he is convinced of having seen at some prior period of his life. For a page or two we are entertained with a prospect of a conspiracy, and have great hopes that the principal characters in the plot will so far oblige us as to cut one another's throats: but (alas for human expectations!) Mr. Fay having clapped his hands, and cried "Presto!—vanish!" the whole matter ends in smoke, or, as our author beautifully expresses it, is "veiled in impenetrable mystery."

Mr. Leslie now pays a visit to the painter Ducci, and is astonished at there beholding the portrait of the very youth whose life he saved, together with that of his mother, from the horses in New York. Then follows a series of interesting ejaculations, among which we are able to remember only "horrible suspicion!" "wonderful development!" "alack and alas!" with some two or three others. Mr. Leslie is, however, convinced that the portrait of the boy is, as Mr. F. gracefully has it, "inexplicably connected with his own mysterious destiny." He pays a visit to the Countess D., and demands of her if she was, at any time, acquainted with a gentleman called Clairmont. The lady very properly denies all knowledge of that character, and Mr. Leslie's "mysterious destiny" is in as bad a predicament as ever. He is however fully convinced that Clairmont is the origin of all evil—we do not mean to say that he is precisely the devil—but the origin of all Mr. Leslie's evil. Therefore, and on this account, he goes to a masquerade, and, sure enough, Mr. Clairmont, (who has not been heard of for seven or eight years,) Mr. Clairmont (we suppose through Mr. L.'s "mysterious destiny") happens to go, at precisely the same time, to precisely the same masquerade. But there are surely no bounds to Mr. Fay's excellent invention. Miss Temple, of course, happens to be at the same place, and Mr. Leslie is in the act of making love to her once more, when the "inexplicable" Countess D. whispers into his ear some ambiguous sentences in which Mr. L. is given to understand that he must beware of all the Harlequins in the room, one of whom is Clairmont. Upon leaving the masquerade, somebody hands him a note requesting him to meet the unknown writer at St. Peter's. While he is busy reading the paper he is uncivilly interrupted by Clairmont, who attempts to assassinate him, but is finally put to flight. He hies, then, to the rendezvous at St. Peter's, where "the unknown" tells him St. Peter's won't answer, and that he must proceed to the Coliseum. He goes—why should he not?—and there not only finds the Countess D. who turns out to be Mrs. Rinaldo, and who now un-

corks her bottle of gratitude, but also Flora Temple, Flora Temple's father, Clairmont, Kreutzner, a German friend from New York, and, last but not least, Rosalie Romain herself; all having gone there, no doubt, at three o'clock in the morning, under the influence of that interesting young gentleman Norman Leslie's "most inexplicable and mysterious destiny." Matters now come to a crisis. The hero's innocence is established, and Miss Temple falls into his arms in consequence. Clairmont, however, thinks he can do nothing better than shoot Mr. Leslie, and is about to do so, when he is very justly and very dexterously knocked in the head by Mr. Kreutzner. Thus ends the Tale of the Present Times, and thus ends the most inestimable piece of balderdash with which the common sense of the good people of America was ever so openly or so villainously insulted.

We do not mean to say that there is positively *nothing* in Mr. Fay's novel to commend—but there is indeed very little. One incident is tolerably managed, in which, at the burning house of Mr. Temple, Clairmont anticipates Leslie in his design of rescuing Flora. A cotillon scene, too, where Morton, a simple fop, is frequently interrupted in his attempts at making love to Miss Temple, by the necessity of forward-twoing and *sachezing*, (as Mr. Fay thinks proper to call it) is by no means very bad, although savoring too much of the farcical. A duel story told by Kreutzner is really good, but unfortunately not original, there being a Tale in the *Diary of a Physician*, from which both its matter and manner are evidently borrowed. And here we are obliged to pause; for we can positively think of nothing farther worth even a qualified commendation. The plot, as will appear from the running outline we have given of it, is a monstrous piece of absurdity and incongruity. The characters *have no character*; and, with the exception of Morton, who is, (perhaps) amusing, are, one and all, vapidly itself. No attempt seems to have been made at individualization. All the good ladies and gentlemen are demi-gods and demi-goddesses, and all the bad are—the d—l. The hero, Norman Leslie, "that young and refined man with a leaning to poetry," is a great coxcomb and a great fool. What else must we think of a *bel-esprit* who, in picking up a rose just fallen from the curls of his lady fair, can hit upon no more appropriate phrase with which to make her a presentation of the same, than "Miss Temple, you have dropped your rose—allow me!"—who courts his mistress with a "Dear, dear Flora, how I love you!"—who calls a *buffet* a *bufet*, an *improvisatore* an *improvisitore*—who, before bestowing charity, is always ready with the canting question if the object be *deserving*—who is everlastingly talking of his foe "sleeping in the same red grave with himself," as if American sextons made a common practice of burying two people together—and, who having not a sous in his pocket at page 86, pulls out a handful at page 87, although he has had no opportunity of obtaining a copper in the interim?

As regards Mr. Fay's style, it is unworthy of a school-boy. The "Editor of the New York Mirror" has either never seen an edition of Murray's Grammar, or he has been a-Willising so long as to have forgotten his vernacular language. Let us examine one one or two of his sentences at random. Page 28, vol. i. "He

was doomed to wander through the *farthest* climes alone and branded." Why not say at once *farther-ther*? Page 150, vol. i. "Yon kindling orb should be hers; and that faint spark close to its side should teach her how dim and yet how near my soul was to her own." What is the meaning of all this? Is Mr. Leslie's soul dim to her own, as well as near to her own?—for the sentence implies as much. Suppose we say "should teach her how dim was my soul, and yet how near to her own." Page 101, vol. i. "You are both right and both wrong—you, Miss Romain, to judge so harshly of all men who are not versed in the easy elegance of the drawing room, and your father in too great lenity towards men of sense, &c." This is really something new, but we are sorry to say, something incomprehensible. Suppose we translate it. "You are both right and both wrong—you, Miss Romain, *are both right and wrong* to judge so harshly of all not versed in the elegance of the drawing-room, &c.; and your father is *both right and wrong* in too great lenity towards men of sense."—Mr. Fay, have you ever visited Ireland in *your* peregrinations? But the book is full to the brim of such absurdities, and it is useless to pursue the matter any farther. There is not a single page of Norman Leslie in which even a school-boy would fail to detect at least two or three gross errors in Grammar, and some two or three most egregious sins against common-sense.

We will dismiss the "Editor of the Mirror" with a few questions. When did you ever know, Mr. Fay, of any prosecuting attorney behaving so much like a bear as *your* prosecuting attorney in the novel of Norman Leslie? When did you ever hear of an American Court of Justice objecting to the testimony of a witness on the ground that the said witness *had an interest* in the cause at issue? What do you mean by informing us at page 84, vol. i, "that you *think* much faster than you write?" What do you mean by "*the wind roaring in the air*?" see page 26, vol. i. What do you mean by "an *unshaded* Italian girl?" see page 67, vol. ii. Why are you always talking about "stamping of feet," "kindling and flashing of eyes," "plunging and parrying," "cutting and thrusting," "passes through the body," "gashes open in the cheek," "sculls cleft down," "hands cut off," and blood gushing and bubbling, and doing God knows what else—all of which pretty expressions may be found on page 88, vol. i? What "mysterious and inexplicable destiny" compels you to the so frequent use, in all its inflections, of that euphonical dyssyllable *blister*? We will call to your recollection some few instances in which you have employed it. Page 185, vol. i. "But an arrival from the city brought the fearful intelligence in all its *blistering* and naked details." Page 193, vol. i. "What but the glaring and *blistering* truth of the charge would select him, &c." Page 39, vol. ii. "Wherever the winds of heaven wafted the English language, the *blistering* story must have been echoed." Page 150, vol. ii. "Nearly seven years had passed away, and here he found himself, as at first, still marked with the *blistering* and burning brand." Here we have a *blistering* detail, a *blistering* truth, a *blistering* story, and a *blistering* brand, to say nothing of innumerable other blisters interspersed throughout the book. But we have done with Norman Leslie,—if ever we saw as silly a thing, may we be — blistered.

THE LINWOODS.

The Linwoods; or, "Sixty Years Since" in America. By the Author of "Hope Leslie," "Redwood," &c. New York: Published by Harper and Brothers.

Miss Sedgwick is one among the few American writers who have risen by merely their own intrinsic talents, and without the *a priori* aid of foreign opinion and puffery, to any exalted rank in the estimation of our countrymen. She is at the same time fully deserving of all the popularity she has attained. By those who are most fastidious in matters of literary criticism, the author of *Hope Leslie* is the most ardently admired, and we are acquainted with few persons of sound and accurate discrimination who would hesitate in placing her upon a level with the best of our native novelists. Of American *female* writers we must consider her the first. The character of her pen is essentially feminine. No man could have written *Hope Leslie*; and no man, we are assured, can arise from the perusal of *The Linwoods* without a full conviction that his own abilities would have proved unequal to the delicate yet picturesque handling; the grace, warmth, and radiance; the exquisite and judicious filling in, of the volumes which have so enchanted him. Woman is, after all, the only true painter of that gentle and beautiful mystery, the heart of woman. She is the only proper Scheherazade for the fairy tales of love.

We think *The Linwoods* superior to *Hope Leslie*, and superior to *Redwood*. It is full of deep natural interest, rivetting attention without undue or artificial means for attaining that end. It contains nothing forced, or in any degree exaggerated. Its prevailing features are equability, ease, perfect accuracy and purity of style, a manner never at *outrance* with the subject matter, pathos, and verisimilitude. It cannot, however, be considered as ranking with the master novels of the day. It is neither an Eugene Aram, nor a Contarini Fleming.

The Linwoods has few—indeed no pretensions to a connected plot of any kind. The scene, as the title indicates, is in America, and about sixty years ago. The adventures of the family of a Mr. Linwood, a resident of New York, form the principal subject of the book. The character of this gentleman is happily drawn, but we are aware of a slight discrepancy between his initial and his final character as depicted. He has two children, Herbert and Isabella. Being himself a tory, the boyish impulses of his son in favor of the revolutionists are watched with anxiety and vexation; and, upon the breaking out of the war, Herbert, positively refusing to drink the king's health, is, in consequence, ejected from his father's house—an incident upon which hinges much of the interest of the narrative. Isabella is the heroine proper; a being full of lofty and generous impulses, beautiful, intellectual, and *spirituelle*—indeed a most fascinating creature. But the family of a widow Lee forms, perhaps, the true secret of that charm which pervades the novel before us. A matronly, pious, and devoted mother, yielding up her son, without a murmur, to the sacred cause of her country—the son, Eliot, gallant, thoughtful, chivalrous, and prudent—and above all, a daughter, Bessie, frail-minded, susceptible of light impressions, gentle, loving, and melancholy. Indeed, in the creation of Bessie Lee,

Miss Sedgwick has given evidence not to be disputed, of a genius far more than common. We do not hesitate to call it a truly beautiful and original conception, evincing imagination of the highest order. It is the old story of a meek and trusting spirit bowed down to the dust by the falsehood of a deceiver. But in the narration of Miss Sedgwick it becomes a magical tale, and bursts upon us with all the freshness of novel emotion. Deserted by her lover, (Jasper Meredith, an accomplished and aristocratic coxcomb,) the spirits of the gentle girl sink gradually from trusting affection to simple hope—from hope to anxiety—from anxiety to doubt—from doubt to melancholy—and from melancholy to madness. She escapes from her home and her friends in New England, and endeavors to make her way alone to New York, with the object of restoring, to him who has abandoned her, some tokens he had given her of his love—an act which her disordered fancy assures her will effect, in her own person, a disenthralment from passion. Her piety, her madness, and her beauty stand her in the stead of the lion of Una, and she reaches the great city in safety. In that portion of the novel which embodies the narrative of this singular journey, are some passages of the purest and most exalted poetry—passages which no mind but one thoroughly imbued with the spirit of the beautiful could have conceived, and which, perhaps, no other writer in this country than Miss Sedgwick could have executed. Our readers will find that what we say upon this head is very far from exaggeration.

Jasper Meredith, considered as an actual entity, is, as we have already said, a heartless, calculating coxcomb—with merely a spice of what we may call susceptibility to impressions of the beautiful, to redeem him from utter contempt. As a character in a novel, he is admirable—because he is accurately true to nature, and to himself. His perfidy to Bessie (we shall never forget Bessie) meets with poetical justice in a couple of unsuccessful courtships, (in each of which the villain's heart is in some degree concerned,) and in a final marriage with a flirt, Helen Ruthven, who fills him up, with a vengeance, the full measure of his deserts. Mrs. Meredith is a striking picture of the heartless and selfish woman of fashion and aristocracy. Kisel, the servant of Eliot Lee, is original, and, next to Bessie, the best conception in the book. He is a simple, childish, yet acute and affectionate fool, who follows his master as would a dog, and finally dies at his feet under circumstances of the truest pathos. While Miss Sedgwick can originate such characters as these, she need apprehend few rivals near the throne.

We cannot pass over in silence a little episode in which a blind child is torn away at night from a distracted mother, by one of the notorious bands of *Skinners* infesting the country. The mother's house is set on fire by the robbers, in their search after plunder; but her most valuable property having been previously removed to New York, the exasperated ruffians seize and bear off the fainting child, with the view of extorting money for its ransom. Eliot Lee, aided by General Putnam, rescues the child, and restores it to the mother. This whole incident is worthy of Miss Sedgwick.

We have mentioned the name of Putnam,—he as well as Washington, Lafayette, Clinton, and some other well-known personages are familiarly introduced in the nar-

ative, but are simply accessories to the main interest, and very little attempt is made at portraying their historical characters. Whatever is done, however, is well done.

So much real pleasure have we derived from the perusal of *The Linwoods*, that we can hardly find it in our hearts to pick a quarrel with the fair author, for the very few trifling inadvertences into which she has been betrayed. There were, we believe, some points at which we intended to cavil, but not having pencilled them down in the course of perusal, they have now escaped our recollection. Somewhat more energy in occasional passages—somewhat less diffuseness in others—would operate, we think, to the improvement of Miss Sedgwick's generally excellent style. Now and then, we meet with a discrepancy between the words and the character of a speaker. For example: page 38, vol. i. "‘No more of my contempt for the Yankees, Hal, an’ thou lovest me,’ replied Jasper; ‘you remember Æsop’s advice to Cæsus, at the Persian court?’ ‘No, I am sure I do not. You have the most provoking way of resting the lever by which you bring out your own knowledge, on your friend’s ignorance.’” Now all this is very pretty, but it is not the language of school-boys. Again: page 226 vol. i. ‘Now out on you, you lazy, slavish, loons,’ cried Rose, ‘cannot you see these men are raised up, to fight for freedom, for more than themselves? If the chain is broken at one end, the links will fall apart sooner or later. When you see the sun on the mountain top, you may be sure it will shine into the deepest valleys before long.’ Who would suppose this graceful eloquence, and these impressive images to proceed from the mouth of a negro-woman? Yet such is Rose. And at page 24, vol. i. we have the following. “True, I never saw her; but I tell you, young lad, there is such a thing as seeing the shadow of things far distant and past, and never seeing the realities though they it be that cast the shadows.” The speaker here, is an old woman who a few sentences before talks about her proficiency in telling *fortunes*.

There are one or two other trifles with which we have to find fault. Putnam's deficiency in spelling is, perhaps, a little burlesqued; and the imaginary note written to Eliot Lee, is not in accordance with that laconic epistle subsequently introduced, and which was a *bonâ fide* existence. We dislike the death of Kisel—that is we dislike its occurring so soon—indeed we see no necessity for killing him at all. His end is beautifully managed, but leaves a kind of uneasy and painful impression, which a judicious writer will be chary of exciting. We must quarrel also, with some slight liberties taken with the King's English. Miss Sedgwick has no good authority for the use of such verbs, as “to ray.” Page 117, vol. i. “They had all heard of Squire Saunders, whose fame rayed through a large circle”—Alas, in page 118, vol. i. “The next morning he called, his kind heart raying out through his jolly face, to present me to General Washington.” Nor is she justifiable in making use of the verb “incense,” with the meaning attached to it in the following sentence. Page 211, vol. i. “Miss Ruthven seemed like an humble worshipper, incensing two divinities.” We dislike also, the vulgarity of such a phrase as “I put in my oar”—meaning “I joined in the conversation”—especially in the mouth of so well-bred a lady, as Miss Isabella Linwood—see

page 61, vol. i. We do not wish either to see a *marquee*, called a "markee," or a *dénouement*, a *denuement*. Miss Sedgwick should look over her proof-sheets, or, be responsible for the blunders of her printer. The plural "*genii*" at page 84, vol. ii. is used in place of the singular *genius*. "*Isabella is rather penserosa*" is likewise an error—see page 164, vol. ii.; it should be *penserosa*. But we are heartily ashamed of finding fault with such trifles, and should certainly not have done so, had there been a possibility of finding fault with any thing of more consequence. We recommend *The Linwoods* to all persons of taste. But let none others touch it.

WESTMINSTER REVIEW.

The Westminster Review, No. XLV, for July, 1835. American Edition, Vol. IV, No. 1. New York: Theodore Foster.

Article I is "Philanthropic Economy; or the Philosophy of Happiness, practically applied to the Social, Political, and Commercial Relations of Great Britain. By Mrs. Loudon, Author of "First Love," "Fortune Hunting," and "Dilemmas of Pride." London: Churton, 1835. 8vo. pp. 312."

Mrs. Loudon's Economy has excited great attention in England, and her work is highly lauded in the present instance. As an able and chivalrous champion of the cause of the people, she deserves all the encomiums which she has received, and we are not in any degree disposed to pick a quarrel with her Ethics, which, to say the truth, are as little to the purpose as her political, or if she pleases, her philanthropic Economy, is most effectually to the point. We have not seen her entire publication, but merely judge of it from the copious extracts in the article before us. Her answer to the objections to the ballot is forcible, and coming as it does from a lady, its value is quadrupled in our eyes. The Notice of her book concludes as follows. "It is plain that Mrs. Loudon is a splendid woman, and has, at one effort, taken her place in line, among the political economists upon the people's side. She is fortunate too in having fallen upon times when 'the spread of education is, in fact, rendering the peaceable continuance of abuses impossible.'"

Article II is "Venetian History. Family Library, No. XX—London, Murray, 1833." A compendious History of Venice, and apparently forced into the service of the Review "will I, nill I," without any object farther than the emptying of some writer's portfolio, or common-place book. It is nevertheless an invaluable paper.

Article III is "Memoirs of John Napier of Merchiston, his Lineage, Life, and Times, with a History of the Invention of Logarithms. By Mark Napier, Esq. Blackwood, Edinburgh; Cadell, London, 1834. 4to. pp. 534."

This is a Review of exceeding interest, and evidently from a mind thoroughly imbued with a love of science. It enters largely into the subject matter of the book reviewed, and defends Napier from the often repeated accusation of having derived his principle from the works of Archimedes, Ditmarsus, and Byrgius. A short account of the philosopher's treatises on Arithmetic and Algebra, as they appear at the end of the Memoirs, is given in the conclusion of the Notice. We perceive

that Mr. Napier has here taken occasion to observe that Horsley, Hutton, Leslie, and Playfair, are mistaken in supposing Albert Girard the first who made use of the expressions *maiores nihilo* and *minores nihilo* in relation to positive and negative quantities.

Article IV is "An Essay on Musical Intervals, Harmonics, and the Temperament of the Musical Scale, &c. By W. S. B. Woolhouse, Head Assistant of the Nautical Almanac Establishment."

This is a short article in which the book under review is condemned for inaccuracy and misrepresentation. The Essay itself is another instance of the interest now taken in the mathematics of music.

Article V is "A Biographical Dictionary of Eminent Artists: comprising Painters, Sculptors, Engravers and Architects, from the earliest ages to the present time. By John Gould—Second Edition, 2 vols. 12mo. Wilson, Royal Exchange, 1835."

The work in question is spoken of as having been composed—"conceived, planned, and probably in part executed among lowing herds and obstinate swine." It is preceded by an historical, biographical, and professional introduction, apparently of no very great merit. The Dictionary is called a most laborious, and on the whole a very successful compilation. "The chief matter of some hundreds of volumes is condensed into two small duodecimos. As this is all it aims to do, by this only can it be fairly judged, and not by any standard of original criticism."

Article VI. "History of Scotland. By Patrick Fraser Tytler, Esq. F. R. S. E. and F. A. S. Edinburgh. Vols. i.—v. 1828—1834."

This critique speaks of Tytler's Scotland as displaying much research, and considerable skill, as well as impartiality, but the greater part of the article is taken up in reviewing some of the leading features in Scottish History.

Article VII.—1. "The Forms of Deeds and Documents in England and France, compared and exemplified, in a Letter to the Lord Chancellor. Paris: Galigani. London: Saunders and Benning, 1835."

2. "The Mechanics of Law-making. Intended for the use of Legislators, and all other persons concerned in the making and understanding of English Laws. By Arthur Symonds, Esq. London: Churton, 1835."

The authors of the works here reviewed have attempted to unfold, and to show the worthlessness of, those technical mysteries which have so long enveloped the science of Law. The "Forms of Deeds, &c." is from the pen of Mr. Okey. He gives several examples of English and French Deeds—printing them on opposite pages. The difference in conciseness is said to be four to one in favor of the French, while in clearness they admit of no comparison. The greater brevity of the French documents is attributed to the existence of a Code. "The Mechanics of Law making" insists upon the necessity of reform in the arrangement, language, classification, and contents of the British Acts of Parliament, and in the agency by which the laws are 'prepared, made, promulgated, superintended, enforced, and amended.' The Review is brief—but concurs heartily in the necessity alluded to.

Article VIII. 1. "Sur les Créances réclamées de la France par la Russie au nom du Royaume de Pologne. Paris, 1835."

2. "On the Russo-Polish Claims on France. (From the periodical *Le Polonais*, published monthly in Paris, by a member of the Polish Diet. Number for February 1835.)"

3. "A few more words on the Polish question, (From *Le Polonais*—number for March 1835.)"

The author of the work *Sur les Créances*, enters into an examination of the titles of which the Russian government avails itself "either to effect a final settlement, or to claim payment of sums which might ultimately be proved to be due to the kingdom of Poland." The editor of *Le Polonais* is of a family to which Poland is indebted for "several brilliant exploits, not only in the field of battle, but in the tribute of the National Assembly." His journal is devoted to the history and literature of Poland—but more especially to its political interests. The Review enters into some discussion on the Russo-Polish Claims, and makes it apparent that the policy of Great Britain is materially involved, in the Russo-French liquidation. "She has joined"—says the critic—"in refusing to uphold Russia in the violation of the constitution and nationality of Poland; Lord Palmerston gave lengthened and clear explanations on this point to Parliament on the 9th of April, 1833. Tranquilly to stand by, and witness the Russo-French liquidation, an act which would be equivalent to a passive acknowledgment on the part of France, of the usurpations of Russia, would be contrary to the dignity and interest of the British nation."

Article IX.—1. "Thoughts upon the Aristocracy of England. By Isaac Tompkins, Gent. Fifth Edition. London: Henry Hooper, 1835, pp. 23."

2. "A letter to Isaac Tompkins, Gent., author of the Thoughts upon the Aristocracy. From Mr. Peter Jenkins. Fifth Edition, with a Postscript. London: Henry Hooper, 1836, pp. 11."

3. "A letter to Isaac Tompkins, and Peter Jenkins on Primogeniture. By Timothy Winterbottom. Fourth Edition. London: William Pickering, 1835."

From the specimens of these Pamphlets, given in the Review before us, we are inclined to think them excessively amusing. Mr. Isaac Tompkins busies himself with the House of Lords, and Mr. Peter Jenkins gives the lash to the House of Commons. Mr. T's account of patrician taste in literature and wit—of courts, courtiers, court-jesters, buffoonery, &c. are not a little edifying. His book has created a great sensation. In a note appended to the fourth edition, occur the following significant remarks. "The Quarterly Review, the organ of the Aristocratic Church, and of the Lay Aristocracy, has taken the opportunity of printing the greater part of the work, under pretence of giving a Review of it. Pretence it plainly is; for there is hardly one remark added, and not one syllable of censure or objection! Can any thing more plainly demonstrate that the cause of the Aristocracy is hateful, even to the very writers who affect to support it? Can any thing better prove its decline among all educated and sensible men? Mr. Canning's abhorrence of it is well known, and so is the hatred with which he was repaid. But in our time, the advocate of establishments can think of nothing better than giving a very wide circulation to Mr. J. Tompkins' observations. These Quarterly Reviewers would not for the world, that these observations were not generally known." Peter Jenkins concludes

his pamphlet with some remarks on the new liberal government. Winterbottom's letter treats chiefly of the evils resulting from the accumulation of wealth in a few hands. "The whole family of Tompkins &c. is good"—says the Reviewer—"and the public, will be glad to see more of their kin and kind."

Article X. "The History of Ireland. By Thomas Moore, Esq. In three volumes. Vol. i. London: Longman & Co. 1835."

This is an excellent and very laudatory notice, of a work which cannot be too highly commended. The difficulties Mr. Moore has overcome, in reducing to order a chaotic discordance of materials, with a view to this History, will, perhaps, never be fully appreciated. It cannot indeed be asserted that every portion of his subject has been hitherto uninvestigated, or, that all the questions he has discussed have been satisfactorily settled; but that, under existing circumstances, such a book should have been written at all, is a matter for admiration—and that it has been so rationally, so lucidly, and so critically written, is a fact which cannot fail to elevate its author immeasurably in the estimation of his friends. The future volumes of *The History of Ireland*, will be looked for with intense interest. In them we may expect to find the records of a dark and troubled period. Moore will speak fearlessly, or we are much mistaken.

Article XI. "A Bill for granting Relief in relation to the Celebration of Marriages, to certain persons dissenting from the Church of England and Ireland, 1835."

The Reviewer, here, seems to think that Sir Robert Peel's Bill, with some little amendment, would meet the case of the Dissenters in the manner most satisfactory, and, under all circumstances most convenient. The Dissenters themselves have little to propose, and that little impracticable.

Article XII. "Plantagenet.—3 vols. London: John Macrone, 1835."

Plantagenet is a novel: and the writer's object is stated by the critic to be pretty nearly identical with that of Mr. Timothy Winterbottom, of whom we have spoken before—viz: to lay bare the social evils of primogeniture. The English system of education is detailed, and its effect upon character analyzed. The writer's design is said not to be very well carried into execution—nevertheless the Reviewer places him in the first line of modern political novelists, and says there is nobody, except the author of 'The Radical,' who stands out as a model for him to overtake or pursue.

Article XIII.—1. "Colonization of South Australia. By R. Torrens, Esq. F. R. S. Chairman of the Colonization Commission, for South Australia. London: Longman, 1835."

2. "Colonization; particularly in Southern Australia; with some remarks on Small Farms and Over-population. By Colonel Charles James Napier, C. B.—London: T. & W. Boone, 1835."

Colonel Torrens' book is bitterly and sarcastically reviewed. It is an octavo of more than 300 pages, with an Appendix of about 20. The first part of the body of the work is in the form of a letter, divided into twelve parts, and addressed "To the author of the History of the Indian Archipelago." This portion discusses the new scheme for colonizing South Australia. Its style is called pamphleteering and polemical. The se-

ceed part is said to be "in the usual cold, cramped, and unpopular manner of the author's politico-economical writings." The Appendix consists of the Act of Parliament for the formation of the Colony, of two letters signed Kangaroo, and of another from A. B., approving of Kangaroo's opinions. Kangaroo is thought by the Reviewer a better writer of English than his master. Colonel Napier's book is favorably noticed. His views are in direct opposition to those of Torrens.

Article XIV. "The Mythology of Ancient Greece and Italy. By Thomas Keightley, Esq. 8vo. London, 1831." This is an interesting and able paper, but has no pretensions to the name of Review. The position of the Bacchanalians in Greek and Roman History, and their progress, together with the dangers and impediments encountered in their course, forms the subject of the Essay—for it is an Essay, although an admirable one.

LONDON QUARTERLY REVIEW.

The London Quarterly Review, No. CVII. for July, 1835. *American Edition*, Vol. III, No. 1.

Article I.—1. "Narrative of a Second Voyage in search of a North-West Passage, and of a Residence in the Arctic Regions, during the Years 1829–30–31–32–33. By Sir John Ross, C. B., K. S. A., K. C. S., &c. &c. Captain in the Royal Navy, London: 1835, 4to. pp. 740."

2. "The Late Voyage of Captain Sir John Ross, R. N. to the Arctic Regions, for the Discovery of a North-West Passage; performed in the Years 1829–30–31–32–33. From authentic information, and original documents, transmitted by William Light, Purser's Steward to the Expedition. By Robert Huish, author of the 'Memoirs of the Princess Charlotte,' 'Treatise on Bees,' &c. &c. London: 1835, 8vo. pp. 760."

3. "Report from a Select Committee of the House of Commons, on the Expedition to the Arctic Seas, commanded by Captain John Ross, R. N. 1834."

This is, in many respects, a clever and judicious Review, although abounding with much vulgar abuse of Captain Ross, whom it accuses, not only of gross ignorance and misrepresentation, but of several minor indecours, such for example, as "the opening of a subscription shop in Regent Street—the sending of a set of fellows, usually called trampers, but who call themselves agents, to knock at every gentleman's door, in town and country, not humbly to solicit, but with pertinacious importunity, almost to force subscriptions—the getting up of Vauxhall and panoramic exhibitions, and some other circumstances not worth detailing." It hints something also, of the Captain's having procured the literary aid of "a practised embroiderer of periods, one Dr. McCulloch." Huish's book is treated with derision, but the Quarterly cannot resist the temptation of giving additional currency to a malignant accusation of cruelty, brought by this very man Huish, against the Captain. The charge is republished in the Review—with a hint, that it is quite as likely to be true as not. The Article concludes with a hope, that if the Government should determine upon another expedition, its direction may be given to Captain James Clarke Ross, and Back, appointed his second in command—and roundly asserts that Sir John Ross, C. B., K. S. A., K. C. S., &c. &c.,

is utterly incompetent to conduct any enterprise of the kind, to a successful termination.

Article II. "Journal of Frances Anne Butler (Fanny Kemble,) 2 vols. Post 8vo. London: 1835."

The tone of this Notice is very similar to that of the Article on the same subject in the *Edinburgh* for July—perhaps, upon the whole, not quite so complimentary. The Reviewer is of opinion, that 'Master Fanny's' Journal was from an early period, if not from the first line, intended for publication, and that the entire thing is arranged for stage-effect. Both these suppositions are highly probable. Indeed for our own part, we never had a doubt about the matter. The personifier of Julia, of Nell, and of Lady Macbeth, wished to make it apparent that she could mingle up in the same page, simplicity, frivolity and dignity. She has succeeded to a miracle, and we think nothing the worse of her performance for its premeditation. The critic finds fault, also, with Fanny's *transparent* affectation—a charge from which we have neither the wish, nor the ability to defend her. Affectation is the Promethean fire of a pretty and intelligent woman—and provided always the things, the qualities, or manners affected are not in *se* disagreeable or odious, it is very seldom worth any one's while to quarrel with it. As for the *transparent* part of the accusation, it betrays a want of philosophical acumen. Affectation, when we cannot see through it, is no longer affectation. The political fal lal of the fair lady is, of course, made a matter of high merit by the Quarterly Review. "Her observations," quoth the critic, "evinced a depth of penetration, and a soundness of judgment, rare in any one, but wonderful in a person of her age and sex." A chuckle also is elicited, by Fanny's astounding conviction, that "America will be a monarchy before she (Mrs. Butler) is a skeleton."

Article III. "The Last Essays of Elia." London: 12mo. 1833.

This is an Essay on the Essays of Lamb by one who thoroughly understands the man. And there are not many men who do thoroughly comprehend him. Altho' not the greatest among his contemporaries he was the most original—and his writings are, we feel assured, a true copy of his individual mind. He was one of those men of infinite genius, so rarely to be met with, who unite the most exquisite daintiness and finish of style with a vigorous and dashing *abandon* of manner. This manner has been called affected—but it was not so. That his thoughts "were villainously pranked in an array of antique words and phrases" was a necessary thing. The language of the times of James and Charles I. was as natural to him as his native air—it was a portion of his intellect. As a critic, Lamb had no equal, and we are moreover half inclined to agree with the Quarterly, that there are, amongst his poetical pieces, some as near perfection in their kind as any thing in our literature—"specimens of exceeding artifice and felicity in rhythm, metre, and diction."

Article IV. "History of the Sixteenth and Seventeenth-Centuries, illustrated by original documents. By Frederick Von Raumer. Translated from the German by Lord Francis Egerton, in 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1835."

Frederick Von Raumer, the author of the work here reviewed, is the same who wrote the 'History of the House of Hohenstauffen,' noticed in a former number of the Quarterly. The present History is spoken of

in high terms. It is the result of the author's residence in Paris in 1830, and consists of a series of extracts from MSS. in the *Bibliothèque Royale*—chiefly the despatches of Ambassadors. Lord Egerton's translation is favorably mentioned.

Article V. "The Life of Edmund Kean. In 2 vols. London: 1835."

This is a most severe and galling Philippic upon a very worthless book. Indeed Barry Cornwall was the last person in the world who should have attempted the Life of Kean. From the poet's peculiar cast of mind, (Procter is merely a dealer in delicate prettinesses,) he is particularly ill-qualified for discussing the merits of an actor whose province lay altogether amid the tempestuous regions of passion and energy. "A worse man"—says the critic—"might have made Kean's story entertaining—a wiser, if he had told it at all, would have at least tried to make it instructive." The Essays upon the chief characters of Shakspeare, which fill nearly half the second volume, are truly said to be devoid of originality, vigor, or grace. To the entire book is laughably applied a couplet from an old criticism upon Suckling's Aglaure.

This great voluminous pamphlet may be said,
To be like one that hath more hair than head.

Article VI. 1. "Physiologie du Goût: ou Méditations de Gastronomie Transcendante; Ouvrage Théorique, Historique, et à l'ordre du Jour. Dédié aux Gastronomes Parisiens. Par un Professeur (M. Brillat Savarin) Membre de Plusieurs Sociétés Savantes. 2 tomes, 5me edition, Paris: 1835."

2. "The French Cook. A System of Fashionable and Economical Cookery; adapted to the use of English Families, &c. by Louis Eustace Ude, ci-devant Cook to Louis XVI, and the Earl of Sefton, &c. &c. 12th edition, with Appendix &c., London: 1833."

This article is written in the most exquisite spirit of banter, and is irresistibly amusing. It commences with a sketch of the history, present state and literature of cookery! and concludes with a particular Notice of the books at the head of the article. "Mirabeau"—says the critic—"used to present Condorcet with *voilà ma théorie*, and the Abbé Maury with *voilà ma pratique*. We beg leave to present M. Brillat Savarin as *our theory*, M. Ude as *our practice*." A biographical account of Savarin is introduced—full of wit. Savarin was Judge of the Court of Cassation, Member of the Legion of Honor, and of most of the scientific and literary societies of France. His work consists of "a collection of aphorisms, a dialogue between the author and a friend as to the expediency of publication, a biographical notice of the friend, thirty meditations, and a concluding Miscellany of adventures, inventions, and anecdotes."

Article VII. 1. "Souvenirs, Impressions, Pensées, et Paysages pendant un Voyage en Orient, 1832, 1833. Par M. Alphonse de Lamartine, 4 vols. Paris: 1835."

2. "A Pilgrimage to the Holy Land, &c. By Alphonse de Lamartine, 3 vols. London: 1835."

An English translation of Lamartine's Pilgrimage, and even a pirated Bruxelles edition of the original, were read in London before the publication of the original itself. This is high evidence of the writer's popularity, at least, however prejudicial it may have proved to his literary and pecuniary interests. The Remarks in

the Review under consideration are deduced from the English translation, which is from the pen of Miss Landon. With the exception of the French verses scattered throughout the work, and which are not very happily rendered (we should think it impossible to translate them) L. E. L. has executed her task with much ability—at least so says the Quarterly, and we believe it. Some singular misconceptions of the meaning of the original are, however, occasionally met with, and we are at a loss whether to attribute them to carelessness or an imperfect acquaintance with the French. The Review cites the following as an instance, and we have noted several others equally glaring.

N'attends donc plus de moi ces vers où la pensée
Comme d'un arc sonore avec grace élançée
Et sur deux mots pareils vibrant à l'unisson
Dansent complaisamment aux caprices du son!
Ce froid écho des vers répugne à mon oreille.

From me expect no more the verse where thought
Glances in grace as from the sounding bow,
When two words vibrating in unison
Complacent dance to the caprice of sound.
Now verse in its cold echo shocks my ear.

The Review lavishes many compliments upon Lamartine, and enters into a compendious sketch of his Pilgrimage.

Article VIII. "Yarrow Revisited and other Poems. By Wm. Wordsworth. 12mo. pp. 349. London, 1835."

Here is one of those exceedingly rare cases in which a British critic confines himself strictly to his text—but this is nearly all that can be said in favor of the Article. A more partial, a more indiscriminate or fulsome panegyric we never wish to see, and surely "Yarrow Revisited" is worthy of a better fate. "There is," quoth the Reviewer, "a spirit of *elegance* in these poems more prominently and uniformly prevailing than in any equal portion of Mr. Wordsworth's former works. We mean an elegance such as Quintillian ascribes to several of the Greek and Roman writers—a nobleness of thought and feeling made vocal in perfectly pure and appropriate language. It struck us, at first, as an odd remark of Coleridge's, that Goethe and Wordsworth were something alike, but &c. &c." Heaven save us from our friends!

Article IX.—1. "Rough Leaves from a Journal kept in Spain and Portugal. By Lieut. Col. Badcock, 8 vo. London: 1835."

2. Recollections of a few days spent with the Queen's Army in Spain, in September 1833, 12mo. (privately printed,) London: 1835."

3. "Recollections of a visit to the Monasteries of Alcobaca, and Batalha. By the author of Vathek, 8 vo. London: 1835, pp. 228."

Colonel Badcock's book is favorably noticed. This Officer was sent to the Peninsula, by Earl Grey's Ministry, for the purpose of transmitting exact intelligence to the government at home. In the discharge of this mission, he traversed the greater part of Spain, was present at the siege of Oporto, and attended Don Pedro to the camp before Santarem. His "Rough Leaves" are the result. From the work whose title appears in the second place large extracts are made, all of a highly amusing nature. The critique concludes with a brief complimentary notice of Mr. Beckford's 'Recollections,' which are excessively overpraised.

Article X.—1. "First Report of the Commissioners

appointed to inquire into the Municipal Corporations of England and Wales, 1835."

2. "Protest of Sir Francis Palgrave, against the First Report, &c. 1835."

3. "Observations on the Principles to be adopted in the Establishment of new Municipalities, the Reform of Ancient Corporations, and the Cheap Administration of Justice. By Sir Francis Palgrave, K. H. London: 1833." This is a violent party-paper, and abounds in misrepresentation. One of its passages is forcible enough. "The first step in this extraordinary affair, (the plan of Municipal Reform) was in itself most extraordinary. A commission was issued under the Great Seal of England, with powers and for purposes now confessed to have been illegal! * * * The town-clerk of a petty borough, discomfited the Lord High Chancellor of England, on a point of law, of his Lordship's own raising, within his own special jurisdiction; and for the very first time, we believe, since the days of James and Jeffries, a commission under the Great Seal of England was convicted of illegality."

Article XI. "Memoirs of the Life of the Right Honorable Sir James Mackintosh. Edited by his son, Robert James Mackintosh, Esq. 2 vols. 8vo. London: 1835."

This Article we think upon the whole, better toned than the one upon the same subject, in the Edinburgh. It characterizes the work as a most interesting collection of *Mackintoshiana*, although not a good Life. Sir James is very justly styled an "ideological writer, who, treating of human affairs, prefers to deal with *thoughts*, rather than *things*."

NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW.

The North American Review. No. LXXXIX—Vol. XLI. For October 1835. Boston: Charles Bowen.

It is now very generally known that Mr. Palfrey has become the editor of this Review, and the present number is the first issued since the announcement of the new arrangement. It is difficult to speak of a work like this as a whole. Particular articles strike us as being very good—some are worthless. We will briefly notice them one by one.

Article I. "Life of Jehudi Ashmun, late Colonial Agent in Liberia. With an Appendix, containing Extracts from his Journal and other Writings; and a brief Sketch of the Life of the Rev. Lott Carey. By Ralph Randolph Gurley. Washington."

"The capacities of Ashmun's character were such," says the Reviewer, "that had he lived in any age or country, (pray, did he not live in any age or country?) their energy must have hurried them into development as inevitably as the waters flow to the sea." All this we are willing to believe, and also that the man in question was a noble martyr in the cause of African colonization. We doubt, however, if there are not a crowd of books daily issuing unnoticed from the press, of far more general interest, and consequently more worthy the attention of our leading Review than even *The Life of Ashmun*. We shall soon, perhaps, have a Life of some Cuffy the Great, by Solomon Sapient; and then the North American will feel itself bound to devote one half of its pages to that important publication. In expressing ourselves thus, we mean not the slightest disrespect to either Ashmun or his Biographer.

But the *critique* is badly written, and its enthusiasm *outré* and disproportionate.

Article II.—1. "Ward's Law of Nations. 8vo. 2 vols. 1796."

2. "Vattel's Law of Nations, by Chitty, 8vo. 1829."

This is an excellent essay—a practical exposition of the source and character of the Law International, and for which the works above-mentioned afford the *material*. A few articles similar to this would at once redeem the reputation of American critical literature. Our position in regard to France, gives to this review, at this moment, additional interest.

Article III. "Matthias and his Impostures, or the Progress of Fanaticism. Illustrated in the Extraordinary Case of Robert Matthews, and some of his Fore-runners and Disciples. By W. L. Stone. 12 mo. New York, 1835."

The critic here adopts the very just opinion that Matthias had formed himself and his creed designedly upon the model of John of Leyden. We think it probable that the impostor, who was grossly ignorant, may have seen an account of the proceedings at Munster in some popular historical work, and formed his own conduct accordingly. The leader of the fanatics at Munster was *Matthias*, a baker. Matthews called himself *Matthias*. The former had his Rothman and Knipperdoling, men of respectable family and some consideration—the latter had his Pierson and Folger, men similarly circumstanced. Rothman and Knipperdoling were invested with an authority which was merely nominal. It was the same with Pierson and Folger. John had his Mount Zion at Munster, and Matthews his Mount Zion at Sing-Sing. The Review gives a digest of Stone's book, and is very entertaining.

Article IV. "Scriptores Rerum Mythicarum Latinites, Romæ nuper Reperti. Ad fidem codicum MSS. Guelferbytanorum, Gottingensis, Gothani, et Parisiensis, Integriores edidit ac Scholâs illustravit Dr. Georgius Henricus Bode, Ordinis Philos. Gotting. Assessor, Societatis literar. quæ Cantabrigiæ Americanorum floret Socius. Celles, 1834."

Angelo Maio discovered and published, about three years ago, the works of three Roman writers, supposed by him to be Leontius, Placidus, and Hyginus, who flourished about the close of the fourth century, or as the Review incorrectly states, after the commencement of the fifth. The work criticized in the present article is a new edition of Maio's publication, improved by the collation of MSS. at Wolfenbuttel, Gottingen, Gotha, and Paris. Dr. Bode, a scholar of high reputation, and who resided for some time in a New England literary institution, is the editor. The reviewer speaks of the Latinity as simple and easy, and, for the most part, classical in construction.

Article V.—1. "A Lecture on the Working Men's Party, first delivered October 6th, before the Charlestown Lyceum, and published at their request. By Edward Everett. Boston, 1830."

2. "An Oration delivered before the Trades' Union of Boston and Vicinity, on Fort Hill, on the Fifty-eighth Anniversary of American Independence. By Frederick Robinson. Boston, 1834."

3. "The Rights of Industry, addressed to the Working Men of the United Kingdom. By the Author of 'The Results of Machinery.' Philadelphia, 1832."

The Reviewer here commences with what we consider a *sober* acknowledgment, viz: that he has not selected the works whose titles are placed at the head of this article because they are recent, or unknown, but merely with the view of directing public attention to the subject of which they treat. The Essay, however, is an excellent one, and shows in a forcible manner, by a rapid comparative view of the condition of the laboring classes in our own and other countries, how few just causes of complaint exist among our 'working people.'

Article VI. "The Ministry for the Poor. A Discourse delivered before the Benevolent Fraternity of Churches in Boston, on their first anniversary, April 9th, 1835. By William E. Channing. Boston, 1835."

The North American, in its last number, considered Southey a fine writer, but Washington Irving a much finer, and indeed 'the best living writer of English prose:' having, however, to review Mr. Channing in the present number, its opinions are conveniently modified to suit the occasion, and *now* the English of William E. Channing is declared *coram populo* to be 'equally elegant, and a little more pure, correct, and pointed than that of Mr. Irving.' There is surely something very absurd in all this. Mr. Irving is a fine writer, and so, beyond doubt, is Mr. Channing—but the Review seems perseveringly bent upon making the public think otherwise. What does the critic mean too by the assertion that Coleridge's reputation is greater in America than in England, and that he possesses *very slender* claims to the distinction of the first philosopher of his age? We should like to see some direct evidence of what the Reviewer has so roundly asserted, viz: that "Coleridge shews an almost total want of precision and clearness of thought." The works of the man are before the public, and we greatly prefer proof to assertion. We think this whole paper exceedingly silly.

Article VII. "A Preliminary Discourse on the Study of Natural History. By William Swainson. London, 1834."

We have not seen Swainson's work, and of course can say nothing about it—the present article however, which professes to be, but is not, a Review of it, we pronounce excellent indeed. It must be read to be thoroughly appreciated.

Article VIII.—1. "Poems. By Mrs. L. H. Sigourney. Philadelphia, 1834."

2. "Poems. By Miss H. F. Gould. Boston, 1835."

The only fault we have with this *critique* is, that it hardly does justice to the noble talents of Mrs. Sigourney. Something more, we think, might have been said, and said with perfect truth. Miss Gould is more fairly dealt with, but nevertheless the criticism does not appear to come from the heart of a poet. Some incidental remarks upon Miss Sedgwick are highly complimentary and exceedingly just. Mrs. Sigourney's first publication was reviewed in the North American about twenty years ago. She was then Miss Huntley.

Article IX. "Sartor Resartus: in three Books. Reprinted for friends, from Fraser's Magazine. London, 1834."

The North American might have been better employed than in reviewing this book—even although it be "no secret in England or here that it is the work of a person to whom the public is indebted for a number of articles in the late British Reviews." The book pur-

ports to be a commentary (the author *incog.*) on a late work on the Philosophy of Dreams, by Dr. Diogenes Teufelsdröckh, Professor of the Science of Things in General, at the University of Weissnichtwo in Germany; and the Reviewer thinks it necessary to enter into some pages of discussion, in order to convince his readers that Professor Teufelsdröckh and his book are both a *hum*. We think the whole *critique* a hum of the worst order, viz: a hum unintentional. We will venture to bet that the meaning (if there be any) of the Sartor Resartus has only the two faults of the steed in Joe Miller. In the first place, it is hard to catch. In the second place it is worth nothing when caught.

Article X. "A Comprehensive Pronouncing and Explanatory Dictionary of the English Language; with Pronouncing Vocabularies of Classical, Scripture, and Modern Geographical Names. By J. E. Worcester. Carefully revised and enlarged. Boston, 1835."

This is a valuable work, and the writer of the *critique* upon it seems fully aware of its many excellences. Mr. Worcester has based his Dictionary upon those of Johnson and Walker, but has given six thousand more words than are found in the Critical Pronouncing Dictionary of the latter. A large number of terms purely technical are given with their meanings—many foreign words, also, in familiar use.

Article XI.—1. "A Narrative of the Visit to the American Churches, by the Deputation from the Congregational Union of England and Wales. By Andrew Reed, D. D. and James Matheson, D. D. 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1835."

2. "Four Years in Great Britain. By Calvin Colton. 2 vols. 18mo. New York, 1835."

Dr. Reed's book is reviewed calmly and with strict impartiality—the reviewer allowing that the Dr. writes with energy when his attention is fully aroused. This, perhaps, is his chief merit. Of Colton's work little is said. "His adventures," observes the critic, "are very well described, and though in some of them he gives too much prominence to his own doubts and fears, still, if the whole had been written in the same manner, it would have insured the work a greater popularity than it is likely to gain." His account of O'Connell is highly praised.

CRAYON MISCELLANY.

The Crayon Miscellany. By the Author of the Sketch Book. No. 3—Containing Legends of the Conquest of Spain. Philadelphia: Carey, Lea & Blanchard.

We feel it almost an act of supererogation to speak of this book, which is long since in the hands of every American who has leisure for reading at all. The matter itself is deeply interesting, but, as usual, its chief beauty is beauty of style. The Conquest of Spain by the Saracens, an event momentous in the extreme, is yet enveloped, as regards the motives and actions of the principal *dramatis personæ* in triple doubt and confusion. To snatch from this uncertainty a few striking and picturesque legends, possessing, at the same time, some absolute portion of verity, and to adorn them in his own magical language is all that Mr. Irving has done in the present instance. But that he has done this little well it is needless to say. He does not claim for the Legends the authenticity of history properly so called,—yet all are partially *facts*, and however extravagant

some may appear, they will all, to use the words of the author himself, "be found in the works of sage and reverend chroniclers of yore, growing side by side with long acknowledged truths, and might be supported by learned and imposing references in the margin." Were we to instance any one of the narratives as more beautiful than the rest, it would be *The Story of the Marvelous and Portentous Tower*.

GODWIN'S NECROMANCY.

Lives of the Necromancers: or an Account of the Most Eminent Persons in Successive Ages, who have claimed for themselves, or to whom has been imputed by others, the Exercise of Magical Power. By William Godwin, Author of "Caleb Williams," &c. New York: Published by Harper & Brothers.

The name of the author of Caleb Williams, and of St. Leon, is, with us, a word of weight, and one which we consider a guarantee for the excellence of any composition to which it may be affixed. There is about all the writings of Godwin, one peculiarity which we are not sure that we have ever seen pointed out for observation, but which, nevertheless, is his chief idiosyncrasy—setting him peculiarly apart from all other *literati* of the day. We allude to an air of mature thought—of deliberate premeditation pervading, in a remarkable degree, even his most common-place observations. He never uses a hurried expression, or hazards either an ambiguous phrase, or a premature opinion. His style therefore is highly artificial; but the extreme finish and proportion always observable about it, render this artificiality, which in less able hands would be wearisome, in him a grace inestimable. We are never tired of his terse, nervous, and sonorous periods—for their terseness, their energy, and even their melody, are made, in all cases, subservient to the sense with which they are invariably fraught. No English writer, with whom we have any acquaintance, with the single exception of Coleridge, has a fuller appreciation of the value of words; and none is more nicely discriminative between closely-approximating meanings.

The avowed purpose of the volume now before us is to exhibit a wide view of human credulity. "To know"—says Mr. Godwin—"the things that are not, and cannot be, but have been imagined and believed, is the most curious chapter in the annals of man." *In extenso* we differ with him.

There are more things in Heaven and Earth, Horatio,
Than are dreamt of in thy philosophy.

There are many things, too, in the great circle of human experience, more curious than even the records of human credulity—but that they form one of the most curious chapters, we were at all times ready to believe, and had we been in any degree skeptical, the *Lives of the Necromancers* would have convinced us.

Unlike the work of Brewster, the *Necromancy* of Mr. Godwin is not a Treatise on Natural Magic. It does not pretend to show the manner in which delusion acts upon mankind—at all events, this is not the object of the book. The design, if we understand it, is to display in their widest extent, the great range and wild extravagancy of the imagination of man. It is almost superfluous to say that in this he has fully succeeded. His compilation is an invaluable work, evincing much labor

and research, and full of absorbing interest. The only drawback to the great pleasure which its perusal has afforded us, is found in the author's unwelcome announcement in the Preface, that for the present he winds up his literary labors with the production of this book. The pen which wrote Caleb Williams, should never for a moment be idle.

Were we to specify any article, in the *Necromancy*, as more particularly interesting than another, it would be the one entitled 'Faustus.' The prevalent idea that Faust the printer, and Faustus the magician, were identical, is here very properly contradicted.

REV. D. L. CARROLL'S ADDRESS.

Inaugural Address of the Rev. D. L. Carroll, D.D. President of Hampden Sidney College, delivered on his induction into that office. Published by request of the Board of Trustees. Richmond: T. W. White, 1835.

The friends of literature in Virginia have lately been favored with several Inaugural Addresses, each of which has had its peculiar merits. It is only of that whose title has just been given, that we intend to speak. In the correspondence which is prefixed to this Address, we learn that it was "prepared with great haste, amidst anxieties and efforts to regain health, and amidst all the inquietudes of journeying and absence from home." Apologies are seldom worth the time spent in making or reading them. Generally, an author who prints his production may be supposed to consider it of some value. To make an apology, then, similar to that of Mr. Carroll, is but a modest way of hinting that, with a fair trial, the writer could have done much better. On the whole we wish that there had been no apology; for the Address needs none. It is not our purpose to give an outline of this discourse, or enter into a critical examination of its merits—for merits it has. We wish merely to call the attention of the reader to a few extracts, hoping that a perusal of these will induce him to procure and read the whole Address for himself. The first of these extracts is on a subject too long overlooked, and too much neglected in all our schools. We refer to social qualities. On this subject the author's ideas are just and timely. He says:

"Every literary institution ought to aim at such a well regulated intercourse amongst its students as would inspire them with a dignified self-respect—as would cause them, even in retirement, to conduct themselves with that delicacy and deference to each other's feelings that become a high-minded and honorable company of gentlemen associated in the pursuit of learning. They ought also, under proper restrictions, to mingle occasionally in the best circles of society around them. Neither their morals, their manners, nor their studies would suffer from that evolution and play of the social powers to which such an intercourse would give rise. I know indeed that a certain degree of awkward reserve, and bluntness of manners, and recklessness of dress have, in some minds, become almost inseparably associated with genius. But a moment's reflection may convince any one that it requires no very extraordinary endowments from the Creator, to enable a man, after a little practice, to become a *clozem* in his manners and a *sloven* in his apparel. Let it not be supposed, however, that in thus contending for the development of the social powers and cultivable graces of our nature, we countenance the contemptible littleness of dandyism. The mere dandy we despise as a thing whose definition the great American lexicographer has given in the following appropriate terms—"a male of the human species who dresses himself like a doll, and carries his character on his back." Between the peculiarities of such a creature and the dignified refinement and suavity of the educated gentleman, it were odious to institute a comparison. It

is the latter to which regard is to be had in a course of education. All that we contend for is, that the youthful mind should be inspired with a deep consciousness of the existence and the worth of those social powers and kindly sympathies within itself, which bind it indissolubly to its species, and should be led to regard their development and culture as a necessary part of its preparation for future life."

We are no less pleased with the following sentiments on the subject of the moral influences that should pervade a College.

"The great question is yet to be decided—*What influence our educated men will have on the moral destinies of this nation?* A question involving all those dear and mighty interests which bind us in hope to this and to a future world. With such a question pending, I tremble for the safety of my country, and blush for its reputation for sound philosophy, when I reflect that here an attempt has been made to break up the alliance between learning and religion, and to sever our literary institutions from the practical influence of a pure Christianity. I am happy to know that this is *not* to be the order of things in Hampden Sydney. I am not called to take the helm without a chart or compass. And I never shall embark on a voyage of such perils unless I can nail the Bible to the mast. We shall avoid all mere proselytism and the inculcation of minor sectarian peculiarities. But we shall strenuously endeavor so to develop, and discipline, and adapt to action the moral powers of youth, that, appreciating highly their own immortal interests, they shall go out hence on the highways of society a chosen band, clothed in the panoply of heaven to act as the *lifeguards* of the virtue, order, and common Christianity of their country."

The conclusion of Mr. Carroll's Address is full of fervid eloquence, rendered doubly interesting by a vein of that trust of all philosophy, the philosophy of the Christian. In the two last paragraphs sentiments are expressed, which at their delivery must have produced a strong sensation. Such indeed we learn from those present on the occasion, was their effect.

"It will become me to tread with modest and tremulous steps in a path consecrated by the luminous career of such men as the brothers Smith, an Alexander, a Hoge, and a Cushing. 'There were giants in the earth in those days—mighty men, even men of renown.' But they have gone, as we trust, to adorn higher spheres of usefulness and glory, and to shine in the firmament of God: whilst the radiance of their characters, still not lost to earth, lingers, like the setting sun-beams, on the high places of Hampden Sydney. They have all gone save one, at whose feet, as the Gamaliel of the Church, it has been my distinguished privilege to sit, and to whose masterly management of the young mind I am much indebted for whatever of mental furniture I possess. I enter upon my duties, however diffident, with the unblenching purpose of doing what I can to promote the best interests of the Institution over which I am called to preside. True, with a body and a mind partially wrecked by the arduous labors of past years and by successive attacks of prolonged illness, I cannot promise much. But I come to the performance of my new duties cheerfully, and with the frankness and integrity of a man in *sober earnest* to do what I can.

"Knowing and admiring, as I always have done, the noble generosity of the Virginian character, I throw myself unreservedly upon the clemency, and I expect the prompt, cordial, efficient co-operation of this honorable Board of Trustees. I do more. With a heart still bleeding under a recent and final separation from that beloved people, whose sympathies and prayers have been the solace of my past life for years, I throw myself upon the kindness of this privileged Christian community. Most gladly would I find a home in their affections. Most devoutly do I hope for and desire the sustaining influence of their sympathies and of their supplications to heaven in my behalf and in behalf of this Institution. Let all the pious and prayerful join with me to-day, in a renewed consecration of this College to God, under the deep conviction that 'except the Lord keep the city the watchman waketh but in vain.' With such for my allies, and God as my help, I shall enter on my labors with the assurance that the inspiring motto—'*nil desperandum est*'—is far more applicable to Hampden Sydney than it was to the republic of Rome in the zenith of her glory."

EULOGIES ON MARSHALL.

1. Judge Story's Discourse. 2. Binney's Eulogium.

We have received Mr. Binney's Eulogy pronounced at Philadelphia, and Judge Story's Discourse in Boston, upon our great and lamented countryman, fellow-townsmen, neighbor, and friend—for by all these names did a fortuitous conjuncture of circumstances, including his own kind and prideless heart, entitle us to call him. We have read them both, with an interest created by long admiration and love for the subject, but rendered more intense by the beauties of the manner, in which the subject is displayed. We do not say, '*materiem superat opus*.' To such a material, no human skill could be incommensurately great: and Mr. Binney speaks with no less truth than modesty, in making it the consolation alike of the humblest, and of the most gifted eulogist, "that the case of this illustrious man is one, in which to give with simplicity the record of his life," is most nearly to copy "the great original;" and to attempt more, "is

..... 'with taper light

To seek the beauteous eye of Heaven to garish."

But except Everett among the living, and Wirt and Ames among the departed of our countrymen, we doubt if any American, with the effusions of whose mind we are familiar, could have more closely rivalled by language the character and the actions attempted to be portrayed.

It is not our purpose now to review these two eulogies. A more extended notice of them, and of their great subject, we defer for our next number; in which we shall, perhaps, give also a few light personal reminiscences of Judge Marshall.

MINOR'S ADDRESS.

An Address on Education, as connected with the Permanence of our Republican Institutions. Delivered before the Institute of Education of Hampden Sidney College, at its Anniversary Meeting, September the 24th, 1835, on the invitation of that Body. By Lucian Minor, Esq. of Louisa. Published by request of the Institute.

We earnestly call the attention of the public at large, but more especially the attention of all good citizens of Virginia, to the Address with whose title this article is headed. It will be found entire in the columns of the Messenger—but its appearance, likewise, in pamphlet form, simultaneously with the issuing of the present number, affords us an opportunity of noticing it editorially without deviating from established rules.

Virginia is indebted to Mr. Minor—indebted for the seasonable application of his remarks, and doubly indebted for the brilliant eloquence, and impressive energy with which he has enforced them. We sincerely wish—nay, we even confidently hope, that words so full of warning, and at the same time so pregnant with truth, may succeed in stirring up something akin to action in the legislative halls of the land. Indeed there is no time to squander in speculation. The most lukewarm friend of the State must perceive—if he perceives any thing—that the glory of the Ancient Dominion is in a fainting—is in a dying condition. Her once great name is becoming, in the North, a bye-word for imbecility—all over the South, a type for "the things that have

been." And tamely to ponder upon times gone by is not to meet the exigencies of times present or to come. Memory will not help us. The recollection of our former high estate will not benefit us. Let us act. While we have a resource let us make it of avail. Let us proceed, at once, to the establishment throughout the country, of *district schools*, upon a plan of organization similar to that of our New England friends. If then, in time, Virginia shall be regenerated—if she shall, hereafter, assume, as is just, that proud station from which her own supine and over-weening self-esteem has been the means of precipitating her, "it will all be owing," (we take pleasure in repeating the noble and prophetic words of Mr. Minor,) "it will all be owing, under Providence, to the hearkening to that voice—not loud, but solemn and earnest—which from the shrine of Reason and the tombs of buried commonwealths, reiterates and enforces the momentous precept—'ENLIGHTEN THE PEOPLE.'"

LEGENDS OF A LOG CABIN.

Legends of a Log Cabin. By a Western Man. New York: George Dearborn, Publisher.

We have been much interested in this book in spite of some very glaring faults and absurdities with which it is besprinkled. The work is dedicated to Charles F. Hoffman, Esq. the author of *A Winter in the West*, (why will our writers persist in this piece of starched and antique affectation?) and consists of seven Tales, viz. *The Hunter's Vow*, *The Heiress of Brandebury*, *The Frenchman's Story*, *The Englishman's Story*, *The Yankee's Story*, *The Wyandot's Story*, and *The Minute Men*. The plot will be readily conceived. A heterogeneous company are assembled by accident, on a snowy night, in the Log Cabin of a Western hunter, and, *pour passer le temps*, amuse themselves in telling Stories.

The Hunter's Vow is, we think, the best of the series. A dreamy student who can never be induced to forsake his books for the more appropriate toils of a backwoods' existence, is suddenly aroused from his apathy by the murder of his old father by an Indian—a murder which takes place under the scholar's own eyes, and which might have been prevented but for his ignorance in the art of handling and loading a rifle. The entire change wrought in the boy's character is well managed. *The Heiress of Brandebury* is a tale neither so verisimilar, nor so well told. It details the love of a Virginian heiress for a Methodist of no very enticing character; and concludes by the utter subversion, through the means of all powerful love, of the lady's long cherished notions of aristocracy. *The Frenchman's Story* has appeared before in the *American Monthly Magazine*. It is a well imagined and well executed tale of the French Revolution. The fate of M. Girond "*who left town suddenly*," is related with that air of naked and unvarnished truth so apt to render even a silly narrative interesting. *The Englishman's Story* is a failure—full of such palpable folly that we have a difficulty in ascribing it to the same pen which wrote the other portions of the volume. The whole tale betrays a gross ignorance of law in general—and of English law in especial. *The Yankee's Story* is much better—but not very good. We have our doubts as to the genuine Yankeeism of the narrator. His language, at all events, savors but little of *Down East*.

The Wyandot's Story is also good (this too has appeared in the *American Monthly Magazine*)—but we have fault to find, likewise, with the phraseology in this instance. No Indian, let Chateaubriand and others say what they please, ever indulged, for a half hour at a time, in the disjointed and hyperbolic humbug here attributed to the Wyandot. *The Minute Men* is the last of the series, and from its being told by the author himself, is, we suppose, considered by him the best. It is a tale of the year seventy-five—but, although interesting, we do not think it equal to either *The Frenchman's Story* or *The Hunter's Vow*. We recommend the volume to the attention of our readers. It is excellently gotten up.

TRAITS OF AMERICAN LIFE.

Traits of American Life. By Mrs. Sarah J. Hale, Editor of "*The American Ladies' Magazine*," and Author of "*Northwood*," "*Flora's Interpreter*," &c. &c. Philadelphia: E. L. Carey, and A. Hart.

This volume is beautifully printed—and we are happy in being able to say, conscientiously, that its neat external appearance is its very least recommendation. We are, however, at a loss to understand the Preface—can it be that its ambiguity is intentional? "The Sketches and Stories here offered to the public"—says Mrs. Hale—"have not entirely the attraction of novelty to plead in their favor—but the author trusts that the sentiments inculcated, and principles illustrated, are such as will bear a reiteration." Does Mrs. H. mean to say that these stories have been published in any form before? (if so, she should have said it more explicitly)—or does she allude merely to novelty of manner or of matter? We think that some of these sketches are old acquaintances of ours.

The volume consists of fourteen different articles. The Lloyds—The Catholic Convert—The Silver Mine—Political Parties—A New Year's Story—Captain Glover's Daughter—The Fate of a Favorite—The Romance of Travelling—The Thanksgiving of the Heart—The Lottery Ticket—An Old Maid—Ladies' Fairs—The Mode—and The Mysterious Box. The Silver Mine is, perhaps, the best of the whole—but they are all written with grace and spirit, and form a volume of exceeding interest. Mrs. Hale has already attained a high rank among the female writers of America, and bids fair to attain a far higher.

WESTERN SKETCHES.

Sketches of History, Life, and Manners in the West. By James Hall. Philadelphia: Harrison Hall.

Mr. Hall has made himself extensively known by his Tales and Legends, as well as by his labors in the editorship of the *Western Monthly Magazine*. From his long residence in the West, and from his undoubted abilities as a writer, we should suppose he would be excellently qualified to write precisely such a book as he has written. His object in the present publication seems to be not so much the furnishing of topographical or statistical details, as the sketching of character and life in the West, prior to the close of the late war. To those who are at all acquainted with Mr. Hall, or with Mr. Hall's writings, it is superfluous to say that the book is well written. Wild romance and exciting adventure form its staple.

The policy of our government in regard to the Aborigines is detailed in the commencement of the first volume—the latter portion is occupied with the manners and customs of the French in the great valley of the Mississippi, and with the adventures of the white settlers on the Ohio. The second volume is more varied, and, we think, by far more interesting. It treats, among other things, of Burr's conspiracy—of the difficulties experienced in Mississippi navigation, and of the various military operations carried on in the wilderness of the North West. An Appendix, at the end of the book, embraces some papers relative to the first settlement of Kentucky—none of which have hitherto been published. We confidently recommend to our readers the *Western Sketches* of Mr. Hall, in the full anticipation of their finding in the book a fund both of information and amusement.

AMERICAN ALMANAC.

The American Almanac, and Repository of Useful Knowledge, for the year 1836. Boston: Published by Charles Bowen.

This is the seventh number of this invaluable work. Its editor, from the first year of its publication, is understood to have been J. E. Worcester, Esq. the indefatigable author and compiler of a number of works requiring great industry, perseverance, and talent. Nearly twenty years ago he became known to the public by his *Universal Gazetteer*, a second edition of which, at the present time, we agree with the *North American Review* in thinking would be highly acceptable to the public. Mr. Worcester has also published a *Gazetteer of the United States*—*The Elements of Geography*—*The Elements of History*—*The Historical Atlas*—an Edition of *Johnson's Dictionary*, as improved by Todd and abridged by Chalmers—an *Abridgment of the American Dictionary of Dr. Webster*—and, lastly, *A Comprehensive Pronouncing and Explanatory Dictionary of the English Language*, with *Pronouncing Vocabularies of Classical, Scripture, and Modern Geographical Names*—all of them works of intrinsic merit.

The *American Almanac* has long had a well-established reputation, and Mr. Worcester is understood to have prepared, invariably, all of its valuable contents with the exception of the astronomical department. When we consider the great variety of topics treated of, and the extreme difficulty of procuring accurate information in relation to many of them, we must all admire the energy of the editor in having brought the work to its present high state of perfection and utility. We know of no publication of the kind more fully entitled to be called "*A Repository of Useful Knowledge*."

The *Almanac* for 1836 contains the usual Register of the General and State Governments, together with a vast amount of statistical and miscellaneous matter; but "it is more particularly characterized by an account of the principal Benevolent Institutions in the United States, and a view of the Ecclesiastical Statistics of the Religious Denominations."

We believe that no work of an equal extent in America contains as much important statistical information as the seven volumes of the *American Almanac*. We are happy to learn that complete sets of the publication can still be obtained.

CLINTON BRADSHAW.

Clinton Bradshaw; or The Adventures of a Lawyer. Philadelphia: Carey, Lea & Blanchard.

We have no doubt this book will be a favorite with many readers—but for our own parts we do not like it. While the author aims at originality, and evidently fancies himself the pioneer of a new region in fictitious literature, he has, we think, unwittingly stumbled upon that very worst species of imitation, the *paraphrased*. *Clinton Bradshaw, or the Adventures of a Lawyer*, is intended, we humbly conceive, as a pendant, in America, to *Henry Pelham, or the Adventures of a Gentleman*, in England. There are, however, some little awkward discrepancies. When Pelham luxuriates in the drawing-room, and Bradshaw is obstreperous in the tavern, no ingenuity can sustain a parallel. The polished manners of the one are not equalled by even the self-polished pumps of the other. When the British hero is witty and *recherché*, the American fails to rival him by merely trying to be both. The exquisite's conversation is sentiment itself, and we have no stomach afterwards for the lawyer's sentiment and water.

"The plan of this novel," says a correspondent of a contemporary Magazine, for whose editorial opinions we have the highest respect, "is exceedingly simple, and the moral it unfolds, if not of the most elevated kind, is still useful and highly applicable to our existing state of society. It is the story of a young lawyer of limited means, and popular talents, whose ambition urges him to elevate himself by all the honorable methods in his power. His professional pursuits lead him among the coarsest criminals, while his political career brings him in contact with the venal and corrupt of all parties. But true alike to himself and the community of which he is a member, the stern principles of a republican, and the uncompromising spirit of a gentleman, are operative under all circumstances." These words we quote as affording, in a brief space, some idea of the plot of Clinton Bradshaw. We repeat, however, that we dislike the novel, considered as a novel. Some detached passages are very good. The chief excellence of the book consists in a certain Flemish caricaturing of vulgar habits and action. The whole puts us irresistibly in mind of *High Life below Stairs*. Its author is, we understand, a gentleman of Cincinnati.

ENGLISH ANNUALS.

Friendship's Offering and Winter's Wreath for 1836—a beautiful souvenir. The literary portion unusually good. The tale of *The Countess*, by Mrs. Norton, is the best article in the book. The embellishments are mostly of a high order. Plate No. 7—*The Countess*, engraved by H. T. Ryall, from an original painting by E. T. Parris, is exquisite indeed—unsurpassed by any plate within our knowledge.

The Forget Me Not for 1836, edited by Shoberl, is, perhaps, superior to the *Winter's Wreath* in pictorial, although slightly inferior in literary merit. All the engravings here are admirable.

Fisher's Drawing-Room Scrap-Book for 1836, edited by L. E. L. is, in typographical beauty, unrivalled.—The literary portion of the work is but so so, although written nearly altogether by L. E. L. These *Annals* may all be obtained, in Richmond, at the bookstore of Mr. C. Hall.

SOUTHERN LITERARY MESSENGER.

VOL. II.

RICHMOND, JANUARY, 1836.

NO. II.

T. W. WHITE, PROPRIETOR.

FIVE DOLLARS PER ANNUM.

SKETCHES OF THE HISTORY

AND PRESENT CONDITION OF TRIPOLI, WITH SOME ACCOUNTS OF THE OTHER BARBARY STATES.

NO. X.—(Continued.)

The writer of these Sketches endeavors to give *entire* in each number, some distinct portion of the history of the Barbary States; this however is in some cases impracticable, either from want of time on his part, or from want of place in the sheets of the Messenger. The present number will contain merely the conclusion of the portion, commenced in the last, so that the next, may embrace the whole of the war between France and Algiers.

In a country where the establishment of innocence or guilt depends much less on the weight and character of evidence, than on the interests or influence of those possessing power, and where punishment is entirely disproportioned to offence, no unfavorable inference could be fairly drawn from the flight of the accused. The D'Ghies family had been uniformly the friends of the Americans, and Hassuna although suspected of too much devotion to the interests of France, upon the whole bore a fair character, and was on terms of social intimacy with the family of Mr. Coxe. The charge against him was of a strange nature, and one not likely to be substantiated; he protested that he was innocent of all improper conduct with regard to the unfortunate traveller, that the British Consul was anxious to procure his destruction from motives of personal enmity, and that his only desire was to go to England where he could easily clear himself from all imputations. Nor could any feelings of peculiar delicacy towards the British Consul be expected to influence Mr. Coxe on this occasion. The efforts made by Warrington in 1813 to rescue Morat Rais, after the attack on the American Consul, have been already noticed; he had also in 1828 endeavored, though ineffectually, to protect Dr. Sherry an Englishman who had circulated a story that the frigate Philadelphia was burnt by Maltese hired for the purpose by the Americans; and he had on various other occasions advanced pretensions to superiority over the Consul of the United States, which were unfounded and insulting.

Under these circumstances, Mr. Coxe resolved to protect the fugitive minister, and he therefore immediately wrote a letter to the Pasha, in which he requested a *Testere* or written assurance under the seal of the State, that no attempt would be made to molest Hassuna; stating at the same time, that he only required what was frequently granted to the other Consuls. No answer having been made to this request, it was repeated on the 7th of August. On the 9th the Pasha replied by letter that he could not grant the warrant for Hassuna's safety, as the affair was one of great importance between himself and the British Government, and in which the American Consul was in no wise concerned; he added that if Mr. Coxe could obtain Warrington's permission

in writing to interfere in the case and deposit it with him, he would make no farther objection, and that the American Consul "might however keep Hassuna in his house until the affair should be decided."

Mr. Coxe was naturally indignant at the terms of this letter, by which his exercise of a right allowed to other Consuls, was made to depend upon the will of the representative of Great Britain; and the more so as he had reason to suspect, that it had been dictated by Warrington himself. To keep Hassuna in his house until the affair was decided, would be merely to act as his jailer until the hour of his execution; for the Pasha it was well known would not scruple to declare him guilty of theft or murder if the British Consul should require it, and it would be scarcely reconcileable either with principle or usage, to continue to protect a man, after his conviction of such crimes according to the forms of law of the country.

Fortunately at this moment the American sloop of war Fairfield had just entered the harbor of Tripoli, and her commander Captain Parker, after examining the circumstances of the case as far as known, agreed to receive Hassuna on board his ship, and to conduct him to some place from which he could with safety proceed to England. Being anxious however to secure themselves from charges of improper conduct on the part of the Government, the plan was privately intimated to Yusuf, and they were not disappointed in their expectations, that he would rejoice at being thus delivered from the difficulty. The guards were indeed doubled on that night, and they patrolled the streets leading from the American Consulate to the harbor, but this was only intended to deceive Warrington; for Hassuna was safely conducted on board the Fairfield, in the dress of a Christian, without any interruption from the numerous parties of soldiers whom they met on the way.

When Hassuna's evasion was known in Tripoli, the utmost joy was manifested by the inhabitants, and he received on board the Fairfield the visits of Hadji Massen and of many other principal persons of the city, who congratulated him openly on his escape from the vengeance of the British Consul. The Fairfield remained in Tripoli until the 14th of August, during which period every attention was received by her officers from the Pasha and his Court; she then sailed for Tunis, and from that place to Port Mahon, where Hassuna left her; but instead of proceeding to England as he had declared to be his intention, he went by way of Spain to France in which country he has since resided.

On the 10th of August Mr. Warrington addressed a most angry epistle to the American Consul, in which after asserting that D'Ghies had been "proved guilty of fraud and theft and suspected of murder," and taking it "for granted that the Commander of the Fairfield must be perfectly well acquainted with the delinquency of the fugitive," he requested that his letter should be shown to Captain Parker; declaring in conclusion that should the criminal escape from justice the whole responsibility would rest upon Mr. Coxe, and the case

be submitted to the American Government. Mr. Coxe replied on the 11th that he had yet to learn how and when the guilt of Hassuna had been established; and that although he deeply lamented the fate of Major Laing, yet his feelings should not prevent him from maintaining the honor of his flag, nor induce him to submit to any dictation. On receipt of this answer Col. Warrington entered a protest in the name of his Government against Mr. Coxe's interference in the affair; the Pasha also addressed a letter on the 12th to the American Consul, in which he declared that person answerable for all the consequences of Hassuna's departure, and expressed his resolution to complain to the Government of the United States on the subject. This letter although bearing the seal of the Pasha, was written in Italian in the hand of the Chancellor of the British Consulate, and delivered by Vanbreugel the Consul of the Netherlands who was known to be devoted to the service of Warrington. These circumstances rendered it extremely probable that the letter was drawn up by the British Consul and merely sealed by Yusuf as a peace offering, particularly as the British flag was again displayed on the following day in token of reconciliation. Under this impression Mr. Coxe replied on the 14th, that so far from fearing inquiries as to his conduct, he had already submitted the circumstances to the consideration of his Government, not doubting that it would approve a course by which the Pasha of Tripoli "had been indirectly saved from great trouble and uneasiness." Here the American Consul's agency in the affair terminated; a few days after Yusuf at a private audience, expressed the most friendly feelings to Mr. Coxe, and hinted his satisfaction at having been thus happily extricated from so disagreeable a situation.

Meanwhile Mohammed D'Ghies remained in the house of Baron Rousseau. On the 12th of August Colonel Warrington accompanied by some other Consuls, made a formal demand on the Baron for the delivery of Major Laing's papers, exhibiting the deposition of D'Ghies in support of his proceedings. Rousseau appeared to be highly indignant at this demand, and Mohammed on seeing the declaration which was said to have been made by him, denied all knowledge of it; having been assured however that no injury would be done to him, he left his asylum and in the presence of the Pasha and the greater part of the Consular corps, he repeated the assertion first made to the Bey, declaring at the same time that his subsequent denial had been extorted from him by the French Consul, who had threatened otherwise to expel him from his house. Baron Rousseau upon this struck his flag, and immediately embarked with his whole family for France, without deigning to make any reply to the accusations preferred against him; his departure while the affair was undetermined, and he had nothing to fear but exposure, was certainly not calculated to produce an impression in his favor.

Soon after the French Consul had quitted Tripoli, the persons whom the Pasha had summoned from the South arrived, and were examined in the presence of the British and other Consuls. It would be unfair to condemn any man on the testimony of Moors and Arabs, as those people appear to be morally incapable of giving a correct account; particularly too when as in this case the examination was exclusively conducted by those who

were opposed to the accused. From the accounts of Col. Warrington, it appears to have been clearly established by their examinations, that the papers of Major Laing were received by Hassuna about the spring of 1828; of their having been delivered by him to the French Consul no direct evidence has been adduced besides the declaration of Mohammed D'Ghies. Many collateral circumstances however united to confirm this statement, and even Mr. Coxe notwithstanding all the prepossessions which he may be supposed to have entertained in favor of Hassuna and against Colonel Warrington, admitted to the latter on the 20th of November 1829, his conviction that the communications of the unfortunate traveller had been thus disposed of.

This affair excited much attention in Europe when the circumstances became known there. The British Ambassador at Paris was instructed by his Government, to demand from that of France, explanations with regard to the conduct of its Representative in Tripoli. A commission was accordingly instituted at Paris, which after interrogating Rousseau and examining the proofs presented, declared the charge against him to be wholly without foundation, and that against Hassuna D'Ghies to be unsupported by sufficient evidence. The Government of Great Britain appears to have been satisfied with this decision; the measures adopted by France in consequence of it will be hereafter related. The London Quarterly Review however, in which several articles relative to Laing had already appeared, protested against the report of the commission; the number of that periodical for March 1830, contains a statement of the circumstances which occurred in Tripoli so partial, so unjust, and accompanied with such illiberal remarks with regard to Mr. Coxe, that some notice of it seems here to be necessary.

From the minuteness with which many of the events are detailed in this Review, and the apparent precision as to dates, it is probable that the materials were furnished by Colonel Warrington himself: yet the statement is defective with regard to several important particulars; facts with which the British Consul was undoubtedly acquainted, and which might have given a different color to the case, are omitted; and there are errors calculated to lessen confidence in accounts not confirmed by other testimony than the assertion of the Reviewer. One of these errors is remarkable, and it is not easy to conceive that it arose from accident. In the Review it is said that the Pasha made his declaration respecting the receipt of the papers by Hassuna and their delivery to the French Consul, on the 5th of August; that in consequence of this, D'Ghies had taken refuge in the American Consulate on the 9th, and had been transferred on the same night to the Fairfield, which sailed the day after. Thus Mr. Coxe is represented as having acted with so much haste, that it was impossible for the Pasha or Colonel Warrington to explain the motives of their desire to arrest Hassuna, or to take any measures for proving his guilt until he was beyond their reach. Now from the official documents of the American Consulate, it appears that D'Ghies sought an asylum there on the 20th of July, that he was placed on board ship on the 9th of August, and that the Fairfield remained in the harbor until the 14th; he therefore passed nearly three weeks in the house of Mr. Coxe, during which the Pasha was twice requested

to give an assurance for his safety such as had been often granted in similar cases to Consuls of other Powers; he was not placed on board the *Fairfield* until an invasion of the Consular dwelling was reasonably apprehended, and he continued in the port five days afterwards on board that ship. These circumstances must have been known to the person who furnished the materials for the article, and should in honor have been stated correctly.

The motives assigned in the Review for Hassuna's intercepting the papers, are that he had arranged some plan either for destroying Major Laing, or for extorting money from his friends in order to insure his safe return; that this plan had been discovered by the traveller, and that D'Ghies, learning that his schemes had been thus penetrated by the person who was their principal object, had suppressed the communications in order to prevent the exposure of his villainy. This supposition appears to be founded chiefly, if not entirely, on a passage in one of the letters received from Laing, intimating the discovery of some treachery on the part of those about him; the charge that Hassuna had been accessory to the murder of the traveller, is to be attributed only to the enmity of Warrington, as nothing has been elicited in any way calculated to confirm it. With regard to the French Consul's share in the affair, the Reviewer after citing some plausible reasons for believing him to have been implicated, and many which are utterly futile, seems to consider that he may have been induced to such dishonorable conduct purely from desire to obtain distinction by appropriating to himself in some way, the results of Laing's expedition. The grounds for this opinion are that Rousseau had for some time previous, been engaged in researches concerning the interior of Africa, upon which subject he not only corresponded with scientific societies in France, but also conducted a journal in Tripoli.

The Reviewer however in all these accounts and conjectures, is careful to forget that Hassuna was the Prime Minister of Tripoli, that political reasons may have impelled him to prevent the delivery of the papers, and that he may have acted in the whole affair conformably with the usages not only of Tripoli, but of almost every Government in Europe. A British officer engaged in exploring the interior of Africa, may well have been the object of suspicion at Tripoli. Has scientific research been even ostensibly the only motive for such expeditions? Would Major Laing have been permitted to proceed under this pretext through certain parts of Russia? Would a French or Russian officer until lately have been allowed to visit British India? The Tripoline Government did not dare refuse a passage to the English traveller through its dominions; his actions were doubtless observed, and it was proper that they should have been; his letters may have been opened, may have been found to contain matter the communication of which would be dangerous to the state, may have been in consequence destroyed, may have been even delivered to a Consul of another Power. Such things are constantly done in St. Petersburg, in Vienna, in Paris, and in many other places, and although they cannot be defended, yet it is scarcely fair to brand the African Minister with infamy for that which is daily practised by Metternich, Nesselrode and Thiers.

A PÆAN.

How shall the burial rite be read?
The solemn song be sung?
The requiem for the loveliest dead,
That ever died so young?
Her friends are gazing on her,
And on her gaudy bier,
And weep!—oh! to dishonor
Her beauty with a tear!
They loved her for her wealth—
And they hated her for her pride—
But she grew in feeble health,
And they love her—that she died.
They tell me (while they speak
Of her "costly broider'd pall")
That my voice is growing weak—
That I should not sing at all—
Or that my tone should be
Tun'd to such solemn song
So mournfully—so mournfully,
That the dead may feel no wrong.
But she is gone above,
With young Hope at her side,
And I am drunk with love
Of the dead, who is my bride.
Of the dead—dead—who lies
All motionless,
With the death upon her eyes,
And the life upon each tress.
In June she died—in June
Of life—beloved, and fair;
But she did not die too soon,
Nor with too calm an air.
From more than fiends on earth,
Helen, thy soul is riven,
To join the all-hallowed mirth
Of more than thrones in heaven—
Therefore, to thee this night
I will no requiem raise,
But waft thee on thy flight,
With a Pæan of old days.

E. A. P.

CHARLOT TAYON.

It is curious to speculate on the infinite variety of causes which have influence in the formation of character; on the numerous diversities which are found under different circumstances; and the multiplicity of qualities, which, in their various combinations, make up each whole. What any man might have become under different training, or with different fortunes, it is vain even to conjecture. Yet we cannot refrain from *speculating* on the change which circumstances might have made in the characters and destinies of many, who "crawl from the cradle to the grave" unregarded and unknown.

Poor old Charlot Tayon! I have often puzzled myself to tell to what class of men he belonged by nature. Illiterate, uncultivated, ignorant, bred up on the outermost verge of civilized life, and spending all the prime of youth and manhood far beyond it, it was hard to tell

whether this rude training had encouraged or retarded the growth of those qualities which made him in my eyes a remarkable man.

A native of upper Louisiana, he had entered, in early youth, into the service of the king of Spain as a private soldier. His corps was one of those whose duties condemned them to pass their days in the wild prairies, which, extending from the neighborhood of the Mississippi to the Rio del Norte, serve rather as the range than the habitation of small but numerous bands of Indians. Such a life is of course a life of toil, hardship, and danger. The qualities which fit a man to encounter these, are, under other circumstances, rewarded by fame. Even in scenes so remote, they do not always fail of a reward, which to him who receives it seems like fame. His few companions are his world, and their applause is to him the applause of the world. He perils every thing to win it, and, having fought his way to the head of a company of rangers, is as proud, and with good reason, as Wellington himself of all his honors, purchased at less expense of hardship or danger. It is thus that I account for the unequalled pride of this poor old man, associated as it was in his uncultivated mind with all that lofty courtesy which so surely accompanies a just sense of unquestioned and unquestionable merit.

I have said that he began life as a common soldier. A campaign of hard service was rewarded by the rank of fourth corporal. Another gave him the third place among these humble but important officers. In eight years he rose, step by step, and year by year, to the rank of first sergeant. Three more placed him, by the like regular gradations, at the head of his company.

As this was an independent corps, serving at a distance from the settlements, and only returning to them at long intervals, his station was one of great responsibility. This he assumed boldly, and exercised freely. Incapable of fear, he was not easily withheld from danger by a distant authority, and, relying on the brave man's maxim, "that success in war justifies a breach of orders," he made little scruple of disregarding his, whenever an opportunity of striking a blow presented itself. On some such occasion he incurred the displeasure of his immediate superior, the commandant at St. Charles. To this worthy, the success which exposed the impolicy of his own cautious prudence, was by no means a justification for disobedience. He accordingly recalled Tayon, imprisoned him, and sent him in chains to New Orleans.

Here the history of his imputed offence was so creditable to him, and the bearing of the rude soldier so forcibly struck the intendant, that his persecutor was deposed, and the prisoner returned in triumph, bearing with him a commission as commandant of the post.

This was, in his estimation, the acmé of greatness to a subject. Of the unapproachable majesty of the "King his master," as he delighted to call him, he might have formed some such conception as we have of angelic natures. But among mere men of common mould, he had seen nothing, until his forced journey to New Orleans, and had perhaps never imagined any thing above the dignity that encircled the commandant at St. Charles.

There is nothing strange in this. An officer at once judicial and executive, supreme in both capacities, al-

ways acting in person, and enforcing his authority by the summary processes of despotism, is an awful personage in his province. Though but a king of Liliput, he is a king to Liliputians, and especially to himself. Such was Charlot Tayon in his own estimation; he truly "bore him like a king," and when the throne of his power was removed from under him, he lost nothing of majesty in his fall. He was neither Dionysius at Corinth, nor Bonaparte at St. Helena. He was neither familiar, nor peevish, nor querulous, but sat himself down, in quiet poverty, in a cottage on the edge of the village over which he had reigned.

I saw him but seldom, but always delighted to converse with him. I found him uniformly affable, courteous and communicative. Though too self-respectful to talk gratuitously about himself, a little address alone was necessary to make him do so. He spoke not a word of English, but though illiterate, (for he could not read) his French was remarkably pure and euphonical. French has often seemed to me the appropriate language for monkeys. In his mouth it was the language of a man. Speaking slowly, deliberately, and calmly, in a strong, stern, sustained tone, with a countenance which bore no trace even of a by-gone smile, there was more to strike the ear, and awaken the imagination, in his manner, than in that of any man I ever saw. The *tout ensemble* spoke an ever present, deep, but proud and uncomplaining sense of wrong unutterable and irreparable. His figure, except on horseback, was awkward and ungainly. He was very old, and moved with difficulty. His short legs and arms, his broad bony hands, and his huge Roman nose, reminded me always of the legs, claws, and beak of a parrot. His features, however, were not bad, though harsh. A deep-set dark grey eye surmounted by a shaggy brow, and a mouth firmly compressed and flat, were in perfect keeping with the rest of his face, and in character with the man. His dress was uniformly a blue cotton hunting shirt and trousers, with moccasins on his feet, and a blue cotton handkerchief tied on his head in what is called the French fashion, with the ends hanging far down his back. In this garb his centaur figure, mounted on the back of a wild horse, was certainly one of the most picturesque I ever saw.

I once drew from him a sort of sketch of his life. It was little more than a confirmation of what I had heard from others. This I have already mentioned. But his manner, and the ideas which escaped from him, gave me more insight into his character. His was the first example I had ever seen of loyalty, not originating in personal attachment, wholly uninfluenced by personal considerations, adopted as a principle, but cherished into a passion. I doubt if he knew whether the king he served was king of France or of Spain, and am very sure that he knew no difference between Charles 3d, Charles 4th, and Ferdinand. Whoever he was, he was "*Le Roi mon maître*." As such he always spoke of him to the last, owning no other allegiance, acknowledging no other political obligation but the will and pleasure of the "king his master." Was he therefore malcontent?—just the reverse. "The king my master laid his commands upon me, to deliver up the post which he had done me the honor to place under my authority, to an officer appointed to receive it on behalf of the government of the United States; and I obeyed

him. He gave me to understand at the same time that it was his pleasure that I and my people should submit to the authority of the United States, and conform to their laws, and I have obeyed him. You see me quietly acquiescing in the new order of things, and endeavoring in all things to regulate myself by your laws; and I do so, because the king my master has commanded it."

There was nothing in his manner of saying this, betokening that restiveness with which men submit to what they cannot help. He seemed merely to find a satisfaction in rehearsing the principles by which he had always professed to be governed, and contemplating the conformity between these and his actions.

At the time of the cession of Louisiana to the United States, the old man was in comfortable circumstances. The best house in the village was his, and he had slaves and several arpens in the common field.* But he had now fallen on evil days. He scorned to acquire any knowledge of the language, laws, and customs of the new masters of the country, and desired only to live in retirement and obscurity. But he could not help having some dealings with the world, and the management of these he committed to an only son, who had acquired a considerable proficiency both in our language and laws.

But if Master Louis excelled his father in these things, he was as much his inferior in every honorable and manly virtue. In short, a greater knave never breathed, as soon appeared by his so managing the old man's affairs as to reduce him to want. At the same time his craft, though sufficient to defraud his father, was no defence against the superior art of the adventurers who flocked to the country. He too was reduced to poverty, and spurned by his father, detested by his countrymen, and despised by the Anglo-Americans, his name was a by-word of scorn. But he still bustled about, trafficking in every thing he could lay his hands upon, negotiating bargains between new comers and the old inhabitants, and cheating both as often as he could. But the profits of his villainy were small, for he was too cautious to venture on any bold measure.

At length, however, the fiend he served seemed to have betrayed him into the hands of his enemies. At the opening of one of the terms of St. Charles' Court, I found his name on the criminal docket. I looked for the charge, and found it to be for stealing a slave. This was a capital offence, and I at once concluded that Louis' time was come. He had not a friend on earth. No witness could be expected to soften a word of testimony; no juror would do violence to his conscience for his sake, and he had therefore no hope but in innocence; and nothing could be more improbable than that.

The trial came on. In a corner of the room I observed a cluster of the poor peasantry of the village huddled together with looks of concern and awe, occasionally muttering in low and earnest tones. They are a good-natured people, and I was not surprised to see, as I supposed, some tokens of relenting toward poor

Louis. But I was soon led to put a different construction on their manner, when I caught a glimpse of a figure sitting with the head bowed between the knees, which I at once recognized as that of the culprit's father.

As the cause proceeded, the excited interest of the old man came in aid of his pride, and he at length raised himself; made signs to those around him to stand aside, and thus sat full before me. He was pale and ghastly, and his eye was sunken, fixed, and rayless. With a countenance betokening stupor, like that of one just recovering from a stunning blow, he appeared to look on without seeing, and to listen without hearing.

It turned out that Louis' case was not so bad as I had apprehended. The prosecution was conceived in folly or malice, for the slave had been taken on a claim of property, by the advice of a lawyer. Of course I had but to say a few words to the jury, and he was acquitted.

This turn of the case was so sudden, that the poor Frenchmen, who understood only a word here and there, were unprepared for it, and began among themselves areager jabbering, which at length awakened the faculties of the old man. He caught a few words, and then seemed, for the first time, to listen understandingly to what he heard. But whatever emotion he felt was either repressed by self-command, or buried in the depth of conscious abasement. He soon rose, and left the room, followed by the little party that had surrounded him.

The next morning I happened to be passing through the bar-room of the house I lodged in, and as I entered the door, I heard the bar-keeper say, "Here he is." I looked up. There was only one other person present, and his back was to me. Turning at the moment, I saw that it was old Charlot. I immediately approached him, accosting him with marked courtesy. He seemed not to hear me, but tottered toward me, looking up in my face with a dim lack-lustre eye, as if endeavoring to distinguish who I was. As I accosted him, extending my hand, he laid hold of it and drew himself forward, still gazing on me with the same fixed inquiring look. "*C'est Monsieur le Juge?*" asked he, in a subdued and tremulous voice. At the moment his eye found the answer to his question, and, before I could speak, he had fallen on his knees, and my hand was pressed to his lips, and bathed in tears which rained from his wintry eyes. I was inexpressibly shocked, and more humbled in his humiliation than at any other moment of my life.

I raised him with difficulty, and in a voice choked by tears, he tried to speak. I knew what he would say, and replied to his meaning. "You have no cause to thank me," said I. "Your son had done nothing for which he could lawfully be punished; his acquittal was inevitable, and he has merely received sheer justice at my hands." While I spoke, he recovered himself enough to speak. "Ah! Monsieur," said he, "that is true. But in the case of a poor wretch, hated and despised by all, who neither has, nor deserves to have a friend on earth, is not mere justice something to be thankful for? Bad as he is, he is my only son, and I must have leave to thank you."

I led the poor old man to a seat, and tried as soon as possible to change the conversation, and lead his mind

* An arpen is the French acre. In the sense in which the word is here used, it means an allotment of land, in the common field of a village, of an arpen in breadth, and usually forty arpens in length. Three or four of these contiguous to each other, enclosed by the common ring fence, and brought under the plough, were sufficient to supply as much of the necessities and comforts of life as the simple peasantry of that country had any idea of.

to the topics on which I had before heard him dwell with pleasure. A question about his friend and comrade, the famous Philip Nolan, effected my object. His dim eye for a moment flashed up like the last flickering of an expiring lamp, and he became eloquent in praise of the companion of his youth, his fellow in arms, and partner in innumerable dangers. The excitement soon died away, but it subsided into calmness and self-possession. He rose, and took his leave with recovered dignity of manner. He tottered to the door, and to his horse, a half-broken colt, which he mounted with difficulty. As he touched the saddle, he became a new creature. His infirmities had disappeared, and he was now a part of the vigorous and fiery animal he bestrode. There he sat, swaying with every motion of the prancing horse, restraining his impatience with a skill and grace too habitual to forsake him, and with an air which betokened a momentary flush of pride. He was like Conrad restored to the deck of his own ship. I could not see his face, but I had pleasure in thinking that the excitement of the moment might operate as a cordial to his drooping spirit. I looked after him as he passed up the street in a curvetting gallop, with his head-gear streaming on the wind, and bethought me that I might never see him again.

I was not mistaken. The blow that brought him to his knees before any but his God, or "the king his master," had crushed his heart. He never held up his head again, and was soon at rest. The prevalence of the Catholic religion among the French has preserved one spot sacred to the men and customs of other days, and there he lies.

LINNÆUS AND WILSON.

Fisher Ames has remarked, that it is as difficult to compare great men, as great rivers. He might have found a happier illustration; but the meaning is obvious, that whilst distinguished men bear to each other some points of resemblance, they are remarkable for points of discrepancy. Johnson traced lines of analogy and contrast between Dryden and Pope, whilst Playfair did the same between Newton and Leibnitz. Plutarch led the way in this kind of writing, but his parallels were occasionally more fanciful than true.

In many things antiquity has excelled; but in natural science and in works of fiction, the palm is due to modern times. Cuvier and Pliny, could not be impartially measured, without giving to the former a decided advantage. The light which fell on the latter was dim, in comparison with that by which the philosopher of France was guided in his researches. Persian monarchs might formerly have been amused by the tales which adulation told in their presence; but Sir Walter Scott has redeemed fiction from many of the purposes to which it has been applied.

Among the scores of men who have devoted their talents to natural science, Linnæus and Wilson are not the least conspicuous, and they bore a likeness to each other in the obscurity of their origin. The first was the son of a Pastor, who lived in a village of Sweden, and partly sustained his family by cultivating a few beds of earth. The manse (to use a word familiar in Scotland,) has more than once been the birth place of genius, as Thomson, Armstrong, and the translator of

the *Lusiad* could have testified. The latter was descended of a line of peasantry—but they both evinced that science has palms to bestow, on all by whom they shall be nobly attempted and fairly won, whilst she leaves it to kings to adorn the undeserving with hereditary titles.

They both appear to have lived for a time out of their element, for the one had well nigh been sent to the awl, whilst the other was a weaver in Paisley. But the taste of Linnæus was early formed, whilst that of the ornithologist was not developed, until comparatively late in life. The biography of the Swede is full of incidents to show that his passion for plants took its rise in infancy, and grew with his years. The circumstances of his father being unexpectedly improved, the new residence of the Pastor was embellished by a garden, and though gardening had been his business, it now became an amusement. When the parent was employed among his plants, the son was seen by his side, drawing from paternal instruction, the elements of that science in which he was destined to excel. But the Ornithologist betrayed no early predilection for the branch of knowledge to which he subsequently became devoted. It was not until he had expatriated himself, and killed for his own sustenance, one of our forest birds—that the high resolve was formed of consecrating himself to the investigation of the feathered tribes. There is something striking in this event. An exile from Scotland, driven by poverty to seek an asylum on our shores, not knowing to what destiny his steps were tending, is reminded by an incident of the claims of science on his personal services. He had seen the birds of his own country, which Grahame had celebrated in one of his poems; but it is probable that the dishevelled plumage of the one alluded to deeply affected his mind. To an accident we owe a series of galvanic experiments, and the discovery of the law of gravitation; and if this be so, it is not to be wondered at, that to an event seemingly unimportant we should owe the enlargement of Ornithology.

Linnæus and Wilson made but small attainments in any other branch than the department in which each of them became eminent. The first was conspicuous in his medical profession, but this was the result of adventitious circumstances. He gained some acquaintance with Mineralogy, and even explored the province of Dalecarlia as a kind of Peripatetic Lecturer—but this branch belongs to Natural Science. He was sent in youth to an academy, with a view to prepare for the sacred office; but his habits, though marked by innocence, unfitted him for its duties. He appears to have been deficient in what Phrenologists call the organ of language, and especially in the acquisition of the modern tongues; but whilst others were becoming familiar with words, he was ruminating by Lake Helga, and stripping Lake Wetter of its plants, that the tribes of the North might learn to speak in flowers, and thereby resemble in traits of sentiment and imagination the caravans of the East. The attainments of the Ornithologist were from his circumstances necessarily limited. Confusion is generally consequent on education which has not discipline for its basis. Before Wilson left Scotland he attempted poetry, and some of his productions were attributed to Burns; but this kind of mistake is frequently made by the partiality of friends.

The poetical productions of the Ornithologist are not entitled to much consideration; at least his temperament in this respect was more vividly displayed in action than in verbal expression. Both possessed remarkable powers of analysis, and in each the elements of taste were mingled in such a way as to turn the scale in favor of science rather than of imagination. The genius of both moved in a limited but perfect circle. That filled by the Botanist was stocked with herbs and the foliage of the Zones, surmounted by the golden flowers of the Line—and all held together by a diamond chain, whilst the choice assemblage was enlivened by the hum of the insect tribes. The other filled by the Ornithologist, was supplied from the air, and he crowded within its circumference birds of emerald and ruby grain, in the centre of which the Eagle was poised, whilst his ear was regaled by the song chanted at intervals from the curling vines of the Tropics, or the volume of melody from the woodlands of his adopted country. Each of them eventually insulated his mind to his vocation, and this is better than dispersing mental power over various pursuits. They thus reduced their genius to something of an integral kind, without the appendage of fractional parts.

Linnaeus was not without decided advantages in those opportunities which foster intellect, promote emulation, and give impulse to genius. Hannah More has remarked that the best kind of education is drawn from the conversation of well-informed parents. It has been stated that the Botanist enjoyed this privilege in an eminent degree. His father took unusual pains to mature his mind, and though subjected to occasional disappointments, he met with friends even in Professors, who had sagacity to discern the sphere which he was one day to occupy. He found his way to the University of Lund, and subsequently to the one at Upsal, where lectures were delivered on his favorite science, and botanical gardens were open to his inspection. We are at a loss to imagine in what circumstances more delightful a scholar could have been placed, than those in which Linnaeus was placed when he took up his abode at Hartecamp, the villa of his friend Clifford, near Haerlem. Here he found books of science, and works of taste, exotic shrubs mingled with indigenous plants, museums filled with gems from the mines of Golconda, and cabinets full of shells culled from the grottoes of the sea, and from the beaches of distant oceans. But truth constrains us to place the Ornithologist in the back ground of this picture. We find him struggling with penury from the beginning, and even traversing the moors of Scotland in search of a precarious subsistence. No university opened to him its ancient gates and cloistered cells. No man of wealth placed aviaries under his superintendence, and decoyed for his use speckled birds into the captivity of some sylvan Paradise. After his removal to this country he met with friends, but like himself, they were for the most part penniless. Among them, Joseph Dennie is worthy of mention—a man prompt to encourage every good design. He was at that time editor of the *Port Folio*, and through the medium of that work he served the cause of Ornithology. Dennie was the pioneer of literature in this country, and he is to be measured by the quality rather than the quantity of his works. He wrote no brilliant poems or ingenious tales,

no dissertations in which philosophy led the way, and no historical works in which imposing events were arranged for the eye of posterity; but his Lay Preacher will always bear witness to the graceful structure of his mind.

Linnaeus and Wilson both encountered hardships in the attainment of their purpose. Scotland treated the one, and Sweden the other, with unfeeling neglect; but the Botanist seems to have suffered most from the jealousy of rival Professors. It is singular that envy should so often disturb the quiet of men devoted to liberal pursuits; but Newton permitted some of his works to lie by him unpublished for years, because he dreaded critical attacks; and the quarrels of Addison and Pope were the subject of merriment to the people of their day. The toils of the Botanist introduced him to the perils of the Lulean desert. This rugged district was faithfully explored by the Swede; and in performing this journey, he drew subsistence from the milk of the reindeer, reconnoitered the hills and dells of Lapland, adventurously gathered moss from the brow of the precipice, and filled his herbarium with plants that rose among the rocks of the waterfall. He descended dangerous rivers in his boat; but this was the only journey in which Linnaeus appears to have suffered much personal inconvenience. His subsequent tours through France, Germany and England, were excursions of pleasure, on which he went to enjoy the triumphs awarded to genius. But rugged as was the Lapland desert, the Ornithologist traversed desarts more extensive. Though poverty forbade the attempt to explore our forests, he disregarded its monitions, and we find him passing through the vale of Wyoming, and encircling the Lakes that indent the interior of New York, and then standing by those inland seas that roll on our northern borders. He descended the Ohio in his lonely skiff—he searched the islands which picture its waves—he paused in sight of smoke curling from the wigwam—he drew the chain of science around the copse, and slept in the green saloons of our wilderness. He was a Stoic of the woods as to personal suffering, but a Platonist at the same time in the mellow sensibilities of his nature.

They were both instructors of youth, but under circumstances widely different. The one was a preceptor of youth in the sequestered nooks of Pennsylvania; the other became the dignified lecturer from beneath a canopy spread over him by regal munificence. The one taught the elements of Education—the other enlarged on the lore of Science. As an instructor, Linnaeus was the more successful. He resembled in some measure the Greek philosophers who taught in the suburbs of Athens, and he made Hammarby a kind of Swedish Lyceum. He possessed a remarkable talent for waking into action the latent enthusiasm of his pupils. What custom could have been more inspiring than the one he introduced at Upsal, of dividing his pupils into bands, and enjoining it on the leader of each to sound a horn when a plant should be discovered, never before seen by the fervid eye of science. This enthusiasm accounts for the fact, that his pupils subsequently explored so many countries, and investigated their floral kingdoms, whilst one of them accompanied Sir Joseph Banks round the world, and sounded his bugle among the islands of the Pacific.

They both enlarged the limits of Science. Before the time of the Swedish philosopher, Botanists had arisen in different countries; and from the earliest periods, studies based on the objects of nature must have drawn attention both for ornament and use. Lord Bacon, from the elevation which he occupied above the rest of his species, looked far into the wonders of Natural History; but Linnæus took entire possession of the green and flowery land, and led in the tribes of men to enjoy its fragrance and pluck its fruit. The poetical affections have from the infancy of time been associated with vernal buds and flowers. Poetry, when it assumes the form of language, is the melody which the mind makes when the imagination is excited by objects in the frame-work of nature, or by events susceptible of picturesque representation. In the floral games men were acting from ideal impulses, and they were doing the same through the ages of chivalry. They thus furnished materials out of which Tasso reared his immortal work. But it is one thing to look at objects as they sparkle through the medium of the imagination, and another to open on the same objects the eye of science. Many have celebrated the loves of the Shells who have not understood Conchology, and Darwin understood Plants scientifically without comprehending them poetically. But Linnæus possessed astonishing invention, and he easily detected the errors of ancient systems, and convinced mankind of the superiority of that system which bore the seal of his own imperishable mind. In like manner the Ornithologist did not strike out into ways entirely novel, but he extended paths on which men had hitherto gone for the acquisition of knowledge. He has greatly enlarged our views of the history and habits of the feathered race. From the mountain's height, as well as in the deepest recesses of the wilderness, he stretched out his hand and clasped the blue and purple bird, that our intellectual pleasures might be augmented.

Of these distinguished men, the success of Linnæus in life was by far the more conspicuous. He eventually reached every desire which he could at any time have cherished. His Professorship at Upsal yielded him a revenue equivalent to his wants. He thrust forth from thence pupils in successive companies; but distance did not diminish the veneration in which they held his person. Foreign countries sent him the symbols of admiration—literary associations vied with each other in doing him honor—and kings bestowed on him the title of nobility. But it is probable that the rural life of Tully and Pliny strongly impressed his imagination, for his highest ambition was to possess a villa. He purchased Hammarby, which, under his direction, became stocked with the productions of every clime. Here he held a kind of rural court, and, to use his own language, was happier than any Eastern Sultan. Kings and nobles sent presents to his villa, whilst pilgrim students detached from his use twigs from the Sabine farm, and leaves from the tomb of Pausilippo. The Celtic flower and the Turkish vine met in his green-house, and the bird marked by the hues of the Tropics, found a home on his lawn. But there is a contrast to this in the circumstances of the Ornithologist too painful to be distinctly traced; and he was one of the few who have lived for that gratitude which reaches its object only in the grave.

In that piety due from a creature to his Maker, Linnæus appears to have surpassed the Ornithologist. The Swedish naturalist was remarkable for his gratitude, and he often mentioned in glowing words the way in which he had been led to results and discoveries so important. He felt his dependence when buried in the solitude of the desert—nor did he forget to rear an altar at Hammarby. But the Ornithologist probably excelled him in some moral qualities, and among them was disinterestedness. The love of money was a passion too strong with Linnæus, and too feeble for his own comfort with Wilson—and neither of them, in this particular, struck the *golden medium*. The sensibility of the Ornithologist was likewise more refined than that of the Botanist. Linnæus was buried in the Cathedral of Upsal, with a pomp which kings alone could bestow; but Wilson was not indifferent to the spot in which he should repose. In going into battle an Admiral once thought of a tomb in Westminster Abbey—and Napoleon wished to lie on the Seine, among the French people whom he had loved so well; but the Ornithologist desired to be buried where the birds could find access to his grave.

Each of these distinguished men created an æra in Natural History. Some philosophers have associated their names with the heavenly bodies, and we are reminded of them whenever we lift our thoughts to the milky way, or to the planets as they turn in on their bright pilgrimage to share the evening repose of our world. Of some we are reminded by the balmy air, or by the insects which make it vocal; and we call others to remembrance when we look on the Peruvian Lama, or the stately Lion: but so long as the earth shall evolve its Plants, the Swedish sage cannot be forgotten—and so long as the birds can chant a note, the Druid of Ornithology shall not want a requiem.

LOVE AND POETRY.

They bid me Poetry resign—the mandate I obey:
Farewell, forever then farewell, to the inspiring lay.
I go to other happiness—in a bright and sunny clime
I'll rove amid the orange groves, the olive, and the vine.

I'll sing and dance to merry strains of some Italian band—

I'll dream no more of Poetry, nor of "my native land;"
And as the gondolier doth guide me home from mirth and song,

My thoughts shall with the gondola glide undisturbed along.

I'll live for fêtes and operas—I'll haunt the masquerade,
And all sweet visions of the Lyre shall from my memory fade;

And Love—for that were Poetry—I must resign: apart

The Lyre and Love can ne'er exist within the human heart.

And now once more I bid adieu to all thy tender joys
Sweet Muse, and fly to festive scenes—to folly, mirth and noise;

But ne'er amid these labyrinths, do I expect to find
A solace for the loss of Love and Poetry combined.

A FAIRY TALE.

Down in a deep recess of the loveliest valley upon the face of the earth there was a tiny grotto cut in the solid crystal. The few rays of light that penetrated through its deep shade, fixed in its vaulted roof an unfading rainbow. Its floor was inlaid with many colored pebbles of the smallest size, which Fairy hands had brought from the neighboring stream. Its sides were hung with tapestry wrought by the same delicate fingers, and in colors more vivid than ever dyed a painter's brush, representing the benevolent deeds of the fairest and kindest of their race. Here might be seen one of those beneficent little creatures replacing, for the weary bee, the load of wax he had lost in his flight; and another busied in scattering again, on the wing of the restless butterfly, the golden dust which the gay flutterer had brushed off by a too close contact with his own favorite flower; and yet a third, unallured by beauty, but urged by kindness, exerting all the energies of her delicate frame to assist the industrious ant home with her heavy burthen. Within the grotto was a couch formed by the bright feathers of the humming-bird; and, above it, hung a canopy of film spun by Fairy hands before the first beams of the morning sun could dissolve their work, and while yet every thread was strung with pearls. But what was the beauty of the spot compared with the excelling loveliness of her that dwelt within? She belonged to the most fragile of all the race, one of those who are fabled to have sunk beneath the weight of a single grain of wheat. The pencil of no mortal artist would be delicate enough to trace her features, and human language is too imperfect to describe the surpassing loveliness of this ethereal being. The gossamer strung with tiny pearls, and floating on the herbage of an autumnal morning, surpassed not in lightness the ringlets on her shoulder; and her footstep could only be traced by its displacing the golden dust from the flower, as she tripped from petal to petal, giving them their colors with a brush steeped in the dyes of Fairy-land. For her ministry was amidst the brightest part of creation, and her happiness to do offices of love—to raise the drooping head of the thirsty flower-cup, and bring it the freshest dew-drop of the morning. To be prepared for her ministry she had been placed by Titania upon this lower earth—but she was first bathed in the fountain of Oblivion, and thus separated from her former existence. Yet there still remained in her soul some faint recollections of the land of her home, falling upon her spirit sweet as the dying strains of music sometimes wafted to the wanderer from his native shore when he is leaving it forever. Still there was a void left in the soul of this Fairy inhabitant of earth. The yearnings of her heart told her she was an exile, though she knew not the land whence she came. Her Queen, in pity to her loneliness, formed for her a being suited to her love. On awakening one morning she beheld at the door of her grotto the loveliest object upon which her eyes had ever rested. It was that brightest of flowers, the *Lily of the Valley*—but such a one as never before sprung from the dark bosom of the earth. The dazzling purity of its blossoms seemed to mingle like moonbeams with the twilight of the morning, and its delicate green stem bent gently towards her as if seeking her affection.

When the rising rays of the sun pierced even the depths of this shadowy valley, the soft green leaves of the Lily shaded the grotto from their influence.

It would be impossible to describe the love that filled the heart of our little Fairy for the beautiful flower—for we have not yet known what it is to be alone in a strange world without a kindred tie, or any thing to which the heart can cling, and which it may claim for its own. Now this was the Fairy's flower. She had not gone to seek it, but it had sprung up on her own threshold. All the day long was now bright to her. Her first thoughts, when she awoke, were to see if her Lily still stood in its loveliness before her, and then she moistened her lips with the dew that hung ever freshly from its silvery bells. The days rolled on, and our little Fairy heeded not their course. She knew not that they were bearing with them the brightness of Spring—for her existence had known no Winter. But heeded or unheeded, the days rolled on. Spring and Summer were gone, and Autumn was fading into Winter. The dazzling brightness of the Lily deepened into an unearthly hue, and its head was bowed with more than pensive grace. It was a bright morning, towards the last of Autumn, when our Fairy, awakening, looked towards her lovely favorite. But it was gone. She arose in haste, and beheld only a little heap of dust where her flower once grew. Alas! words cannot describe the anguish of her heart. There was a darkness—a mystery—in the fate of her beloved, which she could not unravel, and it fell so coldly upon her spirit, that she believed Winter was enclosing her heart also in its frost-work, and she wept for another home, where winter should come no more. But at length the destroyer passed away, and the bright things of the earth shot up again to meet the joyous Spring-time. The voice of gladness was heard once more from the lofty mountain to the humble valley. Our little Fairy felt its influence—she felt the frost-work melt from her heart, and she wondered if she could love any flower again as she had loved her departed Lily.

And again, almost in the same spot, there sprung up a *Heart's Ease*, so bright and glowing that it seemed the very offspring of Joy. At first our Fairy would not trust herself to love it. She remembered that Winter would come again, and she thought, too, the new flower wanted the loveliness of her Lily. But invariably her heart smiled beneath its influence, and there was Spring-time once more in her soul. The recollection of Winter passed from her mind, as the ice before the sun. But again Summer ripened into Autumn, and that, in its turn, was changed into Winter, and again the little Fairy was left alone. She beheld one morning her bright little gem of a flower set in the brilliants of frost, and sparkling as gaily as if the light still came from within. She hastened to dissolve with her breath the diamond fetters of her favorite, but alas! their weight had been too heavy for the little creature, and it fell with them to rise no more.

The Fairy wept—but not so bitterly as erewhile. She knew the Spring would come again with fresh flowers; and when it *did* come she beheld a sweet *Mignonette* spring up on her threshold, but so different in beauty from her former favorites that she turned from it in disappointment. Yet when the humble flower filled her grotto with fragrance, and insensibly its sweet-

ness stole into her heart, and possessed it with a delightful tranquillity she had never experienced before, her soul fainted within her when she remembered that Winter would snatch away from her *this* loved one as it had done her *other* loved ones before. And in truth, but a few brief months, and the blast had swept over this fragile flower, leaving no trace of its existence but the perfume it exhaled with its last breath, on the gale that bore it into eternity.

Now it was that our poor little Fairy felt a dreariness, not to be shaken off, fall heavily upon her spirits. She wished no longer for Spring. She wished never again to fix her heart upon the perishing flowers of Earth. The shadow of mortality seemed to have fallen even upon her bright little grotto, and she sighed for another home.

And now the time of her sojourn was over. Lying down upon her downy couch she slept. After a while, opening her eyes, she found herself in Fairy-land, and her heart told her that this was indeed her home. Those dim recollections of a former existence that had formerly floated in her mind, now revived with all the vividness of reality; and what she had believed to be but ideal forms of beauty, she now found to be the images of things familiar in a previous state of being. Even her beloved Lily, so fair yet so fleeting, was but the type of one that grew in Fairy-land in glorious and imperishable beauty. She saw here, too, thousands of her own race busied in gathering up the evanescent sweets of earthly flowers to embody them in forms of divine loveliness, unchangeable by the frosts of Winter, and springing up forever in sempiternal beauty. And now our Fairy was, for the first time, a happy Fairy. The longings of her heart were satisfied. She was an exile no more. She had found a home utterly free from the chilling shadows of mortality.

THE WAGONER.

I've often thought if I were asked
Whose lot I envied most—
What one, I thought most lightly tasked
Of man's unnumber'd host—
I'd say, I'd be a mountain boy,
And drive a noble team, Wo, hoy!
Wo, hoy! I'd cry,
And lightly fly
Into my saddle seat;
My rein I'd slack—
My whip I'd crack—
What music is so sweet?

Six blacks I'd drive, of ample chest,
All carrying high the head;
All harness'd tight, and gaily drest
In winkers tipp'd with red—
Oh yes, I'd be a mountain boy
And such a team I'd drive, Wo, hoy!
Wo, hoy! I'd cry,
The lint should fly—
Wo, hoy! you Dobbin! Ball!
Their feet should ring
And I would sing,
I'd sing my *fal de rol*.

My bells would tingle, tingle ling,
Beneath each bear-skin cap;
And as I saw them swing and swing,
I'd be the merriest chap—
Yes, then I'd be a mountain boy
And drive a jingling team, Wo, hoy!
Wo, hoy! I'd cry—
My words should fly,
Each horse would prick his ear;
With tighten'd chain
My lumbering wain
Would move in its career.

The golden sparks, you'd see them spring
Beneath my horse's tread;
Each tail, I'd braid it up with string
Of blue, or flaunting red;
So does, you know, the mountain boy
Who drives a dashing team, Wo, hoy!
Wo, hoy! I'd cry
Each horse's eye
With fire would seem to burn;
With lifted head
And nostril spread
They'd seem the earth to spurn.

They'd champ the bit, and fling the foam,
As on they dragged my load;
And I would think of distant home,
And whistle upon the road—
Oh would I were a mountain boy—
I'd drive a six-horse team, Wo, hoy!
Wo, hoy! I'd cry—
Now by yon sky,
I'd sooner drive those steeds
Than win renown,
Or wear a crown
Won by victorious deeds!

For crowns oft press the languid head,
And health the wearer shuns,
And Victory, trampling on the dead,
May do for Goths and Huns—
Seek them who will, they have no joys
For mountain lads, and Wagon-boys.

SACRED MELODY.

By the rivers of Babel we flung
Ourselves on the earth in despair—
Our harps on the willow-trees hung,
And wept for thee, Zion, afar.

For those who had made us their prey,
And bore us as captives along,
Then proudly demanded a lay—
To sing them, oh! Zion, thy song!

But the spoiler shall ask it in vain:
We will not this triumph accord—
He never shall list to the strain
That wafted the praise of the Lord.

For perish the hand that would string
The harp, unremembering thy woe,
And cursed be the tongue that would sing,
Oh! Zion, thy songs for the foe.

SENSIBILITY.

"Still in tears!" said Margarette Claremont, as she entered the parlor after a walk. "Which is it now, my dear Alice, Werther or Madam de Stael's *Corinna*?"

"Neither," answered Alice. Margarette looked over her shoulder, and saw that the book her cousin held was a volume of Kotzebue's plays, and that "Self-Immolation" was the one that engrossed her attention.

"How prodigal you are of your tears, dear cousin!" said Margarette,—and how you *waste* your sensibilities on these high-wrought, and ultra-sentimental fictions! Will not your health be impaired, and your mind enervated by such excess of indulgence?"

"I fear no such results," said Alice,—and should blush at the obduracy of my heart, should it fail of being moved when reading works in which such deep feeling is portrayed."

"Weep as much for legitimate sorrow as you will, Alice—even when portrayed in fictitious narrative, but do not expend your sympathies on scenes such as never did, and never will occur in the world." Alice made no reply, as Margarette turned and ran up stairs, but the thought of her heart was—"I am thankful I am not a stoic! thankful that my feelings are not congealed."

Alice Lansdale and Margarette Claremont were both orphan neices of the wealthy bachelor Mr. Claremont, with whom they resided. The former was the daughter of his only sister. Her parents died when she was quite young, and consigned her, destitute of property, to the care of her uncle, with whom she had now resided several years. Margarette was the daughter of his only brother. She had been an orphan but few months, during which period she had been domesticated in the family of Mr. Claremont, to whom had been committed the guardianship of herself, and her ample fortune.

"Have you nearly got through with your play, Alice?" said Margarette, as she re-entered the parlor. Alice made no answer, as she sat with her head leaning on one hand, her book spread on the table before her,—while the other hand held a handkerchief that was ever and anon applied to her eyes. Margarette advanced, and leaned on the back of her chair.

"How much longer are you going to read, Alice?" asked Margarette.

"Why can't you be quiet, and leave me undisturbed?" said Alice.

"Because I have something to tell you," answered Margarette.

"About goody Mason's lame finger, I suppose," said Alice.

"No—about two elegant looking young men I saw in the street an hour since,"—said Margarette.

"Who were they?" enquired Alice, without raising her eyes from her book.

"I do not know,—but from your description, I conjectured them to be your cousin Hubert and the *Black Prince*, as you call him."

"Why did not you tell me this before?" said Alice, springing on her feet. They will be here immediately; cousin Hubert at least,—and here I am, looking like a fright, with eyes as red as a toper's! Why could you not have told me when you first came in?"

"I had been talking with Susan Hall, and forgot it," said Margarette. "And after all, perhaps it is not them."

"O, I know it is!—they were expected very soon. But tell me how the one you took to be the *Black Prince* looked, and I shall know at once if it was him."

"Tall—yet hardly as tall as his companion—with black hair, black eyes, and an acre of black whiskers; and—pardon me—a dash of impudence in his expression—at least I thought so, as I passed him."

"O, it must be him," said Alice, "though if it be, the latter part of your description is only your own imagination. But why do I linger here, when I must try to make myself look decent to see them? for cousin Hubert, at least, will come,"—and she left the room with a sigh.

Scarcely half an hour had passed ere Alice was summoned, according to her expectations, to meet her cousin, and Mr. Gordon, the *Black Prince*.

The young men made a long call,—for Alice had much to ask them of what they had seen and learned, during their absence; and they had much that was interesting to communicate. They had scarcely closed the door behind them, after taking leave, ere Alice exclaimed—

"Is he not a divine creature, cousin Margarette?"

"Which of them?" asked Margarette.

"Which! you stupid creature!—as if you knew not which I meant!—But which of them do you like best?"

"I was most pleased with your cousin's conversation," Margarette replied.

"Why?" asked Alice. "I am sure Gordon converses elegantly."

"He has words enough at command," said Margarette,—but a scarcity of ideas; and those he has are not weighty. While listening to him I could not help thinking it was like dressing a little four-penny doll, in a large robe of silver tissue. Mr. Montague's conversation was really entertaining and instructive."

"I expected you to be severe, of course," said Alice, "yet I think you can find no fault with his manners."

"He is quite at his ease, and appears a gentleman, certainly," said Margarette, "yet his manners did not please me. There was too much show—he was too easy—has too much manner; and, if I may judge from one interview, he is not at all wanting in self-complacency."

"Cousin Hubert's quiet way suited your singular taste better, I dare say," said Alice.

"It certainly did—for he did not appear to be thinking of himself. His manners to-day were truly polished and refined; and if they arise from his heart, as I hope they did, I should judge very favorably of the man."

"I suppose you think him best looking, too!" said Alice—"best dressed and all!"

"In person they are both elegant young men," said Margarette, "but Mr. Montague's dress certainly suited me best,—as I doubt whether to be comfortable is not his first object in the choice of his apparel. As for Mr. Gordon, he must make dress a study. You see, Alice, as I had nothing to do but look and listen, I could learn a good deal of them in the hour and a half that they were here."

"Well, as you *studied* them, do let me know what you think of their faces."

"I have told you enough for once," said Margarette, "wait for the remainder till I see them again—perhaps I may change my opinion."

"No, no," said Alice,—"let me have it now—When you change your opinion, you can let me know it.—What of their faces?"

"Mr. Gordon, then," said Margarette, "knows that he is handsome,—and he has studied the exterior of his head so much, that I should fear he has somewhat neglected the interior."

"And what of cousin Hubert's?"

"I think his head very fine—very classical. His face is decidedly intellectual—his eyes uncommonly good."

"And what of his mouth and teeth?" said Alice.

"Peculiarly handsome," said Margarette. "And now, as you can possibly have no more questions to ask, pray let me know your opinion."

"You must have known that a long time. Cousin Hubert is—I can't say what he is—but just what I approve; and as for Gordon, he is the divinest creature alive!"

While this conversation was going on in Mr. Claremont's parlor, one not dissimilar was carried on in the street betwixt the gentlemen, Montague and Gordon.

"Who is this new cousin of yours, Montague?" asked Gordon.

"I cannot claim her as a relation," said Montague. "She is cousin to my cousin only, and a perfect stranger to me."

"*N'importe*," said Gordon. "But what do you think of her?"

"I have not had time to form an opinion," said Montague.

"You received some kind of impression, necessarily," said Gordon. "No one can be almost alone with a stranger for an hour or more, and not form some idea of what the character may be."

"She is certainly very silent and reserved," said Montague. "Her countenance denotes intellect,—but she appears cold, and has a loftiness that is repelling.—I fear she may prove wanting in that sensibility, of which cousin Alice has so abundant a share."

"O, she is a block of marble—a bank of snow—a statue of ice," said Gordon. "There would be infinite amusement in trying whether the marble would yield! the snow melt! the ice thaw!—She is a new variety of the species. I have seen nothing like her!"

"You admire her," said Montague. "I do exceedingly," said Gordon.

"Your taste has much changed," observed Montague. "It is but a short time since you were in raptures about my cousin, and they appear to be exceedingly unlike."

"True,—and Miss Claremont therefore excites the deeper interest. She will require some labor, some ingenuity to make her dissolve. Alice, pardon me, is always melted."

"Alice has strong sensibilities," said Montague, "and is as unsophisticated as a child. She hides none of her feelings."

"Did you notice Miss Claremont's smile," asked Gordon.

"I did, and confess it was very beautiful. Her whole face smiled, and seemed to beam with delight. But it

was so evanescent, I scarcely caught it, ere it was gone."

"A slight shade of sadness was the prevailing cast of her countenance," said Gordon.

"She has recently lost a most excellent father," said Montague. "You noticed she was in mourning."

"Could an unfeeling heart lodge beneath that smile?" asked Gordon.

"The source of the smile might be the head—not the heart," answered Montague.

"I will never believe it—at least not till I try whether she has a heart or not," said Gordon.

"Very well," said Montague. "I told you in the beginning, I had not had time to form an opinion."

Between the two young men who held this conversation, there was as strong a contrast as could be between a noble-minded, well-educated, well-principled young man, and an *exquisite* of the first water. Gordon was quite free from all gross irregularities, but he had no principle of action; no motive beyond present gratification. The Bible was Montague's counsellor and guide; and he was endeavoring so to live on earth, as to live forever in Heaven. The young men had been much together in boyhood, and afterwards at the university; and though the difference in their characters grew broader, and more strongly marked every day, yet their intimacy in some degree continued. Montague was interested in the welfare of his early associate; and Gordon, though often angry at the warnings, exhortations, and reproofs of his friend, could not endure the idea of relinquishing his friendship. He really had a kind of affection for Montague; and he felt that it gave him additional consequence to be permitted to call such a man *friend*. Some months previous to the period now spoken of, Montague had been called on business to a distant part of the country; and Gordon, having nothing to do, offered to accompany him, and they had now just returned, after an absence of half a year. Montague had his fortune to make; Gordon inherited one from his father.

One morning about a week after his return, Montague called at Mr. Claremont's, where he was a frequent visitor. He was not quite as cheerful and conversable as usual, and after trying a long time to draw him out, Alice said—

"You are depressed this morning, Hubert. What is the matter?"

"I have just witnessed a scene of distress, that I cannot get out of my mind," said Montague.

"What was that?" asked Alice.

"It was an Irish family that occupy a hovel about half a mile from hence. The family consists of the father, Patrick Delanty, his wife and six children, the eldest a daughter, not more than thirteen years of age. They have been but few weeks in town, and are wretchedly poor. The wife is ill of a raging fever, and the two youngest children of measles, from which the others are but just recovered. Delanty is obliged to be out at day-labor, to keep his family from starvation; so that all the care and labor of nursing the sick, and looking after the other children, devolve on the eldest daughter, and a boy, two or three years younger.—Such poverty—such squalid and complicated misery, I have never before witnessed."

"Poor creatures!" said Alice. "But why will they

leave their native land, and come here among strangers, where no one cares for them, to endure such misery?"

"To get rid of greater misery at home, cousin Alice!" said Montague.

"O, they are much to be pitied, poor creatures!"—said Alice; "but there are such hordes of them, that it is impossible to afford them effectual relief."

Montague said no more, as he found that the sympathetic cord in his cousin's heart was not touched. He just cast his eyes on Margarette, who was sitting, busily at work, in a recess at the opposite end of the room, to see if her compassion was awakened: but she was diligently plying her needle,—and but for the motion of her hand, he thought she looked exceedingly as if she were made of stone! "Heartless! unfeeling!" he thought, and almost murmured, as he arose and precipitately took leave.

The day next but one, Montague was again at Mr. Claremont's. Neither of the young ladies mentioned the Delantys; for Alice was wholly engrossed in a new novel,—and Montague concluded that Margarette had not even heard that there were any such people. But his own heart was too full of them, not to speak of their situation.

"Cousin Alice," said he, "you are so compassionate that I wonder you do not ask after the welfare of the poor Irish family."

"O, poor creatures! how are they? I have thought of them several times since you were here, and wished they had stayed in their own country, among their own friends, that they might be properly looked after. Have you seen them since you were here last, cousin Hubert?"

"Yes—yesterday, and again this morning."

"And how are they?"

"The children are somewhat better, but the mother still very ill. The family, however, together, are more comfortable than when I first saw them. Some young lady has kindly visited them, and not only in some measure relieved their pressing necessities, but given judicious and salutary advice to the daughter about the management of their affairs. When they described her to me, I felt a hope that it was you, cousin Alice."

"O no, Hubert, I could not go—such a scene of suffering would have shaken me all to pieces. Really I do not think I could bear it! But how did they describe the young lady?"

"As neither tall nor short, with a beautiful face, and a 'red Irish heart'—kind as an angel!" said Hubert,—and he glanced his eyes toward Margarette, to ascertain if there were any look of consciousness in the expression of her face; but she was looking over the morning paper, and at that moment exclaimed—

"Dunlap and Miss Reed are married, Alice."

"How could I, even for a moment, suspect it might be her?" thought Montague. "She cares no more for them than if they were reptiles!"

"Who could it be, cousin Hubert?" asked Alice.

"Did you not ask them if they knew her name?"

"I did—but they knew nothing of her but her kindness, of which they could not say enough. She even made the bed, with her own hands, and put fresh linen upon it, which she brought with her for the purpose, for the sick mother, who told me of it with tears of gratitude in her eyes."

"Well indeed she might!" cried Alice. "Think of what an office for a young lady!—such a combination of disease and filthiness! If I hear of any young lady in town, sick of a fever, I shall at once know who was Mrs. Delanty's nurse."

"May Heaven preserve her health," said Montague with fervor. "Persons of less active kindness could much better be spared; and the community would suffer little loss, were they laid on a bed of sickness."

"Very true," said Alice. "Yet there are very few, who can with propriety be called young *ladies*, who are capable of rendering such services. One might be ready to relieve suffering if it existed under less disgusting circumstances; but for a delicate female to encounter such dirt, and disease, and poverty at once, is too much!"

"Firm principle, a truly feeling heart, and a self-denying spirit, could alone enable a delicate woman to do it," said Montague,—“and these could!” He looked around to ascertain whether Margarette had really left the room, and then added—“And pardon me, my dearest cousin, if I suggest to you, that would you strive to conquer that extreme sensibility, which makes you shrink from scenes of suffering, and constrain yourself to witness and relieve distress, in your own person, you would render yourself, at once, far more happy and useful, if not more interesting. *Active benevolence* is one great secret of happiness.” At this moment Mr. Claremont entered the room; the conversation turned to other subjects, and Montague soon took leave.

Mr. Gordon had not kept himself aloof from Mr. Claremont's, during this period; on the contrary, he had called frequently—as frequently as he dared, and reconnoitred to the best of his ability to ascertain the vulnerable part of Margarette's character, while he had brought all his small arms into successive requisition. His first and most natural effort was by flattery,—by which it is said all women may be subdued; and perhaps they may, *and all men too*, provided it be of the right kind, and administered in the right manner. But here Mr. Gordon completely failed. He was too gross; his colors were too glaring; there was no soft shading away,—nothing to touch the heart, through the medium of a refined taste; and Gordon found, though he knew not why, that he excited disgust instead of pleasure. He wondered that what he had ever found so efficacious with other young ladies—what would have caused the cheek of Alice to glow, and her eye to sparkle, was so powerless here. "I said she was a new variety of the species," thought he, "and I must try again." And he did try again—first by doing her silent homage,—breathing near her ear the deep-drawn sigh, and casting upon her the look of warm admiration and deep interest. But he soon closed his pantomime, as Margarette *heeded* not, even if she *heard* his sighs; and his impassioned glances were completely thrown away, as they rarely met her eye,—and when they did, seemed not to be understood. The next attempt was to aid in gratifying her in her favorite recreations, and in the indulgence of her taste. "Was Miss Claremont fond of prints?" "Particularly so." "He was very happy! He had a choice collection—and would fetch over his portfolio for her examination." "Was there any book in his library that Miss Claremont would like to read? He had the most approved editions of all modern authors, and it

would afford him great pleasure: if Miss Claremont would make a selection from among them, of any thing new to her." "He was very obliging—but her uncle's library was large, and well selected, affording sufficient intellectual nourishment for years—beside that he purchased every new work of merit." "Miss Claremont was an equestrian. He had a palfrey that would rival Margaret of Cransjoun's, which was entirely at her service." "He was exceedingly kind—but Mr. Claremont had one that was at once so spirited and gentle, that on his back she felt entirely at ease." Poor Gordon knew not what next to do. He had racked his invention to render himself agreeable and necessary—not only in the ways above enumerated—but by being always observing, and ready to perform any little personal service that might be requisite, such as handing a glass of lemonade, fetching a fan, picking up a stray glove, or placing a chair in a more desirable situation. He had actually labored hard, and had not advanced one step; and the only gratification that attended his exertions, was the obvious uneasiness of Alice, who pined under the loss of his attentions. A half-suppressed sigh often struck on his ear; and a tear, as he thought, filled her eye, as she witnessed his marked devotion to Margarette. But for this sweet incense to his vanity, and his own boasting to Montague, that he was resolved not to be defeated, he would have relinquished so hopeless a pursuit. But pride and vanity impelled him onward; and although he could devise no new mode of attack, he determined to watch opportunities, and avail himself of any circumstance that might occur in favor of his design. As the *heart* of Mr. Gordon was a thing entirely out of the question, except as it occasionally fluttered with gratified vanity, or was momentarily depressed with mortification at want of success, his *head* was entirely free to devise plans in the best manner his abilities would allow, and watch opportunities with the most perfect coolness.

Mr. Montague had by degrees become interested in watching the result of Gordon's various modes of attack; and notwithstanding he had been rather displeased with the apparent coldness of Margarette's character, he felt gratified that she did not yield to the arts of Gordon. Not that he was in the least jealous of his friend's general success with women; nor that he had any personal wishes relative to Margarette; but he did wish to see one woman who was not to be won by mere external graces and accomplishments, and the little arts and blandishments that are usually so successful. His interest in Gordon's progress, led him to notice Margarette more particularly than he would, perhaps, otherwise have done. Gradually, and unconsciously, he was taking her up as a study; and the more he observed her, the more interesting did the study become. "She is a perfect enigma!" thought he. "I can never decide whether the variations in her countenance have their origin in the head or the heart. Her smile is the brightest—the most joyous—the most beautiful I ever beheld! and yet there is something in it that leads me to fear that it is like the brilliancy of the diamond—cold, while it dazzles! She seems not easily moved; and yet, while silently engaged in her work, I have seen her color fluctuate, while others have been discussing an interesting subject. She knows, at least, how to appreciate true greatness, for I have seen her eyes speak volumes

when a magnanimous action has been mentioned before her. And, at any rate, I admire the firmness with which she repels that small artillery that is so generally successful, when levelled against her sex!"

One evening quite a circle of friends collected at Mr. Claremont's, among whom were both Montague and Gordon. Gordon secured a seat between Alice and Margarette, while Montague stood apart from them, listening to the general conversation, but now and then casting a glance at the trio, in which he took so much interest. The conversation at length fell on reading. Some expressed a preference for one class of reading, some for another; but a large majority of the company decided that biography was the most instructive, interesting, and entertaining. This resulted in a discussion of whose biography was most valuable, when a gentleman remarked, "that the life of Lord Nelson was the most interesting work he had ever read."

"Is it the book or the man, you so much admire?" asked one of the company.

"O, both—but the man particularly. His heroism charmed me."

"O do not name him," said Mr. Claremont. "I sicken with disgust when I read the fulsome panegyrics bestowed on him; and the numberless monuments raised to his memory in Great Britain."

"He was a most noble creature!" said Gordon, in a rather low tone to Margarette. She cast on him a look of the most withering coldness, not unmingled with contempt, but made no reply, as she listened to learn what further her uncle would say.

"No wonder they are proud of him, and raise monuments to his memory," said the gentleman who had first spoken of Nelson. "He secured more honor to the British navy than any hero from the reign of Elizabeth to the present time."

"Talk not of his heroism, or the glory he acquired for Britain," said Mr. Claremont. "Devoured by ambition, did he fight for the good of his country? or to attain individual honor? Was he not continually whining and complaining that his services were not sufficiently required? Depend on it, he would not have thought the crown of England an unreasonable reward! And in his character as a hero, lies all the honor he can claim. As a private man, he was despicable. Though he could conquer the enemies of his country, he resigned himself without resistance to the dominion of the basest passions, and was guilty of that, which in *unrefined* New England, would have caused him to be hooted from society. Perfidious! hypocritical! base!—his character was stained with vices of the deepest dye,—and my astonishment can only be exceeded by my indignation, when in English publications I see him spoken of, and that by pious persons—Madam More, for one—as the "*immortal Nelson*!"—a being to be looked up to with admiration!"

"You are warm, Mr. Claremont," observed one of his friends.

"Perhaps I am, sir; and on this subject I wish others were as warm as myself. To eulogize such men as Lord Nelson, and hold them up to youth as fit objects for admiration and imitation, is laying the axe at the root of all morality. It is not, indeed, going softly to work, like a Rousseau, or Voltaire, to undermine the

foundation of their virtue, but demolishes the whole fabric at once, by telling them, that if capable of performing a few brilliant actions, such a halo will shine around them, as will entirely conceal from the eyes of every beholder their want of sincerity, truth, fidelity, or moral honor. Wo to my country, when the public sentiment shall be so far corrupted, as to think that heroism, and what is known by the name of *glory*, can compensate for the want of true, consistent, undying virtue!"

Montague chanced to be looking at Margarette when Mr. Claremont began to speak, and the look she gave Mr. Gordon fixed his attention upon her, though he heard not the remark that called it forth. He watched her countenance with deep interest, as it gradually lighted up to a glow of admiring approbation, strangely intermingled with a shade of sadness. "I will have her opinion on this subject from her own lips," thought he; and placing himself near her, he said—

"What is your opinion of Lord Nelson, Miss Claremont?"

"O, exactly the same as my uncle's," said Margarette. "And how could it be otherwise? when I have so often heard my dear father express sentiments exactly similar. He very carefully taught me, never to let any external glory, any meretricious glare, blind me to real defects, or to the want of intrinsic and solid excellence." Her eye, as she finished speaking, sparkled through a tear, which was not unobserved by either Montague or Gordon.

"There is, then, a fountain of feeling within," thought Montague, as he still looked upon her—"A fountain of deep, pure, noble feeling!"

"By Jupiter, there is a tear!" thought Gordon—"and Montague has had the good fortune to call it forth. Who would have thought, that to talk of Lord Nelson, was the way to touch her heart? I would have given a thousand dollars, rather than he should have had this triumph!"

One morning Montague called at Mr. Claremont's, but found that both the young ladies were out. Mr. Claremont, however, was in the parlor, and he and Montague had passed a very pleasant half hour, ere Alice and Margarette came in. Margarette bade Montague 'good morning'—but Alice just nodded at him, and hastened to her uncle, and seating herself on his knee, exclaimed—

"Dear uncle, I am so glad you are in! I want to ask a great favor of you."

"What is that, my dear?" said Mr. Claremont.

"I am half afraid to tell," said Alice, "you will think me so extravagant. But, dear uncle, Margarette and I have seen the two most beautiful pearl necklaces at Wendell's, you ever beheld!"

"And you want them?"

"O, I do, most sadly," said Alice.

"And do you, Margarette?"

"I think not, sir," said Margarette—while Alice at the same moment cried—

"O, Margarette can have whatever she wants, she is so rich!—not a poor beggar like your own Alice, dependent on the bounty of another for every thing"—and bursting into tears, she hid her face on her uncle's shoulder.

"Sweet sensibility, O, ha!"

"I heard a little lamb cry, bah!"

said Mr. Claremont. "Come, Alice, don't cry about it, but tell me the price of the necklaces."

"How can I," said the sobbing Alice, "when you make such cruel sport of my feelings? Indeed, uncle, it is cruel!"

"I never make sport of your feelings, my dear, when there is any thing that ought to awaken them," said Mr. Claremont. "But come, tell me the price of the pearl necklaces."

"They are fifty dollars apiece."

"Whew!" said Mr. Claremont. "And so I must spend a hundred dollars to adorn the necks of my nieces?"

"O, Margarette can buy her own, you know uncle, and so you will have to give away but fifty."

"I hold Miss Claremont's purse-strings, you know," said Mr. Claremont, "and I shall serve you both alike." Margarette's, as well as yours, must be the gift of her uncle."

"I do not wish for one, my dear sir," said Margarette, but Mr. Claremont heeded her not, and opening his pocket book, gave them fifty dollars each. Alice loaded her uncle with kisses and thanks, while it was with evident reluctance that Margarette took hers in her hand. But as some ladies at that instant entered the room, without saying more, she put it in her purse. As soon as the visitors had withdrawn Alice went to her chamber, and Margarette seized the opportunity of being alone with Mr. Claremont, to restore to him the fifty dollars.

"My dear sir," said she, "I cannot accept this money, and should have declined it at the moment, only I could not explain before strangers. You will relieve me greatly by taking it again."

"By no means, my dear—I should be much pleased that you and Alice should have necklaces alike."

"But I do not want a necklace, sir, and should feel very badly to spend fifty dollars on a useless ornament."

"Then purchase something else with it, Margarette."

"I am in want of nothing, sir, and had much rather restore it to you."

"Can you find no use for it, my dear?" asked Mr. Claremont.

"O yes, sir—I could find enough to do with this, and ten times more. But perhaps you would think it injudiciously expended."

"What should you do with it, Margarette?" asked Mr. Claremont.

"Give every cent of it away, sir," Margarette replied.

"Very well," said Mr. Claremont. "It is yours, my dear, to throw at the birds, if you please. I can depend on your judgment and principles, that it will not go to indulge idleness or vice."

"O, I thank you most sincerely, my dear uncle," said Margarette with warmth—"in behalf of those who are suffering from want. It will give me great delight to be your almoner."

There was a very narrow lane ran past the foot of Mr. Claremont's garden, in which stood a little hut, occupied by a poor, but pious old man, who earned a scanty livelihood by gardening. He was known all over the town by the title of *Commodore*, merely because

in his youth he had commanded a fishing-smack. Montague had one evening walked some way out of town; and on his return, intending to pass an hour at Mr. Claremont's, he passed through this lane as the shortest way to his house. In passing the Commodore's domicile, which stood on the lower side of the lane, he cast his eyes in at the window, which had neither shutter nor curtain, and by a glimmering fire-light saw the old man sitting in his arm chair by the fire, while a female sat on a low stool beside him, who seemed to be doing something to his foot, which lay across her lap. Montague halted an instant, for there was something about the female figure, although enveloped in a large shawl and hood, that reminded him of Margaretta. But her back was toward him, and the fire-light was so dim, that he remained in doubt whether or not it was she. "If it is her," thought he, as he walked on—"If it is her, performing such an office for the poor old Commodore, it may, after all, be her who visits the Delantys." As he came out of the lane, he met an acquaintance, with whom he conversed a minute or two, and then proceeded to Mr. Claremont's.

On entering the parlor, he found the little domestic circle complete. Mr. Claremont was engaged in a volume of Brewster's Encyclopedia; Alice with Malvina, over which she was shedding a torrent of tears,—and Margaretta with her knitting work. "It was not her, after all," thought Montague; "but who could it be? she had not the air of a rustic!" After receiving Mr. Claremont's cordial welcome, he advanced toward his cousin, and closing her book with gentle violence, said—

"If you sustain no other injury, my dear Alice, you will inevitably ruin your eyes by reading while you weep so profusely. I wish you would relinquish novels as I fear they do you little good. Their general tendency is to enervate rather than strengthen the character." "I wish you could persuade her to relinquish them, Mr. Montague," said Mr. Claremont. "I am satisfied that that class of reading, only increases in Alice that sensitiveness which is already too strong. It will degenerate into weakness, and I know of few things more to be dreaded than a *sickly sensibility*."

"Why should you suppose that the reading of novels would produce that effect, more than the scenes of real life?" said Alice, "when it is universally conceded, that no genius can ever reach the truth."

"I can tell you why, Alice," said Montague. "In reading works of the imagination, persons of feeling unconsciously identify themselves with the favorite character; and then in a day or two, and sometimes in a few hours, their feelings are taxed with those scenes of sorrow and excitement, which in real life are scattered through months, or perhaps years. The greater part of life is made up of comparative trifles, which make little demand on the feelings, and scenes of sorrow and excitement are 'few and far between,' like the convulsions of the elements—which, though often distressing, and sometimes disastrous, are, on the whole, highly beneficial. But were the elements always at war, nature would soon sink to dissolution; and so if the mind and the heart were constantly raised to a state of high excitement, their energies would soon be exhausted, and the corporeal part would soon sink in the conflict. Do you read novels, Miss Claremont?" inquired Montague.

"Sometimes, but not often," Margaretta replied.

"And do they affect you as they do cousin Alice?"

"Affect her?" cried Alice—"no, indeed! I never saw her moved to tears, by reading, but once in my life."

"And pray what was she then reading?" asked Montague, with a smile.

"A little penny tract, called 'Old Sarah, the Indian Woman'"—said Alice. "Over that she actually wept!"

"Did you read the tract, cousin Alice?"

"Yes—from mere curiosity, after witnessing the wonderful effect it produced."

"And did it call forth your tears?"

"No, certainly not!—Sarah was a good old creature, to be sure, but there was nothing in the tract to touch one's sensibility; and I could never conceive what there was in it, that so moved Margaretta."

"Pho, pho, Alice," said Mr. Claremont, "Margaretta is not the Stoic you represent her. I caught her no longer ago than this very morning, with a tear in her eye, while reading."

"My dear uncle," said Margaretta, in a supplicating tone, while the pure blood in her cheeks rushed to her temples.

"What was she reading, uncle?" cried Alice.

"None of your lackadaisical nonsense, you may be certain, Alice," said Mr. Claremont. "She was reading a newspaper."

Alice laughed outright.

"Not so laughable an affair, neither, my dear," said Mr. Claremont, "as she was reading of the bravery and sufferings of the poor unfortunate!"

"Dear uncle!" again ejaculated Margaretta.

"Poles," added Mr. Claremont, without noticing the interruption.

"The Poles? O yes," said Alice. "There was 'Thaddeus of Warsaw'—he was a divine creature! Well might one weep at the recital of his sufferings!"

"Doubtless, my dear—but Margaretta's sympathies were moved by sufferings of a more recent date than his—by the narrative of bravery and suffering in all their nakedness—unadorned with the romance and poetry that Miss Porter has thrown around her hero. And to tell you the plain truth, Alice—I *do* like that sensibility better, that sympathizes with the actual miseries of our fellow creatures, even though there be nothing elegant, or poetic about them, than that which has tears only for some high-wrought tale of fictitious woe—the afflictions of some fallen prince, or the sorrows of some love-stricken swain, or lovelorn damsel."

"That, dear uncle, is as much as to say," said Alice, while her voice was choked with rising emotion—"that I can feel for sorrows of no other kind, and that you like Margaretta's sensibility better than you do mine! I suppose you love her, too, more than you do your own poor, lone Alice! I feel that she is stealing every one's affection from me, though I love with so much more ardor than she does!" and she burst into tears.

All present felt exceedingly uncomfortable, and Margaretta, who was really distressed, resolved to give a new turn to the conversation. Alice had seated herself on Mr. Claremont's knee, and thrown both her arms around his neck—so leaving him to soothe her wounded feelings in his own way, Margaretta asked Montague some question, as foreign as possible to their recent conversation. The effort succeeded—the tears of Alice

were soon dried, and the remainder of the evening passed very pleasantly.

One evening Montague and Gordon met the Claremont family, with a small select party, at the house of a friend. Gordon, as usual, secured a seat next Margarette, who was also attended by Alice, who had learned that to be near her, was the surest way to be near the idol of her imagination, *the Black Prince*. Montague likewise stood near them; for he was beginning to find, that there was something extremely attractive, even in Margarette's apparent coldness; or rather, that it was peculiarly interesting to observe marks of deep feeling, under so calm, so placid an exterior. Gordon recollected the conversation concerning Lord Nelson, and the effect produced on Margarette; and resolving in his turn to find a passage to her sensibilities, led the conversation to heroes and great men. He made some very eloquent remarks, as he apprehended, on heroism and greatness, which had previously been arranged with great care.

"Whom do you consider truly great men, Mr. Gordon?" asked Alice.

"Alexander—Louis the Fourteenth—Napoleon—Voltaire and Lord Byron," said Gordon. "Each in his turn, and in his own way, has dazzled the whole world!"

"Dazzled, but not enlightened!" said Montague.

Margarette looked up with one of her brightest smiles, and Montague felt, at the bottom of his heart, that it was warm, as well as brilliant.

"By Vesta," thought Gordon, "she has rewarded him for those two words, with that smile, which I have made such useless efforts to obtain! and he has made no effort at all!—I abandon her!"

"Whom do you esteem great men, Mr. Montague?" inquired Margarette.

"O, there have been hosts of them in the world," answered Montague; "but perhaps it would be better to tell you what I call true greatness, than to name those whom I esteem great. True greatness, I apprehend, consists in conquering or in duly restraining the ruling passion; in forgiving an injury, when we have fair opportunity for avenging ourselves; in sacrificing our own feelings and interests for the good of others; in that benevolence that leads to a forgetfulness of *self*, in efforts to promote the happiness and welfare of mankind."

"The world will hardly subscribe to your explanation of greatness," said Gordon, with something like a sneer, "and few are great!"

"Few are—but many might be," said Montague. "Every one who foregoes his own personal good, for the good of others; who forgets his own happiness, in efforts to promote the happiness of those around him, and who will not be turned aside from his purpose by the obstacles, or the unkindness, or the ridicule with which he meets, is *great*."

"Who sees such greatness?" asked Gordon.

"It has sometimes been conspicuous on earth, as in the case of Howard, Peter the Great of Russia, Wilberforce, Clarkson, Mrs. Fry, and multitudes of others," said Montague. "But no matter whether it is seen by the world or not, provided its influence be felt. And there is no one, capable of moral action, who has not

almost daily opportunities for exercising true greatness and magnanimity of soul; and should every one improve the opportunity, the wilderness of this world would soon 'be like Eden, and her deserts like the garden of the Lord!'"

Margarette's countenance again beamed with pleasure and approbation, as she said—"Moral grandeur, would then be your definition of greatness, Mr. Montague?"

"It would."

"And the only true one, according to my apprehension," said Margarette, "and I have often had the pleasure of seeing it exemplified. And this moral greatness leads to sublimity of thought," she added. "It expands the soul, and elevates the conception. As an instance: I once attended a prayer meeting, where was a man who had no more than ordinary capacity, and who knew nothing beyond the cultivation of his little farm, and the path to heaven. He could scarcely read intelligibly. Being called on to lead in the devotions of the evening, he knelt down, and began in this manner—'O, thou, who lightest up heaven!' To me, it was like a shock of electricity! I have thought of it a thousand times since, and doubt whether Byron, with all his genius, in his happiest moment of poetic inspiration, ever had so sublime a conception."

"Would you like to examine the prints on the centre table, Miss Lansdale?" asked Gordon, rising, and offering her his arm. With a heart buoyant as the thistle's down, Alice accepted the proffered arm, and Montague secured the seat she vacated.

"There is nothing here that you have not seen a hundred times," said Gordon—"but I panted to get into a warmer latitude. The north pole has few charms for me, notwithstanding its brilliant corruscations. By the way, is this cousin of yours ever warmer than the summit of Mont Blanc?"

"Why ask me such a question?" said Alice.

"Because I thought you would be likely to know," answered Gordon.

"She is much admired and beloved," said Alice, with a sigh. "I wish I had her power over the heart!"

"Admired she may be—but beloved is she?" said Gordon.

"You surprise me, Mr. Gordon," said Alice. "I thought—I feared—I mean I conjectured"—and she stopt short.

"What did you think, fear, or conjecture, Miss Lansdale?" asked Gordon.

"O nothing—nothing of any consequence," said she, with real or assumed embarrassment.

"Now be frank, sweetest Alice," said Gordon, tenderly pressing her arm, which was still locked in his, to his side—"be frank, and tell me kindly what you thought."

"Why I knew that you admired my cousin, and I feared—pshaw—I mean that I thought you loved her," and she sighed again.

"O no, I could never love a block of marble, even if moulded into a Venus," said Gordon. "Believe me, sweet Alice, there must be some signs of sensibility—some little warmth of feeling, to awaken the affections of my heart. I could never love the twin-sister to the snow, and such I take Miss Claremont to be."

"So you are going to take an airing this morning, Commodore!" said Montague, as he saw the old man getting into a wagon in the street.

"Yes, Squire; you see I am taken from my work"—holding out a lame foot—"and so I am going on some business into the country."

"How long have you been lame? and what is the matter with your foot?" asked Montague.

"I sprained it a fortnight ago, sir—and it is almost the same as well now—only Miss Margarette made me promise not to try to use it too soon."

"Miss Margarette?—Margarette Claremont?" said Montague. "Does she advise you about your lameness?"

"Yes, and more than that, Mr. Montague, for, under Providence, she has cured it. There hasn't been a day since I hurt it, in which she has not come and tended it herself, bathing it with her own little hands, in a medicine she brought a-purpose. I couldn't put her off, Mr. Montague! And when she has so patiently and kindly sat, with the old man's foot in her lap, I'll tell you what I thought;—'If I, then, your Lord and Master, have washed your feet, ye ought also to wash one another's feet'—and the tears ran down my old cheeks whether I would or no."

There was a slight rising in Montague's throat, but he checked it, and inquired—"How far the Commodore was going?"

"I don't know exactly, Squire, as I am going to buy a cow, and want to hunt up a pretty good one."

"A cow!" said Montague—"What in the world can you do with a cow?"

"Why, she isn't for my own use, Mr. Montague, though she is to be kind o' mine—but that's neither here nor there, and I must be going, as I want to get back in good season. Good day, Squire," and the Commodore drove off.

A few days after this, when Montague was one morning at Mr. Claremont's, it came into Alice's mind to inquire after his *protégés*, the Delanty's.

"O, they are all well, and in comparatively comfortable circumstances," said Montague. "They have found a very kind friend, who has furnished them with comfortable clothing, besides lending them a cow. Should they be the survivors, I think they would canonize her," added he, smiling.

"Her!" said Alice. "Is it a lady, then?"

"Yes, the same young lady that I told you assisted in nursing the mother. I wish you could hear them express their gratitude, in their own emphatic dialect, with their strong Irish feelings?"

"It is strange who it can be," said Alice. "Have they not yet found out?"

"It seems she has been very careful to conceal her name," said Montague, "as they have not yet learned it. But yesterday I was there, and they pointed her out to me, as she at that moment chanced to pass by."

"And did you know her, Hubert?" eagerly inquired Alice.

"I did,"—said Montague, "but I did not tell them, as she seems so desirous to 'do good by stealth,' and would doubtless 'blush to find it fame'—and neither will I tell you, cousin Alice,"—he added, as Margarette cast on him a look of mingled distress and supplication.

"Now that is the most provoking thing I ever knew you do, cousin Hubert!" said Alice. "But I will find out, if I go to Delanty's on purpose!"

"But I tell you they do not know, Alice; and beside, if a motive of *benevolence* would not draw you to them, when they were in distress, pray do not let so poor a one as *curiosity* procure them a visit, now that they are comparatively happy."

Margarette stayed by most perseveringly this morning. She would have given almost any thing would Alice have left the room, if only for one minute. Great was her satisfaction when her cousin hastily rose, saying—"I entirely forgot to send Mrs. Frost the pattern of my new pelerine. I must do it this moment."

She had scarcely closed the door, ere Margarette said, "I must do away the mistake under which you labor, Mr. Montague. The Delantys are indebted to my uncle, and not to me. I was only the channel through which his bounty flowed."

"Mr. Claremont was then Mrs. Delanty's nurse!" said Montague, smiling.

"O no, not that—but the clothing and the cow were purchased with his money."

"I understand it perfectly," said Montague. "I have seen my cousin's neck, encircled by a pearl-necklace; but Miss Claremont preferred relieving the sufferings of a poor Irish family, to adorning her own person."

"But Mr. Montague!" said Margarette.

"But Miss Claremont!" said Montague, laughing.

"Very well," said Margarette, in great perplexity what to say,—“you must think as you will.”

"I will think as I *must*," said Montague,—“and bid you good morning.”

A few weeks after the above conversation took place, Mr. Claremont, on returning from a morning's ride, was thrown from his horse, a few rods from his own door, and was brought in, apparently lifeless. At the appalling spectacle, both his nieces obeyed the impulse of nature, and turned to fly. But Margarette had scarcely begun her retreat, ere she returned. "I must face it," thought she, "however dreadful! kind heaven sustain me!" Without much apparent agitation, she gave directions, and assisted in conveying her uncle to his room; and before medical aid could arrive, employed herself in examining his limbs, to ascertain whether they were broken, and then in chafing his hands and head, to produce, if possible, some signs of life. All beside herself, seemed nearly delirious from fright.

The news of the accident flew like wild-fire, and in twenty minutes Montague was at the house. He found Alice in the parlor, walking the floor, and wringing her hands, in an agony of distress, constantly exclaiming—"my dear uncle!"—"my poor, dear uncle." In answer to Montague's hasty inquiries, she exclaimed—

"O, he is dead!—my dear, *dear* uncle!—and what will become of his own poor Alice?—doubly—doubly an orphan?"

Montague hastened to Mr. Claremont's room, hopeless of learning any thing of his situation from his cousin. The physician and surgeon were both there, and there was Margarette—pale as a statue, and apparently as firm, supporting her uncle's head on her bosom. There was a deathlike silence in the room, while the medical gentlemen were endeavoring to re-

store animation; while all feared that their endeavors would prove useless. A groan at length announced that the vital spark was not extinguished, and Mr. Claremont opened his eyes on his niece.

"Dear uncle," said Margarette, "do you know me?"

"Margarette!" murmured Mr. Claremont.

"Away with her, Mr. Montague," said the physician—"she is gone!"

Montague clasped her in his arms, and bore her out of the room, while a servant hastened after with restoratives. "She must be mine!" thought Montague, as he supported her lifeless frame, while the servant resorted to the usual means of restoration—"she must be mine! Such benevolence without ostentation,—such firmness and deep feeling,—such exalted worth and true humility, are a rare combination! She must be my own!"

Mr. Claremont was scarcely able to leave his room, to which he was confined several weeks, ere Montague asked him, if he would bestow upon him his niece.

"Yes, take her Montague," said Mr. Claremont,— "take her as the choicest treasure one man ever bestowed on another. I know no man but yourself, worthy of her hand and heart."

An almost convulsive pressure of the hand, was the only sign of gratitude Montague could give.

Well, who was at the wedding?—and when did it take place?—It took place in a few months, and a large company was assembled,—for Mr. Claremont hated a private wedding. The Black Prince was one of the guests.

"Are they not a beautiful—a fine-looking couple, Mr. Gordon?" said Alice, after the *great cake* was cut, and the congratulations were over.

"O, yes!"—said Gordon—"as fine pieces of statuary as one could wish to look upon! Montague, indeed, has *fire* enough—the more fortunate for him, for a deal it must have taken to thaw the ice of your cousin!"

"They are both a little singular," said Alice, "yet they love each other tenderly. How happy they will be! How sweet life *must* be, when congenial hearts are thus united forever!"

"Yes,—perhaps so—but after all, sweet Alice, it is better to do, as you and I do—love each other, and still be free!—I would not link my fate with that of any woman in the world. I am quite sure, that I should hate even you, sweetest,—angel as you are, could you call me husband. O, there is something killing to all romance, in the very sound of that word!—Do you not agree with me, dearest?"

Alice could not utter a syllable—but cast on him a heart-rending look of mingled disappointment, mortification and astonishment!—"False!—ungrateful! cruel!"—at length she murmured—and hastened to her chamber, at once to indulge and conceal the bitterness of her feelings.

"Alice is mourning herself to death, for that worthless, heartless Gordon," said Margarette to Montague, some time after their marriage.

"She is doing what she has ever done," said Montague—"thinking only of herself, and cherishing feelings that are totally destructive of all that is valuable in character."

"She has keen sensibility," said Margarette.

"But it is all expended on herself," said Montague.

"Her sensibility results in good to no one, for she has no *sympathy*. Her character used to interest me, until I saw it contrasted with one so much more valuable—so much more exalted!—It was you, my dearest wife, who first taught me the strong distinction betwixt *sympathy* and *sensibility*,—and how utterly useless the latter is, when unaccompanied by the former. With Alice, it is not love for Gordon, but *self-love* that is the cause of her thus pining. Let some other romantic looking knight appear, and sue for her hand, and her affections would be at once transformed. Should no such one appear, she will by degrees degenerate into a peevish, useless, discontented, burdensome old maid. And the best advice I could give to any young lady of great sensibility, and who would be either useful or happy, is—That she should strive to forget her own sorrows, whether *real* or *imaginary*, and expend her sympathies on the afflictions and distresses of her fellow-creatures. By so doing, the benevolence of her heart would be constantly expanding, until she would on earth approximate to the character of an angel,—and when the summons came, would drop the garment of mortality, and shine a seraph in eternal day."

S. H.

There is little merit in the following lines besides that rare merit in poetry, *their truth*. They were written in the place of the writer's nativity, where he had at length settled down, after an absence of thirty years. They were written in a house just purchased, and from which the former owner had not yet removed his family, and were inserted in the Album of his daughter. She was young, beautiful, accomplished, newly married, and wealthy. Though confined to her room by bad health, she was preparing for a voyage to Europe, since happily accomplished.

TO ———.

We met as strangers, Lady, tho' the scenes
On which thine eyes first opened, were the same
To which the sports of childhood, and the hopes
Of Manhood's flattering dawn, had bound my heart
With cords of filial love indissoluble.
We part as strangers, tho' the self-same roof
So long has sheltered both. I hear thy voice—
I hear thy fairy step—and trace the print
Of the soft kiss, with which thy lip has prest
My infant's cheek; and see her little hands
Rich with the gifts thy kindness has bestowed.
And this is all: but there is more than this
That with a link of sympathy connects
My heart with thee, as if some common lot,
Some common spell of destiny had bound
Our fates in one. And we have much in common.
The hope that guides thy steps to distant lands,
In quest of pleasures, such as boundless wealth,
And friends, and youth, and peerless beauty promise—
How much unlike the stern necessity,
Which drove me forth to roam thro' deserts wild,
And on the confines of society,
Where the fierce savage whets the vengeful knife
'Gainst cultivated brutes more fierce than he,
Through hardship, toil and strife, to win my bread!

But O! to leave the scenes of happy youth—
 The Father's sheltering roof, the Mother's care,
 The blithe play-fellows of our childish sports,
 The gay companions of our gladsome hours,
 The cherished friend, whose sympathy consoled
 The petty griefs, that, like a fleecy cloud,
 But dimmed the sunshine of our spring of life,
 And, having shed its freshness on the heart,
 Melted away, leaving the scene more fair;—
 To lose all these!—what is it but the type
 Of that last fatal wrench, that tears the heart
 At once from all we love; and in one doom,
 One common bond of sympathy, unites
 The unnumbered victims, who in every rank,
 Through every walk, throng to the gates of Death?
 May we not deem that the fond Mother's heart,
 Though couched in bliss celestial, yet will yearn
 To her deserted Child? And will not thine,
 Where'er thy steps may roam, true to the pole
 Of all thy young affections, point thy thoughts
 To the fair scenes, clothed by thy fairy hand
 With every charm of hue, and scent, and shade,
 Thyself the brightest ornament? O yes!
 From the rich isle, where science, art and wealth
 Have crowded every joy, the ravished sense,
 And heart, and mind can covet; from the plains
 Of France the beauteous; from the vine-crowned hills
 That in the glassy bosom of the Rhine
 Their blushing fruitages reflected see;
 From classic Italy, the "marble waste"
 Of desecrated fane, and ruined tower,
 And silent palaces, where once the doom
 Of empires was decreed, the heart will turn
 To *Home*. The trackless wild, where foot of man
 Has never broke the silence with its tread,
 Is not more lonely than the thronging scene,
 The "peopled solitude," where jostling crowds
 Elbow their way, regardless that we look
 Upon their strife—unconscious that we live.
 The moss-grown rock, that in the savage dell
 Has frowned for ages on the silent scene,
 In its drear loneliness reflects our own,
 And seems to give a kind of sympathy;
 But stony hearts have none.

Known! yet unknown!

There is a strange mysterious interest
 Follows the form, that fitting through the gloom
 Of twilight, half concealed, and half disclosed,
 Glides silently away; and such a spell
 Upon my memory, thy shadowy image
 In traces faint but indestructible
 Has sketched. And I would be remembered too,
 Not as I am, for thou hast never known me,
 But as I fain would have thee fancy me.
 And I shall be remembered—for the scenes
 On which thy memory will love to dwell,
 Are now my care. 'Tis mine to dress the vine
 Which trained by thee its graceful foliage,
 Gratefully spread to shelter thee: The flower
 That mourns thy absence, watered by my hand,
 Shall lift its drooping head and smile; and thou
 In fancy shalt behold its blue eye glistening
 Brighter through tears; and, with an answering smile,
 And answering tear, thine own bright eye will bless me.
 Then mayst thou think how I, my wanderings o'er,

Have found my way back to my native bowers,
 Among the few whom Time and Fate have left
 Of early friends, to render up my breath,
 And lay my bones beneath the turf, where once
 My musing childhood strayed. And thou wilt think,
 That fortune yet may have in store for thee,
 Like destiny. For who so well may claim
 To rest beneath the shade, to pluck the rose,
 Or, on the mossy bank reclined, inhale
 The violet's balmy breath? And trust me, Lady,
 Should clouds o'ercast the sunny sky that shines
 So bright above thee; should a stormy fate,
 Whelming thy hopes, cast thee a shipwrecked wanderer,
 Wounded and bleeding, on thy native shore,
 These are the scenes in which thy heart will seek
 And find its consolation. Where besides
 Is *Sympathy* so tender—*Love* so kind—
Religion so sincere? Where else has *Hope*
 So learned to look, with cheerful confidence,
 On worlds beyond the grave? Where else does *Faith*
 So show its *Love to God by Love to Man*?

B. T.

POPULAR EDUCATION.

Towards the close of the sixteenth century, Galileo, while seated in the Cathedral of Pisa, had his attention attracted by the swinging of a lamp suspended from the ceiling. Observing that it performed its vibrations apparently in equal times, whether moving over small or great arcs, he was led to the investigation of the laws of its oscillation, and thus called the attention of philosophers to an instrument, which in the multiplicity of its applications has since proved of incalculable benefit to mankind.

It seems strange that a motion so familiar as the vibration of a suspended body had never before attracted the notice of observing minds; and still more strange would it seem, if, after its laws had been discovered, and its important practical applications ascertained, it had never been applied to its useful purposes. Yet has mankind very generally down to the present day, thus neglected an instrument of more extensive application than the pendulum. I allude to *Popular Education*, an agent certainly the most important of any that can be applied to the melioration of the condition of the human race. That knowledge is power, stands in no need of proof or formal illustration. It may be assumed as axiomatic. But if we reason from the conduct of mankind, we shall be led to the conclusion that the aphorism applies only when society is viewed in its constituent parts, and not when the whole mass is regarded. Still speculatively it is allowed to be of general application. How is this inconsistency to be reconciled? Has the importance of Education become one of those propositions which from being universally admitted, have ceased to interest the curiosity or engage the attention of mankind? Has the policy of former ages of keeping in ignorance the great body of the people, in order that they might be the more readily oppressed by the enlightened few, who held the reins of government, grown into a custom too inveterate for the more enlarged speculations of modern times to remove? These inquiries we will not pursue, but will proceed to offer some observations on the advantages of Popular Education.

Under Popular Education may be included an acquaintance with Reading, Writing, English Grammar, Geography, and the leading principles of Science; such information in fact as would enable the people to avail themselves of the lessons contained in books, and to discharge with ease and propriety the various avocations of common life. The advantages of Popular Education as thus defined are so diversified and so connected with the whole intertexture of society, as to render it impracticable on the present occasion to trace them out fully. Only some of its most striking effects on the condition of the people can be noticed. My purpose however will be effected, if I shall succeed in directing the attention of my young friends, many of whom will shortly engage in the busy scenes of life, to a subject fraught with interest to our common country, to a cause which, in the various stages they may occupy in society, will demand their liberal, zealous and patriotic support.

By the general diffusion of information, superstition will be banished from amongst the people. Superstition has been defined, "the error of those, who in their opinion of the causes on which the fate of men depends, believe or disbelieve without judgment or knowledge." It is a compound of the credulity and fears of men—a monster truly of frightful mien—destructive of the happiness of individuals, by continually presenting to the mind imaginary causes of terror, and associating with the most common occurrences of life, the dread of impending calamity—no less destructive of the welfare of nations, by affording an agent which designing men will ever be ready to employ in effectuating their schemes of oppression. It is indeed the fulcrum on which ambition may gain a leverage for moving the moral world. The feelings to which it gives rise are of a uniform character, and when they pervade a whole people, to address them effectually no great diversity of means are required. Hence the important part it has played in the subversion of kingdoms and revolutions of empires. Examples need not be adduced to illustrate its pernicious influence on individual and national happiness. It stands in bold relief on almost every page of history; three-fourths of the habitable globe are at this day living monuments of its power. The rest is still marked by the traces of its slow retreat.

The only effectual barrier to the desolating influence of superstition is to be found in the diffusion of Popular Education. Teach men that a *sequitur* is not necessarily an effect, and they will cease to regard many of the ordinary occurrences of life as portentous because they have once been accidentally conjoined with misfortunes. They will cease to regard those phenomena of the material world which present nature in aspects awful and sublime, as ominous of convulsions in the moral or political world.

The influence of the enlightened few will never be able to banish superstition from the unenlightened multitude. To eradicate it the torch of knowledge must be lit in every mind. So far from superstitious prejudices being removed by the authority of philosophers, they are contracted by them from the illiterate, through the influence of early education, and are persisted in through a disposition in the human mind to regard with some degree of favor that which has been believed in all ages, however absurd in reason. Addison affords a remarkable instance of the influence of popular belief

over a philosophic mind. We learn from the Spectator* that he did not entirely refuse his assent to the existence of ghosts, apparitions and witchcraft. In the time of this eminent writer, a period distinguished in the history of English Literature, there was scarce a village in England in which witchcraft was not accredited; so little authority did the great men of that age, who by their writings have had an acknowledged influence on the moral improvement of the nation, exert in eradicating superstition from the minds of the unenlightened common people.

Education exerts a negative agency in promoting human happiness by removing superstition, one of its greatest enemies. But by expanding the mind to more enlarged conceptions of the order and beauty of the universe, it makes a real addition to the sum of human enjoyments. Our capacities are at best but extremely limited. It has been permitted to us however, to explore the threshold of the labyrinth of nature. Our discoveries present us at every step with ends wisely and beneficently planned, and means adapted with the most admirable simplicity and economy to the production of those ends. No human investigation has ever advanced so far as to point out aught of error in the arrangement of the system of things around us. Every thing, whose purpose we can understand, bears the impress of wisdom. How elevating to the mind of man to rise from the contemplation of this visible order, to a Being on whom we can rely with the utmost surety as having arranged every thing, not only in our small planet but in the whole immensity of creation, with the same admirable wisdom and economy which our limited faculties enable us to trace in the small part which falls under our immediate inspection! Yet to the vulgar mind is denied this ennobling feeling. The ignorant man

"marks not the mighty hand

That ever-busy wheels the silent spheres;
Works in the secret deep; shoots, streaming, thence
The fair profusion that o'er spreads the spring;
Flings from the sun direct the flaming day;
Feeds every creature; hurls the tempest forth;
And as on earth this grateful change revolves,
With transport touches all the springs of life."

It is true, all people, all nations have acknowledged a Supreme Being. But wherever the human mind has been enthralled by ignorance, he has been acknowledged rather as a being of Terror than as a being of Benevolence. 'Tis Education that endues men's minds with a just sense of the attributes of the Supreme Being, and brings them acquainted with their own high destiny, and is in truth, as it has been defined to be, the "hand-maid of Religion."

Among an educated people morality and private virtue must flourish. For in the language of Lord Bacon, "learning disposeth the constitution of the mind not to be fixed in the defects thereof, but still to be susceptible of growth and improvement." The human mind is endowed with a variety of passions, implanted in it for the wisest purposes, but requiring the control of reason not to run into excesses destructive of individual happiness and the peace of society. A cultivated mind not only controls the impetuosity of those passions which hurry onward into crime and misery, but peculiarly

encourages the growth of those benevolent affections whose gratification rests on prospective good. In the constitution of the mind experience shows the striking fact (and it pleads forcibly in favor of the general diffusion of Education among the people) that the growth of the malevolent affections is nurtured by ignorance, and that of the benevolent by knowledge. The former are more truly the instinctive affections and generally operate under immediate stimuli. The latter may be termed the rational affections, for their stimuli are often remote and chiefly felt by the mind, which traces the relations of things and sees the intimate connexion of virtue with individual and general happiness.

The diffusion of Education will heighten and extend the pleasures of social intercourse, pleasures which truly "exalt, embellish, and render life delightful." Regard for a moment the condition of the savage in that intercourse with his fellows, where sensual indulgences and rude exultation in the slaughter of his enemies, constitute the chief of that happiness which their society affords. Think of the aged and infirm parent falling under the parricidal hand, because forsooth his limbs are no longer active in the chase, his arm no longer nerved to deal the deadly blow to an insulting adversary. Think of the sick and afflicted, deserted in their last moments and left to expire without the hand of friendship to close the dying eye. Think of woman, formed to soothe, to polish and refine our ruder natures, doomed to a degrading servitude, and thought worthy only to minister to the passions of their haughty lords. From this rude society turn to that of civilized life. Benevolence spreads her arms to embrace the human race. Sympathy awakens at the notes of woe. Charity forgets not her work of love, but visits the habitation of poverty and wretchedness, and with a generous hand relieves want and soothes the wounds of adversity. Filial piety softens the pillow of declining age. Whilst friendship and affection wait upon the couch of sickness, forgetful of fatigue, contagion and death. In scenes of health and prosperity, peace and joy reign—mutual confidence and endearment characterize domestic life—rational enjoyment marks the social circle, nurturing feelings which strengthen the bonds imposed upon mankind by mutual wants and mutual dependance. Lovely woman holds her just ascendancy—shines alike in every relation of life—a voluntary homage paid to her charms—her smile encouraging to virtuous enterprise and noble achievement—her frown chilling the ardor of even hardy insolence and impious daring. Does this contrast result from difference in mental cultivation? History presents it as the primary cause. Ignorance and barbarism, as applied to nations, may in fact be considered as convertible terms. But if in reference to social intercourse, such effects as those which civilized society presents, are the results of the increase and diffusion of knowledge among the comparatively small portion of mankind who enjoy its immediate advantages, what might we not expect from the general spread of information among the whole body of the people?

Turning from society to the individual in his solitary moments, knowledge is no less the friend of human happiness. It affords materials from which the activity of the mind weaves a pleasing entertainment, when friends are no longer present to cheer with their social converse, and when the appetites revolt by reason of

satiety from sensual indulgences. A book may beguile the tedium of a gloomy day, draw the mind abroad, and prevent its dwelling on imaginary ills that more truly destroy happiness than real misfortunes. The mind must have its excitement; and if it is not endued with that degree of knowledge necessary to stimulate inquiry, and afford a relish for books, it is liable to seek for this excitement in the brutalizing indulgences of the sensual appetites or in the uncontrolled movements of the passions. By furnishing the minds of the people with the due degree of elementary instruction, the best security will be afforded of their minds being usefully or innocently employed, instead of being perverted to their own misery and the disturbance of the public tranquillity.

Such are some of the moral effects of Education. Its diffusion among the people tends to improve their individual and social happiness. It is likewise the great instrument of improvement in the arts and sciences. Discoveries and inventions are said to be the product of the age in which they are made, rather than of the individuals who are immediately instrumental in bringing them forward. But are they not dependant more on the spread of knowledge among the people at large, than on any unusual advancement in learning among philosophers themselves? Speculative philosophy has done much in promoting useful inventions and discoveries. But on the other hand, how much that is really useful do we not owe to the active minds of those engaged in the ordinary vocations of life, and who never had the advantages of instruction in the higher branches of science? It would be a curious and interesting inquiry to trace out the numerous improvements in the arts and sciences, for which we are indebted to geniuses rising superior to the disadvantages of fortune and early education. The list of such names as Ferguson, Watt, Scheele, would be found to swell the catalogue of those whose exertions have contributed to enlarge the field of science, and extend the power of man over the physical creation. Genius is confined to no rank—it is to be found in all the grades of society. Spread elementary instruction among the people, extend to them the means of improvement, and superior minds wherever fortune may have placed them, will not long remain in obscurity. Their inherent vigor will break through difficulties, surmount obstacles, and supply the deficiencies occasioned by the want of a collegiate education. In order too that profit be derived from the improvements of scientific men, the minds of the people must be sufficiently imbued with information to appreciate their labors, and to throw off prejudices and break through established customs so far as to adopt in practice what speculation teaches will be useful. Many important discoveries made in preceding ages, when the mass of the people were sunk in ignorance, have been lost to us, because there was not that diffusion of information necessary for preserving and handing them down. It may be said that science has nothing to fear from such a state of things for the future, since the press and other means of diffusing information preclude all danger of any of its discoveries being lost. We readily admit the great advantages afforded by the press and the extensive intercourse between different parts of the world in preserving and transmitting knowledge. But how many discoveries which contained the germs of future

sciences have been made and neglected for the want of a proper depository in a cultivated and enlightened community? Scarcely a branch of science can be mentioned, in tracing the history of which, we cannot refer back to some neglected discovery which was its real origin. But neglect has not been the only impediment to the progress of science. The difficulties which the fathers of science had to contend with, in the prejudices of the people, at the revival of letters, are familiar to all. The propagation of the true doctrine of the solar system exposed Galileo to the persecution of the age in which he lived. Yes—not the illiterate only—the learned Cardinals of the seventeenth century (if they deserve the title of learned) compelled him, under pain of the awful terrors of the Inquisition, to abjure his conviction of the most sublime truth in science. And while Philosophy must drop a tear over this weakness in one of her most distinguished promoters, every friend of human happiness must regret that ignorance, or execrate that bigotry which could impose such degradation on one of the greatest geniuses of any age.

Inventions and discoveries owe their origin to chance, or some happy idea suddenly striking the mind, or to patient reflection and experiment. Those accidents that lead to them are as liable to occur to one individual as another. But to the uncultivated mind they occur and pass away without exciting one profitable reflection, without drawing the attention to those relations of cause and effect, which being pursued under different circumstances might lead to important discoveries in the arts and sciences. Accidents however occurring to individuals of cultivated minds, have led not only to important solitary discoveries, but to the origin of new sciences, and the formation of new systems of existing sciences. The origin of the science of Galvanism is too familiar to be repeated. It is well known that it was owing to accident. Accident likewise suggested to Haüy his beautiful system of Crystallography. It is said that whilst examining a collection of minerals, he dropped a beautiful specimen of calcareous spar crystallized in prisms, which was broken by the fall. He observed with astonishment that the fragments had the smooth regular forms of the rhomboid crystals of Iceland spar. "I have found it all he exclaimed:" for at this moment he conceived the fundamental idea of his new system. Thus, an accident which to ordinary minds would have been productive only of regret for the destruction of a beautiful specimen in mineralogy, was to the philosophic mind of Haüy the occasion of the most real delight; for it led him to a discovery which he saw was to be of importance to science. The circumstances of the early life of Haüy enforce strongly the importance of diffusing information among the people, sufficient to afford them the means of advancing in improvement, and to enable them to turn the accidents that are continually occurring in life, to the benefit of mankind. He was born in obscurity, the son of a poor weaver, and we are indebted to the *primary schools* in Germany for the evolution of his genius, and the valuable contributions made by him to science.

The diffusion of information among the people will be favorable, not only to the progress of discovery, but also to excellency in the mechanic arts. It is maintained by many that the practical artist does not require the aid of science. Manual dexterity indeed can be

acquired by practice only, but yet a moderate share of scientific information will render skill more available. Every artist in fact, by experience, acquires that portion of science which is necessary for excellence in his art; but it is at the expense of much time and many failures. By the diffusion of Popular Education, this information would become a standing fund upon which artists could draw in pursuing their different occupations, without having to derive it from the slow lessons of experience.

By raising the standard of education among the people, the standard would be raised among the learned also; for what is termed learning is only a relative quality. The whole extent of human knowledge is insignificant in comparison with the infinity of truths which remain undiscovered or unobserved. The heights and depths of science, which in our pride we fondly imagine we have explored, only strike us with astonishment because we compare them with that even surface along which ignorance plods. As the progress of information advances, the greater is that portion of knowledge which becomes the heritage of the people. By the mere intercourse of society, much knowledge is diffused, independently of that which is spread by the regular institutions for learning; and the quantum of this erratic knowledge rises in a greater ratio than the general intelligence of the people. In this country a century back, the assertion that the sun remains stationary, or nearly so, and the earth by its revolutions gives occasion to day and night, and the rotation of the seasons, would probably have been heard with astonishment, and received with incredulity by the mass of the people; because their senses, and the common use and acceptance of language led them to believe the reverse. Yet what novice at the present day, enlightened in comparison with a period of one hundred years back, would require to be informed of a truth so well known? This important truth has, like many other scientific truths, become familiar to every member of society. The information thus diffused, would be increased by raising the standard of education among the people. Much of that knowledge which before constituted a part of the stock peculiar to the learned, would become the common property of the people at large. The former would necessarily conform to a higher standard of acquirements. The plan of instruction in colleges and universities would become more liberal and extensive: for on this condition would depend the distinction of their alumni from the uninitiated.

The education of the people presents itself in an interesting light, when viewed in connexion with our political institutions. The study of history and mankind shows the essential connexion of light and liberty. Wherever solid learning has prevailed, governments have been best administered, and the people have been most happy. And on the other hand the most barbarous, rude and uncultivated nations have been most subject to tumults, seditions and changes. In all governments learning exerts a most favorable influence, by impressing on the minds of rulers the true character of their station, and on the minds of the people a just sense as well of their rights, as of their duties towards the established authority. But in our government the intelligence of the people is the very soul of its existence. There are here no distinctions of rank—

no great interests artificially balanced against each other, to keep the body politic in *equilibrium*. Our government recognizes but one class—the people; and but one interest—the interest of the people. To the good of the people the exertions of all must be directed; and this end, to be clearly discerned, and steadily pursued, requires the public mind to be enlightened. The constitutional distribution of the powers of government, constitutes the basis of a political system the most admirable which human wisdom has yet devised—a system which, duly administered in its several parts, tends more than any other to maintain the natural equality and liberty of man, and to promote the welfare and happiness of the people. But the just operation of our political system requires that the powers distributed to the several departments be kept within their proper sphere of action. Experience shows that written constitutions are in themselves an insufficient barrier to the encroachments of men in power. Ambition and interest can easily, by construction and implication, from the most limited grants of power, derive authority for the most arbitrary and oppressive acts. This evil has been provided against as far as practicable, in the separation of the powers, and the organization of the different departments of the government. But another check which our system contemplates, and certainly one of the most effectual in its operation, is to be found in the intelligence and vigilance of the people. Sovereignty residing with them, it is their opinion which must in all cases determine finally, what and how much power has been delegated, and to which government, and which department of government it has been committed. Measures affecting deeply the public interests must often be decided by a few voices in the state and national legislatures. Over these decisions the people exert a controlling influence. How important then is it that they be sufficiently enlightened to discern their true interests—to distinguish between sectional and general good—and with that spirit of liberality which free institutions engender, to submit to temporary and local evil, in consideration of permanent and general advantage!

But it may be asked, has not experience shown that a very moderate share of intelligence, in the great mass of the people, is sufficient for the harmonious and beneficial operation of our republican system? Have not the people, as they have advanced in intelligence, shown themselves less capable of self-government than their predecessors? To these questions it may be answered, that no precise degree of general intelligence can be marked as the point at which the people become capable of self-government; but the very nature of a republican government supposes them to be enlightened, and common sense dictates that by extending the breadth of that foundation on which the whole fabric rests, the best security is obtained for its permanency. Let us dismiss the narrow notion that degeneracy is the necessary accompaniment of learning and refinement. It is true, the boasted republics of antiquity, at the golden period of their literature, sunk into servitude. But their degeneracy and their overthrow were not the effects of their literature; they were only accidental concomitants. They were either overwhelmed by external force, or sunk at length the victims of their own policy. Rome, by her policy of subjecting all nations

to her sway, neglected the sources of prosperity contained within her own bosom. By the spoils of foreign conquest the city became enriched—rapine became honorable—the provinces were plundered—wealth was acquired without labor—luxury and licentiousness prevailed—useful employments were neglected, (for the poor subsisted by the *largesses* of the ambitious great)—every thing was venal. The morality of the state became rotten to the core. Ambitious demagogues, with their mercenary followers, overturned the institutions of their country. Rome sunk—yes, even *in spite* of her refinement.

But no just comparison can be instituted between ancient republics and our own, in relation to the causes which produced the overthrow of the former, and those which may endanger the permanency of the latter. The theories of ancient and modern republics are essentially different. The science of government has become better understood than formerly, and a more liberal policy marks the practice of rulers. Statesmen have discovered that the prosperity of nations is dependant on the wise administration of their internal concerns. Wars have become less frequent and less dangerous to the existence of nations. And the modern mode of warfare has given to cultivated infinitely the superiority over rude and uncultivated nations. With these advantages, the fruits of science in our favor, we need not dread the fate of bygone republics; we need not fear that the progress of intelligence and refinement will occasion that degeneracy which has been falsely attributed to them on a superficial view of the history of ancient nations. The passions of men will indeed continue to operate as they ever have done: but the diffusion of information among the people will be the surest means of counteracting their evil tendency, or directing them to proper objects.

Late events in the history of our republic have indeed shaken the faith of some in regard to the permanency of our institutions. At its origin, we were united by external dangers and the common defence of our liberties. At a later period, the adjustment of foreign relations, and the development of our system of government, interested the attention of rulers and people. But now we have been for some time at peace with foreign nations—our national character has been established abroad—and the settlement of most subjects in controversy with other countries, together with the gradual extinction of the national debt, have given place to a more immediate attention to our internal concerns. Legislation on sectional interests has brought the public sentiment of the North and South into conflict. Organized opposition to the exercise of powers claimed by congress, has threatened the very permanency of the Union. But the patriotism which directed the councils of our fathers is not yet fled. The wisdom of our legislators, aided by an enlightened public sentiment, has happily averted the danger. Let us not rest in security however. The diversified interests of our wide-spread country will continue to give rise to legislation which will excite popular discontents, and conflicts of public opinion, in relation to the delegated powers of the federal government. A grievous evil confined to one portion of the Union, threatens at no distant day to test the strength of the bonds which bind us together. The tendency of the feelings beginning

to be developed among our northern brethren, cannot be mistaken. Free from slavery themselves, the relations in which it stands to our citizens and our government cannot be rightly estimated by them. Abstract speculation, mistaken philanthropy, fanatic zeal in the cause of freedom, may exclaim—the rights of man must be vindicated—the crusade must be commenced against the violators of humanity—opposition must be borne down by the strong arm of government. But let the day come when a northern majority shall in madness interfere in this delicate subject, and our union as freemen is gone forever. Civil war and bloodshed will deface and destroy the beautiful proportions of the temple of freedom. The Cæsar of America will arise to bind together the disjointed fragments of the edifice with the chain of Despotism.

Means for averting these ills are to be sought. Where shall we look for them except in the general diffusion of intelligence among the people? Spread knowledge among the people, and their minds will be awakened to a due sense of the value of our free institutions. They will be quick to detect ambition, aiming under a false pretence of public utility, at private aggrandizement. They will be ready in discerning the true interests of the nation, however designing men may endeavor to blind their perception. They will cultivate that liberal, compromising spirit, which submits to partial evil for the general good. Yes, they will cherish that patriotism which in the hour of danger will stand by the republic, and seal with the blood of freemen the "*esto perpetus*" of the Union.

TRANSLATION.

There are few exercises of poetical talent more frequent than translations of the Odes of Horace; and there is perhaps none of these on which more men have tried their pens, than the 22d of the first book. Of all that we have ever met with, we think none superior to the following. Were it even inferior to the best efforts of the well trained pupils of Eton or Westminster, it would be interesting as the production of a Virginian. It was written some sixty years ago, as a school exercise by a pupil in the grammar school of William and Mary. We find it in the hand writing of J. Randolph of Roanoke, on the blank leaves of an old copy of Horace, where it is recorded that the age of the writer was fourteen. Comparing it with the early compositions of Pope or Byron, the reader will be apt to ask, "What became of the author?" The answer will be found in the history of the Polish wars, in which he acted a conspicuous part. Late in life he returned to his native country, and lived and died in voluntary obscurity. It is believed that few men possessed more of the confidence and esteem of the unfortunate monarch to whom he devoted his services than *General Lewis Littlepage*.

We have no reason to believe that these lines were ever published. They are all that remain of an extraordinary man, and we are pleased to think that by giving them a place in the Messenger, they may be preserved.

*Fusus, the Man, whose quiet heart
No conscious crimes molest,
Needs not the Moor's envenomed dart,
To guard his guiltless breast.*

Safe he may range Getulia's sands,
Virtue and Peace his guides,
Or where the desert Garma stands,
Or famed Hydaspes glides.

Late, as I ranged the Sabine Grove,
Beyond my usual bounds,
And, void of care, I sang my Love,
In soft melodious sounds,

Sudden I met, without defence,
A Wolf in fierceness bred;
But, awed by peaceful innocence,
The savage monster fled.

Not scorched Numidia's thirsty fields,
Where tawny Lions feed,
Nor warlike Daunia's dreary-wilds,
So dire a monster breed.

Remove me far from cheerful day,
To night and endless shades,
Where not a bright celestial ray
The awful gloom pervades:

Or place me near the solar blaze,
Beneath the burning Zone,
Where no refreshing breeze allays
The influence of the Sun.

Still shall the memory of my Love,
Her soft enchanting smile,
Her charming voice, my woes remove,
And all my cares beguile.

VERSES

Written during an Excursion among the Alleghany Mountains.

How calm and glorious is the hour of night
In these uncultured solitary wilds,
When o'er each lowly vale and lofty height
The full-orb'd moon in cloudless lustre smiles.

Those lofty mountains with their forest green
And craggy summits tow'ring to the sky—
How proudly do they rise o'er all the scene,
And lift the thoughts from earth to muse on high!

And yon pure rivulet that pours along,
Playing and sparkling in the moon-beams clear—
How sweet the music of its vesper song
In tuneful cadence falls upon the ear!

And hark! the roar of these far spreading woods,
Sinking or rising as the winds sweep by!
Myriads of voices fill these solitudes,
And send the notes of melody on high.

While all his works with one accord rejoice,
And pour forth praises to the Great Supreme,
Shall man unmoved withhold his nobler voice
Nor glow with raptures on the glorious theme?

His bounteous goodness all creation fills,—
Even these wild woods where solitude prevails;
He sends his dews upon the untrodden hills,
And flowers he scatters o'er the lonely vales.

Scenes unfrequented by the feet of men
Display his goodness, and proclaim his might:
He feeds the wild deer in the secret glen,
And the young eagles on the craggy height.

His mighty arm the vivid lightning speeds,
And bursts the clouds that o'er the hills impend:
The mountain stream through distant lands he leads
And Joy and Melody his steps attend.

To trace his wonders through each varying clime,
And all his mercies to the sons of men,
Fills the rapt soul with ecstasy sublime
Beyond the effort of the poet's pen.

O Solitude! how blissful are the hours
Among thy shades in heavenly musing past,
When Nature leads us through her secret bowers,
And Contemplation spreads the rich repast.

Among the haunts of men the thoughtful mind
That fain would rise above the things of earth,
Finds its bold flights on every hand confined,
By care distracted, and seduced by mirth.

But in the deep and solemn hour of night
The soul luxuriates in a scene like this:
From cliff to cliff she wings her daring flight
O'er foaming cataract or dark abyss.

Or else, uplifted o'er the things of time,
By heavenly Faith from all her bonds set free,
Among the fields of ether soars sublime,
And holds communion with the Deity.

Oh! how transporting is the glorious thought
That He whose power controls yon worlds above,
Is ever nigh—and ever found when sought
To save and bless us with a father's love.

Even his chastisements are with mercy fraught,
And seal instruction on the attentive mind.
Driven by disease these distant shades I sought,
And all the fruitless cares of life resigned:

'Twas there He met me, and in mercy healed
The raging fevers that my strength deprest,
His love paternal to my soul revealed,
And swell'd the tide of rapture in my breast.

Oh! then, my heart, may'st thou continual turn
To Him whose power alone can guide thy ways:
May love divine upon thine altar burn,
And every thought and feeling speak His praise.

LIONEL GRANBY.

CHAP. VII.

He was too good for war, and ought to be
As far from danger, as from fear he's free.—*Cowley.*

"You are an accomplished Lovelace, Lionel!" said one of a merry throng, collected around a wine table. "Poor Miss Ellen Pilton is now fondly trusting to your mellow song of flattery and promise. Here's to her health! and to that of every pretty woman with a silly heart, and a credulous ear."

"'Tis pledged," cried I, forgetting every feeling of honor in the incense offered to my vanity, "and may each of you be equally successful."

The words were scarcely uttered by me, nor had the glass touched my lips, ere I received a violent blow in the face, which sent me reeling to the extremity of the room. Rising with shame from my debasing posture, I encountered the eye of Pilton, fixed on me with a firm, cool, and deliberate gaze, and in an instant, my dirk was pointed to his heart. I looked in his face with a stern, malignant, and merciless triumph, yet his color neither blanched—nor did his countenance quail. "Let him alone!" cried twenty voices, "he is unarmed, give him fair play;" and I thank God, that in the tempest of my rage I was sufficiently alive to this appeal to my manhood, suddenly to throw the vulgar weapon away.

"Base coward!" cried I, "I will not assassinate you—but remember that your blood alone, can cleanse this foul and dastardly assault."

"You have insulted my sister," he replied, "and I have punished your falsehood. I fear neither your attempt at assassination—nor the resentment of that baseness which can trample on unprotected innocence. Remember, Mr. Granby, that the blow which you received was from a brother's hand! and if you be a gentleman, your infamy will be deepened by the seething recollections of your own conscience."

"You have done wrong Lionel!" said many voices, "tell him, that you did not see him enter the room when the toast was offered, or you would not have wounded his feelings."

"Who dictates to me?" said I,—"who measures my honor? who controls my revenge? for whoever dare treat me with such impertinent freedom, I will hold as an enemy, whom I will pursue to the grave. As for you, Mr. Pilton—you will *understand—to-morrow.*"

My couch that night was one of utter wretchedness, and my revenge was lashed into bitterness, by the whip of sleepless conscience. That I should in a moment of folly have committed an act disgraceful to a gentleman—that I should, under the excitement of puerile vanity, have offered myself to the just resentment of my enemy—that I should thus foolishly lose the "vantage ground," which I had long and anxiously sought—that I should be stung and tortured by a consciousness of impropriety—and that I should bear on my proud cheek, the scorching blush of a public insult, were feelings which conspired to humble and cheapen me to the lowest point of mental and personal degradation.

Where duelling is a passion—and where public opinion calls it chivalry, it is easy to procure a second, and I was saved the trouble of seeking one by the voluntary offer of the young man—who had given the offensive toast to my vanity. Early on the next morning, the warlike missive, graced with the usual courtesies, was sent to Pilton, and in a short time I received the following answer—a brief, though comprehensive commentary on the truisms and philosophy of cowardice.

Sir—I cannot—I will not fight a duel. I owe duties to my country, my God, and my family, dependent on a life which none but a fool would idly risk. I am not sufficiently base to murder you—nor am I silly enough to offer my life to your malignant revenge. I have no right to kill you—therefore, I shall not attempt it. I

chastised you, as I shall do every man, who acts in a similar manner, for an insult to the reputation of a sister. Sustained by an approving conscience—and a mind honestly alive to a sense of its own dignity, I am prepared to defend myself from every attack of brutality and malice.

Your ob't servant,
EDMUND PILTON.

Lionel Granby, Esq.

"Why did you suffer Pilton to refuse the challenge? Was it not delivered in proper form? and did you not assure him that there was no alternative?"

"It was with difficulty," replied my second, "that I could induce him to receive your note, and when he informed me of his refusal to fight, I called him a coward, and threw a glass of water into his face. Provoked to some spirit by the grossness of my insult, he struck me with a cane; I aimed a pistol at his bosom which unfortunately flashed; and he terminated my visit, by caning and kicking me down stairs. I am more deeply insulted than you are. What shall I do? How shall I act to obtain satisfaction?"

My second's reception added more gall to my wounded pride, and I resolved to coerce Pilton into a fight, by attacking him, whenever we should meet. I crushed his letter with my heel, and, throwing it into the fire, I watched it twisting and crackling amid the blaze. Ere it had wasted itself into ashes, Arthur Ludwell, almost breathless, entered my room.

"I feel deeply," said he taking my hand, "for your situation, and regret that you have not sent for me, and demanded my assistance. I have waited on Pilton, who declares that he will make an apology for his blow, if you will say that you were ignorant of his presence in the room, when the toast was pledged. All who have heard of the affray know very well, that this was the fact; for you would not wantonly wound that exquisite sensibility which a brother alone can feel. It would be honorable on your part to express the truth, and it is magnanimous in Pilton to offer his reconciliation."

"And am I then so degraded, so contemptible, and so humble, that you can thus cruelly taunt me, and, with the harlotry of insidious friendship, counsel me to vilify my name, and commit a debasing suicide on my own character? Must I make an apology to a brute—one who is a disgrace to manhood's spirit—and who has rotted into life, on the dunghill of selfishness? Must I succumb to him, whom I have hated with long, unbroken, and relentless abhorrence? Must I be deaf to that fearful curse with which his malice blighted the freshness of my boyhood—which burnt on the tablet of memory, and graven in letters of blood, now agonizes my brain, and swells through my heart? Must I be recreant to my name, and family—forget that blow which will ever tingle on my cheek, and basely creep through life a reptile coward? Take back your treacherous friendship, if this be its infamy, and remember, Mr. Ludwell, that in one moment you have crushed every feeling of affection, and on its ruins, have arisen an eternal contempt for your duplicity, and a damning scorn for your character."

"Hear me," dear Lionel! said he, bursting into tears, "and forgive that advice which sprung from a heart tenderly alive to every thing connected with your interests. Control your rage, and listen to the voice of that

friend who will sacrifice life, and surrender every thing he has on earth, for your reputation. Pardon the intrusion of my counsel, and I will forgive your suspicions. Come, give me your hand, and let me not believe that you have a bad heart."

"What right sir! have you to allude to my heart, whatever it may be?—no imputation shall be cast on it, by a weeping coward. I shall hold you answerable," said I quitting the room—"for the baseness of your insinuation, and I can assure you that an ocean of hypocritical tears will not protect you."

So soon as I could procure a pen, I addressed a cruel and fiend-like letter to Arthur, demanding an humble apology—and an explicit disavowal of his insult, and in the event of his refusal, my second was authorised to make a *speedy arrangement*. "Let him not (concluded my letter) see your womanly accomplishments, for he is prepared to scorn the weakness, and loathe the duplicity of your tears."

The same second whom Pilton's attack had maddened into a demoniac rage for blood, bore my challenge to Arthur; and when he returned, I saw his eye kindled into animation at the hope of a certain fight. "Here is a letter for you! Ludwell is true game. You cannot retract your challenge, and he will be forced to meet you! I will clean the pistols, while you write family letters and starve; for the odds are against you, if you dine or eat any thing. While he busied himself in searching for the pistols, I opened and read with feelings of stern contempt, the letter of Arthur.

My dear Lionel,—Take back your challenge, and do not force me to meet you in combat. I cannot refuse it, for I have not firmness of mind to do an act which my reason suggests, and my heart approves. I am afraid of that public opinion which would execrate me as a coward, and trample me into infamy, ere I had stepped into manhood. In spite of your unkind letter, I still love you with the candor and truth of a boy's heart, and I think now more deeply of the innocent hours of our early days, when friendship united us, and sincerity hallowed the union. You know that I cannot make an apology under a threat. Retract it, and I will humble myself, if by such means I can regain your wonted affection.

Your friend,

ARTHUR LUDWELL.

"Return!" said I to my second, "and inform Mr. Ludwell that if he do not consent to fight, I will proclaim him as a coward, and publish his whining letter to the world. He, with every other man who dare sustain Pilton, is my enemy."

We met! 'Twas a mild and peaceful evening when we approached the field, and the setting sun was rejoicing like a bridegroom in the blushing embrace of the trembling horizon. Its quivering rays were reflected in shadowy lines, through the foliage of the forest, while the scarlet fruit of two old holly trees—the mute records of many a duel—lent the only cheering aspect to the frightful solitude of the scene. Our seconds having retired a short distance, for the purpose of arranging the usual ceremonies, we were left standing near each other. I was proud and inflexible, yet I felt my heart throbbing with anguish, and long-prized friendship, and when I looked on his serene and digni-

fled countenance, the jeweled days of our childhood flashed before me—when I was untainted by revenge—and uncursed by hatred,—when I was lifted above the darkness of human passion—when hope illuminated the airy future, and pleasure grasped the unalloyed fruition of reality. I thought not of my own death—of that dreamless and sodden sleep, from whose ghastly phantasm wisdom sinks into horror—of that dark insensibility to warm and mantling life—to light, hope, and love—a shadowless, impenetrable and boundless desert. Could I destroy the life of him, who with tireless truth had ever joyed in my joys—and sorrowed in my sorrows? Could I crush and scatter into nothingness, the full harvest which his ambition had garnered—the gems of mind—the sparkling thoughts of genius—the rich treasures of learning—and bankrupt the accumulated spoils of wisdom? Could I seize from the fetid riot of the grave the animated countenance, the brave, generous and affectionate heart, or call back from the eternal prison of death, the gifted mind, and the eloquent brow? I reasoned with a memory which could not be recreant, and of the result of that duel my heart is guiltless?

Our seconds, having finished their conversation, now approached, and placed the pistols in our hands, Arthur holding his in a perpendicular position, and mine according to the latest improvement, and the repeated suggestions of my second, being directed to the earth.

"I cannot consent to fire?" said I, "while Mr. Ludwell stands directly in the line of that tree, it gives me a great advantage!"

"It makes no difference, Lionel!—Mr. Granby," said Arthur, suddenly correcting himself, "I care not in what posture, or situation I stand." His second now advanced and placed him in a position, the advantage of which did not escape the keen eye of my friend, who turned me around twice, before he confessed himself satisfied with my attitude. The word "fire" was now given, and almost at the same moment our pistols were discharged, Arthur having fired his into the air, while I in raising mine, had involuntarily aimed it directly at my antagonist. The ball struck him I know not where, but I saw him reel backwards, stagger, and laying hold of a bush near him, stumble, and fall to the earth.

"I demand another fire," said his friend, "he is able to stand, and I claim the privilege." "Mr. Ludwell cannot fire again," replied my second, "for he has thrown away his shot."

"I resign my right," interrupted Arthur! "and Lionel, I forgive you. If I recover, I will forget all—and dying, you have my unalloyed friendship. Leave this frightful place as soon as possible, for you may be arrested; and do not fear, for I shall yet recover, and we will be friends again. These words were uttered by him in a faint, though distinct voice; his features were nerved with his usual lofty dignity of countenance, yet his eye quivered with a flitting light, and a dark and unearthly color fell, like a wintry cloud, over the radiance of his brow. I could not so far divest myself of pride, as to confess in presence of our seconds that my fire had been accidental, nor could I, even at that trying moment, reconcile it to myself to be an exception to that general rule, which requires that a challenger shall never throw away his fire. Motioning to our friends to retire, I approached Arthur, and leaning over him, I whispered the simple truth. A momentary smile flashed

over his pallid countenance, and grasping my hand in an ecstasy of delight, he said, "I knew it! I believe you! I was confident that you did not fire intentionally!" He was here interrupted by my second who exclaimed "the civil authorities!" I looked round, and through the dim twilight, I saw a crowd of ill-dressed people rapidly approaching us. I knelt down, and asking forgiveness once more from my injured friend, fled with the burning brand of Cain on my forehead—an humbled and heart-broken man!

UNKNOWN FLOWERS.

"Full many a flower is born to blush unseen."

Oh! many are the unknown flowers,
By human eyes unseen,
That bloom in nature's woodland bowers,
Of bright and changeless green.
The brightest flowers earth ever knew,
Of lovely breath, and brilliant hue,
Are sparkling there with morning dew,
Or bright with summer showers—
Above them tower the forest trees,
And o'er them blows the gentle breeze,
And by them many a mountain stream
Runs eddying thro' its banks of green,
And to each bud that o'er it bends
A drop of pearly radiance lends,
Dashes its sides with snowy spray,
Then hurries on its course away—
The wood-bee revels on their sweets,
And 'neath their leaves the bright Fay sleeps;
And by them bounds the gentle deer
So full of life, so full of fear:
And lovely birds, whose brilliant wings
Are bright with hues of brighter things,
Make music in those woodland bowers,
Those Edens of the unknown flowers.

MORNA.

SONNET TO *****.

BY ALEXANDER LACY BEARD, M. D.

I will not leave thee! no by heaven I swear,
Although thy soul be stained with guilt and shame,
I will not leave thee! for by me it came—
Then cheer up, sweet one, shudder not with fear;
From my own side, thy form they shall not tear;
I will not leave thee! one undying flame
Burns in my breast!—will ever burn the same,
'Mid sorrow's storm, and darkest hour of care.

O that some far off, dark, and desert isle,
To man a stranger and his heartless pride,
Would take us to its bosom lone and wild,
Where I, unwatched, could wander by thy side,
Soothed by thy voice and gladden'd by thy smile,
Rich in thy love so long and deeply tried.

A. W. Schlegel says, that in a German drama is the following stage direction. "He flashes lightning at him with his eyes, and exit." (*Er blüht ihm mit den augen an.*)

METZINGERSTEIN.

A TALE IN IMITATION OF THE GERMAN.

BY EDGAR A. POE.

*Pecunia erant vivus—mors tua mors ero.**Martin Luther.*

Horror and Fatality have been stalking abroad in all ages. Why then give a date to the story I have to tell? I will not. Besides, I have other reasons for concealment. Let it suffice to say, that at the period of which I speak, there existed, in the interior of Hungary, a settled although hidden belief in the doctrines of the Metempsychosis. Of the doctrines themselves—that is, of their falsity, or of their probability—I say nothing. I assert, however, that much of our incredulity—as La Bruyère says of all our unhappiness—“*vient de ne pouvoir être seuls.*”

But there were some points in the Hungarian superstition which were fast verging to absurdity. They—the Hungarians—differed very essentially from their Eastern authorities. For example. “*The soul,*” said the former—I give the words of an acute and intelligent Parisian—*ne demeure qu’un seul fois dans un corps sensible: au reste—un cheval, un chien, un homme même n’est que la ressemblance peu tangible de ces animaux.*”

The families of Berlitzing and Metzengerstein had been at variance for centuries. Never before were two houses so illustrious mutually embittered by hostility so deadly. Indeed, at the era of this history, it was observed by an old crone of haggard and sinister appearance, that “fire and water might sooner mingle than a Berlitzing clasp the hand of a Metzengerstein.” The origin of this enmity seems to be found in the words of an ancient prophecy—“A lofty name shall have a fearful fall when, like the rider over his horse, the mortality of Metzengerstein shall triumph over the immortality of Berlitzing.”

To be sure the words themselves had little or no meaning. But more trivial causes have given rise—and that no long while ago—to consequences equally eventful. Besides, the estates, which were contiguous, had long exercised a rival influence in the affairs of a busy government. Moreover, near neighbors are seldom friends—and the inhabitants of the Castle Berlitzing might look, from their lofty buttresses, into the very windows of the Chateau Metzengerstein. Least of all was the more than feudal magnificence thus discovered calculated to allay the irritable feelings of the less ancient and less wealthy Berlitzings. What wonder, then, that the words, however silly, of that prediction, should have succeeded in setting and keeping at variance two families already predisposed to quarrel by every instigation of hereditary jealousy? The prophecy seemed to imply—if it implied any thing—a final triumph on the part of the already more powerful house; and was of course remembered with the more bitter animosity on the side of the weaker and less influential.

Wilhelm, Count Berlitzing, although honorably and loftily descended, was, at the epoch of this narrative, an infirm and doting old man, remarkable for nothing but an inordinate and inveterate personal antipathy to the family of his rival, and so passionate a love of horses, and of hunting, that neither bodily infirmity, great age,

nor mental incapacity, prevented his daily participation in the dangers of the chase.

Frederick, Baron Metzengerstein, was, on the other hand, not yet of age. His father, the Minister G——, died young. His mother, the Lady Mary, followed quickly after. Frederick was, at that time, in his fifteenth year. In a city fifteen years are no long period—a child may be still a child in his third lustrum: but in a wilderness—in so magnificent a wilderness as that old principality, fifteen years have a far deeper meaning.

The beautiful Lady Mary! How *could* she die?—and of consumption! But it is a path I have prayed to follow. I would wish all I love to perish of that gentle disease. How glorious! to depart in the hey-day of the young blood—the heart all passion—the imagination all fire—amid the remembrances of happier days—in the fall of the year—and so be buried up forever in the gorgeous autumnal leaves!

Thus died the Lady Mary. The young Baron Frederick stood without a living relative by the coffin of his dead mother. He placed his hand upon her placid forehead. No shudder came over his delicate frame—no sigh from his flinty bosom. Heartless, self-willed, and impetuous from his childhood, he had reached the age of which I speak through a career of unfeeling, wanton, and reckless dissipation; and a barrier had long since arisen in the channel of all holy thoughts and gentle recollections.

From some peculiar circumstances attending the administration of his father, the young Baron, at the decease of the former, entered immediately upon his vast possessions. Such estates were seldom held before by a nobleman of Hungary. His castles were without number—of these the chief in point of splendor and extent was the “Chateau Metzengerstein.” The boundary line of his dominions was never clearly defined—but his principal park embraced a circuit of fifty miles.

Upon the succession of a proprietor so young—with a character so well known—to a fortune so unparalleled—little speculation was afloat in regard to his probable course of conduct. And, indeed, for the space of three days the behavior of the heir out-heroded Herod, and fairly surpassed the expectations of his most enthusiastic admirers. Shameful debaucheries—flagrant treacheries—unheard-of atrocities—gave his trembling vassals quickly to understand that no servile submission on their part—no punctilios of conscience on his own—were thenceforward to prove any security against the remorseless and bloody fangs of a petty Caligula. On the night of the fourth day, the stables of the Castle Berlitzing were discovered to be on fire: and the unanimous opinion of the neighborhood instantaneously added the crime of the incendiary to the already hideous list of the Baron’s misdemeanors and enormities.

But during the tumult occasioned by this occurrence, the young nobleman himself sat, apparently buried in meditation, in a vast and desolate upper apartment of the family palace of Metzengerstein. The rich although faded tapestry-bangings which swung gloomily upon the walls, represented the shadowy and majestic forms of a thousand illustrious ancestors. *Here*, rich-ermined priests, and pontifical dignitaries, familiarly seated with the autocrat and the sovereign, put a veto on the wishes of a temporal king—or res-

trained with the fiat of papal supremacy the rebellious sceptre of the Arch-Enemy. *There*, the dark, tall statues of the Princes Metzengerstein—their muscular war-couriers plunging over the carcases of a fallen foe—startled the steadiest nerves with their vigorous expression: and *here*, again, the voluptuous and swan-like figures of the dames of days gone by, floated away in the mazes of an unreal dance to the strains of imaginary melody.

But as the Baron listened, or affected to listen to the gradually increasing uproar in the stables of Berlitzing—or perhaps pondered upon some more novel—some more decided act of audacity—his eyes became unwittingly riveted to the figure of an enormous, and unnaturally colored horse, represented in the tapestry as belonging to a Saracen ancestor of the family of his rival. The horse itself, in the foreground of the design, stood motionless and statue-like—while farther back its discomfited rider perished by the dagger of a Metzengerstein.

On Frederick's lip arose a fiendish expression, as he became aware of the direction his glance had, without his consciousness, assumed. Yet he did not remove it. On the contrary he could by no means account for the singular, intense, and overwhelming anxiety which appeared falling like a shroud upon his senses. It was with difficulty that he reconciled his dreamy and incoherent feelings with the certainty of being awake. The longer he gazed, the more absorbing became the spell—the more impossible did it appear that he could ever withdraw his glance from the fascination of that tapestry. But the tumult without becoming suddenly more violent, with a kind of compulsory and desperate exertion he diverted his attention to the glare of ruddy light thrown full by the flaming stables upon the windows of the apartment.

The action, however, was but momentary—his gaze returned mechanically to the wall. To his extreme horror and astonishment the head of the gigantic steed had, in the meantime, altered its position. The neck of the animal, before arched, as if in compassion, over the prostrate body of its lord, was now extended, at full length, in the direction of the Baron. The eyes, before invisible, now wore an energetic and human expression, while they gleamed with a fiery and unusual red: and the distended lips of the apparently enraged horse left in full view his sepulchral and disgusting teeth.

Stupified with terror the young nobleman tottered to the door. As he threw it open, a flash of red light streaming far into the chamber, flung his shadow with a clear outline against the quivering tapestry; and he shuddered to perceive that shadow—as he staggered awhile upon the threshold—assuming the exact position, and precisely filling up the contour of the relentless and triumphant murderer of the Saracen Berlitzing.

To lighten the depression of his spirits the Baron hurried into the open air. At the principal gate of the Chateau he encountered three equerries. With much difficulty, and at the imminent peril of their lives, they were restraining the unnatural and convulsive plunges of a gigantic and fiery-colored horse.

"Whose horse? Where did you get him?" demanded the youth in a querulous and husky tone of voice, as he became instantly aware that the mysterious steed

in the tapestried chamber was the very counterpart of the furious animal before his eyes.

"He is your own property, Sire"—replied one of the equerries—"at least he is claimed by no other owner. We caught him flying, all smoking and foaming with rage, from the burning stables of the Castle Berlitzing. Supposing him to have belonged to the old Count's stud of foreign horses, we led him back as an estray. But the grooms there disclaim any title to the creature—which is strange, since he bears evident marks of having made a narrow escape from the flames."

"The letters W. V. K. are also branded very distinctly on his forehead"—interrupted a second equerry—"I supposed them, of course, to be the initials of Wilhelm Von Berlitzing—but all at the Castle are positive in denying any knowledge of the horse."

"Extremely singular!" said the young Baron, with a musing air, and apparently unconscious of the meaning of his words—"He is, as you say, a remarkable horse—a prodigious horse! although, as you very justly observe, of a suspicious and untractable character—Let him be mine, however," he added, after a pause—"perhaps a rider like Frederick of Metzengerstein, may tame even the devil from the stables of Berlitzing."

"You are mistaken, my lord—the horse, as I think we mentioned, is not from the stables of the Count. If such were the case, we know our duty better than to bring him into the presence of a noble of your family."

"True!" observed the Baron drily—and at that instant a page of the bed chamber came from the Chateau with a heightened color, and precipitate step. He whispered into his master's ear an account of the miraculous and sudden disappearance of a small portion of the tapestry, in an apartment which he designated: entering, at the same time, into particulars of a minute and circumstantial character—but from the low tone of voice in which these latter were communicated, nothing escaped to gratify the excited curiosity of the equerries.

The young Frederick, during the conference, seemed agitated by a variety of emotions. He soon, however, recovered his composure, and an expression of determined malignancy settled upon his countenance, as he gave peremptory orders that a certain chamber should be immediately locked up, and the key placed in his own possession.

* * * * *

"Have you heard of the unhappy death of the old hunter Berlitzing?" said one of his vassals to the Baron, as, after the affair of the page, the huge and mysterious steed which that nobleman had adopted as his own, plunged and curvetted, with redoubled and supernatural fury, down the long avenue which extended from the Chateau to the stables of Metzengerstein.

"No!"—said the Baron, turning abruptly towards the speaker—"dead! say you?"

"It is indeed true, my lord—and, to a noble of your name, will be, I imagine, no unwelcome intelligence."

A rapid smile of a peculiar and unintelligible meaning shot over the beautiful countenance of the listener—"How died he?"

"In his rash exertions to rescue a favorite portion of his hunting stud, he has himself perished miserably in the flames."

"I—n—d—e—e—d!"—ejaculated the Baron, as if

slowly and deliberately impressed with the truth of some exciting idea.

"Indeed"—repeated the vassal.

"Shocking!" said the youth calmly, and turned quietly into the Chateau.

* * * * *

From this date a marked alteration took place in the outward demeanor of the dissolute young Baron Frederick Von Metzengerstein. Indeed his behaviour disappointed every expectation, and proved little in accordance with the views of many a maneuvering mamma—while his habits and manners, still less than formerly, offered any thing congenial with those of the neighboring aristocracy. He was never to be seen beyond the limits of his own domain, and, in this wide and social world, was utterly companionless—unless, indeed, that unnatural, impetuous, and fiery-colored horse, which he henceforward continually bestrode, had any mysterious right to the title of his friend.

Numerous invitations on the part of the neighborhood for a long time, however, periodically came in—"Will the Baron honor our festivals with his presence?" "Will the Baron join us in a hunting of the boar?" "Metzengerstein does not hunt?"—"Metzengerstein will not attend"—were the haughty and laconic answers.

These repeated insults were not to be endured by an imperious nobility. Such invitations became less cordial—less frequent—in time they ceased altogether. The widow of the unfortunate Count Berlitzing, was even heard to express a hope—"that the Baron might be at home when he did not wish to be at home, since he disdained the company of his equals: and ride when when he did not wish to ride, since he preferred the society of a horse." This to be sure was a very silly explosion of hereditary pique; and merely proved how singularly unmeaning our sayings are apt to become, when we desire to be unusually energetic.

The charitable, nevertheless, attributed the alteration in the conduct of the young nobleman to the natural sorrow of a son for the untimely loss of his parents—forgetting, however, his atrocious and reckless behavior during the short period immediately succeeding that bereavement. Some there were, indeed, who suggested a too haughty idea of self-consequence and dignity. Others again—among whom may be mentioned the family physician—did not hesitate in speaking of morbid melancholy, and hereditary ill-health: while dark hints, of a more equivocal nature, were current among the multitude.

Indeed the Baron's perverse attachment to his lately-acquired charger—an attachment which seemed to attain new strength from every fresh example of the animal's ferocious and demonlike propensities—at length became, in the eyes of all reasonable men, a hideous and unnatural fervor. In the glare of noon—at the dead hour of night—in sickness or in health—in calm or in tempest—in moonlight or in shadow—the young Metzengerstein seemed rivetted to the saddle of that colossal horse, whose intractable audacities so well accorded with the spirit of his own.

There were circumstances, moreover, which, coupled with late events, gave an unearthly and portentous character to the mania of the rider, and to the capabilities of the steed. The space passed over in a single leap had been accurately measured, and was

found to exceed by an astounding difference, the wildest expectations of the most imaginative. The Baron, besides, had no particular name for the animal, although all the rest in his extensive collection were distinguished by characteristic appellations. His stable, too, was appointed at a distance from the rest; and with regard to grooming and other necessary offices, none but the owner in person had ventured to officiate, or even to enter the enclosure of that particular stall. It was also to be observed, that although the three grooms, who had caught the horse as he fled from the conflagration at Berlitzing, had succeeded in arresting his course, by means of a chain-bridle and noose—yet no one of the three could with any certainty affirm that he had, during that dangerous struggle, or at any period thereafter, actually placed his hand upon the body of the beast. Instances of peculiar intelligence in the demeanor of a noble and high spirited steed are not to be supposed capable of exciting unreasonable attention—especially among men who, daily trained to the labors of the chase, might appear well acquainted with the sagacity of a horse—but there were certain circumstances which intruded themselves per force, upon the most skeptical and phlegmatic—and it is said there were times when this singular and mysterious animal, caused the gaping crowd who stood around to recoil in silent horror from the deep and impressive meaning of his terrible stamp—times when the young Metzengerstein turned pale and shrunk away from the rapid and searching expression of his intense and human-looking eye.

Among all the retinue of the Baron, however, none were found to doubt the ardor of that extraordinary affection which existed on the part of the young nobleman for the fiery qualities of his horse—at least, none but an insignificant and misshapen little page, whose deformities were in every body's way, and whose opinions were of the least possible importance. He—if his ideas are worth mentioning at all—had the effrontery to assert that his master never vaulted into the saddle, without an unaccountable and almost imperceptible shudder—and that, upon his return from every long-continued and habitual ride, an expression of triumphant malignity distorted every muscle in his countenance.

One tempestuous night, Metzengerstein, awaking from a heavy and oppressive slumber, descended like a maniac from his chamber, and mounting in great haste, bounded away into the mazes of the forest. An occurrence so common attracted no particular attention—but his return was looked for with intense anxiety on the part of his domestics, when, after some hour's absence, the stupendous and magnificent battlements of the Chateau Metzengerstein, were discovered crackling and rocking to their very foundation, under the influence of a dense and livid mass of ungovernable fire.

As the flames, when first seen, had already made so terrible a progress that all efforts to save any portion of the building were evidently futile, the astonished neighborhood stood idly around in silent and apathetic wonder. But a new and fearful object soon rivetted the attention of the multitude, and proved how much more intense is the excitement wrought in the feelings of a crowd by the contemplation of human agony, than that brought about by the most appalling spectacles of inanimate matter.

Up the long avenue of aged oaks which led from the forest to the main entrance of the Chateau Metzengerstein, a steed, bearing an unbanned and disordered rider, was seen leaping with an impetuosity which outstripped the very Demon of the Tempest, and extorted from every stupefied beholder the ejaculation—"horrible!"

The career of the horseman was indisputably, on his own part, uncontrollable. The agony of his countenance—the convulsive struggle of his frame—gave evidence of superhuman exertion: but no sound, save a solitary shriek, escaped from his lacerated lips, which were bitten through and through in the intensity of terror. One instant, and the clattering of hoofs resounded sharply and shrilly above the roaring of the flames and the shrieking of the winds—another, and, clearing at a single plunge the gateway and the moat, the steed bounded far up the tottering stair-cases of the Palace, and, with its rider, disappeared amid the whirlwind of chaotic fire.

The fury of the tempest immediately died away, and a dead calm suddenly succeeded. A white flame still enveloped the building like a shroud, and, streaming far away into the quiet atmosphere, shot forth a glare of preternatural light; while a cloud of smoke settled heavily over the battlements in the distinct colossal figure of—a horse.

THE FOUNTAIN OF OBLIVION.

[From a Philadelphia Journal.]

A PRIZE POEM—BY A VIRGINIAN.

'Twas no longer day
In an isle that lay
Distant o'er ocean—far
Beyond the western star,
Under a sky unknown,
All beautiful and lone.



It was a fairy isle,
Where summer's golden smile
Shines on forever unchangingly,
O'er its glittering vine-clad hills,
Green valleys and cold limpid rills,
And the encircling emerald sea.

Oh! there are spirits that dwell
In every wizard dell—
Sweet forms that haunt each grottoed fount,
Each fragrant vale and sunlit mount,
And voices that whisper at even-tide,
On the silver sands by the lone sea side.

There came a youth to the shore alone,
His step was light—his air was free,
And his glittering eye flashed joyously—
He knelt him down on the printless sand,
And in the hollow of his hand,
Dipped the clear waves, and o'er a stone,
A curious greyish stone, that stood
Just on the margin of the flood,
He sprinkled the drops, and half-sung, half-spoke,
In a low faint tone, that scarcely broke
The hush that hung round that wild shore,
The waters were silently creeping o'er—

"Stars are weeping
O'er the waves,
Winds are sleeping
In their caves—
'Tis the hour,
Then come to me,
By love's power
I conjure thee—
Quickly come
Unto me,
From thy coral home
Under the sea."

"Beautiful spirit,
Hear my call—
Ocean! bear it
To her hall
Where she twines
Her yellow hair
By light that shines
From diamonds there!
Bid her come
Unto me,
From her coral home
Under the sea."

* * *
"Does she wait to deck
With gems her hair?
Tell her I nothing reck
Of jewels rare,
Other than those eyes
So wildly bright—
They dim the starred skies
With their purer light.
Ocean Spirit come—
Oh! come to me,
From thy coral home
Beneath the sea."

He paused, and silent stood
In listening attitude—
His head bent forward, and his eye
Gazing with fixed intensity;
A low sad tone
Came o'er the wave
Like the wind's faint moan
In a hollow cave,

Throughout the echoing archways sighing,
Then in mysterious whispers dying—
And all was calm and still again,
So still—the place might seem to be
The grave of sound.—Oh! mournfully
From the noiseless sands the youth turned then,
And slowly upward from the shore
His step retraced, with a heavy heart,
And dimming eye, as those who part
With something much loved and cherished of yore.

Now at the foot of a mountain
In the silence and shadow he stood,
By the brink of the charmed fountain
Whose dark and sullen flood
Doth bring forgetfulness to those
Who drink its wave, of all their woes.
For thence he took
The magic flower,
And three times shook
Its leaves of power,

And muttered the word
Which in our clime
Hath not been heard
Since the birth of Time—
This done, 't is said,
If the youth or the maid
Of thy heart be untrue,
The leaves will fade
And fall where they grew ;
Alas ! he knew

By this same never-erring token,
That the faith of his ocean-love was broken.

In mute surprise and grief the youth remained,
Gazing upon the stalk unleaved and bare,
Which still his hand unconsciously retained,
Then proudly tossed it on the green sward there—
"Thus," said he, "from my heart, false one, I cast
The memory of thee and of the past."

Now o'er the fountain's brim he stooped to lave
His eager lip in the oblivious wave ;
But ere he had approached so near, his breath
Might break the mirror sleeping calm beneath,
Her image, in the beauty of a dream,
Between him and the waters seemed to swim,
And memories which his heart unconsciously
Had garnered up, came o'er him hurriedly,
In sweet succession, 'till his soul of feeling
Thrilled like harp-strings o'er which the winds are
stealing.

He drew back, undecided—in dismay,
And as, whene'er he strove, the vision smiled,
So was he ever baffled and beguiled,
Until at last he rose and went his way—
Unhappy howsoever, he fancied yet
Nought could so joyless be as to forget.

MORAL.

There must be something beautiful in wo
That springs from love, else what is it that makes
The heart cling to its veriest sorrows so,
And will not part with them until it breaks ?
Indeed love's pleasure with its pain so blends
Like the warm sunset glow, and 'mid heaven's blue,
We cannot tell where one begins or ends,
Tho' each so totally unlike in hue.

ENGLISH POETRY.

CHAPTER III.

My task has been in part a task of selection. Many of the old Poets whose frequent beauties I have acknowledged, (at no time more than when occupied in the compilation of these papers,) have been passed over in silence. Herrick, the "honey-bee of letters"—Rare Drummond, hight "of Hawthornden"—Lovelace, whose *Althea* will live with Surry's *Geraldine*—and many other "names noble and bright" have met with bare mention. It cannot be expected then that I should take up from the dung-hill of the day the Tennysons, the Montgomeries, the Blessingtons, etc. etc. with whose writings magazine readers are so conversant. These are "bad bardings." But many will be passed by for whom I entertain much respect, and more love. Mrs

Norton, the elder Montgomery, Miss Landon, gentle and sad Grahame, are lights of no mean magnitude. But "in looking upon the moon the dimmer orbs are forgotten." I avail myself of this introductory paragraph to say, that this paper will be unlike those which have preceded it. Accurate research, and close examination into points of literary history, although necessary in treating of English Poetry in its earlier stages, are scarcely so in treating of the same subject in its later. The reason of this is evident. I shall therefore content myself with brief critical remarks, (*too* brief, perhaps, to excite interest) and as a matter of less importance than in my former papers—with snatches of biography. This being the case, I fear that these papers will be thought trivial.

My last chapter ended with Pope. Passing over Swift and a few others, we come at once upon a worthy name.

I. James Thomson, the author of the *Seasons* and other Poems of merit, was born in Roxburghshire, Scotland, in September, 1700. His father, a clergyman of small estate, died while the Poet was yet a boy ; and, after a few years spent in obscurity, the son went to London as a literary adventurer. "By what gradation of indigence he became reduced to a Poet it would be vain to inquire." He did become "*reduced to a Poet*," however, and, after a season of want, he succeeded in selling his "*Winter*." Mr. Wheatley and Aaron Hill took active parts in his advancement, and Thomson was so blinded by gratitude for the kindness of the latter gentleman, that he flattered him without stint,—for which our poet no doubt underwent the repentance of Caliban on discovering the earthly quality of Stephano.

"What a thrice double ass
Was I to take the drunkard for a God,
And worship this dull fool."

His "*Winter*" was dedicated to Sir Spencer Compton, afterwards Viscount Pevensey—and twenty guineas were the price of the compliment. This poem soon became popular ; so much so, that he was induced to publish his "*Summer*"—after which, "*Spring*" and "*Autumn*" followed in the order in which I write them. In 1727 he wrote "*Britannia*," a satirical poem, and "*Sophonisba*," a tragedy.* Other plays followed, several of which were suppressed by the licenser. Then came "*Liberty*," an elaborate and heavy poem. Thomson, at this stage of his affairs, was without funds or patronage. The Prince of Wales, however, having reduced his own fortunes to a condition almost as desperate as the Poet's, either from sympathy or from a supposition that the patronage of literature would be one means of gaining popular favor, employed Mr. Lyttleton to enlist Thomson. Our Poet, when the Prince on his first introduction familiarly inquired into his affairs, answered that "they were in a more poetical posture than formerly"—whereupon he was presented with a yearly pension of 100*l*. After this he produced *Agamemnon*, a tragedy—*Edward and Eleonora*, a tragedy—*Alfred*, a mask—and the tragedy of *Tancred and Sigismunda*. Mr. Lyttleton having come into office, appointed him

* Now only remembered from a rough parody on one of its verses. The play had excited high expectation, and was well received ; but when the actor came to repeat—"O, Sophonisba, Sophonisba, O," a voice from the audience chimed in—"O, Jemmie Thomson, Jemmie Thomson, O," which for a time was a mouth-verse throughout the city.

surveyor general of the Leeward Islands. The salary appertaining to this office was something more than 300*l.*, and then it was that, unharassed by petty troubles, he finished his "Castle of Indolence."

To this Poem I will confine myself in treating hurriedly of the writings of Thomson. His Seasons are too well known to call for comment—and his other works are (perhaps deservedly) out of the public recollection. The "Castle of Indolence" then, is a renewal of Spenser's best pictures—a renewal not only in its dreamy voluptuousness of character, but in its stanzaic peculiarities. It has been said that no other writers ever succeeded in acquiring the peculiar flow of Milton's blank verse, or the singular play of Spenser's old time rhythm. This is true with an exception. One half of the Castle of Indolence, if a little more antiquated, might be inserted among the cantos of the Faery Queen without detection. And this I hold to be no slight compliment to the later poet.

The Castle of Indolence was the work in which the idle Thomson gave words to his individual mood. A sluggard, he had a sluggard's visions. His visions of nature were of nature lulled into quietude. His landscapes sleep under quiet skies—his winds come from "the land of Drowsy Head." He reared shadowy battlements, and planted "sleep-soothing groves," under which lay

"Idleless in her dreaming mood."

And in such pictures the Poet rejoiced. But with this drowsy enchantment he mingled all the freshness of that age which, from its far distance in the past, takes upon itself the hue of far clouds—becoming in the eyes of men an age of gold. The freshness of which I speak is of the patriarchal age—

"What time Dan Abraham left the Chaldee land,
And pastured on from verdant stage to stage,
Where fields and fountains fresh could best engage."

And this freshness retrieves the swooning and too sickly tone of a poem, all in all, inimitable.

If, reader, you wish an hour of forgetfulness, go to some quiet hollow, in the pleasant summer time, and after working thought and heart into the mood which can

"Pour all the Arabian heaven upon our nights,"

hum such sleep-begetting verses as these:

"Joined to the prattle of the purling rills
Were heard the lowing herds along the vale,
And flocks were bleating from the distant hills,
And vacant shepherds piping in the dale:
And now and then sweet Philomel would wall,
Or stock-doves plain amid the forest deep,
That drowsy rustled to the sighing gale;
And still a coil the grasshopper did keep:
Yet all these sounds ybient inclined all to sleep.
* * * * *
And up the hills, on either side, a wood
Of blackening pines aye waving to and fro,
Sent forth a sleepy horror thro' the blood;
And where this valley winded out below,
The murmuring main was heard, and scarcely heard, to flow.
A pleasing land of drowsy-head it was,
Of dreams that wave before the half-shut eye;
And of gay castles in the clouds that pass,
Forever flumming round a summer sky:
There, aye the soft delights that witchingly
Instill a wonton suggestiveness through the breast,
And the calm pleasures always hovered nigh."

Such soporific verses are of more worth than all the narcotics ever squeezed from the pores of the poppy. They sound like the trickle of rain from the eaves, or like the hum of bees about a tulip-tree in early summer.

Thomson died in August 1748, and was buried in the church of Richmond.

He is said to have been above the middle stature; somewhat corpulent; of a stupid look and repulsive appearance; taciturn in strange company, but sociable among his intimate friends; fixed in his attachments, and fervid in his benevolence. But he was too fat to be active; and often failed to bestow as well as obtain a favor through mere indolence. We have already seen that he wrote one poem on this vice; and reflecting upon its effects in his own affairs, he is said to have designed an eastern tale 'of the man who loved to be in distress.'

He has a cenotaph in Westminster Abbey.

II. The father of Edward Young was chaplain to William and Mary, and afterwards to Queen Anne—the latter of whom, when Princess royal, stood god-mother to the Poet. Young, early in life, lost his father, and having fallen in with the wild Duke of Wharton, went with him to Ireland, where he remained long enough to acquire many of that young nobleman's dissipated habits. The impressions however of his childhood still had influence upon him, and in his worst hours he defended the Christian belief against the atheistical Tindall, and his cavilling companions.

In the least religious years of his life, he wrote a poem called "The Last Day." Indeed his mind was at all times rather dark and visionary. It is told of him that "while a mere boy, at Oxford, he would close his windows at mid-day, and compose by lamp light,"—with a skull upon his table.

Not lingering upon his many minor works—works now of no interest to the reader—we will pass on to his three greater ones—"Revenge," a tragedy—the "Night Thoughts"—and "Love of Fame," a series of satirical poems. Of the first it will be unnecessary to say more than that it still keeps possession of the stage. Of the "Night Thoughts," Blair and Johnson have both spoken in high terms. These, say they, are great poems, abounding with "rich and fervid thought expressed in a manner seldom turgid—often noble." And with this very brief notice, mindful of the long path before me, I will content myself and proceed to his satires. These, it strikes me, perhaps singularly, are our poet's best works. Swift has said of them that they should have been either "more merry or more severe," and the sententious brevity of this criticism has made it a popular one. Boileau sacrificed Tasso to an antithesis; wits suffer an epigrammatic point to outweigh real merit. We must make allowance therefore for the Dean's professional indifference to truth of criticism. Young's satires were much labored. They show it,—*ars non celat artem*; but this in satire is hardly a fault. We distrust the severity which we believe born of the hour's anger: we say the poet will repent of this hollow and unmerited invective when cool. But when a work bears about it the mark of labor, we hold it to be the offspring of a judicious and settled hatred of all that it castigates. Such a work oftener has truth upon its face. This exposure of the laboring hand, then, is a merit in the satires before us. Of their epigrammatic

sententiousness, the reader may judge from a distich or two which I mean now to select from an indifferent page. Speaking of noblemen :

"These stand for fame on their forefathers' feet,
By heraldry proved valiant or discreet."

"Men should press forward in fame's glorious chase—
Nobles look backward, and so lose the race."

"Titles are marks of honest men and wise—
The fool or knave that wears a title lies."

"They that on glorious ancestors enlarge,
Produce their debt, instead of their discharge."

These are perhaps too frigid and naked. They have the cold insulation of the blocks in Mosaic. This in satire may be called "the being meritorious to a fault."

Young was something of an improvisatore, and almost the prettiest thing that I remember is a little sketch of a garden-scene during his courtship. One of the ladies referred to was Elizabeth, daughter of Lee, Earl of Litchfield; she afterwards became his wife.

"Sometime before his marriage, the poet walking in his garden at Welwyn, with his lady and apothecary, a servant brought him word that a great person wished to speak with him. 'Tell him,' said the doctor, 'I am too happily engaged to change my situation.' The ladies insisted he should go, as his visitor was a man of rank, his patron and his friend; and as persuasion had no effect on him, they took him, one by the right hand, the other by the left, and led him to the garden gate. He then laid his hand upon his heart, and in the expressive manner for which he was so remarkable, uttered the following lines :

"Thus Adam looked when from the garden driven,
And thus disputed orders sent from heaven;
Like him I go, but yet to go am loth—
Like him I go, for angels drove us both.
Hard was his fate, but mine still more unkind—
His Eve went with him, but mine stays behind."

Passages occurred between our Poet and Voltaire while the latter was in England, and in these his powers of improvisation stood him in good stead. I will not quote instances.

Dr. Young has been reckoned an example of primeval piety, but gloom was mingled with it. When at his house in the country, he spent many hours among the tombs of his own churchyard. I have noticed his mode of study while at Oxford. These peculiarities betokened gloominess of temper, in spite of his occasional fondness for hunting and the bowling-green. "His wit was" more crushing than "poignant"—his poetic faculties were rather strong than beautiful. Indeed his works often display a dark, stern roughness. In a word, he was a writer of a vast and sombre imagination—full of metaphor—rather metaphysical—sometimes obscure, and this rather from idea than expression; for his diction (as that of most great writers is,) was simple and healthy. He had the force of the later Pollock, without his extravagance—the melancholy of Kirke White, without his proneness to inane complaint; and in a word, possessed many merits with few failings.

Edward Young died in April, 1766, aged eighty-four years, and was buried beside his wife under the altar-piece of the church at Welwyn.

III. William Shenstone, of the Leasowes, in Hales Owen, a detached portion of Shropshire, was born in November, 1714. In early youth he manifested a great fondness for books—a fondness which increased upon him with years.

Shenstone did not write from necessity; and until summoned by the death, in 1745, of Mr. Dolman—a gentleman who appears to have been in *loco parentis*—to the management of his own estate, he lived "a restless life, flying to places of fashionable resort, and from one to another of these."

Four years before the death of Mr. Dolman, he had published two poems—The Judgment of Hercules, and The Schoolmistress—the latter of considerable merit. After retiring to his estate in Hales Owen, he wrote his elegies, odes, ballads, levities, &c. &c., the first of which have, more than any thing else, gained him his renown as a poet.

Shenstone passed many years of his life in embellishing his grounds at the Leasowes. Improving on the admirable lessons of Lord Bacon, he formed an Utopia at the foot of the Wrekin, and "became famous even on the continent for his taste in gardening." But with Shenstone as a gardener I have nothing to do. Of his poems, the Schoolmistress is the most amiable and natural. We find the simplicity of this combined with a querulous tenderness in his elegies. I scarcely know of any thing in the elegiac order so pretty and touching as the little poem in which he refers to the murder of Kenelm the Saxon boy, by a sister who had been his nurse, and who had doted on him—until an ambitious yearning after the crown of Mercia, and the words of a paramour, made her, while hunting among the Clent hills, "do murder on him"—on him whom an old chronicler has quaintly yet touchingly styled "the sunnys hayred brother of her hearta."

Shenstone was a poet of refined tastes. His fancy was polished, and he had trained himself well in the art of expression—if expression can be called an art. Like his brother poets, he worshipped at the shrine of love—often mingling the myrtle with the cypress. His Delia was no creature of the imagination. And like the Althea of Lovelace—like the nameless bringer of "wilde unrest" to Shakspeare—like her who was as a long-toothed viper at the heart of poor Lope de Vega; in fine, without multiplying "likes," Delia, if we are to judge from the poet's tone and life, did not love where she was best loved. Alas! when was woman as the rose which the nightingale serenades? When opened she her heart to song? Dante sung to Beatrice—Tasso made the name of Leonora D'Este famous on earth—Petrarch spun his heart into melody, and immortalized his Laura—Wyatt rhymed to Anne Boleyn. And how ended their wooings? Some worse—none better than that of Shenstone.

The letters of our author were thought by himself his best writings. Those to his friend Mr. Whistler, which he wrote with most care, were (to the poet's bitter regret) destroyed by Whistler's brother, "a Goth of a fellow."

William Shenstone died in February, 1763.

He is said to have been a man above the middle stature; somewhat clumsy in his appearance; careless in his dress, "as in every thing else but his grounds and his hair," which latter he adjusted in a particular man-

ner in defiance of fashion; kind to his domestics; generous to strangers; slow to take offence, and slow to forgive it.

His tomb is in the churchyard of Hales Owen.

IV. "Thomas Gray, eminent for a few poems that he has left, was born in London in 1716, and died in 1771. He was perhaps the most learned man in Europe, equally acquainted with the elegant and profound parts of science. A new arrangement of his poems, with notes and additions, was made and printed in 8vo. in 1799."

V. I pass over several great names, and come to one whose life was too short for the attainment of the fame to which nature gave him a title. Thomas Chatterton, "the marvellous boy," realized the fable of the nightingale, and sang with his breast against a thorn; but he grew weary of the world at eighteen, and removed himself from it. And we can hardly wonder that he should have done so, when we remember the sad end to which his boyish dreamings came among the garrets and filthy alleys of London. To fall at once from the high atmosphere, whither a poet's early longings draw him as with a golden chain—to find one's castles in air tumbling about one's ears—to feel the veins ache for want of a little bread—to be driven by that ache to the very cellars and stews of literature—to take from some foul corner wherewithal to support life—are enough to break a spirit stouter even than that of Chatterton. It did break his spirit, and subvert the pure principles with which he began life. What stronger proof do we need of this, than that most amusing yet villainous instance of his calculating powers, in which he feels "thirteen shillings and sixpence worth of joy at the Lord Mayor's death?" A charity student in Bristol; an apprentice sleeping up in an attic with a foot-boy—"the marvellous youth" had dreams, and adventured to London in search of their fulfilment. Here he published a volume of poems purporting to be the remains of "one Rowley." These were full of crabbed spelling and black-letter phrases, and had so much the appearance of genuine antiquity, that the world was long divided upon the question of their origin. These poems are certainly known at the present day to have been forgeries by Chatterton. He wrote many other poems, chiefly characterized by a reckless and fiery tone of feeling—by a restless yearning after "a something to fill the void of a hurt spirit withal!"—and by a dark melancholy, only at rare times lighted up by a gleam of his wild heart's yet wilder hopes. In London he entered upon the field of politics, and soon became a caterer for a party newspaper. Then followed the grinding meanness of booksellers and editors; and maddened by the consciousness that his genius was poured out only as water on the dust—that the exertions which he had trusted would make him great among men, did not suffice to clothe him and allay hunger,—maddened with the knowledge of these sad truths, are we to marvel that poor Chatterton should "have done his own death?"

Chatterton was not unlike Byron. The morbid misanthropy hanging unfixedly about the former—fully developed in the latter—was in both but a retort upon their fellows. Both had hearts which only detraction or cold neglect could harden into a hatred of humanity. Both threw out venom against their enemies. But

whence came this venom? The affections of both were at one time as pure as the sap of the fabled honey-tree. It was only by a fermentation produced by the hot atmosphere of hostility or cruel slight, that the sap, once blander than honey, became a bitter poison.

Chatterton was like Byron too in many other respects,—in his hunger after immortality—in his alternations of excess and abstinence—in his self-consciousness of genius—and in the most dark and deistic views of death. Need I, after all that I have said of his ambition, his struggles, and his most reckless tone of writing, say that Chatterton's was a fiery and determined spirit? "His affections were subordinate to the sterner leanings of the brain. He had the stout soul and the tender heart of the old-time troubadour; but his heart was less tender than his soul was stout."

Chatterton could never have been happy. The presence of ambition—that brain-ache—would have made him miserable, had he lived beyond the green season of youth even to its gratification. But why do I say that he could have never been happy? There are surely more kinds of happiness than the one quiet kind of which Darby and Joan are a fit instance. Is there not a thunder-storm kind? The mysterious joy which we see thrown from the heart to the face in the picture of "Byron on the sea-shore," is surely a species of happiness. Chatterton, with hope to support him, might have been happy in the darkest struggles of a dark career. With hope to support him! But "that was the misery." Despair came to him and he died, (not out of his boyhood) with no thought of future renown—with no thought but of present obscurity and present wretchedness.

But although he committed suicide with "no thought of future renown," he had scarcely been buried in a shell in the burying-ground of Shoe-lane Workhouse, before "honors began to gather about his memory." The famous Tyrwhitt published his poems, with a preface, introduction and glossary; a few years after, a very splendid edition was published by Dr. Mills, Dean of Exeter, with a dissertation and commentary; more lately, Southey, the best biographer of the age, has collected his works and written his life—and incidental tributes, without number, have been offered by great names at the pauper-shrine of "the boy of Bristol." There are some verses of his minstrel's song in "Ella," which may be considered as a personal elegy.

"O sing unto my roundelay—
O drop the briny tears with me;
Dance no more at holiday—
Like a running river be.
My love is dead,
Gone to his death-bed,
All under the willow tree.

Black his hair as the summer night,
White his brow as the winter snow,
Red his face as the morning light,
Cold he lies in the grave below.
My love is dead,
Gone to his death-bed,
All under the willow tree.

Sweet his tongue as the thrush's note,
Quick in the dance as thought can be—
Deft his tabor—cudgel stout—
O he lies by the willow tree.
My love is dead,
Gone to his death-bed,
All under the willow tree.

Him, the raven flaps his wing
To the night-mares as they go,
And the death-owl hoarse doth sing,
From the briared dell below.

My love is dead,
Gone to his death-bed,
All under the willow tree."

I have little or no more to say of Thomas Chatterton; I have already said too much. But the heart rules the head when we look upon the wretched career—least wretched in its wretched end—of one fitted for the loftiest achievements. A rocket with "the wide sky" before it—the blaze and the flight of his genius was scarcely beyond the fogs that lie near earth. It fell, blackened, and scorched, and lightless, to the dust. Had "the marvellous boy" feared death more than he had been taught to fear life, the rocket would have been in "the wide sky," not in the dust—the wonder of men, not their pity.

Thomas Chatterton died in 1770, aged seventeen years and nine months.

VI. From the days of old Thomas the Rhymer the barren glens and bleak hills of Scotland have been holy earth. An essence strong and mystic, an invisible presence, a something undefined, but powerful, hangs above and rests upon them. "The mantle of *historic poetry* is upon her soil!" and the floating and fragmentary images on this mantle—in their influence, like those upon the Arras tapestry in the haunted chamber of Monkbarns—fashion the dreams of one looking upon it rarely. The dreamer dreams of Wallace wight, and of the deeds of the Bruce—of Douglas "tender and true," and of the hardy feats of the moss troopers, whose homes were from Lock Colm to the Solway.

But the mantle of a milder poesy is too upon the Scottish valleys and hills! Shepherds have tuned the pipe to love among the hollows of Ettrick Wood—on the levels beside Yarrow—down by the shores of Loch Lomond, Loch Katrine, Loch Leven and Loch — Apollo knows what! A poet has sat on Eildon hill, and forgotten the hand of Michael the conjurer in a vision of love. Move where you may you will see the marks of these. Their songs ring in your ears, as the voices of the musical doves of the Bahamas haunt him who visits their pebbly islets. I have now to speak of one who wound these two mantles together:—mingling the spirit of *marital frolic** with the softer one of Eros.

Most readers are familiar with the life as well as poetry of Robert Burns. The son of a gardener—brought up to "the plough, scythe and reap-hook"—his mind took upon itself the sturdy simplicity of his occupation. Scarcely a moderate English scholar, unversed in "lore of books," he won himself a place as an author among the greatest men of his time. Burns, like Scott, was much indebted to the nursery tales of his childhood for his success in after life. The oak springs from an acorn—and an old crone's vagaries had a great share in making our ploughman a poet. "She had," he tells us in his brief autobiography, "the largest collection in the country of tales and songs concerning devils, ghosts, fairies, brownies, witches, warlocks, spunkies, kedyers, elf-candles, dead-lights, wraiths, ap-

* There is a dash of merry *rattlingromance* in the old Scottish spirit—that spirit which carried the Kerr and the Scott into the castle lands South of the Tweed—rendering it a spirit rather of *marital frolic* than of chivalry.

paritions, cantraips, giants, enchanted towers, dragons, and other trumpery."

The earliest composition that he read with pleasure was the Vision of Mirza, and a hymn of Addison's, beginning

"How are thy servants blest, O Lord."

These he met with in Mason's English Collection, one of his school-books. He next read the Life of Hannibal, which taught him to strut after the recruiting drum and bagpipe; and the Life of Wallace, which made "his veins boil with a Scottish prejudice." From fourteen to sixteen he lived after a most wretched fashion—toiling at the plough, and oppressed by poverty.

At sixteen he fell in love, and his own description of the affair is so characteristic that I will quote it. "In my sixteenth autumn, my partner (in the harvest field) was a bewitching creature, a year younger than myself. She was a *bonnie, sweet, sornie lass*. In short, she, altogether unwittingly to herself, initiated me into that delicious passion, which in spite of acid disappointments, gin-horn prudence, and book-worm philosophy, I hold to be first of human joys—our dearest blessing here below. How she caught the contagion I cannot tell. Yet medical people talk much of infection from breathing the *same* air, the touch, &c.; but I never expressly said I loved her. Indeed, I did not know myself why I liked so much to loiter behind with her when returning in the evening from our labors; why the tones of her voice made my heart-strings thrill like an *Æolian* harp; and particularly why my pulse beat such a furious ratan, when I looked and fingered over her little hand, to pick out the cruel nettle stings and thistles. Among her other love-inspiring qualities, she sung sweetly—and it was her favorite reel which I attempted giving an imbodied vehicle in rhyme. I was not so presumptuous as to imagine I could make verses like printed ones, composed by men who had Greek and Latin; but my girl sung a song which was said to be composed by a country laird's son on one of his father's maids with whom he was in love; and I saw no reason why I might not rhyme as well as he—for excepting he could shear sheep and cast peats, his father living in the moorlands, he had no more scholar-craft than myself. Thus with me began love and poetry, which at times have been my only, and till within the last twelve months my highest enjoyment."

His nineteenth summer was spent on a smuggling coast, where he learned "mensuration, surveying, dialling," &c. and improved in his knowledge of love and whiskey-drinking. "Yet early ingrained piety and virtue kept him for several years afterward rather within the line of innocence," notwithstanding that *Vive l'Amour et Vive la Bagatelle* was his sole principle of action.

Harassed at length by pecuniary difficulties, and driven to the border of despair, Burns determined on running off to Jamaica to avoid "the horrors of a jail." Before putting this resolve into execution, he published a small edition of his poems by subscription. He cleared by this 20*l.* and gained some reputation. This sum came very seasonably, as without it he would have been compelled to indent himself for want of money to pay his passage. He had taken his place in a ship about to sail from the Clyde, when a letter from Dr. Blacklock, by "opening new prospects to

his poetic ambition," overthrew his runaway schemes, and led him to Edinburgh. There the Earl of Glencairn became his patron. His after life is well known.

Burns died in July 1796, and was buried with much state in the southern church yard of Dumfries.

The great misfortune of our poet's life was to want an aim. Without this, with a strong appetite for sociability, as well from native hilarity as from a pride of observation and remark, a constitutional melancholy or hypochondriasm made him shun solitude. Add to these incentives to social life, a reputation for bookish knowledge, (comparatively) a certain wild logical talent, and a strength of thought something like the rudiments of good sense, and it will seem no great wonder that "he was ever one in each company where jollity and pleasure were held in esteem."

Burns was full of a seeming independence of spirit. He breaks out into the most fiery expressions of contempt for the rich and the great. But we recognize in these rather the man of genius than the man of real independence. If in his real feelings he had been independent of the rich and the great, they might have gone their way and he would have gone his, we should have heard nothing of his scorn and disdain. These were dictated, not as they professed to be, by a spirit of independence, but by that which, wherever it exists, comes in abatement of independence—by pride.*

Scotland has had an Allan Ramsay to revive the pastoral visions of Colin Clout—an earlier Drummond to transmit to posterity the *fresh philosophy* of the olden time—a Leyden to haunt the "far east countries" with the pleasant traditions of Teviotdale—an Allan Cunningham to embody the spirit of the ancient Scottish romaunt in the sturdiest language of our own day—a Hogg to fill the Ettrick valleys with the echoes of his "trueful song"—a Scott to restore to the hills of Moffat and to the banks of the Annan the lance and the eye-haunting plume—a Scott to restore knight and monk, to castle and abbey, from the Skye to Melrose—a Scott to tell of old-time woes by Gallowater and by Yarrow—but Robert Burns has no master among these. The "Robin of Ayr had the richest song of them all."

SCENES FROM AN UNPUBLISHED DRAMA.

BY EDGAR A. POE.

I.

ROME. A Hall in a Palace. Alessandra and Castiglione.

Alessandra. Thou art sad, Castiglione.

Castiglione. Sad!—not I.

Oh, I'm the happiest, happiest man in Rome,
A few days more thou knowest, my Alessandra,
Will make thee mine. Oh, I am very happy!

Aless. Methinks thou hast a singular way of showing
Thy happiness!—what ails thee, cousin of mine?
Why didst thou sigh so deeply?

Cas. Did I sigh?

I was not conscious of it. It is a fashion,
A silly—a most silly fashion I have

When I am very happy. Did I sigh? (*sighing.*)

*"A keen desire of aggrandizement in the eyes of others, a sensitive apprehension of humiliation in their eyes are the constituents of pride."

Aless. Thou didst. Thou art not well. Thou hast indulged

Too much of late, and I am vexed to see it.

Late hours and wine, Castiglione,—these

Will ruin thee! thou art already altered—

Thy looks are haggard—nothing so wears away

The constitution as late hours and wine.

Cas. (*musing.*) Nothing, fair cousin, nothing—not ev'n deep sorrow—

Wears it away like evil hours and wine.

I will amend.

Aless. Do it. I would have thee drop

Thy riotous company too—fellows low born!

Ill suit the like with old Di Broglia's heir

And Alessandra's husband.

Cas. I will drop them.

Aless. Thou must. Attend thou also more

To thy dress and equipage—they are over plain

For thy lofty rank and fashion—much depends

Upon appearances.

Cas. I'll see to it.

Aless. Then see to it!—pay more attention, sir,

To a becoming carriage—much thou wantest

In dignity.

Cas. Much, much, oh much I want

In proper dignity.

Aless. (*haughtily.*) Thou mockest me, sir!

Cas. (*abstractedly.*) Sweet, gentle Lalage!

Aless. Heard I aright?

I speak to him—he speaks of Lalage!

Sir Count! (*places her hand on his shoulder*) what art
thou dreaming? he's not well!

What ails thee, sir?

Cas. (*starting.*) Cousin! fair cousin!—madam!

I crave thy pardon—indeed I am not well—

Your hand from off my shoulder, if you please.

This air is most oppressive!—Madam—the Duke!

Enter Di Broglia.

Di Broglia. My son, I've news for thee!—hey?—
what's the matter? (*observing Alessandra.*)

I' the pouts? Kiss her, Castiglione! kiss her,

You dog! and make it up I say this minute!

I've news for you both. Politian is expected

Hourly in Rome—Politian, Earl of Leicester!

We'll have him at the wedding. 'Tis his first visit

To the imperial city.

Aless. What! Politian

Of Britain, Earl of Leicester?

Di Brog. The same, my love.

We'll have him at the wedding. A man quite young

In years, but grey in fame. I have not seen him,

But Rumor speaks of him as of a prodigy

Pre-eminent in arts and arms, and wealth,

And high descent. We'll have him at the wedding.

Aless. I have heard much of this Politian.

Gay, volatile, and giddy—is he not?

And little given to thinking.

Di Brog. Far from it love.

No branch, they say, of all philosophy

So deep abstruse he has not mastered it,

Learned as few are learned.

Aless. 'Tis very strange,

I have known men have seen Politian

And sought his company. They speak of him

As of one who entered madly into life,

Drinking the cup of pleasure to the dregs.

Cas. Ridiculous! Now, I have seen Politian
And know him well—nor learned nor mirthful he.
He is a dreamer and a man shut out
From common passions.

Di Breg. Children, we disagree.
Let us go forth and taste the fragrant air
Of the garden. Did I dream, or did I hear
Politian was a melancholy man? *(exunt.)*

II.

The suburbs. Politian alone.

This weakness grows upon me. I am faint
And much I fear me ill—it will not do
To die ere I have lived!—Stay—stay thy hand
O Azrael, yet awhile!—Prince of the Powers
Of Darkness and the Tomb, O pity me!
O pity me! let me not perish now,
In the budding of my hopes—give me to live,
Give me to live yet—yet a little while:
'Tis I who pray for life—I who so late
Demanded but to die!—what sayeth the Count?

Enter Baldazzar.

Bal. That knowing no cause of quarrel or of feud
Between the Earl Politian and himself,
He doth decline your cartel.

Pol. What didst thou say?

What answer was it you brought me, good Baldazzar?
With what excessive fragrance the zephyr comes
Laden from yonder bowers!—a fairer day,
Or one more worthy Italy, methinks
No mortal eyes have seen!—*what* said the Count?

Bal. That he, Castiglione, not being aware
Of any feud existing, or any cause
Of quarrel between your lordship and himself,
Cannot accept the challenge.

Pol. It is most true—

All this is very true. When saw you, sir,
When saw you now, Baldazzar, in the frigid
Un genial Britain which we left so lately,
A heaven so calm as this—so utterly free
From the evil taint of clouds?—and he did say?

Bal. No more, my lord, than I have told you, sir,
The Count Castiglione will not fight,
Having no cause for quarrel.

Pol. Now this is true—

All very true. Thou art my friend, Baldazzar,
And I have not forgotten it—thou'lt do me
A piece of service? wilt thou go back and say
Unto this man, that I, the Earl of Leicester,
Hold him a villain—thus much, I prythee, say
Unto the Count—it is exceeding just
He should have cause for quarrel.

Bal. My lord!—my friend!—

Pol. (aside.) 'Tis he—he comes himself! *(aloud.)* thou
reasonest well.

I know what thou wouldst say—not send the message—
Well!—I will think of it—I will not send it.
Now prythee, leave me—hither doth come a person
With whom affairs of a most private nature
I would adjust.

Bal. I go—to-morrow we meet,
Do we not?—at the Vatican.

Pol. At the Vatican. *(exit Bal.)*

If that we meet at all, it were as well
That I should meet him in the Vatican—
In the Vatican—within the holy walls
Of the Vatican. *(Enter Castiglione.)*

Cas. The Earl of Leicester here!

Pol. I am the Earl of Leicester, and thou seest,
Dost thou not? that I am here.

Cas. My lord, some strange,
Some singular mistake—misunderstanding—
Hath without doubt arisen: thou hast been urged
Thereby, in heat of anger, to address
Some words most unaccountable, in writing,
To me, Castiglione, the bearer being
Baldazzar, Duke of Surrey. I am aware
Of nothing which might warrant thee in this thing,
Having given thee no offence. Ha!—am I right?
'Twas a mistake?—undoubtedly—we all
Do err at times.

Pol. Draw, villain, and prate no more!

Cas. Ha!—draw?—and villain? have at thee—have
at thee then,

Proud Earl! *(draws.)*

Pol. (drawing.) Thus to th' expiatory tomb,
Untimely sepulchre, I do devote thee
In the name of Lalage!

*Cas. (dropping his sword and recoiling to the extremity
of the stage.)*

Of Lalage!

Hold off—hold off thy hand!—Avaunt I say!

Avaunt—I will not fight thee—I dare not—dare not.

Pol. Thou wilt not fight with me didst say, Sir
Count?

Shall I be baffled thus?—now this is well,
Exceeding well!—thou dardest not fight with me?
Didst say thou dardest not? Ha!

Cas. I dare not—dare not—

Hold off thy hand—with that beloved name
So fresh upon thy lips I will not fight thee—
I cannot—dare not.

Pol. Now by my halidom

I do believe thee!—Coward! I do believe thee!
Thou dardest not!

Cas. Ha!—coward!—this may not be!

*(clutches his sword and staggers towards Politian,
but his purpose is changed before reaching him,
and he falls upon his knee at the feet of the Earl.)*

Alas! alas!

It is—it is—most true. In such a cause

I am—I am—a coward. O pity me!

Pol. (greatly softened.) Alas!—I do—indeed I pity
thee.

Cas. And Lalage—

Pol. Scoundrel!—arise and die!

Cas. It needeth not be—thus—thus—O let me die
Thus on my bended knee. It were most fitting
That in this deep humiliation I perish.
For in the fight I will not raise a hand
Against thee, Earl of Leicester. Strike thou home—
(bearing his bosom.)

Here is no let or hindrance to thy weapon—
Strike home. I will not fight thee.

Pol. Now s'Death and Hell!

Am I not—am I not sorely—grievously tempted
To take thee at thy word? But mark me, sir!
Think not to fly me thus. Do thou prepare

For public insult in the streets—before
 The eyes of the citizens. I'll follow thee—
 Like an avenging spirit I'll follow thee
 Even unto death. Before those whom thou lovest—
 Before all Rome I'll taunt thee, villain,—I'll taunt thee,
 Dost hear? with *cowardice*—thou *will not* fight me?
 Thou liest! thou *shalt*! (exit.)
Cas. Now this—now this is just!
 Most righteous, and most just, avenging Heaven!

VIRGINIA.

Extracts from an unpublished Abridgment of the History of
 Virginia.

BARTHOLOMEW GOSNOLD.

This man's memory is closely identified with the history of this country, and his death was a sensible shock to the struggling destinies of Virginia. In the language of one of the historians, "Virginia had its origin in the zeal and exertions of Bartholomew Gosnold." He had early patronised the settlement of the Colony, while it was yet in embryo. He possessed a knowledge of the country not exceeded by any man of his time, which had been acquired by actual voyages to that region; and on his return, to the accuracy of his details of its real advantages, and to the ardor of his speculations upon its brilliant perspective, is mainly to be attributed the revival of the enterprise which had drooped with the misfortunes of Raleigh. The importance of the services of a man like Smith had not escaped his penetration, and he enlisted him in the expedition, by means most likely to engage the attention of an ardent and adventurous mind like Smith's—by opening to him schemes full of enterprise and danger, but full also of the promise of lasting fame. He had been the steadfast friend of Smith in all his persecutions before the Council; and although unable entirely to protect him, his known high standing with the company in England, to which they were all responsible, joined to his moderation and firmness on the spot, contributed much to assuage their dissensions, and operated as a partial check to the reckless depravity of Wingfield and his creatures.

SIR T. DALE.

Upon the whole this man's government in the colony, will rather be tolerated upon considerations of its expediency and utility, than applauded for its moderation and justice—impartiality will assent to the wisdom of his economy, illustrated by his subversion of the system of common stock, by which, without diminishing the amount of contribution exacted from the idle, he offered inducements and encouragements to the diligent, and thus effected the assurance of ample provision, independent of the natives—but aggressions upon the chartered and natural rights of mankind, find willing apologists enough among the sycophants and satellites of power, without receiving the sanction of history; and however his conduct may be extenuated by the admission that his office was rather one of ministry than authority, and that the forbidden power was precedent in the colony, that he rarely resorted to it, and only in extreme instances, there yet remains much to condemn in the adoption of martial law, and much to deplore in the fate of Abbot.

CAPTIVITY OF POCAHONTAS.

Pocahontas was among this people, (the Potommacks;) the reason of her absence from her father's court, is imperfectly afforded by the early historians. Stith conjectures "it was to withdraw herself from being a witness to the frequent butcheries of the English, whose folly and rashness after Smith's departure put it out of her power to save them." Probably she had been exiled by the displeasure of her father, for her partiality to the English; or he had confided her to the protection of the neighboring king, to secure her from the dangers of the war in which he was involved with the whites.

The temptation of possessing such a hostage as the princess, was too powerful to be restrained, by the few scruples of conscience that arise in the breast of a rude English sailor. Argall seduced Jappassas, by a paltry bribe, and Pocahontas was betrayed by her perfidious host into the hands of the English, to be led into captivity. Power was never yet at a loss for plausible pretexts to palliate its outrage on virtue: policy, expediency, necessity, are the hackneyed themes resorted to, to mitigate the merited reprobation; but the human heart will not be answered so. Insulted, not convinced, by the proffered palliative, it recoils from the false and unnatural subterfuge, and true to its connate susceptibilities, entertains forever the same sentiment of instinctive abhorrence. As long as the memory of the compassionate Pocahontas shall be cherished by a remote and admiring posterity in Virginia, so long will the unhallowed names of Argall and Jappassas be associated with deep and bitter execrations.

DEATH AND MEMORY OF POCAHONTAS.

The Princess died at Gravesend, on the eve of her departure for Virginia. The office of her panegyrist is confined to the merest details. The simplest narrative of her life, is the profoundest eulogy to her memory. Born in an age too rude to afford her the precepts and the instructions of virtue, while the condition of her sex seemingly precluded her from opportunities for the display of shining merit, she has yet left examples so signal, that after-times will best evince their progress to refinement, by their successful emulation of her mercy, redeeming and saving from captivity and death—and of her capacious charity, feeding a famished people from her hand—and that people a stranger and an enemy. The eye and the bosom of beauty suffused, and throbbing under the compassionate influence of pity—the prostrate attitude—the dishevelled hair—and the impassioned gaze of Pocahontas suing for the life of Smith at the feet of Powhatan—the timid and delicate maiden, heedless of the wonted terrors of her sex, rushing to save, through darkness and danger—Pocahontas at Ratcliffe's massacre, sheltering in her bosom the head of the boy Spillman, and warding with her naked hands the glancing tomahawks; these are passages of her eventful life, beyond the efforts of the pencil or the pen; and, without the aid of any coloring in the representation, melt the coldest hearts into acknowledgments of their moral influence and beauty.

JOHN SMITH.

History is replete with examples of the vulgar great who have obtained high consideration in the world, by their lucky association with moving incidents, and who, without any intrinsic impulse, have tamely lent them-

selves to the current of swelling events; nor are the instances rare, although rarely appreciated, of great virtue and capacity struggling in the tide of adversity, and sinking, not from any defect of their own resources, but by the depression of their fortune, and who have thus forfeited the world's applause, which awaits rather the prosperous than the deserving. But such is not the estimate of men and events which history owes to posterity; and in transmitting worth to fame, she should pay no adulation to fortune. In her discriminating page the character of John Smith will stand conspicuous, unclouded by the obscurity of the times, and the adversity of the events in which he acted and suffered—conspicuous for a constellation of high and shining attributes, such as at once inspire their possessor with the conception of great designs, and qualify him for their consummation. And his claims to reputation will not be tested merely by his achievements, when it is considered that his destinies confined him to a range of action too narrow for his capacity. How unjust to circumscribe his fame to the limits of a colony, whose faculties were capable to remove and extend the confines of empires! His glory dilates itself beyond the sphere to which it had been assigned by circumstances, and lays claim to the merit of any achievement possible to the greatest virtue.

CAPTIVITY OF SMITH.

Captain Smith was not aware of the stealthy approach of the Indians; a slight wound by an arrow was the first intimation he had of their presence.

In this peril, of a nature to quell the greatest courage, because its exercise must be hopeless, his energies did not desert him; seizing his Indian guide, he constrained him to serve as a shield against the missiles of the assailants—and interposing the Indian's person between himself and his enemies, he commenced his retreat in the direction of the canoe; but being obliged to make face to the Indians, his progress was consequently retrograde, and thus not being able to pick his way, he sunk through the ice to the waist in a morass. Here, embarrassed as he was, he slew with his musket three of the Indians, and for several hours kept the others at a distance, until fatigued with his fruitless efforts to extricate himself from the morass, and benumbed by the cold, he desisted from the idle contest. The Indians dared not yet approach him, until he had thrown his arms to a distance from him, when they raised him and carried him to a fire at the canoe, near which lay the dead bodies of his companions.

Smith, with the vague intention of gaining time, and of making a favorable impression upon his captors, endeavored to establish a communication with their chief, whom he propitiated by the offering of his pocket compass. The curiosity of the savage was forcibly roused by the apparent life in the vibrations of the needle, the motions of which were visible through the crystal, although it eluded his touch; but when the prisoner, by signs, and so much of their language as he had acquired, engaged his attention to the description of its properties and uses—how, by its indication alone, the solitary hunter could track his pathless way, in darkness, through the deepest forests, and direct his canoe through the expanse of waters to its destined point, and this by mysterious and inscrutable influence between

the heavenly bodies and the little talisman he held in his hands, the Indian's faculties were absorbed in the recital, and he remained fixed in an attitude of mute and vague wonder.

* * * * *

LADY LEONORE AND HER LOVER.

FYTTE I.

Leonore. Why art thou sad?

Lover. Sweet Leonore
Come hither and list! On their golden shore
Yon waters sing. The winds are nigh;
They have swept all cloud from the starry sky;
And a rare song-woof their fingers weave
On earth—in air. 'Tis a pleasant eve!
A magic is in wind, moon and star—
A magic that winneth hearts afar
To the days that are past. Come, best beloved,
Look forth from this lattice: own the spell
Which hath moved a spirit long unmoved—
While I tell thee a tale I love to tell.

Leon. A tale thou lovest!

Lover. Aye, by my word!
As her wail is dear to the shadow bird,
Whose haunt is low in yon Linden glen,
I love the tale of my grievous pain.
The bird of the shadow will wail her wail—
Come hither, sweet Lady, and list my tale;
No word of my lip shall wound thine ear.

Leon. I will list thy story—but O, not *here*!
This lattice!—Hast thou—

Lover. Forgotten?—no.
Here—erst—when the moon—a bended bow—
Rained its ray-arrows on wave and air,
And their jewelled points illumed thy hair,
I saw thy lips part, and heard thee say,
Thou wouldst love me well till thy dying day.
I am happy!—But Lady, thou wilt not blame
This lip that sad words—sad words—brim o'er
At thought of one whom I may not name.
Wilt thou list my dark story, sweet Leonore?

Leon. I hear thee.

Lover. The stars and the white-armed moon
Are bright in heaven; and the breath of June
In the faint wind liveth. On such a night,
With the sky as blue, with the moon as bright,
I roved with one by a lonely shore;
I have loved another, sweet Leonore!

Leon. I hear thee!

Lover. Wan were the brow and cheek
Of her whose name I may not speak;
And gentle the flow of her long fair hair;
And her azure eye had a beauty rare.
I won that girl to my doting heart:
But a rival came, and his fiendish art
Fell witheringly—as falls the dew
On Brandon night. Her kinsman knew
That 'twas a sinful and deadly stain—
This last wild love—so not again
Met they—the lovers—in peace or pain!
—He who had won by his fiendish art
Died mad; and *she* of a broken heart.

They made her a grave by our love's lone shore,
And I laughed in strange mirth, sweet Leonore.

Leon. Alas!

Lover. Yet a burning and restless pain
Lived evermo' at my heart and brain.
What balm sought I?—Forgetfulness.
Ah!—wo is me! I had none to bless
My desolate heart: no soothing tone
To cheer my spirit seared and lone:
No hand of love to clasp mine own.
And anguish—great anguish dogged my step,
Till I did swear me that a fiend
Spake in mine ear with a hissing lip.
I bared my brow to the haunted wind
On wintry hills; and then in fear
Would seek my couch most lone and drear,
And mutter a name for the dead to hear.
And in my mad dreams, sweet Leonore,
I shuddered and moaned—"Pain evermore!"

Leon. Alas!

Lover. But time wore fleetly on,
And the lines were less deep on my forehead wan.
I sought to bury my wrongs in wine;
And I sought in the crowd where star-eyes shine
For my thwarted heart a second shrine:—
Yet *this* in vain! I found it not,
For naught from the book of Time mote blot
The one black page, and Memory ever
Dwelt, till my temples throbb'd with fever,
On that stained page and its letters wild.

Leon. And yet thou lovedst!

Lover. A dream beguiled
My life from anguish. Leonore!
Canst thou unlock the mystic lore
Of sleep and its visions dim and bright?
I slumbered—in pain: the lingering blight
Still lay on my spirit. I dreamed a dream!
Like motes on the swell of a noonday beam,
A thousand vague forms passed me by,
Wheeling and circling hurriedly.
These passed, and methought a lady bright
Leant on my arm, and clasped my hand:
Her chiselled temples were high and white;
But her life did seem as a name in sand,
With the waters near:—For her eyes were wild,
And her long teeth glittered as she smiled,
And her cheek was sunken. I ne'er had seen
That lofty brow with its lily sheen,
In my waking hours, and ne'er till then
Had I heard what I yearned to hear again—
That lady's voice!—Sweet Leonore,
'Twas a gentle joy to linger o'er
That dying one so fair and meek.
While I gazed in love on her faded cheek,
She shuddered and—died! I sprang, aghast,
From my couch, and moaned.

The strange dream passed—
Passed from its seat on my troubled brain.
I awoke to the forms of earth again.
Time flew his soar, as Time aye flies;
And I basked in the light of earthly eyes,
Till, joyous of heart, and light of mood,
I fled from naught save solitude.
I laughed, and many a hoary head
Shook thoughtfully, and wise men said—

As stole vague fears of a stormy morrow—
"Naught knoweth yon gallant yet of sorrow."
In a crowded hall, on a festive night—
Aloof from the fears of dotard eld—
I spake in the ear of a Lady bright,
Whom—awake—I had ne'er, till then, beheld.
Thine was that ear: and much it moved
The chords of my spirit, best beloved,
To gaze on the peerless Leonore.
Thou—*thou* wast the Lady of the dream;
And I unriddled the mystic lore
Which mortal men a madness deem,
And said, while my heart leapt joyously,
"The dream was the voice of destiny.
Kind Heaven hath sent this gentle one—
This being of beauty—of beauty to atone
For the viper's tooth: and she will be
Through sorrow and joy, mine faithfully,
Till the days of her life on earth are o'er"—
And I wooed and won thee, Leonore.

He ceased. The Lady turned her head,
Her soft cheek flushed with a ruby fever—
But she gazed in his face and meekly said,
"As I love thee now will I love thee ever."

Then passion came to the Lover's eye,
And as he bowed him, tenderly,
To kiss the brow of his Leonore,
These words spake he—"Bliss evermore!"

But constancy dwelleth not on earth,
And this world's joy is of little worth,
For we know that ere the birth of morrow,
The cup may be changed for one of sorrow.
This is a truth my heart hath learned,
From one who loved, and then falsely spurned:
This is a truth which all must know
Whose lots are cast in this world of wo.

A poet's thanks for thy courtesy,
Thou gentle one, whose step with me
Hath kindly been!

One fyfte is done—

Yet aith thus far we twain have gone,
I'll "ply my wrest,"* then tell thee more
Of the loves of the Lady Leonore.

L. L.

ENGLISH LANGUAGE IN AMERICA.

The preservation of a pure English diction is not sufficiently aimed at in America. Some are so entirely Britannic, as to receive every thing for legal tender in letters, which comes across the water. This is thenceforward duly '*marqué au coin*.' Others are so patriotically republican, as to set about the task of nursing the countless brood of cis-Atlantic words, into literary respectability. Both are in error. It is not enough to avoid Americanisms; nor is it expedient to manufacture a pye-bald dialect, of vulgarisms and provincialisms, for the mere satisfaction of calling it our own. In England, no less than here, the language is growing to an unhealthy exuberance, and many of the words which

* *Wrest* was the name of the key used in tuning his harp by the ancient *Songleir* or minstrel. "Ply my wrest" is an expression to be met with frequently in the early English poets.

are fathered on the poor Americans, are distempered excrescences of the overgrown British trunk. Nothing but the appeal to a standard of former golden days of literature and classic taste, can save the noble tongue of freemen from becoming an unwieldy, cacophonous, inconsistent mass of crudities. How much more is there danger, lest the other party, by encouraging unauthorized and American inventions in language, lay the foundation for provincial dialects, which shall hopelessly diverge from one another, until the Mississippian and the Virginian shall be as diverse as were the Athenian and the Macedonian. What this difference was, may be seen at a glance even in Demosthenes on the crown; where the orator blunders in Attic, while he reads in the same breath a decree of the Byzantines in broad-mouthed Doric.

To some minds this may seem a trifling subject; like the countryman's nightingale in Catullus, '*vix et præterea nihil*.' But, as Mirabeau said, *Words are things*. Language and thought act reciprocally. Unity of speech presupposes unity of thinking; but it also propagates it. Where provincial dialects begin to grow into languages, there is a corresponding divergence of national feeling. In our boundless country, after all our attempts to the contrary, this diversity of language will take place. It is now taking place. We begin to distinguish by his idiom and his pronunciation, the New Englander, the Southron, and the native of the great Western Valley. And there is no possibility of avoiding a separation of greater moment, without some common and acknowledged standard to which the appeal may be made; a standard not fabricated, but adopted—which shall be maintained by men of letters, in opposition to the immensely varying license of the illiterate mass in the respective districts of America.

Such a standard exists in the authorized classics of Great Britain. If we depart from this, we not only fall to pieces at home, but eventually sever our literature from that of the mother country; a mishap to be deprecated by every man who wishes his posterity to drink at "the well-spring of English, pure and undefiled," or who desires our American authors to be honored in Great Britain. We would not be such purists in language, as to stigmatize every word not found in Johnson. There is a fastidiousness on one side, as evil as the recklessness on the other. Fox rejected all words not found in Dryden, and Bulwer speaks of one so addicted to the Saxon element of our tongue, that his English stalks abroad "as naked as a Pict." New objects are discovered in nature, new distinctions are taken in science, new relations are discerned in ancient truths, and all these justify new words. But we are not in danger of pruning too close in this land of universal license. The purity and melody of our language are threatened from the side of indiscriminate adoption of needless words and phrases. The basest provincialisms begin to install themselves in works of reputed elegance; and grammatical solecisms are daily "being engrafted" on our stock. The last phrase is here inserted as a specimen, with our challenge to all the sciolists and misses who use it, to furnish an instance of a similar construction, in any writer of merit, from Robert of Gloucester to Sir James Mackintosh.

Provincialisms are cited abroad as Americanisms. Though "*I guess*" is often used by Locke in the Yan-

kee acceptance, yet even in America it is confined to a particular region, where un-English phraseology is rife. So the sad abuse of that poetical word *evening* to mean *afternoon*—an abuse which makes mere prose of such a verse as

"Like a bright exhalation in the evening,"

is confined to a 'section' of our states. Mutual recreation and banter tend to rub off these points of vulgarity, which show themselves most in such as move in narrow circles. No one State or District can justifiably throw stones, for we all live in glass houses. We have known a New Englander laugh at the Southern use of the word *clever*; ignorant utterly that the latter is the only English acceptance. And in like manner we knew a vagrant word-catcher to have in his list of Virginianisms *Good bye t' ye*, a phrase purely Shakspearian. The Philadelphian calls a certain savoury bird a *Quail*; according to Wilson, he is right, and the Marylander wrong in calling it a *Partridge*. But the Southron makes reprisals in the case of another sort of game, for he rightly calls that a *Hare* which the North-man eats under the title of *Rabbit*. To speak of pronunciation would be endless. That of the South accords with England's best orators and dictionaries in all such words as *tutor vice tootor*—*path, wrath, carpet, garden*, &c. Yet many sedulous students of Walker never find this out. Dr. Noah Webster would fain have us believe that orthoepy demands such sounds as *natur, featur, creatur*. We rejoice that even in Connecticut this barbarism is growing into discredit. The learned Doctor would also improve English so as to write *Savior* for *Saviour*, *Bridegroom* for *Bridegroom*, *Duelist* for *Duellist*, and the like. We humbly crave leave to wait until any one English work can be produced in which these elegancies shall appear. It is an *English*, not an *American* language which we are called upon to nurture and perfect. Let no scholar deem it beneath his dignity to aid in the work. Then we shall no longer see such a term as *firstly* in a work on metaphysics, nor hear such a double adverb as *illegally* on the floor of Congress—no longer hear of an event's *transpiring*, before it has become public, nor of an argument being *predicated* on such and such facts.

BOREALIS.

TO THE WOODNYMPHS.

Ye Nymphs of the woodlands!
I come to your bowers,
Where the wild roses grow
And the eglantine flowers:
Where the trees and wild vines
In their spring-dress arrayed,
Entwine their green foliage
And weave the cool shade.
Oh! I come o'er the hills
By the moon's dewy light—
I come where the waters
Gush sparkling and bright—
Where the green woods are fresh,
And the cool valleys cheered
With the sweet mellow strains
Of the wild forest bird.

I come where the fountains
 Their freshness diffuse,
 And the flowers smile the sweetest,
 Impearled with the dew.
 In thy wild forest home,
 Oh! I come to inhale
 The pure balmy air
 And the health-breathing gale.
 Ye Nymphs of the woodlands!
 Then dress your green bowers:
 Bid vines spread their foliage,
 And Spring wake her flowers.
 Oh! bid your bright waters
 Gush sparkling along,
 And the wild forest bird
 Charm the valleys with song;
 For I come o'er the hills
 To thy cool shady courts,
 To quaff at thy fountains
 And join in thy sports.

CRITICAL NOTICES.

MRS. SIGOURNEY—MISS GOULD—MRS. ELLET.

Zinzenlorff, and other Poems. By Mrs. L. H. Sigourney, New York: Published by Leavitt, Lord & Co. 1836.

Poems—By Miss H. F. Gould, Third Edition. Boston: Hilliard, Gray & Co. 1835.

Poems; Translated and Original. By Mrs. E. F. Ellet. Philadelphia: Key and Biddle. 1835.

Mrs. Sigourney has been long known as an author. Her earliest publication was reviewed about twenty years ago, in the *North American*. She was then Miss Huntley. The fame which she has since acquired is extensive; and we, who so much admire her virtues and her talents, and who have so frequently expressed our admiration of both in this *Journal*—we, of all persons—are the least inclined to call in question the justice or the accuracy of the public opinion, by which has been adjudged to her so high a station among the *literati* of our land. Some things, however, we cannot pass over in silence. There are two kinds of popular reputation,—or rather there are two roads by which such reputation may be attained: and it appears to us an idiosyncrasy which distinguishes mere fame from most, or perhaps from *all* other human ends, that, in regarding the intrinsic value of the object, we must not fail to introduce, as a portion of our estimate, the means by which the object is acquired. To speak less abstractedly. Let us suppose two writers having a reputation apparently equal—that is to say, their names *being equally in the mouths of the people*—for we take this to be the most practicable test of what we choose to term *apparent popular reputation*. Their names then are equally in the mouths of the people. The one has written a great work—let it be either an Epic of high rank, or something which, although of seeming littleness in itself, is yet, like the *Christabelle* of Coleridge, entitled to be called *great* from its power of creating intense emotion in the minds of great men. And let us imagine that, by this single effort, the author has attained a certain quantum of reputation. We know it to be possible that another writer of very moderate

powers may build up for himself, little by little, a reputation equally great—and this, too, merely by keeping continually in the eye, or by appealing continually with little things, to the ear, of that great, overgrown, and majestic gander, the critical and bibliographical rabble.

It would be an easy, although perhaps a somewhat disagreeable task, to point out several of the most popular writers in America—popular in the above mentioned sense—who have manufactured for themselves a celebrity by the very questionable means, and in the very questionable manner, to which we have alluded. But it must not be thought that we wish to include Mrs. Sigourney in the number. By no means. She has trod, however, upon the confines of their circle. She does not *owe* her reputation to the chicanery we mention, but it cannot be denied that it has been thereby greatly assisted. In a word—no single piece which she has written, and not even her collected works as we behold them in the present volume, and in the one published some years ago, would fairly entitle her to that exalted rank which she actually enjoys as the authoress, *time after time*, of her numerous, and, in most instances, very creditable compositions. The validity of our objections to this adventitious notoriety we must be allowed to consider unshaken, until it can be proved that any multiplication of zeros will eventuate in the production of a unit.

We have watched, too, with a species of anxiety and vexation brought about altogether by the sincere interest we take in Mrs. Sigourney, the progressive steps by which she has at length acquired the title of the “American Hemans.” Mrs. S. cannot conceal from her own discernment that she has acquired this title *solely by imitation*. The very phrase “American Hemans” speaks loudly in accusation: and we are grieved that what by the over-zealous has been intended as complimentary should fall with so ill-omened a sound into the ears of the judicious. We will briefly point out those particulars in which Mrs. Sigourney stands palpably convicted of that sin which in poetry is not to be forgiven.

And first, in the *character of her subjects*. Every unprejudiced observer must be aware of the almost identity between the subjects of Mrs. Hemans and the subjects of Mrs. Sigourney. The themes of the former lady are the unobtrusive happiness, the sweet images, the cares, the sorrows, the gentle affections, of the domestic hearth—these too are the themes of the latter. The Englishwoman has dwelt upon all the “tender and true” chivalries of passion—and the American has dwelt as unequivocally upon the same. Mrs. Hemans has delighted in the radiance of a pure and humble faith—she has looked upon nature with a speculative attention—she has “watched the golden array of sunset clouds, with an eye looking beyond them to the habitations of the disembodied spirit”—she has poured all over her verses the most glorious and lofty aspirations of a redeeming Christianity, and in all this she is herself glorious and lofty. And all this too has Mrs. Sigourney not only attempted, but accomplished—yet in all this she is but, alas!—an imitator.

And secondly—in points more directly tangible than the one just mentioned, and therefore more easily appreciated by the generality of readers, is Mrs. Sigourney again open to the charge we have adduced. We mean in the structure of her versification—in the pecu-

liar turns of her phraseology—in certain habitual expressions (principally interjectional,) such as *yes! alas!* and many others, so frequent upon the lips of Mrs. Hemans as to give an almost ludicrous air of similitude to all articles of her composition—in an invincible inclination to apostrophize every object, in both moral and physical existence—and more particularly in those mottoes or quotations, sometimes of considerable extent, prefixed to nearly every poem, not as a text for discussion, nor even as an intimation of what is to follow, but as the actual subject matter itself, and of which the verses ensuing are, in most instances, merely a paraphrase. These were all, in Mrs. Hemans, mannerisms of a gross and inartificial nature; but, in Mrs. Sigourney, they are mannerisms of the most inadmissible kind—the mannerisms of imitation.

In respect to the use of the quotations, we cannot conceive how the fine taste of Mrs. Hemans could have admitted the practice, or how the good sense of Mrs. Sigourney could have thought it for a single moment worthy of her own adoption. In poems of magnitude the mind of the reader is not, at all times, enabled to include in one comprehensive survey the proportions and proper adjustment of the whole. He is pleased—if at all—with particular passages; and the sum of his pleasure is compounded of the sums of the pleasurable sensations inspired by these individual passages during the progress of perusal. But in pieces of less extent—like the poems of Mrs. Sigourney—the pleasure is *unique*, in the proper acceptance of that term—the understanding is employed, without difficulty, in the contemplation of the picture *as a whole*—and thus its effect will depend, in a very great degree, upon the perfection of its finish, upon the nice adaptation of its constituent parts, and especially upon what is rightly termed by Schlegel, the *unity or totality of interest*. Now it will readily be seen, that the practice we have mentioned as habitual with Mrs. Hemans and Mrs. Sigourney is utterly at variance with this unity. By the initial motto—often a very long one—we are either put in possession of the subject of the poem; or some hint, historic fact, or suggestion is thereby afforded, not included in the body of the article, which, without the suggestion, would be utterly incomprehensible. In the latter case, while perusing the poem, the reader must revert, in mind at least, to the motto for the necessary explanation. In the former, the poem being a mere paraphrase of the motto, the interest is divided between the motto and the paraphrase. In either instance the *totality of effect* is annihilated.

Having expressed ourselves thus far in terms of nearly unmitigated censure, it may appear in us somewhat equivocal to say that, as Americans, we are proud—very proud of the talents of Mrs. Sigourney. Yet such is the fact. The faults which we have already pointed out, and some others which we will point out hereafter, are but dust in the balance, when weighed against her very many and distinguishing excellences. Among those high qualities which give her, beyond doubt, a title to the sacred name of poet are an acute sensibility to natural loveliness—a quick and perfectly just conception of the moral and physical sublime—a calm and unostentatious vigor of thought—a mingled delicacy and strength of expression—and above all, a mind nobly and exquisitely attuned to all the gentle charities and lofty pieties of life.

The volume whose title forms the heading of this article embraces one hundred and seventy-three poems. The longest, but not the best, of these is Zinzendorf. "It owes its existence," says the author, "to a recent opportunity of personal intercourse with that sect of Christians who acknowledge Zinzendorf as their founder; and who, in their labors of self-denying benevolence, and their avoidance of the slight, yet bitter causes of controversy, have well preserved that sacred test of discipleship 'to love one another.'" Most of the other pieces were "suggested by the passing and common incidents of life,"—and we confess that we find no fault, with their "deficiency in the wonderful and wild." Not in these mountainous and stormy regions—but in the holy and quiet valley of the beautiful, must forever consent to dwell the genius of Mrs. Sigourney.

The poem of Zinzendorf includes five hundred and eighty lines. It relates, in a simple manner, some adventures of that man of God. Many passages are very noble, and breathe the truest spirit of the Muse. At page 14, for example.

—The high arch
Of the *cloud-sweeping forest* proudly cast (casts)
A solemn shadow, for no sound of axe
Had taught the monarch Oak dire principles
Of Revolution, or brought down the Pine
Like haughty baron from his castled height.
Thus dwelt the kings of Europe—ere the voice
Of the crusading monk, with whirlwind tone
Did root them from their base, with all their hosts,
Tossing the red-cross banner to the sky.

Again at page 21, we have something equally beautiful, in a very different way. The passage is however much injured by the occurrence of the word 'that' at the commencement of both the sixth and seventh line.

—Now the infant morning raised
Her rosy eyelids. But no soft breeze moved
The forest lords to shake the dews of sleep
From their green coronals. The curtaining mist
Hung o'er the quiet river, and it seemed
That Nature found the summer night so sweet
That 'mid the stillness of her deep repose
She shunned the wakening of the king of day.

All this is exquisite, and in Zinzendorf there are many passages of a like kind. The poem, however, is by no means free from faults. In the first paragraph we have the following:

—Through the *breast*
Of that fair vale the Susquehannah roam'd,
Wearing its robe of silver like a bride.
Now with a noiseless current gliding slow,
Mid the rich velvet of its curtaining banks
It seemed to sleep.

To suppose the Susquehannah roaming through the *breast* of any thing—even of a valley—is an incongruity: and to say that such false images are common, is to say very little in their defence. But when the noble river is bedizzened out in robes of silver, and made to wash with its bright waters nothing better than *curtains of velvet*, we feel a very sensible and a very righteous indignation. We might have expected such language from an upholsterer, or a *marchande des modes*, but it is utterly out of place upon the lips of Mrs. Sigourney. To liken the glorious objects of natural loveliness to the trappings and tinsel of artificiality, is one of the lowest, and at the same time, one of the most ordinary

exemplifications of the *bathos*. At page 21, these verses occur:

No word was spoke,
As when the friends of desolated Job,
Finding the line of language all too short
To fathom woe like his, sublimely paid
That highest homage at the throne of grief,
Deep silence.

The image here italicized is striking, but faulty. It is deduced not from any analogy between actual existences—between woe on the one hand, and the sea on the other—but from the *identity of epithet* (deep) frequently applied to both. We say the “deep sea,” and the expression “deep woe” is certainly familiar. But in the first case the sea is actually deep; in the second, woe is but metaphorically so. Sound, therefore—not sense, is the basis of the analogy, and the image is consequently incorrect.

Some faults of a minor kind we may also discover in Zinzendorf. We dislike the use made by the poetess of antique modes of expression—here most unequivocally out of place. For example.

Where the red council-fire
Disturbed the trance of midnight, long they saté.

What time, with hatred fierce and unsubdued,
The wood-stained Briton, in his watted boat,
Quailed 'neath the glance of Rome.

The versification of Zinzendorf is particularly good—always sweet—occasionally energetic. We are enabled to point out only one defective line in the poem, and in this the defect has arisen from an attempt to contract *enthusiasm* into a word of three syllables.

He who found
This *blest enthusiasm* nerve his weary heart.

There are, however, some errors of accentuation—
for example:

So strong in that misanthrope's bosom wrought
A frenzied malice.

Again—

He would have made himself
A green oasis mid the strife of tongues.

We observe too that Mrs. Sigourney places the accent in *Wyoming* on the second syllable.

'Twas summer in Wyoming. Through the breast,
&c.

—And the lore
Of sad Wyoming's chivalry, a part
Of classic song.

But we have no right to quarrel with her for this. The word is so pronounced by those who should know best. Campbell, however, places the accent on the first syllable.

On Susquehannah's banks, fair Wyoming!

We will conclude our remarks upon Zinzendorf with a passage of surpassing beauty, energy, and poetic power. Why cannot Mrs. Sigourney write always thus?

—Not a breath
Disturbed the tide of eloquence. So fixed
Were that rude auditory, it would seem
Almost as if a nation had become
Bronzed into statues. Now and then a sigh,
The unbidden messenger of thought profound,

Parted the lip; or some barbarian brow
Contracted closer in a haughty frown,
As scowled the cynic, 'mid his idol fanes,
When on Mars-Hill the inspired Apostle preached
Jesus of Nazareth.

These lines are glowing all over with the true radiance of poetry. The image in italics is perfect. Of the versification, it is not too much to say that it reminds us of Miltonic power. The slight roughness in the line commencing “When on Mars-Hill,” and the discord introduced at the word “inspired,” evince an ear attuned to the *delicacies* of melody, and form an appropriate introduction to the sonorous and emphatic closing—Jesus of Nazareth.

Of the minor poems in the volume before us, we must be pardoned for speaking in a cursory manner. Of course they include many degrees of excellence. Their beauties and their faults are, generally, the beauties and the faults of Zinzendorf. We will particularize a few of each.

On page 67, in a poem entitled *Female Education*, occur the following lines:

—Break Oblivion's sleep,
And toil with florist's art
To plant the scenes of virtue deep
In childhood's fruitful heart!
To thee the babe is given,
Fair from its glorious Sire;
Go—nurse it for the King of Heaven,
And He will pay the hire.

The conclusion of this is *bathetic* to a degree bordering upon the grotesque.

At page 160 is an error in metre—of course an oversight. We point it out merely because, did we write ourselves, we should like to be treated in a similar manner. For ‘centred’ we should probably read ‘concentred.’

The wealth of every age
Thou hast center'd here,
The ancient tome, the classic page,
The wit, the poet, and the sage,
All at thy nod appear.

At page 233, line 10, the expression “Thou wert their friend,” although many precedents may be found to justify it—is nevertheless *not English*. The same error occurs frequently in the volume.

The poem entitled *The Pholas*, at page 105, has the following introductory prose sentence: “It is a fact familiar to Conchologists, that the genus *Pholas* possesses the property of phosphorescence. It has been asserted that this may be restored, even when the animal is in a dried state, by the application of *water*, but is extinguished by the least quantity of *brandy*.” This odd fact in Natural History is precisely what Cowley would have seized with avidity for the purpose of preaching therefrom a poetical homily on Temperance. But that Mrs. Sigourney should have thought herself justifiable in using it for such purpose, is what we cannot understand. What business has her good taste with so palpable and so ludicrous a *conceit*? Let us now turn to a more pleasing task.

In the *Friends of Man*, (a poem originally published in our own Messenger,) the versification throughout is of the first order of excellence. We select an example.

The youth at midnight sought his bed,
But ere he closed his eyes,
Two forms drew near with gentle tread,
In meek and saintly guise;
One struck a lyre of wondrous power,
With thrilling music fraught,
That chained the flying summer hour,
And charmed the listener's thought—
For still would its tender cadence be
Follow me! follow me!
And every morn a smile shall bring,
Sweet as the merry lay I sing.

The lines entitled *Filial Grief*, at page 199, are worthy of high praise. Their commencement is chaste, simple, and altogether exquisite. The verse italicized contains an unjust metaphor, but we are forced to pardon it for the sonorous beauty of its expression.

The love that blest our infant dream,
That dried our earliest tear,
The tender voice, the winning smile,
That made our home so dear,
The hand that urged our youthful thought
O'er low delights to soar,
Whose pencil wrote upon our souls,
Alas, is ours no more.

We will conclude our extracts with "Poetry" from page 57. The burden of the song finds a ready echo in our bosoms.

Morn on her rosy couch awoke,
Enchantment led the hour,
And Mirth and Music drank the dews
That freshened Beauty's flower—
Then from her bower of deep delight
I heard a young girl sing,
"Oh, speak no ill of Poetry,
For 'tis a holy thing!"

The sun in noon-day heat rose high,
And on with heaving breast
I saw a weary pilgrim toil,
Unpitied and unblest—
Yet still in trembling measures flow'd
Forth from a broken string,
"Oh, speak no ill of Poetry,
For 'tis a holy thing!"

'Twas night, and Death the curtains drew,
Mid agony severe,
While there a willing spirit went
Home to a glorious sphere—
Yet still it sighed, even when was spread
The waiting Angel's wing,
"Oh, speak no ill of Poetry,
For 'tis a holy thing!"

We now bid adieu to Mrs. Sigourney—yet we trust only for a time. We shall behold her again. When that period arrives, having thrown aside the petty shackles which have hitherto enchained her, she will assume, at once, that highest station among the poets of our land which her noble talents so well qualify her for attaining.

The remarks which we made in the beginning of our critique on Mrs. Sigourney, will apply, in an equal degree, to Miss Gould. Her reputation has been greatly assisted by the frequency of her appeals to the attention of the public. The poems (one hundred and seventeen in number,) included in the volume now before us have all, we believe, appeared, from time to time, in the periodicals of the day. Yet in no other point of view,

can we trace the remotest similarity between the two poetesses. We have already pointed out the prevailing characteristics of Mrs. Sigourney. In Miss Gould we recognize, first, a disposition, like that of Wordsworth, to seek beauty where it is not usually sought—in the *homelinesses* (if we may be permitted the word,) and in the most familiar realities of existence—secondly *abandon* of manner—thirdly a phraseology sparkling with antithesis, yet, strange to say, perfectly simple and unaffected.

Without Mrs. Sigourney's high reach of thought, Miss Gould surpasses her rival in the mere vehicle of thought—expression. "Words, words, words," are the true secret of her strength. *Words* are her kingdom—and in the realm of language, she rules with equal despotism and *nunchalance*. Yet we do not mean to deny her abilities of a higher order than any which a mere *logocracy* can imply. Her powers of imagination are great, and she has a faculty of inestimable worth, when considered in relation to effect—the faculty of holding ordinary ideas in so novel, and sometimes in so fantastic a light, as to give them all of the appearance, and much of the value, of originality. Miss Gould will, of course, be the favorite with the multitude—Mrs. Sigourney with the few.

We can think of no better manner of exemplifying these few observations, than by extracting part of Miss G's little poem, *The Great Refiner*.

'Tis sweet to feel that he, who tries
The silver, takes his seat
Beside the fire that purifies;
Lest too intense a heat,
Raised to consume the base alloy,
The precious metal too destroy.

'Tis good to think how well he knows
The silver's power to bear
The ordeal to which it goes;
And that with skill and care,
He'll take it from the fire, when fit
For his own hand to polish it.

'Tis blessedness to know that he
The piece he has begun
Will not forsake, till he can see,
To prove the work well done,
An image by its brightness shown
The perfect likeness of his own.

The mind which could conceive the *subject* of this poem, and find poetic appropriateness in a forced analogy between a refiner of silver, over his crucible, and the Great Father of all things, occupied in the mysteries of redeeming Grace, we cannot believe a mind adapted to the loftier breathings of the lyre. On the other hand, the delicate *finish* of the illustration, the perfect fitness of one portion for another, the epigrammatic nicety and point of the language, give evidence of a taste exquisitely alive to the *prettinesses* of the Muse. It is possible that Miss Gould has been led astray in her conception of this poem by the scriptural expression, "He shall sit as a refiner and purifier of silver."

From the apparently harsh strictures we have thought it our duty to make upon the poetry of Miss Gould, must be excepted one exquisite little *morceau* at page 59 of the volume now under review. It is entitled *The Dying Storm*. We will quote it in full.

*I am feeble, pale and weary,
And my wings are nearly furled;
I have caused a scene so dreary,
I am glad to quit the world!
With bitterness I'm thinking
On the evil I have done,
And to my caverns sinking
From the coming of the sun.*

The heart of man will sicken
In that pure and holy light,
When he feels the hopes I've stricken
With an everlasting blight!
For widely, in my madness,
Have I poured abroad my wrath,
And changing joy to sadness,
Scattered ruin on my path.

*Earth shuddered at my motion,
And my power in silence owns;
But the deep and troubled ocean
O'er my deeds of horror moans!
I have sunk the brightest treasure—
I've destroyed the fairest form—
I have sadly filled my measure,
And am now a dying storm.*

We have much difficulty in recognizing these verses as from the pen of Miss Gould. They do not contain a single trace of her manner, and still less of the prevailing features of her thought. Setting aside the flippancy of the metre, ill adapted to the sense, we have no fault to find. All is full, forcible, and free from artificiality. The personification of the storm, in its perfect simplicity, is of a high order of poetic excellence—the images contained in the lines italicized, all of the very highest.

Many but not all of the poems in Mrs. Ellet's volume, likewise, have been printed before—appearing, within the last two years, in different periodicals. The whole number of pieces now published is fifty seven. Of these thirty-nine are original. The rest are translations from the French of Alphonse de Lamartine and Beranger—from the Spanish of Quevedo and Yriarte—from the Italian of Ugo Foscolo, Alfieri, Fulvio Testi, Pindemonte, and Saverio Bettinelli,—and from the German of Schiller. As evidences of the lady's acquaintance with the modern languages, these translations are very creditable to her. Where we have had opportunities of testing the fidelity of her versions by reference to the originals, we have always found reason to be satisfied with her performances. A too scrupulous adherence to the text is certainly not one of her faults—nor can we yet justly call her, in regard to the spirit of her authors, a latitudinarian. We wish, however, to say that, in fully developing the meaning of her originals, she has too frequently neglected their *poetical characters*. Let us refer to the lady's translation of the *Swallows*. We have no hesitation in saying, that not the slightest conception of Pierre Jean de Beranger, can be obtained by the perusal of the lines at page 112, of the volume now before us.

Bring me, I pray—an exile sad—
Some token of that valley bright,
Where in my sheltered childhood glad,
The future was a dream of light.
Beside the gentle stream, where swell
Its waves beneath the lilac tree,
Ye saw the cot I love so well—
And speak ye of that home to me?

We have no fault to find with these verses in themselves—as specimens of the manner of the French *chansonnier*, we have no patience with them. What we have quoted, is the second stanza of the song. Our remarks, here, with some little modification, would apply to the *Sepulchres* of Foscolo, especially to the passage commencing

Yes—Pindemonte!
The aspiring soul is fired to lofty deeds
By great men's monuments, &c.

They would apply, also, with somewhat less force, to Lamartine's *Loss of the Ario*, in the original of which by the way, we cannot perceive the lines answering to Mrs. E's verses

All that obscures thy sovereign majesty
Degrades our glory in degrading thee.

Quevedo's Sonnet *Rome in Ruins*, we happen to have by us at this moment. The translation in this instance is faultless, and combines, happily, a close approximation to the meaning of the original, with its quaint air and pompous rhythm. The Sonnet itself is a plagiarism entire, from Girolamo Preti. The opening lines of Quevedo,

Pilgrim! in vain thou seekest in Rome for Rome!
Alas! the Queen of nations is no more!
Dust are her towers, that proudly frowned of yore,
And her stern hills themselves have built their tomb,
are little else than the

Roma in Roma non è
In se stessa cadeo morta e sepolta, &c.

of Girolamo. But this is no concern of Mrs. Ellet's.

Of the original poems, which form the greater part of the volume, we have hardly been able to form an opinion, during the cursory perusal we have given them. Some of them have merit. Some we think unworthy of the talents which their author has undoubtedly displayed. The epigram, for example, at page 102 is rather a silly joke upon a threadbare theme, and, however well it might have suited Mrs. Ellet's purpose to indite it, she should have had more discretion than to give it permanency in a collection of her poems.

Echo was once a love sick maid
They say: the tale is no deceiver.
Howe'er a woman's form might fade
Her voice would be the last to leave her!

The tragedy (*Teresa Contarini*) at the end of the volume, "is founded," says the authoress, "upon an incident well known in the history of Venice, which has formed the material for various works of fiction." Mrs. E. has availed herself of a drama of Nicolini's in part of the first scene of the first act, and in the commencement of the fifth act. The resemblance between the two plays is, however, very slight. In plot—in the spirit of the dialogue—and in the range of incidents they differ altogether. *Teresa Contarini* was received with approbation at the Park Theatre in March 1835,—Miss Philips performing the heroine. We must confine ourselves to the simple remark, that the drama appears to us better suited to the closet than the stage.

In evidence that Mrs. Ellet is a poetess of no ordinary rank, we extract, from page 51 of her volume, a little poem rich in vigorous expression, and full of solemn

REMARKS.—Chief merits, however, are condensation

Remarks.

Hark—to the midnight bell!
The solemn peal rolls on
That tells us, with an iron tongue,
Another year is gone!
Gone with its hopes, its mockeries, and its fears,
To the dim rest which wraps our former years.

Gray pilgrim to the past!
We will not bid thee stay;
For joys of youth and passion's plaint
Thou bear'st alike away.
Alike the tones of mirth, and sorrow's swell
Gather to hymn thy parting.—Fare thee well!

Fill high the cup—and drink
To Time's unwearied sweep!
He claims a parting pledge from us—
And let the draught be deep!
We may not shadow moments fleet as this,
With tales of baffled hopes, or vanished bliss.

No comrade's voice is here,
That could not tell of grief—
Fill up!—We know that friendship's hours,
Like their own joys—are brief.
Drink to their brightness while they yet may last,
And drown in song the memory of the past!

The winter's leafless bough
In sunshine yet shall bloom;
And hearts that sink in sadness now
Ere long dismiss their gloom.
Peace to the sorrowing! Let our goblets flow,
In red wine mantling, for the tears of woe!

Once more! A welcoming strain!
A solemn sound—yet sweet!
While life is ours, Time's onward steps
In gladness will we greet!
Fill high the cup! What prophet lips may tell
Where we shall bid another year farewell!

With this extract, we close our observations on the writings of Mrs. Ellet—of Miss Gould—and of Mrs. Sigourney. The time may never arrive again, when we shall be called upon, by the circumstances of publication, to speak of them in connexion with one another.

THE PARTISAN.

The Partisan: A Tale of the Revolution. By the author of "The Yemassee," "Guy Rivers," &c. New York: Published by Harper and Brothers.

Mr. Simms has written, heretofore, "Atalanta, a Story of the Sea"—"Martin Faber, the Story of a Criminal"—"Guy Rivers, a Tale of Georgia," and "The Yemassee, a Romance of Carolina." Of these works, Martin Faber passed to a second edition—"Guy Rivers," and "The Yemassee" each to a third. With these evidences before us of our author's long acquaintance with the Muse, we must be pardoned if, in reviewing the volumes now upon our table, we make no allowances whatever on the score of a deficient experience. Mr. Simms either writes very well, or it is high time that he should.

"The Partisan" is inscribed to Richard Yeadon, Jr. Esq. of South Carolina; and the terms in which the compliment is conveyed, while attempting to avoid Scylla, have blundered upon Charybdis. The cant of

verbiage is bad enough—but the cant of laconism is equally as bad. Let us transcribe the Dedication.

TO RICHARD YEADON, JR. ESQ.
Of South Carolina.

Dear Sir,

My earliest, and, perhaps, most pleasant rambles in the fields of literature, were taken in your company—permit me to remind you of that period by inscribing the present volumes with your name.

THE AUTHOR.

Barnwell, South Carolina.

July 1, 1835.

This is, indeed, the quintessence of brevity. At all events it is meant to be something better than such things usually are. It aims at point. It affects excessive terseness, excessive appropriateness, and excessive gentility. One might almost picture to the mind's eye the exact air and attitude of the writer as he indited the whole thing. Probably he compressed his lips—possibly he ran his fingers through his hair. Now a letter, generally, we may consider as the substitute for certain oral communications which the writer of the letter would deliver in person were an opportunity afforded. Let us then imagine the author of "The Partisan" presenting a copy of that work to "Richard Yeadon, Jr. Esq. of South Carolina," and let us, from the indications afforded by the printed Dedication, endeavor to form some idea of the author's demeanor upon an occasion so highly interesting. We may suppose Mr. Yeadon, in South Carolina, at home, and in his study. By and bye with a solemn step, downcast eyes, and impressive earnestness of manner, enters the author of "The Yemassee." He advances towards Mr. Yeadon, and, without uttering a syllable, takes that gentleman affectionately, but firmly, by the hand. Mr. Y. has his suspicions, as well he may have, but says nothing. Mr. S. commences as above. "Dear Sir," (here follows a pause, indicated by the comma after the word "Sir"—see Dedication. Mr. Y. very much puzzled what to make of it.) Mr. S. proceeds, "My earliest," (pause the second, indicated by comma the second,) "and," (pause the third, in accordance with comma the third,) "perhaps," (pause the fourth, as shewn by comma the fourth. Mr. Y. exceedingly mystified,) "most pleasant rambles in the fields of literature," (pause fifth) "were taken in your company" (pause sixth, to agree with the dash after 'company.' Mr. Y.'s hair begins to stand on end, and he looks occasionally towards the door,) "permit me to remind you of that period by inscribing the present volumes with your name." At the conclusion of the sentence, Mr. S. with a smile and a bow of mingled benignity and grace, turns slowly from Mr. Y. and advances to a table in the centre of the room. Pens and ink are there at his service. Drawing from the pocket of his surtout a packet carefully done up in silver paper, he unfolds it, and produces the two volumes of "The Partisan." With ineffable ease, and with an air of exquisite *haut ton*, he proceeds to inscribe in the title pages of each tome the name of Richard Yeadon, Jr. Esq. The scene, however, is interrupted. Mr. Y. feels it his duty to kick the author of "The Yemassee" down stairs.

Now, in this, all the actual burlesque consists in

merely substituting things for words. There are many of our readers who will recognize in this imaginary interview between Mr. Yeadon and Mr. Simms, at least a family likeness to the written Dedication of the latter. This Dedication is, nevertheless, quite as good as one half the antique and lackadaisical courtesies with which we daily see the initial leaves of our best publications disfigured.

"The Partisan," as we are informed by Mr. Simms in his Advertisement, (Preface?) was originally contemplated as one novel of a series to be devoted to our war of Independence. "With this object," says the author, "I laid the foundation more broadly and deeply than I should have done, had I purposed merely the single work. Several of the persons employed were destined to be the property of the series—that part of it at least which belonged to the locality. Three of these works were to have been devoted to South Carolina, and to comprise three distinct periods of the war of the Revolution in that State. One, and the first of these, is the story now submitted to the reader. I know not that I shall complete, or even continue the series." Upon the whole we think that he had better not.

There is very little plot or connexion in the book before us; and Mr. Simms has evidently aimed at neither. Indeed we hardly know what to think of the work at all. Perhaps, with some hesitation, we may call it an historical novel. The narrative begins in South Carolina, during the summer of 1780, and comprises the leading events of the Revolution from the fall of Charleston, to the close of that year. We have the author's own words for it that his object has been principally to give a fair picture of the province—its condition, resources, and prospects—during the struggle between Gates and Cornwallis, and the period immediately subsequent to the close of the campaign in the defeat of the Southern defending army. Mr. S. assures us that the histories of the time have been continually before him in the prosecution of this object, and that, where written records were found wanting, their places have been supplied by local chronicles and tradition. Whether the idea ever entered the mind of Mr. Simms that his very laudable design, as here detailed, might have been better carried into effect by a work of a character purely historical, we, of course, have no opportunity of deciding. To ourselves, every succeeding page of "The Partisan" rendered the supposition more plausible. The interweaving fact with fiction is at all times hazardous, and presupposes on the part of general readers that degree of intimate acquaintance with fact which should never be presupposed. In the present instance, the author has failed, so we think, in confining either his truth or his fable within its legitimate, individual domain. Nor do we at all wonder at his failure in performing what no novelist whatever has hitherto performed.

Some pains have been taken in the preface of "The Partisan," to bespeak the reader's favorable decision in regard to certain historical facts—or rather in regard to the coloring given them by Mr. Simms. We refer particularly to the conduct of General Gates in South Carolina. We would, generally, prefer reading an author's book, to reading his criticism upon it. But letting this matter pass, we do not think Mr. S. has erred in attributing gross negligence, headstrong obstinacy, and

overweening self-conceit to the conquerors in them. These charges are sustained by the best authorities—by Lee, by Johnson, by Otho Williams, and by all the histories of the day. No apology is needed for stating the truth. In regard to the "propriety of insisting upon the faults and foibles of a man conspicuous in our history," Mr. Simms should give himself little uneasiness. It is precisely because the man is conspicuous in our history, that we should have no hesitation in condemning his errors.

With the events which are a portion of our chronicles, the novelist has interwoven such fictitious incidents and characters as might enable him to bind up his book in two volumes duodecimo, and call it "The Partisan." The Partisan himself, and the hero of the novel, is a Major Robert Singleton. His first introduction to the reader is as follows. "It was on a pleasant afternoon in June, that a tall, well-made youth, probably twenty-four or five years of age, rode up to the door of the 'George,' (in the village of Dorchester,) and throwing his bridle to a servant, entered the hotel. His person had been observed, and his appearance duly remarked upon, by several persons already assembled in the hall which he now approached. The new comer, indeed, was not one to pass unnoticed. His person was symmetry itself, and the ease with which he managed his steed, and the" ——— but we spare our readers any farther details in relation to either the tall, well-made youth, or his steed, which latter they may take for granted was quite as tall, and equally well made. We cut the passage short with the less hesitation, inasmuch as a perfect fac-simile of it may be found near the commencement of every fashionable novel since the flood. Singleton is a partisan in the service of Marion, whose disposition, habits, and character are well painted, and well preserved, throughout the Tale. A Mr. Walton is the uncle of Singleton, and has been induced, after the surrender of Charleston (spelt Charlestown) to accept of a British protection, the price of which is neutrality. This course he has been led to adopt, principally on account of his daughter Katharine, who would lose her all in the confiscation of her father's property—a confiscation to be avoided by no other means than those of the protection. Singleton's sister resides with Col. Walton's family, at "The Oaks," near Dorchester, where the British Col. Proctor is in command. At the instigation of Singleton, who has an eye to the daughter of Col. Walton, that gentleman is induced to tear up the disgraceful protection, and levy a troop, with which he finally reaches the army of Gates. Most of the book is occupied with the ambuscades, bush fighting, and swamp adventures of partisan warfare in South Carolina. These passages are all highly interesting—but as they have little connexion with one another, we must dismiss them *en masse*. The history of the march of Gates' army, his foolhardiness, and consequent humiliating discomfiture by Cornwallis, are as well told as any details of a like nature can be told, in language exceedingly confused, ill-arranged, and ungrammatical. This defeat hastens the *dénouement*, or rather the leading incident, of the novel. Col. Walton is made prisoner, and condemned to be hung, as a rebel taken in arms. He is sent to Dorchester for the fulfilment of the sentence. Singleton, urged by his own affection, as well as by the passionate

REMI his cousin Katharine, determines upon of his uncle at all hazards. A plot is arranged for this purpose. On the morning appointed for execution, a troop of horse is concealed in some underwood near the scaffold. Bella Humphries, the daughter of an avowed tory, but a whig at heart, is stationed in the belfry of the village church, and her father himself is occupied in arranging materials for setting Dorchester on fire upon a given signal. This signal (the violent ringing of the church bell by Bella) is given at the moment when Col. Walton arrives in a cart at the foot of the gallows. Great confusion ensues among those not in the secret—a confusion heightened no little by the sudden conflagration of the village. During the hubbub the troop concealed in the thicket rush upon the British guard in attendance. The latter are beaten down, and Walton is carried off in triumph by Singleton. The hand of Miss Katharine is, as a matter of course, the reward of the Major's gallantry.

Of the numerous personages who figure in the book, some are really excellent—some horrible. The historical characters are, without exception, well drawn. The portraits of Cornwallis, Gates, and Marion, are vivid realities—those of De Kalb and the Claverhouse-like Tarleton positively unsurpassed by any similar delineations within our knowledge. The fictitious existences in "The Partisan" will not bear examination. Singleton is about as much of a non-entity as most other heroes of our acquaintance. His uncle is no better. Proctor, the British Colonel, is cut out in buckram. Sergeant Hastings, the tory, is badly drawn from a bad model. Young Humphries is a braggadocio—Lance Frampton is an idiot—and Doctor Oakenburg is an ass. Goggle is another miserable addition to the list of those anomalies so swarming in fiction, who are represented as having vicious principles, for no other reason than because they have ugly faces. Of the females we can hardly speak in a more favorable manner. Bella, the innkeeper's daughter is, we suppose, very much like an innkeeper's daughter. Mrs. Blonay, Goggle's mother, is a hag worth hanging. Emily, Singleton's sister, is not what we would wish her. Too much stress is laid upon the interesting features of the consumption which destroys her; and the whole chapter of abrupt sentimentality, in which we are introduced to her sepulchre before having notice of her death, is in the very worst style of times *un peu passés*. Katharine Walton is somewhat better than either of the ladies above mentioned. In the beginning of the book, however, we are disgusted with that excessive prudishness which will not admit of a lover's hand resting for a moment upon her own—in the conclusion, we are provoked to a smile when she throws herself into the arms of the same lover, without even waiting for his consent.

One personage, a Mr. Porgy, we have not mentioned in his proper place among the *dramatis personæ*, because we think he deserves a separate paragraph of animadversion. This man is a most insufferable bore; and had we, by accident, opened the book when about to read it for the first time, at any one of his manifold absurdities, we should most probably have thrown aside "The Partisan" in disgust. Porgy is a backwoods imitation of Sir Somebody Guloetson, the epicure, in one of the Pelham novels. He is a very silly compound of gluttony, slang, belly, and balderdash philosophy,

never opening his mouth for a single minute at a time, without making us feel miserable all over. The rude and unqualified oaths with which he seasons his language deserve to be seriously reprehended. There is positively neither wit nor humor in an oath of any kind—but the oaths of this Porgy are abominable. Let us see how one or two of them will look in our columns. Page 174, vol. ii—"Then there was no tricking a fellow—persuading him to put his head into a rope without showing him first how d—d strong it was." Page 169, vol. ii—"Tom, old boy, why d—n it, that fellow's bloodied your nose." Page 167, vol. ii—"I am a pacific man, and my temper is not ungentele; but to disturb my slumbers which are so necessary to the digestive organs—stop, I say—d—n!—dout pull so!" Page 164, vol. ii—"Well, Tom, considering how d—d bad those perch were fried, I must confess I enjoyed them." Page 164, vol. ii—"Such spice is a d—d bad dish for us when lacking cayenne." Page 163, vol. ii—"Dr. Oakenburg, your d—d hatchet hip is digging into my side." Page 162, vol. ii—"The summer duck, with its glorious plumage, skims along the same muddy lake, on the edge of which the d—d bodiless crane screams and crouches." In all these handsome passages Porgy loquitor, and it will be perceived that they are all to be found within a few pages of each other—such attempts to render profanity less despicable by rendering it amusing, should be frowned down indignantly by the public. Of Porgy's philosophy we subjoin a specimen from page 89, vol. ii. "A dinner once lost is never recovered. The stomach loses a day, and regrets are not only idle to recall it, but subtract largely from the appetite the day ensuing. *Tears can only fall from a member that lacks teeth; the mouth now is never seen weeping. It is the eye only; and, as it lacks tongue, teeth, and taste alike, by Jupiter, it seems to me that tears should be its proper business.*" How Mr. Simms should ever have fallen into the error of imagining such horrible nonsense as that in Italics, to be either witty or wise, is to us a mystery of mysteries. Yet Porgy is evidently a favorite with the author.

Some two or three paragraphs above we made use of these expressions. "The history of the march of Gates' army, his fool-hardiness, &c. are as well told as any details of a like nature can be told in language exceedingly confused, ill-arranged, and ungrammatical." Mr. Simms' English is bad—shockingly bad. This is no mere assertion on our parts—we proceed to prove it. "Guilt," says our author, (see page 98, vol. i.) "must always *despair its charm* in the presence of the true avenger"—what is the meaning of this sentence?—after much reflection we are unable to determine. At page 115, vol. i, we have these words. "He was under the guidance of an e'derly, drinking sort of person—one of the fat, beefy class, whose worship of the belly-god has given an unhappy distension to that ambitious, though most erring member." By the 'most erring member' Mr. S. means to say the belly—but the sentence implies the belly-god. Again, at page 126, vol. i. "It was for the purpose of imparting to Col. Walton the contents of that not yet notorious proclamation of Sir Henry Clinton, with which he demanded the performance of military duty from the persons who had been paroled; and by means of which, on departing from the province, he planted the seeds of that *revolting* patriotism which

finally overthrew his authority." It is unnecessary to comment on the unauthorized use here, of the word 'revolting.' In the very next sentence we see the following. "Colonel Walton received his guests with his accustomed urbanity: *he received them alone.*" This language implies that Colonel Walton received those particular guests and no others, and should be read with an emphasis on the word '*them*'—but Mr. Simms' meaning is very different. He wishes to say that Col. Walton was alone when his guests were ushered into his presence. At page 136, vol. i, the hero, Singleton, concludes a soliloquy with the ungrammatical phrase, "And yet none love her like me!" At page 143, vol. i, we read—"That need not surprise you, Miss Walton; you remember that ours are British soldiers"—smiling, and with a bow was the response of the Colonel." We have no great difficulty here in guessing what Mr. Simms wishes to say—his actual words convey no meaning whatever. The present participle 'smiling' has no substantive to keep it company; and the 'bow,' as far as regards its syntactical disposition, may be referred with equal plausibility to the Colonel, to Miss Walton, to the British soldiers, or to the author of "The Partisan." At page 147, vol. i, we are told—"She breathed more freely released from his embrace, and he then gazed upon her with a *painful sort of pleasure*, her look was so clear, so dazzling, so spiritual, so *unnaturally life-like*." The attempt at paradox has here led Mr. Simms into error. The *painful sort of pleasure* we may suffer to pass; but *life* is the most natural thing in the world, and to call any object unnaturally life-like is as much a bull proper as to style it artificially natural. At page 148, we hear "that the disease had not yet *shown* upon her system." Shown is here used as a neuter verb—shown *itself* Mr. S. meant to say. We are at a loss, too, to understand what is intended, at page 149, vol. i, by "a look so pure, so bright, so fond, so becoming of heaven, yet so hopeless of earth." Becoming heaven, not *of* heaven, we presume should be the phrase—but even thus the sentence is unintelligible. At page 156, vol. i, a countryman "loves war to the knife better than degradation to the chain." This is a pitiable antithesis. In the first clause, the expression '*to the knife*' is idiomatic; in the second, the words '*to the chain*' have a literal meaning. At page 89, vol. i, we read—"The half-military eye would have studiously avoided the ridge," &c. The epithet "*half-military*" does not convey the author's meaning. At page 204, vol. i. Mrs. Blonay is represented as striding across the floor "with a rapid movement hostile to the enfeebled appearance of her frame." Here the forcing "*hostile*" to mean *not in accordance with*, is unjustifiable. At page 14, vol. ii, these words occur. "Cheerless quite, bald of home and habitation, they saw nothing throughout the melancholy waste more imposing than the plodding negro." The "*cheerless quite*" and the "*bald of home and habitation*" would refer in strict grammatical construction to the pronoun "*they*"—but the writer means them to agree with "*melancholy waste*." At page 224, vol. i, we find the following. "The moon, obscured during the early part of the night, had now sunk *westering* so far," &c. At page 194, vol. ii, we are informed that "General Gates *deigned* no general consultation." At page 13, vol. ii. "Major Singleton *bids* the boy *Lance Frampton* in attendance"—and at page

95, vol. ii, we have the singular phenomenon in them—*infant yet unborn adding its prayer to that of French champion the vengeance to which he has devoted himself*"—a sentence which we defy his Satanic Majesty to translate.

Mr. Simms has one or two pet words which he never fails introducing every now and then, with or without an opportunity. One of these is "*coil*"—another, "*hug*"—another, and a still greater favorite, is the compound "*old-time*." Let us see how many instances of the latter we can discover in looking over the volumes at random. Page 7, vol. i—"And with the revival of many *old-time* feelings, I strolled through the solemn ruins." Page 18, vol. i—"The cattle graze along the clustering bricks that distinguish the *old-time* chirnney places." Page 20, vol. i—"He simply cocked his hat at the *old-time* customer." Page 121, vol. i—"The Oaks was one of those *old-time* residences." Page 148, vol. i—"I only wish for mommer as we wish for an *old-time* prospect." Page 3, vol. ii—

"Unfold—unfold—the day is going fast,
And I would know this *old-time* history."

Page 5, vol. ii—"The Carolinian well knows these *old-time* places." Page 98, vol. ii—"Look, before we shall have gone too far to return to them, upon these *old-time* tombs of Dorchester." Here are eight *old-times* discovered in a cursory glance over "The Partisan"—we believe there are ten times as many interspersed throughout the work. The *coils* are equally abundant, and the *hugs* innumerable.

One or two other faults we are forced to find. The old affectation of beginning a chapter abruptly has been held worthy of adoption by our novelist. He has even thought himself justifiable in imitating this silly practice in its most reprehensible form—we mean the form habitual with Bulwer and D'Israeli, and which not even their undoubted and indubitable genius could render any thing but despicable—that of commencing with an "*And*," a "*But*," or some other conjunction—thus rendering the initial sentence of the chapter in question, a continuation of the final sentence of the chapter preceding. We have an instance of this folly at page 102, vol. ii, where Chapter XII commences as follows: "*But*, though we turn aside from the highway to plant or to pluck the flower, we may not linger there idly or long." Again, at page 50 of the same volume, Chapter VII begins—"And two opposing and mighty principles were at fearful strife in that chamber." This piece of frippery need only be pointed out to be despised.

Instances of bad taste—villainously bad taste—occur frequently in the book. Of these the most reprehensible are to be found in a love for that mere *physique* of the horrible which has obtained for some Parisian novelists the title of the "French convulsives." At page 97, vol. ii, we are entertained with the minutest details of a murder committed by a maniac, Frampton, on the person of Sergeant Hastings. The madman suffocates the soldier by thrusting his head in the mud of a morass—and the yells of the murderer, and the kicks of the sufferer, are dwelt upon by Mr. Simms with that species of delight with which we have seen many a ragged urchin spin a cockchafer upon a needle. At page 120, vol. i, another murder is perpetrated by the same maniac in a manner too shockingly horrible to

REMY, victim in this case is a poor tory, one page 217, vol. i, the booby Goggle receives *Rem's* for desertion, and Mr. S. endeavors to interest us in the screeches of the wretch—in the cries of his mother—in the cracking of the whip—in the number of the lashes—in the depth, and length, and color of the wounds. At page 105, vol. ii, our friend Porgy has caught a terrapin, and the author of "The Yemassee" luxuriates in the manner of torturing the poor reptile to death, and more particularly in the writhings and spasms of the head, which he assures us with a smile "*will gasp and jerk long after we have done eating the body.*"

One or two words more. Each chapter in "The Partisan" is introduced (we suppose in accordance with the good old fashion) by a brief poetical passage. Our author, however, has been wiser than his neighbors in the art of the initial motto. While others have been at the trouble of extracting, from popular works, quotations adapted to the subject-matter of their chapters, he has manufactured his own headings. We find no fault with him for so doing. The manufactured mottos of Mr. Simms are, perhaps, quite as convenient as the extracted mottos of his cotemporaries. All, we think, are abominable. As regards the fact of the manufacture there can be no doubt. None of the verses have we ever met with before—and they are altogether too full of *coils*, *hugs*, and *old-times*, to have any other parent than the author of "The Yemassee."

In spite, however, of its manifest and manifold blunders and impertinences, "The Partisan" is no ordinary work. Its historical details are replete with interest. The concluding scenes are well drawn. Some passages descriptive of swamp scenery are exquisite. Mr. Simms has evidently the eye of a painter. Perhaps, in sober truth, he would succeed better in sketching a landscape than he has done in writing a novel.

LATROBE'S RAMBLER.

The Rambler in North America, 1832-33. By Charles Joseph Latrobe, Author of "The Alpenstock," &c. New York: Harper and Brothers.

Mr. Latrobe is connected with a lineage of missionaries. He belongs to an English family long and honorably distinguished by their exertions in the cause of Christianity. His former work, "The Alpenstock," we have not seen—but the London Quarterly Review calls it "a pleasing and useful manual for travellers in Switzerland." The present volumes (dedicated to Washington Irving, whom Mr. L. accompanied in a late tour through the Prairies,) consist of thirty-seven letters addressed to F. B. Latrobe, a younger brother of the author. They form, upon the whole, one of the most instructive and amusing books we have perused for years.

By no means blind to our faults, to our foibles, or to our political difficulties, Mr. Latrobe has travelled from Dan to Beersheba without finding all barren. His observations are not confined to some one or two subjects, engrossing his attention to the exclusion, or to the imperfect examination, of all others. His wanderings among us have been apparently guided by a spirit of frank and liberal curiosity; and he deserves the good will of all Americans, (as he has most assuredly secured their esteem) by viewing us, not with a merely English

eye, but with the comprehensive glance of a citizen of the world.

To speak in detail of a work so subdivided as "The Rambler in North America," would occupy too much of our time. We can, of course, only touch, in general terms, upon its merits and demerits. The latter, we can assure our readers, are few indeed. One instance, nevertheless, of what must be considered false inference from data undeniably correct, is brought to bear so pointedly against our social and political principles, and is, at the same time, so plausible in itself, and so convincingly worded, as to demand a sentence or two of comment. We quote the passage in full, the more willingly, as we perceive it dwelt upon with much emphasis, by the London Quarterly Review.

"There are certain signs, perhaps it might be said of the times, rather than of their peculiar political arrangements, which should make men pause in their judgment of the social state in America. The people are emancipated from the thralldom of mind and body which they consider consequent upon upholding the divine right of kings. They are all politically equal. All claim to place, patronage, or respect, for the bearer of a great name is disowned. Every man must stand or fall by himself alone, and must make or mar his fortune. Each is gratified in believing that he has his share in the government of the Union. You speak against the insane anxiety of the people to govern—of authority being detrimental to the minds of men raised from insignificance—of the essential vulgarity of minds which can attend to nothing but matter of fact and pecuniary interest—of the possibility of the existence of civilization without cultivation,—and you are not understood! I have said it may be *the spirit of the times*, for we see signs of it, alas, in Old England; but there must be something in the political atmosphere of America, which is more than ordinarily congenial to that decline of just and necessary subordination, which God has both permitted by the natural impulses of the human mind, and ordered in His word; and to me the looseness of the tie generally observable in many parts of the United States between the master and servant—the child and the parent—the scholar and the master—the governor and the governed—in brief, *the decay of loyal feeling in all the relations of life, was the worst sign of the times.* Who shall say but that if these bonds are distorted and set aside, the first and the greatest—which binds us in subjection to the law of God—will not also be weakened, if not broken? This, and this alone, short-sighted as I am, would cause me to pause in predicting the future grandeur of America under its present system of government and structure of society."

In the sentence beginning, "I have said it may be the spirit of the times, for we see signs of it, alas, in Old England, *but there must be something,*" &c. Mr. Latrobe has involved himself in a contradiction. By the words, "but there must be something in the political atmosphere of America which is more than ordinarily congenial to" *insubordination*, he implies (although unintentionally) that our natural impulses lead us in this direction—and that these natural impulses are permitted by God, we, at all events, are not permitted to doubt. In the words immediately succeeding those just quoted, he maintains (what is very true) that "*subordination* was both permitted by God in the natural impulses of the human mind, and ordered in His word." The question thus resolves itself into a matter of *then* and *now*—of times past and times present—of the days of the patriarchs and of the days of widely disseminated knowledge. The infallibility of the instinct of those natural impulses which led men to obey in the infancy

of all things, we have no intention of denying—we must demand the same grace for those natural impulses which prompt men to govern themselves in the senectitude of the world. In the sentence, "Who shall say but that if these bonds are distorted and set aside, the first and the greatest—which binds us in subjection to the law of God—will not also be weakened, if not broken?" the sophistry is evident; and we have only a few words to say in reply. In the first place, the writer has assumed that those bonds are "*distorted*" and "*set aside*" which are merely slackened to an endurable degree. In the second place, the "*setting aside*" these bonds, (granting them to be set aside) so far from tending to weaken our subjection to the law of God, will the more readily confirm that subjection, inasmuch as our responsibilities to man have been denied, through the conviction of our responsibilities to God, and—to God alone.

We recommend "The Rambler" to the earnest attention of our readers. It is the best work on America yet published. Mr. Latrobe is a scholar, a man of intellect and a gentleman.

THE SOUTH-WEST.

The South-West. By a Yankee. New York: Published by Harper and Brothers.

This work, from the pen of Professor Ingraham, rivals the book of which we have just been speaking, in degree—although not in quality—of interest. Mr. Latrobe has proved himself a man of the world, an able teacher, and a philosopher. Professor Ingraham is an amusing traveller, full of fun, gossip, and shrewd remark. In all that relates to the "Mechanics of book-writing," the Englishman is immeasurably the superior.

Mr. I. in his "Introduction," informs us that his work "grew out of a private correspondence, which the author, at the solicitation of his friends, has been led to throw into the present form, modifying in a great measure the epistolary vein, and excluding, so far as possible, such portions of the original papers as were of too personal a nature to be intruded upon the majesty of the public—while he has embodied, so far as was compatible with the new arrangement, every thing likely to interest the general reader." The aim of the writer, we are also told, has been to present the result of his experience and observations during a residence of several years in that district of our country which gives the title to the work. It is, indeed, a matter for wonder that a similar object has never been carried into execution before. The South-West, embracing an extensive and highly interesting portion of the United States, is completely *caviare* to the multitude. Very little information, upon whose accuracy reliance may be placed, has been hitherto made public concerning these regions of Eldorado—and were the volumes of Professor Ingraham absolutely worthless in every other respect, we should still be inclined to do them all possible honor for their originality in subject matter. But the "South-West" is very far from worthless. In spite of a multitude of faults which the eye of rigid criticism might easily detect—in spite of some inaccuracies in point of fact, many premature opinions, and an inveterate habit of writing what neither is, nor should be English, the Professor has succeeded in making a book, whose abiding interest, coming home to the bosoms and occupations of men, will cause any

future productions of the same author ^{verses} in them with anxiety.

The "Yankee," in travelling Southward, has ^{each cham-} ~~we~~ ^{mentally} laid aside the general prejudices of a Yankee—and, viewing the book of Professor Ingraham, as representing, in its very liberal opinions, those of a great majority of well educated Northern gentlemen, we are inclined to believe it will render essential services in the way of smoothing down a vast deal of jealousy and misconception. The traveller from the North has evinced no disposition to look with a jaundiced eye upon the South—to pervert its misfortunes into crimes—or distort its necessities into sins of volition. He has spoken of slavery as he found it—and it is almost needless to say that he found it a very different thing from the paintings he had seen of it in red ochre. He has discovered, in a word, that while the *physical* condition of the slave *is not* what it has been represented, the slave himself is utterly incompetent to feel the *moral* galling of his chain. Indeed, we cordially agree with a distinguished Northern contemporary and friend, that the Professor's strict honesty, impartiality, and unprejudiced common sense, on the trying subject which has so long agitated our community, is the distinguishing and the most praiseworthy feature of his book. Yet it has other excellences, and excellences of a high character. As a specimen of the picturesque, we extract a passage beginning at page 27, vol. i.

" 'Keep away a little, or you'll run that fellow down,' suddenly shouted the captain to the helmsman; and the next moment the little fishing vessel shot swiftly under our stern, just barely clearing the spanker boom, whirling and bouncing about in the wild swirl of the ship's wake like a "Masallah boat" in the surf of Madras.

There were on board of her four persons, including the steersman—a tall, gaunt old man, whose uncovered gray locks streamed in the wind as he stooped to his little rudder to luff up across our wake. The lower extremities of a loose pair of tar-coated duck trousers, which he wore, were incased, including the best part of his legs, in a pair of fisherman's boots, made of leather which would flatten a rifle ball. His red flannel shirt left his hairy breast exposed to the icy winds, and a huge pea-jacket, thrown, Spanish fashion, over his shoulders, was fastened at the throat by a single button. His tarpaulin—a little narrow-brimmed hat of the pot-lid tribe, secured by a rope-yarn—had probably been thrown off in the moment of danger, and now hung swinging by, a lanyard from the lower button-hole of his jacket.

As his little vessel struggled like a drowning man in the yawning concave made by the ship, he stood with one hand firmly grasping his low, crooked rudder, and with the other held the main sheet, which alone he tended. A short pipe protruded from his mouth, at which he puffed away incessantly; one eye was tightly closed, and the other was so contracted in a network of wrinkles, that I could just discern the twinkle of a gray pupil, as he cocked it up at our quarter-deck, and took in with it the noble size, bearing, and apparel of our fine ship.

A duplicate of the old helmsman, though less battered by storms and time, wearing upon his chalky locks a red, woollen, conical cap, was "easing off" the fore-sheet as the little boat passed; and a third was stretching his neck up the companion ladder, to stare at the "big ship," while the little carrot-headed imp, who was just the old skipper *raseed*, was performing the culinary operations of his little kitchen under cover of the heavens."

The portions of the book immediately relating to New Orleans—its odd buildings—its motley assemblage

REMEMBER their manners and free habitudes, have delighted us; and cannot fail, of delighting, general, all lovers of the stirring and life-like. A novice of talent would find New Orleans the place of all places for the localities of a romance—and in such case he might derive important aid from the "South-West" of Professor Ingraham. At page 140, vol. i, we were much interested in the following account of a fire.

"As I gained the front of this mass of human beings, that activity which most men possess, who are not modelled after 'fat Jack,' enabled me to gain an elevation whence I had an unobstructed view of the whole scene of conflagration. The steamers were lying side by side at the *Levé*, and one of them was enveloped in wreaths of flame, bursting from a thousand cotton bales, which were piled, tier above tier, upon her decks. The inside boat, though having no cotton on board, was rapidly consuming, as the huge streams of fire lapped and twined around her. The night was perfectly calm, but a strong whirlwind had been created by the action of the heat upon the atmosphere, and now and then it swept down in its invisible power, with the 'noise of a rushing mighty wind,' and as the huge serpentine flames darted upward, the solid cotton bales would be borne round the tremendous vortex like feathers, and then—hurled away into the air, blazing like giant meteors—would descend heavily and rapidly into the dark bosom of the river. The next moment they would rise and float upon the surface, black unshapely masses of tinder. As tier after tier, bursting with fire, fell in upon the burning decks, the sweltering flames, for a moment smothered, preceded by a volcanic discharge of ashes, which fell in showers upon the gaping spectators, would break from their confinement, and darting upward with multitudinous large wads of cotton, shoot them away through the air, filling the sky for a moment with a host of flaming balls. Some of them were borne a great distance through the air, and falling lightly upon the surface of the water, floated, from their buoyancy, a long time unextinguished. The river became studded with fire, and as far as the eye could reach below the city, it presented one of the most magnificent, yet awful spectacles, I had ever beheld or imagined. Literally spangled with flame, those burning fragments in the distance being diminished to specks of light, it had the appearance, though far more dazzling and brilliant, of the starry firmament. There were but two miserable engines to play with this gambling monster, which, one moment lifting itself to a great height in the air, in huge spiral wreaths, like some immense snake, at the next would contract itself within its glowing furnace, or coil and dart along the decks like troops of fiery serpents, and with the roaring noise of a volcano."

Having spoken thus far of the "South-West," in terms of commendation, we must now be allowed to assert, in plain words, what we have before only partially hinted, that the Professor is indebted, generally, for his success, more to the innate interest of his subject matter, than to his manner of handling it. Numerous instances of bad taste occur throughout the volumes. The constant straining after wit and vivacity is a great blemish. Faulty constructions of style force themselves upon one's attention at every page. Gross blunders in syntax abound. The Professor does not appear to understand French. This is no sin in itself—but to quote what one does not understand is a folly. *Turks' Heads à la Grec*, for example, is ridiculous—see page 34, vol. i. Bulls too are occasionally met with—which are none the better for being classical bulls. We cannot bear to hear of Boreas blowing Zephyrs.

POETRY OF LIFE.

The Poetry of Life. By Sarah Stickney, Author of "Pictures of Private Life." Philadelphia: Republished by Carey, Lea, and Blanchard.

These two volumes are subdivided as follows. Characteristics of Poetry—Why certain objects are, or are not poetical—Individual Associations—General Associations—The Poetry of Flowers—The Poetry of Trees—The Poetry of Animals—The Poetry of Evening—The Poetry of the Moon—The Poetry of Rural Life—The Poetry of Painting—The Poetry of Sound—The Poetry of Language—The Poetry of Love—The Poetry of Grief—The Poetry of Woman—The Poetry of the Bible—The Poetry of Religion—Impression—Imagination—Power—Taste—Conclusion.

In a Preface remarkable for neatness of style and precision of thought, Miss Stickney has very properly circumscribed within definite limits the design of her work—whose title, without such explanation, might have led us to expect too much at her hands. It would have been better, however, had the fair authoress, by means of a *different* title, which her habits of accurate thinking might have easily suggested, rendered this explanation unnecessary. Except in some very rare instances, where a context may be tolerated, if not altogether justified, a work, either of the pen or the pencil, should contain within itself every thing requisite for its own comprehension. "The design of the present volumes," says Miss Stickney, "is to treat of poetic feeling, rather than poetry; and this feeling I have endeavored to describe as the great connecting link between our intellects and our affections; while the customs of society, as well as the license of modern literature, afford me sufficient authority for the use of the word *life* in its widely extended sense, as comprehending all the functions, attributes, and capabilities peculiar to sentient beings."

We remember having read the "Pictures of Private Life" with interest of no common kind, and with a corresponding anxiety to know something more of the author. In them were apparent the calm enthusiasm, and the *analytical love of beauty*, which are now the distinguishing features of the volumes before us. We have perused the "Poetry of Life" with an earnestness of attention, and a degree of real pleasure very seldom excited in our minds. It is a work giving evidence of more profundity than discrimination—with no ordinary quantum of either. What is said, if not always indisputable, is said with a simplicity, and a scrupulous accuracy which leave us, not for one moment, in doubt of what is intended, and impress us, at the same time, with a high opinion of the author's ability. Miss Stickney's manner is very good—her English pure, harmonious, in every respect unexceptionable. With a strong understanding, and withal a keen relish for the minor forms of poetic excellence—a *strictness* of conception which will ever prevent her from running into gross error—she is still, we think, insufficiently alive to the *delicacies* of the beautiful—unable fully to appreciate the *energies* of the sublime.

We were forcibly impressed with these opinions, in looking over, for the second time, the chapter of our fair authoress, "On the Poetry of Language." What we have just said in relation to her accuracy of thought and expression, and her appreciation of the minor forms

of poetic excellence, will be exemplified in the passage we now quote, beginning at page 187, vol. i.

"There can scarcely be a more beautiful and appropriate arrangement of words, than in the following stanza from *Childe Harold*:

The sails were filled, and fair the light winds blew,
As glad to waft him from his native home;
And fast the white rocks faded from his view,
And soon were lost in circumambient foam;
And then it may be of his wish to roam
Repented he, but in his bosom slept
The silent thought, nor from his lips did come
One word of wail, whilst others sat and wept,
And to the reckless gales unmanly moaning kept.

Without committing a crime so heinous as that of entirely spoiling this verse, it is easy to alter it so as to bring it down to the level of ordinary composition; and thus we may illustrate the essential difference between poetry and mere versification.

The sails were *trimm'd* and fair the light winds blew,
As glad to force him from his native home,
And fast the white rocks *vanish'd* from his view,
And soon were lost *amid the circling foam*;
And then, *perchance, of his fond wish to roam*
Repented he, but in his bosom slept
The *wish*, nor from his *silent* lips did come
One *mournful word*, whilst others sat and wept,
And to the *heedless breeze* their *fruitless* moaning kept.

It is impossible not to be struck with the harmony of the original words as they are placed in this stanza. The very sound is graceful, as well as musical; like the motion of the winds and waves, blended with the majestic movement of a gallant ship. "The sails were filled" conveys no association with the work of man; but substitute the word *trimmed*, and you see the busy sailors at once. The word 'waft' follows in perfect unison with the whole of the preceding line, and maintains the invisible agency of the 'light winds;' while the word 'glad' before it, gives an idea of their power as an unseen intelligence. 'Fading' is also a happy expression, to denote the gradual obscurity and disappearing of the 'white rocks;' but the 'circumambient foam' is perhaps the most poetical expression of the whole, and such as could scarcely have proceeded from a low or ordinary mind."

All this is well—but what follows is not so. "It may be amusing"—says Miss Stickney, at page 189, "to see how a poet, and that of no mean order, can undesignedly murder his own offspring"—and she proceeds to extract, from Shelley, in illustration, some passages, of whose exquisite beauty she has evidently not the slightest comprehension. She commences with

"Music, when soft voices die
Vibrates in the memory—
Odours, when sweet violets sicken,
Live within the sense they quicken."

"Sicken" is here italicized; and the author of the "Poetry of Life" thinks the word so undeniably offensive as to render a farther allusion to it unnecessary. A few lines below, she quotes, in the same tone of criticism, the terrific image in the Ode to Naples.

"Naples!—thou heart of men, which ever pantest
Naked, beneath the lidless eye of Heaven!"

And again, on the next page, from the same author—

"Thou art the wine whose drunkenness is all
We can desire, O Love!"

Miss Stickney should immediately burn her copy of Shelley—it is to her capacities a sealed book.

MISS SEDGWICK'S SKETCHES in them—
Tales and Sketches. By Miss Sedgwick, Author of "The Linwoods," "Hope Leslie," &c. &c. Philadelphia: C. & E. Lea, and Blanchard.

This volume includes—A Reminiscence of Federalism—The Catholic Iroquois—The Country Cousin—Old Maids—The Chivalric Sailor—Mary Dyre—Cacoëthes Scribendi—The Eldest Sister—St. Catharine's Eve—Romance in Real Life—and the Canary Family.

All of these pieces, we believe, have been published before. Of most of them we can speak with certainty—for having, in earlier days, been enamored of their pervading spirit of mingled chivalry and pathos, we cannot now forget them even in their new habiliments. Old Maids—The Country Cousin—and one or two others, we have read before—and should be willing to read again. These, our ancient friends, are worthy of the pen which wrote "Hope Leslie" and "The Linwoods." "Old Maids," in spite of the equivocal nature of its title, is full of noble and tender feeling—a specimen of fine writing, involving in its melancholy details what we must consider the beau-ideal of feminine disinterestedness—the *ne plus ultra* of sisterly devotion. The "Country Cousin" possesses all the peculiar features of the tale just spoken of, with something more of serious and even solemn thought. The "Chivalric Sailor" is full of a very different, and of a more exciting, although less painful interest. We remember its original appearance under the title of "Modern Chivalry." The "Romance of Real Life" we now read for the first time—it is a tale of striking vicissitudes, but not the best thing we have seen from the pen of Miss Sedgwick—that a story is "founded on fact," is very seldom a recommendation. "The Catholic Iroquois" is also new to us—a stirring history of Christian faith and martyrdom. The "Reminiscence of Federalism" relates to a period of thirty years ago in New England—is a mingled web of merriment and gloom—and replete with engrossing interest. "Mary Dyre" is a veracious sketch of certain horrible and bloody facts which are a portion of the History of Fanaticism. Mary is slightly mentioned by Sewal, the annalist of "the people called Quakers," to which sect the maiden belonged. She died in vindicating the rights of conscience. This piece originally appeared in one of our *Souvenirs*. "St. Catherine's Eve" is "*une histoire touchante qui montre à quel point l'enseignement religieux pouvoit être perverti, et combien le Clergé étoit loin d'être le gardien des mœurs publiques*"—the tale appertains to the thirteenth century. "Cacoëthes Scribendi" is told with equal grace and vivacity. "The Canary Family" is a tale for the young—brief, pointed and quaint. But the best of the series, in every respect, is the sweet and simple history of "The Eldest Sister."

While we rejoice that Miss Sedgwick has thought proper to condense into their present form these evidences of her genius which have been so long floating at random before the eye of the world—still we think her rash in having risked the publication so immediately after "The Linwoods." None of these "Sketches" have the merit of an equal number of pages in that very fine novel—and the descent from good to inferior (although the inferior be very far from bad) is most generally detrimental to literary fame. *Facilis descensus Avernus.*

REMINISCENCES OF NIEBUHR.

Reminiscences of an Intercourse with Mr. Niebuhr, the Historian, during a Residence with him in Rome, in the years 1822 and 1823. By Francis Lieber, Professor of History and Political Economy in South Carolina College. Philadelphia: Carey, Lea, and Blanchard.

Mr. Niebuhr has exercised a very powerful influence on the spirit of his age. One of the most important branches of human science has received, not only additional light, but an entirely novel interest and character from his exertions. Those historiographers of Rome who wrote before him, were either men of insufficient talents, or, possessing talents, were not practical statesmen. Niebuhr is the only writer of Roman history who unites intellect of a high order with the indispensable knowledge of what may be termed the art, in contradistinction to the science, of government. While, then, we read with avidity even common-place memoirs of common-place men, (a fact strikingly characteristic of a period not inaptly denominated by the Germans "the age of wigs,") it cannot be supposed that a book like the one now before us, will fail to make a deep impression upon the mind of the public.

Beyond his *Roman History*, our acquaintance extends to only one or two of Mr. Niebuhr's publications. We remember the *Life of his Father*, of which an English translation was printed some time ago, in one of the tracts of the Library of Useful Knowledge, issued under the direction of the Society for the diffusion of Useful Knowledge—and, we have seen *The Description of the City of Rome* (one volume of it) which appeared in 1829 or '30, professedly by Bunsen and Platner, but in the getting up of which there can be no doubt of Mr. Niebuhr's having had the greater share. *The Representation of the Internal Government of Great Britain*, by Baron Von Vincke, Berlin, 1815, was also written, most probably, by Mr. N. who, however, announced himself as editor alone. "I published," says he, in the Reminiscences we are now reviewing, "I published the work on Great Britain after that unfortunate time when a foreign people ruled over us (Germans) with a cruel sword, and a heartless bureaucracy, in order to show what liberty is. Those who oppressed us called themselves all the time the harbingers of liberty, at the very moment they sucked the heart blood of our people; and we wanted to show what liberty in reality is." A translation of an *Essay on the Allegory in the first canto of Dante*, written by our historian during his perusal of the poet, and intended to be read, or perhaps actually read, in one of the learned societies of Rome, is appended to the present volume. Mr. L. copied it, by permission of the author, from the original in Italian, which was found in a copy of Dante belonging to Mr. Niebuhr. This Essay, we think, will prove of deeper interest to readers of Italian than even Mr. Lieber has anticipated. Its opinions differ singularly from those of all the commentators on Dante—the most of whom maintain that the wood (*la selva*) in this famous Allegory, should be understood as the condition of the human soul, shrouded in vice; the hill (*il colle*) encircled by light, but difficult of access, as virtue; and the furious beasts (*il fero*) which attack the poet in his attempt at ascending, as carnal sins—an interpretation, always putting us in mind of the monk in the *Gesta Romanorum*,

who, speaking of the characters in the Iliad, says—"My beloved, Ulysses is Christ, and Achilles the Holy Ghost: Helen represents the Human Soul—Troy is Hell—and Paris the Devil."

Dr. Francis Lieber himself is well known to the American public as the editor of the *Encyclopædia Americana*, in which compilation he was assisted by Edward Wigglesworth, and T. G. Bradford, Esqrs. The first original work of our author, we believe, was called *Journal of my Residence in Greece*, and was issued at Leipzig in 1823. This book was written at the instigation of Mr. Niebuhr, who personally superintended the whole; Mr. L. reading to the historian and his wife, every morning at breakfast, what had been completed in the preceding afternoon. Since that period we have seen, from the same pen, only *The Stranger in America*, in two volumes, full of interest and extensively circulated—and the book whose title forms the heading of this article.

Not the least striking portion of this latter work, is its Preface, embracing forty-five pages. Niebuhr's noble nature is, herein, rendered hardly more apparent than the mingled simplicity and enthusiasm of his biographer. The account given by Mr. L. of his first introduction to the Prussian minister—of the perplexing circumstances which led to that introduction—of his invitation to dinner, and consequent embarrassment on account of his scanty nether habiliments—of his final domestication in the house of his patron, and of the great advantages accruing to himself therefrom—are all related without the slightest attempt at prevarication, and in a style of irresistibly captivating *bonhomme* and *naïveté*.

Mr. Lieber went, in 1821, to Greece—led, as he himself relates, "by youthful ardor, to assist the oppressed and struggling descendants of that people, whom all civilized nations love and admire." With a thousand others, he was disappointed in the hope of rendering any assistance to the objects of his sympathy. He found it impossible either to fight, or to get a dinner—either to live or to die. In 1822, therefore he resolved, with many other Philhellenes, to return. Money, however, was scarce, and the adventurer had sold nearly every thing he possessed—but to remain longer was to starve. He accordingly "bargained with a Greek," and took passage at Missolonghi (Messalunghi) in a small vessel bound for Ancona. After a rough passage, during which the "tartan" was forced to seek shelter in the bay of Gorzola, the wished-for port was finally reached. Here, being altogether without money, Mr. Lieber wrote to a friend in Rome, enclosing the letter to an eminent artist. "My friend," says Mr. L. "happened to be at Rome, and to have money, and with the promptness of a German student, sent me all he possessed at the time." This assistance came very seasonably. It enabled the Philhellene to defray the expenses of his quarantine at Ancona. Had he failed in paying them, the Captain would have been bound for the sum, and Mr. L. would have been obliged finally to discharge the debt, by serving as a sailor on board the Greek vessel.

Having, at length, obtained his *pratica*, he determined upon visiting Rome; and the anxiety with which he appears to have contemplated the defeat of his hopes in this respect is strikingly characteristic of the man. His

passport was in bad order, and provisional, and he had to make his way with it through the police office at Ancona. He was informed too, that orders had been received from Rome forbidding the signature of passports in the possession of persons coming from Greece, except for a direct journey home. "You are a Prussian," said the officer, "and I must direct your passport home to Germany. I will direct it to Florence: your minister there may direct it back to Rome. Or I will direct it to any place in Tuscany which you may choose; for through Tuscany you must travel in order to reach Germany." Mr. L. assures us he never felt more wretched than on hearing this announcement. He had made his way round Rome without seeing the Eternal City. The examination of a map of Italy, however, gave him new hope. It pointed out to him how near the south-western frontier line of Tuscany approaches to Rome. The road from Ancona to Orbitello, he thought, was nearly the same as that to the object of his desires, and he therefore requested the officer to direct his passport to Orbitello. "Italians generally," says Mr. Lieber, "are exceedingly poor geographers." The gentleman whom he addressed, inquired of another in the adjoining room, whether Orbitello was in Tuscany, or belonged to the Papal territory. Mr. L. pointed out the place on the map: it was situated just within the colors which distinguished Tuscany from the other states of Italy. This satisfied the police, and the passport was made out.

Having hired a vetturino our traveller proceeded towards Orbitello. A few miles beyond Nepi, at the Colonneta, the road divides, and the coachman was desired to pursue the path leading to Rome. A bribe silenced all objections, and when near the city, Mr. L. jumped out of the carriage, and entered the Porta del Popolo.

But it was impossible to dwell in Rome without the sanction of the police, and this sanction could not be obtained without a certificate from the Prussian minister that our friend's passport was in order. Mr. Lieber therefore "hoping that a scholar who had written the history of Rome could not be so cruel as to drive away thence a pilgrim without allowing him time to see and study it," resolved on disclosing his situation frankly to Mr. Niebuhr.

The Prussian minister resided at the Palazzo Orsini—he was engaged and could not be seen—but the secretary of the legation received the visiter kindly, and having learned his story, retired to an inner apartment. Soon afterwards he returned with a paper written in Mr. Niebuhr's own hand. It was the necessary permission to reside in Rome. A sum of money was at the same time presented to Mr. L. which the secretary assured him was part of a sum Prince Henry (brother to the reigning king,) had placed at the minister's disposal for the assistance of gentlemen who might return from Greece. Mr. L. was informed also that Niebuhr would see him on the following day. The result of the interview we must give in the words of our author.

When I went the next morning at the appointed time, as I thought, Mr. Niebuhr met me on the stairs, being on the point of going out. He received me with kindness and affability, returned with me to his room, made me relate my whole story, and appeared much pleased that I could give him some information respecting Greece, which seemed to be not void of interest to him. Our conversation lasted several hours, when he

broke off, asking me to return to dinner. I hesitated in accepting the invitation, which he seemed unable to understand. He probably thought that a person in my situation ought to be glad to receive an invitation of this kind; and, in fact any one might feel gratified in being asked to dine with him, especially in Rome. When I saw that my motive for declining so flattering an invitation was not understood, I said, throwing a glance at my dress, "Really, sir, I am not in a state to dine with an excellency." He stamped with his foot, and said with some animation, "Are diplomatists always believed to be so cold-hearted! I am the same that I was in Berlin when I delivered my lectures: your remark was wrong."* No argument could be urged against such reasons.

I recollect that dinner with delight. His conversation, abounding in rich and various knowledge and striking observations; his great kindness; the acquaintance I made with Mrs. Niebuhr; his lovely children, who were so beautiful, that when, at a later period, I used to walk with them, the women would exclaim, "*Ma guardate, guardate, che angeli!*"—a good dinner (which I had not enjoyed for a long time) in a high vaulted room, the ceiling of which was painted in the style of Italian palaces; a picture by the mild Francia close by; the sound of the murmuring fountain in the garden, and the refreshing beverages in coolers, which I had seen, but the day before, represented in some of the most masterly pictures of the Italian schools;—in short, my consciousness of being at dinner with Niebuhr in his house in Rome—and all this in so bold relief to my late and not unfrequently disgusting sufferings, would have rendered the moment one of almost perfect enjoyment and happiness, had it not been for an annoyance which, I have no doubt, will appear here a mere trifle. However, reality often widely differs from its description on paper. Objects of great effect for the moment become light as air, and others, shadows and vapors in reality, swell into matters of weighty consideration when subjected to the recording pen;—a truth, by the way, which applies to our daily life, as well as to transactions of powerful effect;—and it is, therefore, the sifting tact which constitutes one of the most necessary, yet difficult, requisites for a sound historian.

My dress consisted as yet of nothing better than a pair of unblacked shoes, such as are not unfrequently worn in the Levant; a pair of socks of coarse Greek wool; the brownish pantaloons frequently worn by sea-captains in the Mediterranean; and a blue frock-coat, through which two balls had passed—a fate to which the blue cloth cap had likewise been exposed. The socks were exceedingly short, hardly covering my ankles, and so indeed were the pantaloons; so that, when I was in a sitting position, they refused me the charity of meeting, with an obstinacy which reminded me of the irreconcilable temper of the two brothers in Schiller's *Bride of Messina*. There happened to dine with Mr. Niebuhr another lady besides Mrs. Niebuhr; and my embarrassment was not small when, towards the conclusion of the dinner, the children rose and played about on the ground, and I saw my poor extremities exposed to all the frank remarks of quick-sighted childhood; fearing as I did, at the same time, the still more trying moments after dinner, when I should be obliged to take coffee near the ladies, unprotected by the kindly shelter of the table. Mr. Niebuhr observed, perhaps, that something embarrassed me, and he redoubled, if possible, his kindness.

After dinner he proposed a walk, and asked the ladies to accompany us. I pitied them; but as a gentleman of their acquaintance had dropped in by this time, who gladly accepted the offer to walk with us, they were spared the mortification of taking my arm. Mr. Niebuhr, probably remembering what I had said of my own appearance in the morning, put his arm under mine, and thus walked with me for a long time. After

* *Das war Kleinlich* were his words.

our return, when I intended to take leave, he asked me whether I wished for any thing. I said I should like to borrow his History. He had but one copy, to which he had added notes, and which he did not wish, therefore, to lend out of his house; but he said he would get a copy for me. As to his other books, he gave me the key of his library to take whatever I liked. He laughed when I returned laden with books, and dismissed me in the kindest manner.

Mr. Lieber became the constant companion of Niebuhr in his daily walks after dinner, during one of which the proposition was discussed to which we have formerly referred—that of our author's writing an account of his journey in Greece. In March 1823, the minister quitted Rome, and took Mr. Lieber with him to Naples. By way of Florence, Pisa, and Bologna, they afterwards went to the Tyrol—and in Inspruck they parted. A correspondence of the most familiar and friendly nature was, however, kept up, with little intermission, until the death of the historian in 1831.

Mr. Lieber disclaims the design of any thing like a complete record of all the interesting or important sentiments of Niebuhr during his own residence with him. He does not profess to give even all the most important facts or opinions. He observes, with great apparent justice, that he lived in too constant a state of excitement to record regularly all he saw or heard. His papers too were seized by the police—and have undergone its criticism. Some have been lost by this process, and others in a subsequent life of wandering. Still we can assure our readers that those presented to us in the present volume, are of the greatest interest. They enable us to form a more accurate idea of the truly great man to whom they relate than we have hitherto entertained, and have moreover, not unfrequently, an interest altogether their own.

YOUNG WIFE'S BOOK.

The Young Wife's Book; A Manual of Moral, Religious, and Domestic Duties. Philadelphia: Carey, Lea, and Blanchard.

We can conscientiously recommend this little book, not only to that particular class of our fair friends for whom it is most obviously intended, but, in general, to all lovers of good reading. We had expected to find in it a series of mere homilies on the Duties of a Wife, but were agreeably disappointed. Such things are, no doubt, excellent in their way, but unhappily are rarely of much service, for the simple reason that they are rarely read. Unless strikingly novel, and well written, they are too apt to be disregarded. The present volume is made up of mingled amusement and instruction. Short and pithy *Lessons on Moral Duties*, on the *Minor Obligations of Married Life*, on *Manners*, on *Fashion*, on *Dress*—*Dialogues*, and *Anecdotes* connected with subjects of a similar nature—form the basis of the book.

In one respect we must quarrel with the publication. Neither the title page, nor the Preface, gives us any information in regard to the biblical history of the work. It may be taken for granted that every reader, in perusing a book, feels some solicitude to know, for example, *who wrote it*; or (if this information be not attainable,) at least *where it was written*—whether in his native country, or in a foreign land—whether it be original, or a compilation—whether it be a new publication or a

re-publication of old matter—whether we are indebted for it to one author, or to more than one—in short, all those indispensable details which appertain to a book *considered merely as a book*. The habit of neglecting these things, is becoming very prevalent in America. Works are daily re-published, from foreign copies, without any *prima facie* evidence by which we may distinguish them from original publications; and many a reader, of light literature especially, finds himself in the dilemma of praising or condemning unjustly as American, what, most assuredly, he has no good reason for supposing to be English.

In the *Young Wife's Book* now before us, are *seventy-three* articles. Of these, *one* is credited to the thirty-first chapter of *Proverbs*—*nine* to *Standford's Lady's Gift*—and *two* to an *Old English Divine*. Some *four* or *five* belong to the *Spectator*. Seven or eight we recognize as old acquaintances without being able to call to mind where we have seen them; and about fifteen or twenty bear internal evidence of a foreign origin. Of the balance we know nothing whatever beyond their intrinsic merit, which is, in all instances, very great. Judgment and fine taste have been employed, undoubtedly, in the book. As a whole it is excellent—but, for all we know to the contrary, it may have been originally written, translated, or compiled, in Philadelphia, in London, or in Timbuctoo.

ROBINSON CRUSOE.

The Life and Surprising Adventures of Robinson Crusoe, of York, Mariner: with a Biographical Account of Defoe. Illustrated with Fifty Characteristic Cuts, from Drawings by William Harvey, Esq. and engraved by Adams. New York: Published by Harper and Brothers.

This publication is worthy of the Harpers. It is an honor to the country—not more in the fine taste displayed in its getting up, than as evincing a just appreciation of an invaluable work. How fondly do we recur, in memory, to those enchanted days of our boyhood when we first learned to grow serious over Robinson Crusoe!—when we first found the spirit of wild adventure enkindling within us, as, by the dim fire light, we labored out, line by line, the marvellous import of those pages, and hung breathless and trembling with eagerness over their absorbing—over their enchaining interest! Alas! the days of desolate islands are no more! “Nothing farther,” as Vapid says, “can be done in that line.” Wo, henceforward, to the Defoe who shall prate to us of “undiscovered bournes.” There is positively not a square inch of new ground for any future Selkirk. Neither in the Indian, in the Pacific, nor in the Atlantic, has he a shadow of hope. The Southern Ocean has been incontinently ransacked, and in the North—Scoresby, Franklin, Parry, Ross, Ross & Co. have been little better than so many salt water Paul Pry's.

While Defoe would have been fairly entitled to immortality had he never written Robinson Crusoe, yet his many other very excellent writings have nearly faded from our attention, in the superior lustre of the *Adventures of the Mariner of York*. What better possible species of reputation could the author have desired for that book than the species which it has so long enjoyed? It has become a household thing in nearly every

family in Christendom? Yet never was admiration of any work—universal admiration—more indiscriminately or more inappropriately bestowed. Not one person in ten—nay, not one person in five hundred, has, during the perusal of Robinson Crusoe, the most remote conception that any particle of genius, or even of common talent, has been employed in its creation! Men do not look upon it in the light of a literary performance. Defoe has none of their thoughts—Robinson all. The powers which have wrought the wonder have been thrown into obscurity by the very stupendousness of the wonder they have wrought! We read, and become perfect abstractions in the intensity of our interest—we close the book, and are quite satisfied that we could have written as well ourselves? All this is effected by the potent magic of verisimilitude. Indeed the author of Crusoe must have possessed, above all other faculties, what has been termed the faculty of *identification*—that dominion exercised by volition over imagination which enables the mind to lose its own, in a fictitious, individuality. This includes, in a very great degree, the power of abstraction; and with these keys we may partially unlock the mystery of that spell which has so long invested the volume before us. But a complete analysis of our interest in it cannot be thus afforded. Defoe is largely indebted to his subject. The idea of man in a state of perfect isolation, although often entertained, was never before so comprehensively carried out. Indeed the frequency of its occurrence to the thoughts of mankind argued the extent of its influence on their sympathies, while the fact of no attempt having been made to give an embodied form to the conception, went to prove the difficulty of the undertaking. But the true narrative of Selkirk in 1711, with the powerful impression it then made upon the public mind, sufficed to inspire Defoe with both the necessary courage for his work, and entire confidence in its success. How wonderful has been the result!

Besides Robinson Crusoe, Defoe wrote no less than two hundred and eight works. The chief of these are the *Speculum Crape-Gownorum*, a reply to Roger L'Estrange, and characterized principally by intemperate abuse—a *Treatise against the Turks*, written for the purpose of showing England "that if it was the interest of Protestantism not to increase the influence of a Catholic power, it was infinitely more so to oppose a Mohammedan one"—an *Essay on Projects*, displaying great ingenuity, and mentioned in terms of high approbation by our own Franklin—the *Poor Man's Plea*, a satire levelled against the extravagances of the upper ranks of British society—the *Trueborn Englishman*, composed with a view of defending the king from the abuse heaped upon him as a foreigner—the *Shortest Way with the Dissenters*, a work which created strong excitement, and for which the author suffered in the pillory—the *Reformation of Manners*, a satirical poem, containing passages of uncommon force, that is to say, uncommon for Defoe, who was no poet—*More Reformation*, a continuation of the above—*Giving Alms no Charity*, an excellent treatise—a *Preface to a translation of Drelincourt on Death*, in which is contained the "true narrative" of Mrs. Veal's apparition—the *History of the Union*, a publication of much celebrity in the days of its author, and even now justly considered as placing him among the "soundest historians of his time"—the *Family In-*

structor, "one of the most valuable systems of practical morality in the language"—the *History of Moll Flanders*, including some striking but coarsely executed paintings of low life—the *Life of Colonel Jaque*, in which an account is given of the hero's residence in Virginia—the *Memoirs of a Cavalier*, a book belonging more properly to History than to Fictitious Biography, and which has been often mistaken for a true narrative of the civil wars in England and Germany—the *History of the Plague*, which Dr. Mead considered an authentic record—and *Religious Courtship*, which acquired an extensive popularity, and ran through innumerable editions. In the multiplicity of his other publications, and amid a life of perpetual activity, Defoe found time, likewise, to edit his *Review*, which existed for more than nine years, commencing in February 1704, and ending in May 1713. This periodical is justly entitled to be considered the original of the *Tatlers* and *Spectators*, which were afterwards so fashionable. Political intelligence, however, constituted the greater portion of its material.

The Edition of Robinson Crusoe now before us is worthy of all praise. We have seldom seen a more beautiful book. It is an octavo of 470 pages. The fifty wood cuts with which it is ornamented are, for the most part, admirable. We may instance, as particularly good, those on pages 6, 27, 39, 49, 87, 88, 92, 137, 146, 256, and 396. The design on the title page is superlative. In regard to the paper, typography, and binding of the work, that taste must be fastidious indeed which can find any fault with either.

CHRISTIAN FLORIST.

The Christian Florist; containing the English and Botanical Names of different Plants, with their Properties briefly delineated and explained. Illustrated by Texts of Scripture, and accompanied with Poetical Extracts from various Authors. First American, from the Second London Edition. Philadelphia: Carey, Lea & Blanchard.

The title, which our readers will perceive is a long one, sufficiently explains the nature and design of this little book. It is very well adapted for a Christmas present, to those especially whose minds are imbued at the same time with a love of flowers—and of him who is a God of flowers, as well as of mightier things. The mechanical execution of the volume is unexceptionable, and the rich colors of the Dahlia show to no little advantage in the frontispiece. The poetical selections are, for the most part, excellently chosen, and the prose commentaries on each article in good taste, and often of great interest.

Speaking of alterations made in the Second London Edition, the Authors of the work say in their Preface "We believe it will be found that most of those suggested have been adopted, with the exception of one, which proposed the rejection of the first piece of Poetry attached to the Sun Flower." These words excited our curiosity, and turning to page 42, we found six lines from Moore. It seems these had been objected to, not on account of any thing intrinsically belonging to the verses themselves, (what fault indeed could be found there?) but (will it be believed?) on account of the author who wrote them. The Christian Florist deserves the good will of all sensible persons, if for nothing else—for the spirit with which its authors have disregarded a bigotry so despicable.

SUPPLEMENT

TO THE
SOUTHERN LITERARY MESSENGER.

PUBLISHER'S NOTICE.

We are very proud in being able to afford our friends so many and so great evidences of the Messenger's popularity, as are contained in the following Notices.* From all quarters we have received encouragement—in the approval of our past labors, and in prophecies of our future success. We desire to call the attention of all who are interested in the advancement of Southern Literature, to the matter, the manner, and the source, especially, of the Extracts subjoined. We hazard little in saying, that *never before in America has any Journal called forth so unanimously, testimonials so unequivocally flattering, as the First Number of the Second Volume of our "Southern Literary Messenger."*

From the Richmond Whig.

The Literary Messenger.—Nothing is more repulsive to our taste, than puffing—one of the artifices of book-making and book-selling, reduced in this our time, to a science. It is dishonest, for its object is gain at the expense of truth, and its means are imposition on those who are not familiar with the tricks of trade. It is unjust, for modest and unobtrusive merit is often compelled to languish, from the rival advantage given to mediocrity or worthlessness, by the meretricious puff direct. It is injurious and disgraceful to Literature, and for ourselves, we feel a repugnance to whatever we see puffed, by which we mean praise disproportioned to merit, and praise administered by the shrewd full, without the administrator being possibly able or pretending to assign a cause or to point out a beauty to justify his rapture.

Mr. White's Literary Messenger is either the most transcendantly able periodical in the United States, or its proprietor has been most particularly successful in eliciting the puff—for it attracts more of the notice of the Press, and is more uniformly admired and praised upon the appearance of its successive numbers, than all the Literary Periodicals in the United States put together. The North American, Quarterly, &c. are comparatively lost sight of. It is universally noticed—not only in the newspaper press of the great towns and cities, but in the obscurest village sheet throughout the land. As Virginians and Southrons, solicitous for the honor of Southern Literature, we are proud to believe that this extensive favor bestowed upon the Messenger, flows from its deserts, an opinion confirmed by our personal knowledge of its enterprising, esteemed and modest proprietor.

The last No. of the Messenger (for December) which commences the 2d volume, is most emphatically admired and extensively complimented by the American Press, and we have read portions of it with much satisfaction. Among the rest, our friend Noah expresses his pleasure, and any dealer in Literary wares may be happy to receive the

*The Notices here appended, are very far from all we have received. Many are omitted for want of room. All those left out, are unexceptionably flattering to ourselves.

courtenance of so fine a genius as the Major. We are no critics, and beg leave to adopt his review with some qualification. We would praise the *Barbary Sketches* more, for we really view them as the very best specimens of History by any American. We will not subscribe to the sentence against "Eliza of Richmond;" and the Major must look over the "Broken Heart" again, and the next time wipe the moisture from his specs.

The Critical Notices are much to our taste—decided in their character, correct (as we think) in judgment, and lashing dullness, as it always deserves to be lashed, with a cat-o'-nine-tails.

Major Noah says—

"*The Southern Literary Messenger for December. Richmond, Va.: T. W. White, Proprietor.* We have repeatedly called the attention of our literary friends to this excellent periodical, now commencing the second volume, and sustaining its deservedly acquired reputation. It is not only the neatest in typographical execution—in whiteness of paper and elegance of type, of any American publication of the kind, but contains also a greater amount of useful and entertaining original matter, both in prose and poetry—especially the latter, which, taken *en masse*, is quite different from the namby-pamby trash that is spreading like an epidemic over the republic of letters—choking and smothering with its noxious weeds those gems and flowers of purer mould, which are the offspring and inspiration of nature and of genius. The "Sketches of the Barbary States," are written by an able pen, and are full of valuable historical details. The lines to "October," by *Eliza*, of Maine, possess the vein of true poetry; the tenderness and the luxuriant imagery of some of Mrs. Hemans'. How rich the pageantry of some of the author's thoughts when describing the gorgeous tints of an autumnal foliage:

"And the rays of glorious sunshine there in saddening lustre fall—

"Tis the funeral pageant of a king with his gold and crimson pall."

The "Broken Heart," by *Eliza*, of Richmond, is a failure. She must not attempt blank verse for common-place subjects. The verses on "Halley's Comet" are smooth and passable. The "Reminiscences of Mexico" might as well have been omitted. These diaries and guide books, are "stale, flat, and unprofitable." If the writer had given us some insight into the mysterious ruins and antiquities of Mexico—its romantic traditions—we would have thanked him. The theme is exciting and absorbing, and would have been new, and a glorious prize for immortality. Mr. Poe's "Unpublished Drama" does not suit our taste. Why eternally ring the changes on those everlasting and hackneyed Venetian Doges and Italian Counts—latticed balconies, and verandas—time out of mind exhausted? The "Address on Education" is puerile, crude, and common-place. We cannot discover its "brilliant eloquence" nor "impressive energy," spoken of in the critical notice. The object of it was well enough. The "Wissahiccon," properly handled, might have been wrought into a stirring historical portrait. The lines to "Memory," are pretty. Those entitled "Macedoine," have much fire and power. But "Lionel Granby," is a redeeming chapter worth all the foregoing. Why not give one-third the magazine to so accomplished a writer, so original

a thinker? The "Dream," is good poetry, for blank verse, which is saying much. But the "Sketch," by A. L. Beard, M. D. is superlatively beautiful in melody of rhythm and truth to nature. Thus:

"The red-breast, mounted on some tow'ring tree,
Is chanting loud his merry, mirthful strain;
And the sweet lark's melodious notes of glee,
Are softly floating o'er the dewy plain.
From the broad fields which wave with golden grain,
Echoes the whistle of the timid quail;
And the loud laughter of the reaper train
Sweeps wildly by, borne on the passing gale
O'er woodland hill afar, and flowery-vested vale."

The lines to "Mira" are smooth and full of tender feeling. The Critical Notices are full as they should be on American productions, and written with uncommon spirit. The decisions are generally correct, and we are glad to see the censures so unsparingly, but judiciously directed against the mawkish style and matter of those ephemeral productions with which, under the name of *chef-d'œuvres* in novel writing, the poor humbugged public are so unmercifully gagged and bamboozled.

From the Petersburg Intelligencer.

The Southern Literary Messenger.—We have to acknowledge the receipt of the first No. of the second volume of the *Southern Literary Messenger*, published at Richmond, by T. W. WHITE, and beg to call the attention of the public to this highly valuable and now well established periodical. The enterprising and indefatigable proprietor, has overcome the obstacles which have generally, hitherto, thwarted the efforts of those who have attempted to rear up a respectable Literary Journal in the South, and has the proud satisfaction of being hailed as the founder of a work, which is admitted by the Press, on every hand, to be one of the most agreeable and interesting in the Union. He has evidently spared no expense in carrying out his design of making the "Messenger" worthy of the reputation of the "Old Dominion," and the number before us, is, in all respects, unquestionably one of the most beautiful specimens of the art of printing we have ever witnessed. So much for the mere medium, or vehicle, by which mind is made to commune with mind. Those who would wish to form a just estimate of the merits of this work, must look beyond its beautiful and delicate outward garb, into the rich and varied contents of its pages. The Editor has certainly drawn to his aid some of the finest pens in the State; and although the real authors are not given, yet we are convinced, that conclusively as many of the articles "speak for themselves," if names were added, they would lose none of their interest, from the known paternity of distinguished writers.

We wish, heartily, that our numerous engagements would allow us to notice more in detail the several articles which have struck us as peculiarly meritorious. But we have no leisure for more than to call attention to the publication, nothing doubting, that whosoever shall open these attractive pages, will not quit them until he has fully exhausted their sweets. The article on Mexico, at this time, will prove very acceptable, and not less so will be the continuation of the "Sketches of the History and Present Condition of Tripoli and the other Barbary Powers," which, since the French have planted themselves at Algiers, we hope may,

at no distant day, be brought within the pale of "Christendom." To the lovers of the picturesque, we recommend the article "Wissahiccon" as a charming description of wild, romantic, American scenery.

The Editorial criticisms are generally just.—Whilst they "nothing extenuate," and refuse to deal out indiscriminate compliment and unremitted praise, they yet are free from even the semblance of that illiberal spirit which delights rather to triumph in the detection of an error than in the generous acknowledgment and commendation of a beauty. They embrace reviews of many new and popular works, which have lately issued from the Press; among which is the *Life of Washington*, written in Latin, and said to be a production of extraordinary merit. In short, we earnestly advise every person of taste, who is either desirous of amusement or instruction, to look through this last number of the "Messenger" and judge for himself as to its merits. The graver subjects are interspersed with beautiful scraps of poetry, and we scarcely know which most to admire, the sparkling gem, or the solid and useful body in which it is set.—We were especially struck with "The Broken Heart," and often as this pathetic subject has been touched by poets, we doubt whether a more simple, natural and affecting version of it is to be found. Witness this extract:

"And though she shrunk not from the love of those
Who were around her, and was never found
In fretful mood—yet did they soon discover
The rosy tinge upon her youthful cheek
Concentrate all its radiance into one
Untimely spot, and her too delicate frame
Wither away beneath the false one's power."

Whilst paying this just tribute to the merits of the article above referred to, we feel disposed to award even higher praise to "Marcelia." We feel no hesitation in saying that this is "the gem" of the present number. It is imbued with the real spirit of poetry—without any false glitter or tinsel ornament, it presents one of the most interesting pictures which fancy could portray. As we read the description of "poor Marcelia's death-bed," we seem to hear

"Low prayers come moaning thro' the leaves,"

asking at once, pity for her sad fate and forgiveness of her crime.

"The Sonnet," at page 38, deserves more than a passing notice. The truth and pathos of the scene represented, can scarcely fail to be recognized by every heart that has had occasion to feel or sympathize with the anguish of a parent deprived of one of the cherished objects of his dearest affection.

Before closing these hasty remarks, we beg leave to press on the attention of our readers the fact, that so much intellectual gratification cannot be afforded for nothing. Without a liberal and generous support from the public, such a journal cannot be sustained. Even the late "Southern Review," with a towering reputation and splendid abilities, was forced to close its career, solely from the negligence of the public in offering that patronage which many would gladly have tendered after it was too late. Patronage, then—patronage for the Messenger, and it will be perpetuated, as an honor to Virginia, and a reward to its enterprising proprietor.

From the New York Courier and Enquirer.

Southern Literary Messenger, for December 1835.—There is no one of the many periodicals of our country, to the reception of which we look forward with a greater certainty of satisfaction than to this young, but already more than adolescent magazine. It is always above par, always distinguishable for correct style and pure English—for neatness and elegance—rather perhaps than vigor, or decided strength of original thought—the absence of which quality is perhaps sufficient to constitute a weak point, in what would otherwise be almost faultless. In the department of criticism, however, this remark does not apply so fully—for the notice of new works, in the *Southern Messenger*, are, we have no hesitation in saying it, the boldest, the most independent, and unflinching, of all that appears in the periodical world. This is as it should be—over-levity towards rising writers is a more real sin than over-sternness; and we are sorry to say, it is a sin, into which most of our magazines are wont to fall. This number is one of more than average power, and the critiques on *The Hawks of Hawk-Hollow*—the *Linwoods*—and *Norman Leslie* we especially recommend to notice. They are evidently all written with equal sincerity, and force of true opinion, and as such command respect even where we differ from them in judgment. That on Dr. Bird's new book, for instance, is too favorable; and indeed we think that this gentleman is *always* overrated—that on "the *Linwoods*" is superlative, in truth, style, and taste; while that on *Norman Leslie* is severe to a fault; inasmuch as the criticism, though we cannot deny the truth of the greater portion of it, is paralyzed by the strong symptoms of *personal* hostility not to Mr. Fay only, but to all who may be supposed to favor or admire him.

From the National Intelligencer.

Southern Literary Messenger.—This journal has, very unexpectedly, left its Northern competitors behind in the race for fame, and assumed all at once a pre-eminent rank among American periodicals. We have just received the first number of the second volume, and find it superior, in every respect, to any of the preceding ones. It contains 68 pages of closely printed matter, in double columns. Besides the 68 pages of text, it has a double cover of 8 pages, containing matters relating to its own peculiar interests—thus avoiding the necessity of intruding such subjects in the text. Its paper is excellent, its type new, and its entire mechanical execution superior to that of any Magazine with which we are acquainted. The South has thus far every reason to be proud of the extraordinary success which has attended the *Messenger*.

The first article in the present number is Chapter IX. of the *Tripolitan Sketches*, by Mr. R. Greenhow, of this city, a series of papers which, of themselves, would have been sufficient to stamp the *Messenger* with a character of no ordinary kind. The *Extracts from My Mexican Journal* are excellent papers, on a subject of unuring interest. The *Address of Lucian Minor*, on Education, is likely to do much good, by attracting the attention of Virginians to the important subject it discusses—the organization of District Schools. The *Wisakicon* is a wishy-washy affair, and deserves no praise whatever. *Lionel Granby*, Chapter VI., is full of fine thought, shrewdness, and originality. The *Specimens of Love Letters* are curious and entertaining—but the old English Magazines are full of similar articles, and the *Messenger* should have nothing to do with them. The *M.S. found in a Bottle* is from the pen of Edgar A. Poe. The *Critical Notices* occupy more than one half of the number, and form the fullest *Review* in the country—embracing criticisms, at length, of nearly every work lately published in America, besides a great number of English publications. A compendious digest of the principal reviews, English and American, is included. The tone of the criticisms differs widely from puffery, and is perfectly independent.

The Poetry is, for the most part excellent. *Scenes from Poltium*, an unpublished Drama, by Edgar A. Poe, occupy about three pages. A little piece signed *Eliza* is very good; also, *A Sketch*, by Alex. Lacey Barré, *Marcella*, *Reins*, *A Sonnet to an Infant dying*, *Lines to Miss*, and a Translation. The covers contain compliments of the highest order paid the *Messenger* by many of the first papers in the Union. Among them we may mention the

New York Courier and Enquirer, the Portland Advertiser, the Georgetown Metropolitan, the New England Galaxy, (all of which place the *Messenger* decidedly at the head of American Magazines,) Norfolk Herald, Richmond Compiler, Baltimore Patriot, Augusta Chronicle, and a host of others. We are truly glad to see these flattering testimonials in behalf of Southern literature. We wish the *Messenger* every possible success.

From the Pennsylvanian.

The December number of the *Southern Literary Messenger* has been received. The contributions appear to be of an excellent kind; at least, those from Mr. Poe and others, whose reputations attracted our notice. The most striking feature of the number, however, is the critical department. Eschewing all species of puffery, the *Messenger* goes to work upon several of the most popular novels of the day, and hacks and haws with a remorselessness and an evident enjoyment of the business, which is as rare as it is amusing, in an indigenous periodical. Of the justice of the criticisms, we have not qualified ourselves to judge; but their severity is manifest enough; and that is such a relief to the dull monotony of praise which rolls smooth in the wake of every new book, that a roughness which savors of honesty and independence is welcome.

From the Globe.

We have read the first number of the second volume of the *Southern Literary Messenger*. It is highly spoken of, and deservedly so we think. The continued and rapid improvement of this work justifies the zeal with which the proprietor intends prosecuting his labors. They will ultimately be crowned with distinguished success. That region abounds in native talent, which, when directed into that channel, will reflect the same honor upon the literature of our country, which it has claimed for the bar, the bench, the legislative halls, and every other pursuit to which it has been devoted.

From the Alexandria Gazette.

Southern Literary Messenger.—The December number, being the first of the second volume of this periodical, has come to hand, and we are prepared to welcome its appearance with cordial approbation.

No Magazine in this country or elsewhere now excels it in the beauty of its typography.—It is printed in the neatest manner, with the handsomest type, on the best paper.

We perceive a considerable improvement in the editorial department, under which are contained several well written and judicious critical notices of new works.

Some of the Poetry in this number is excellent—a few of the articles only so-so.

We recommend the *Messenger* anew to all our readers, as a publication worthy to be supported for the credit of the South—for its own intrinsic merits and for the enterprising spirit of Mr. White, its worthy proprietor.

From the Norfolk Herald.

Southern Literary Messenger.—The first number of Vol. 2 of this Magazine has come to hand, greatly improved in outward appearance, as well as in literary merit. No Journal of this kind in the country has experienced so rapid, so extensive, and so unequivocal a success as the *Southern Literary Messenger*. It is now, whether we consider the extent of its patronage, the great beauty of its mechanical appearance, or the lustre of the names of its regular contributors, the first Monthly Magazine in America. In the variety, and more especially in the originality of its articles it has no equal; and among other things we must not forget that the author of the *Lunar Hoax* is indebted to the *Hans Phaal* of Mr. Poe (a regular contributor to the *Messenger*) for the conception and in a great measure for the execution of his discoveries. Indeed several passages in the two are nearly identical. As regards the amount of absolute matter contained in a number of the *Messenger*, we cannot be far wrong in stating that it is equal to that of any two monthly Journals in the country—with the exception perhaps of Litell's Museum, which is made up altogether of selections from foreign Magazines.

The present No. (No. 1. Vol. 2.) is by far the best yet issued. In the first place we have a continuation of the *History and present condition of Tripoli*, with some account of the other *Barbary Powers*. These sketches, from the pen of Robert Greenhow of Washington, have acquired an extensive reputation, and the present chapter is equal to any of the series. By the bye, the last number of Harper's Family Library contains the "History and present condition of the Barbary States," by the Rev. Dr. Russell. Here is surely a great similarity in the titles—more than we can suppose to be accidental. We know that the sketches in the *Messenger* commenced nine months ago. The *Extracts from my Mexican Journal* are highly interesting, but would be better were they more modern. The date of the last *Extract* is 1827. *Minor's Address* on Education is one of the finest things of the kind we have ever perused, and we should not wonder if it drew public attention to the subject it discusses—the establishment of District Schools throughout Virginia upon a plan similar to that in New England. The *Wisakicon* is not very creditable to the Magazine—it might, however, be considered as tolerable elsewhere. *Lionel Granby* is evidently written by a man of genius. The present Chapter is the seventh. The *M.S. found in a Bottle* is extracted from *The Gift*, Miss Leaff's beautiful Annual. It is from the pen of Edgar A. Poe, "whose eccentric genius," says

the Charleston Courier, "delights in the creation of strange possibilities, and in investing the most intangible romances in an air of perfect verisimilitude." We have heard the *M.S. found in a Bottle*, called the best of his Tales—but prefer his *Lionizing* and *Morals*.—The highest praise, however, and from the very highest quarters, has been awarded to *all* he has written. The *Spectator* of *Lore's Letters* in the reign of Edward IV. is an excellent article. The Editorial department, under the modest head of Critical Notices, embraces no less than 36 columns of liberal and well-digested Reviews of new publications. Among these, are Notices of Dr. Bird's last novel—Miss Redgwick's *Linwoods*—Glasse's *Life of Washington*—The Edinburgh, London Quarterly, Westminster, and N. American Reviews—The Crayon Miscellany—Godwin's *Necromancy*—*Legends of a Log Cabin*—Mrs. Hale's traits of American Life—Hall's Western Sketches—Clinton Bradshaw—and many others—not forgetting Norman Leslie, which is utterly torn to pieces in a long and detailed Review of the most bitter and unparaphrasing sarcasm. These Reviews speak well for the future prosperity of the Messenger. Let its Editor aim at making the Magazine a vehicle for liberal and independent criticisms, and he will not fail to receive a proper encouragement from every lover of literature.

The poetry is very excellent. October by Eliza is beautiful—and also some lines upon the same page by the same writer. Among other things we must particularly mention *Marcella*—*A Sonnet*, and another Sonnet, entitled *Ruins*, just above it. The *Lines on the Blank Leaf*—and the *Scenes from an unpublished Drama by Edgar A. Poe*.

From the Charlottesville Jeffersonian.

The Southern Literary Messenger.—We have been favored by the politeness of Mr. White, with the first number of the second volume of this interesting periodical, and take pleasure in adding our mite to the many well merited praises which his work has already received from other journals; and we agree with Mr. White in his bright anticipations of the future. This periodical must be sustained for the literary credit of the Old Dominion and the honor of the South. Some of our Northern contemporaries have already declared it the best literary periodical in America, and we deem this praise not so high as when they say it is decidedly good. This number contains sufficient variety to gratify diversity of taste.

The *M.S. found in a bottle*. By Edgar A. Poe, is good,—it is original and well told. Its wild impossibilities are pictured to the imagination with all the detail of circumstances, which truth and the fearful reality might be supposed to present. Whilst we do not agree to the justness of the praise which has been bestowed upon some of Mr. Poe's pieces, we concur in the general commendation which he has received as a writer of great originality, and one who promises well.

The prose article which most pleases us in this number, is Mr. Minor's Address on Education. It is too valuable and upon a subject of too much importance to the State, to be passed with this cursory notice of the Messenger; we shall return to the subject again and again. We perceive that the Georgetown Metropolitan has censured the Messenger, for publishing Mr. Garnett's Introductory Lecture on the subject of Education, thinking it unsuitable to the Magazine. Mr. White acted properly in disregarding such an objection. Variety is the very life of a literary periodical, and it is never less agreeable for being useful.

There is a pretty thought in the following lines—written on one of the blank leaves of a book sent to a friend in England.

As he who sails afar on southern seas,
Catches rich odor on the evening breeze,
Turns to the shore whence comes the perfumed air,
And knows, though all unseen, some flower is there—
Thus when o'er ocean's wave these pages greet
Thine eye, with many a line from minelet sweet,
Think of Virginia's clime far off and fair,
And know, though all unseen, a friend is there.—*Imogene*.

The editorial criticisms are many, and in the right vein. They are caustic but just. The Review of Mr. Fay's novel Norman Leslie, is amusing and will be read, though we think some passages in it are in bad taste. The author is flayed, or to use a term more congenial with his taste, and with the Reviewer's article—*blistered*.

Halley's Comet—1760. By Miss E. Draper. This poem gives a good account of the great ones of our planet, at the last visit of the messenger of the spheres. The versification too is easy, and the contrasts striking. The same pen has written before, and ought to write again.

From the Washington Telegraph.

The Southern Literary Messenger.—In glancing our eyes over the numerous papers which are daily laid before us, in quest of matter appropriate to our own, they frequently light on notices of this periodical. To such things our peculiar avocations do not often afford us time to attend. We have only indulged our curiosity so far as to see that they are all commendatory; and we have laid aside the papers with nothing more than a passing sense of pleasure at praises which indirectly redound to the honor of the honored home of our fathers. Of late, such notices have so frequently engaged our attention, that we at last determined, for once, to play the truant, and give an attentive perusal to the next number. We have just laid down that for December, 1835, after experiencing a pleasure in the perusal, for which we feel inclined to make such poor return as we can.

In our judgment this number deserves all the praise that has been bestowed upon the work; and this remark we particularly apply to certain "continued" articles, of which we are constrained to judge by the specimens here given. We speak of the "Tripoline Sketches, and of Lionel Granby." If the preceding parts of these works are of equal merit with those before us, they have not been praised too highly. We are sorry that we cannot exactly include the "Mexican Journal" in the same category. It is well enough.

The Address of Mr. Lucian Minor before the Institute of Education of Hanryden Sidney College, is a paper of very great merit. We confess that we have not full faith in the efficacy of Mr. M.'s panacea for the ills of the State; partly because we are afraid the patient cannot be got to take enough of it to do him good; and partly because we are not sure it would not meet with somewhat in his stomach of what medical men call "incompatible substances," which might neutralise or decompose it, or turn it to poison. But we leave these things to the political doctors; and are content to record our praise and thanks for the strong sense and manly frankness displayed by Mr. M. in calling boldly on the people to secure and deserve the blessings of freedom by qualifying themselves for self-government.

The literary notices in this number are highly piquant and amusing. We do not agree with the reviewer in condemning every thing under the name of a "Review," to which that name, in its strictest sense, does not properly apply. He who under this name gives an essay on the subject of the article proposed to be reviewed, does not break faith with the public, because, for more than thirty years, the word has been understood to include such essays. Now he who gives a good essay, gives a good thing; and when he does this, still keeping within the spirit and meaning of his engagement, we have no right, nor mind to complain.

There is an occasional severity in some of these strictures which we highly approve. Not that we presume to decide on the justice of the judgments pronounced. We have not read the works; but judgment must be followed by execution; and the critic in his own executioner. The self sufficiency of authors cares nothing for praise. They rarely receive so much as comes up to their own estimate of their merits. To make them value it, they should be put in fear of censure. The number of works reviewed in this monthly periodical, shows how much the *cacothese scribendi* needs to be restrained. We dare not flatter ourselves that even half the praise bestowed is due, except according to a very low standard of excellence. When a very high place in the scale is awarded to a "bad imitation" of Walter Scott's "warrior manner," the scale cannot be graduated very far above "temperate." There can be no such thing as blood heat, or fever heat, upon it.

The longest of the metrical pieces, indeed, deserves less lenient treatment, and we shall do Mr. White a service, by defending him from the future contributions of one whom he may not choose to offend. We mean the author of "The Dream." In this, there is no one poetical thought, at first, or second hand. The verse is smooth, for the writer has a good ear; but the ideas are dull prose. To make the matter worse, it is a palpable imitation; not *larcenous*, indeed; for there is no attempt at concealment; so that it is more of the nature of a mere trespass. But it is an undisguised imitation of Byron! and what is worse, of Byron's most wonderful poem "The Dream!" It is such an imitation as a boy would make who should paint a rose with pokeberry-juice.

We were disappointed in a "Dramatic Extract" from the pen of Mr. Edgar A. Poe. He had taught us to expect much, for his prose is very often high wrought poetry; but his poetry is prose, not in thought, but in measure. This is a defect of ear alone, which can only be corrected by more study than the thing is worth. As he has a large interest in all the praise that we have bestowed on the Messenger, we hope he will take this slight hint as kindly as it is meant.

From the Richmond Religious Herald.

Southern Literary Messenger.—The publication of the second volume of this work commences with the present number for December. The work was commenced as an experiment to test the practicability of sustaining a literary work in the South. The experiment has been successful. The Messenger has taken a high stand as one of the first literary publications in our country. It has called into existence several gifted pens. It is now established on a permanent basis, and commences its second year with increasing prospects of success, and we hope will yield a fair remuneration to its enterprising and worthy proprietor. In point of typographical execution it is unequalled by any similar work in the United States.

From the Bacon's Lick Democrat.

We have received the Southern Literary Messenger, published monthly at Richmond, Virgi-

ginia, by Mr. Thomas W. White. It sustains well the high character of its previous numbers—and contains much valuable and entertaining matter. This periodical, the only successful Literary enterprise, we believe, in which southern genius is enlisted, has received showers of applause from all quarters—and indeed it richly merits them all. We recommend those of our friends, who are fond of this species of reading, to try the Messenger—they will find it better—far better than the trash that is circulated in most of the literary periodicals of the day.

From the Philadelphia Saturday Evening Post.

The Southern Literary Messenger.—We have been furnished with the December number of this periodical, issued as the first number of the second volume. In typographical appearance it is neat and beautiful, and respecting the interesting character of its contents, it will not suffer by a comparison with any literary publication in the country. The leading original prose articles are, Sketches of the History and Condition of Tripoli, Extracts from my Mexican Journal, An Address on Education, The Wissahiccon, Lionel Granby, &c. The poetic articles are numerous, diversified and highly creditable to the talent of the South; and the editorial criticisms and reviews appear to be written in a spirit of candor quite unusual for the American Press. We commend the whole number to the attention of our literary friends, as possessing unusual interest.

From the Baltimore Athenaeum.

The Southern Literary Messenger, for December, which is the first number of the second volume, has already made its appearance. We have scarcely had time to read the title of each article in it, and to glance hastily over one or two of them: but it appears to be not a whit behind the other numbers which we have seen. It is pleasing to observe that the prospects for the permanency and success of this Magazine are very encouraging. The South can, and we are sure will support liberally, both in contributions and subscriptions, a monthly literary periodical, and the Messenger is, in every way, worthy of that patronage. The number before us, and one or two others which we have had the pleasure of seeing, strike us as not containing quite enough of those lighter articles which relieve the mind of the reader, and give a pleasing variety to a work of this kind. The papers are nearly all too good, if we may be allowed to say so, of too sterling and weighty a character. We do not mean that such should be excluded by any means—these are the articles which give character to a Magazine; we only mean that they should be tempered by something lighter and more fanciful.

From the Grand Gulf Advertiser.

Southern Literary Messenger.—We are much gratified to state, that this invaluable Southern publication, is rapidly increasing in the good graces of our literary friends. The Messenger, has a good circulation now, and evinces strong claims for the enlistment of a few more subscribers. We hail the increase as an auspicious event, as it certainly indicates a proportionate exertion of talent and industry on the part of its publisher, to secure the support and approbation of its numerous friends

and advocates. Such a work as the Messenger, chaste and refined, pure and exalted in its character, should receive the liberal and unanimous support of every man south of the Potomac. We cheerfully recommend it to all, and it shall be a pleasure to us, to be the means of forwarding its interest. Specimen numbers can be seen at this office, and the work ordered for those who may desire it.

From the Georgetown Metropolitan.

The Southern Literary Messenger for December, 1835.—Many improvements have been made, in this favorite magazine which will greatly enhance its value for the future. Among these, not the least will be the advantage to its subscribers of an early issue: the present number reached us in the latter days of November,—and Maine will be served in future almost as soon as Richmond, a matter of no small consequence to a magazine, and, of great merit in the Messenger, as contrasted with its dilatory cotemporaries.

The present number keeps up the character of the series.

The talent and variety, of the original papers is quite as striking, as the editorial department is decidedly better attended to than in any other magazine of the country. We have not scant notices of two or three volumes, which favor or accident have directed to the editor's notice,—but a comprehensive survey, and analysis of our recent literature.

The books are taken up in a business-like manner, as the cases on a calendar are called over for trial; and the merits or demerits of each are discussed with great ability, fairness, and acumen. A department so well conducted as this, and of such essential utility, should alone, in the general and culpable inattention of our periodicals to it, secure for the Messenger, general support. Of the articles in the present number, the 'Sketches of Tripoli' maintain their value—We should like to see these papers collected in a volume: they really do their author great credit. We wont quarrel with the poetry headed "Mother and Child," because we like the pretty name of *Imogene* which is signed to it, but it is marvellously like Mrs. Hemans. *The Broken Heart* is blank verse of great promise, touching, alike, in subject and execution. Rumor assigns them to an accomplished young lady of Richmond, whose name cannot be concealed long from the public.

The "Mexican Journal" is quite as good as such journals usually are; and the unpublished drama by Poe, though crude, has both original thoughts, incidents, and situations.

The Address on Education has in it many forcible truths, correctly and eloquently told. "The Dream" we skip, having already read a better version of it in Lord Byron, and, as we said before, wish cordially that the bottle, with that confounded manuscript, had never been uncorked. "*Marcella*" is fine, and the finer Macedoine our readers will recollect in our last. We are always glad to see the full page of payments in the Southern Literary Messenger, and have no doubt but that, under its enterprising and industrious proprietor, it will continue to go on prospering and to prosper.

From the Baltimore American.

We condemned a day or two ago the tone of the notice of the North American Review in the

Southern Literary Messenger for December. This number is strong in notices of new works, and we like the severity of some of them: there is much matter for "cutting up." But the cutter up must do his task like a neat carver, without smearing his own fingers. Our friend Mr. White and his editor should keep the tone and bearing of the Messenger elevated and cavalier-like. The higher the critic places himself, the more fatal will be his blows downwards.

This number of the Messenger well supports its rapidly earned reputation. Among its articles may be particularised Mr. Minor's "Address on Education, as connected with the permanence of our Republican Institutions," and the "scenes from Politian, an unpublished Drama" by Edgar A. Poe.

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From the Charleston Courier.

The Southern Literary Messenger.—After an interval of several months, a species of literary interdict by the way which we did not much relish, we are able to announce the welcome reception of the December number of this excellent and eminently successful periodical, commencing its second volume and the second year of its bright and promising existence. The State of Virginia has reason to be proud of it, as a valuable exhibition of her mental prowess—it has gathered the stars of her intellectual firmament into close and brilliant constellation, and with their blended light burnished her literary fame. But while collecting into a focus the rays of Southern mind, the Aurora Borealis of genius has been no stranger to its pages, and its intellectual gems have been freely gathered from other portions of the republic of letters. Among its contributors, EDGAR A. POE, equally ripe in graphic humor and various lore, seems by common consent to have been awarded the laurel, and in the number before us fully sustaining the reputation of its predecessors, will be found proofs of his distinguished merit.

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From the Richmond Whig.

The Literary Messenger.—The high reputation of this periodical is acknowledged by others besides ourselves, and much more competent judges. The Lynchburg Virginian says:

"The Messenger, upon the whole, reflects credit upon Virginia and the entire South. Indeed, several distinguished Northern Journals place it at the head of periodical literature in the United States—a most enviable distinction when we recollect the eminent names that figure in our Monthlies, both as editors and contributors. Mr. White deserves the thanks of the people of the South for his untiring perseverance and industry, and we are glad to hear that he is receiving them in the most substantial form—to wit, *paying subscribers*."

And Mr. Paulding in a letter to the proprietor says:

"P. S.—Your publication is decidedly superior to any Periodical in the United States, and Mr. Poe as decidedly the best of all our young writers; I don't know but I might add all our old ones, with one or two exceptions, among which I assure you I don't include myself."

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From the New York Spirit of the Times.

The Southern Literary Messenger.—This is the earliest magazine of the month, and we are as

pleased to see it as an old favorite after a long absence, and welcome it accordingly.

Some change has taken place since last we saw it, in the editorial department, but it affects not at all the interest of the magazine; and we think the critical notices of this number, whether written by the old or new editor, more elevated in their tone than previously. There is a slight taint of pedantry about them, perhaps; and in one instance undue severity is shown towards a clever young author: yet they are, in the main, clever and just. But, as we have before said, we prize a magazine for other qualities than mere deserts in criticism; therefore turn we to the articles.

The first one is a continuation of "Sketches of the History, &c. of Tripoli." These sketches are from an unknown hand, which has access to original documents from which to draw his facts, and the author seems familiar with the writings of the French historians on the subject. So wofully ignorant are we of the history of the Barbary Powers, that we are unable to judge of the accuracy of these sketches: but we may safely say, that the narrative is lucid and interesting, and evinces an intimate acquaintance with the subject; and that it has a peculiar interest for American readers just now, as the French system of Finance and Diplomacy are constantly illustrated in their negotiations with the Deys. We can scarcely read with patience the narrative of the duplicity of the French Government towards these piratical states; with them, as with us, knavishly objecting to the allowance of a claim because of its absoluteness, or its negotiation; and skulking from the payment of an honest and acknowledged debt with an infinite deal of balderdash about French honor insulted, or French dignity offended. *French honor and dignity!! Bah!*

The next prose article consists of "Extracts from my Mexican Journal." We have been so tired of late with this subject, in the *American Monthly*, that for the life of us we cannot screw our courage up to the reading point.

The poetry of this number is of superior quality. This is peculiarly the ladies' department, and of course we may not deny that they sustain it perfectly. One little gem in this number is the "*Broken Heart*," by a Virginia lady—of rare simplicity of thought and purpose, and most touchingly executed. Our readers shall see it anon, and learn somewhat further our ideas of the poetical excellence of this capital magazine.

Mr. Edgar A. Poe, a writer of much versatility of talent has contributed much to this number. He is a magazinist somewhat in the style of Willis: he needs condensation of thought. But this is too flippant criticism for us, and we will read him more. Although the earliest out, we have not had time to complete this magazine.

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From the Norfolk Beacon.

The first number of the second volume of the *Southern Literary Messenger* contains several articles of solid worth. The "Tripoli Sketches" retain their spirit and fidelity. Mr. Minor's Address is a patriotic and practical production. The common school system of the state demands the public attention. No voter should let his representatives alone, until such a system shall have been established as will insure to the child of every honest man in the commonwealth a thorough ele-

mentary education. Mr. Minor quotes his statistics concerning Russia from the Edinburgh Review, but he would have found a more full examination of the Prussian system in a late number of the Foreign Quarterly. We were pleased that Mr. Minor handsomely recognized the services of the late Mr. Fitzhugh of Fairfax in the cause of education. We well remember his speech on the occasion alluded to, and know that the seeming defect in his scheme alluded to by Mr. Minor, was in truth the result of design. It was the main argument with which Mr. Fitzhugh met the opponents of his favorite scheme. Were Fitzhugh now living, he would win enduring laurels in the cause of general education in the commonwealth. The present address of Mr. Minor has also appeared in pamphlet from the press of Mr. White, and we have marked one or two striking passages for our columns. "Lionel Granby" is continued, and we have a very amusing letter from the uncle. But he has fallen into the error not uncommon, of imputing to York Town the honor of giving birth to Bishop Beilby Porteus. The Bishop, we believe, was born in York, but in England, and not in Virginia. The parents of the Bishop removed from Gloucester to England some years before his birth. Had he been born in Virginia, he would, it is probable, have bequeathed to William and Mary some of the fat legacies which were shared by sundry institutions in Great Britain.

The Critical Notices in the present number of the Messenger, particularly of the North American and the British Reviews are in bad taste. The review of Glass's Life of Washington is altogether unique. Some of the reviews are nevertheless good, and more than outweigh those that are bad.

One word more, and we have done with the present number. We are more and more convinced every passing hour of the importance to the South of an able periodical journal devoted to literary and other topics that know no party. However well conducted a political journal may be, it never will penetrate generally to the firesides of the South. And it is clear that the general mind cannot be reached through such an avenue. Now this important office literature can perform. There are, too, many opinions which are peculiar to the South, to the whole South, and to the South only. There should be a channel of communication on these subjects, and such a means the Messenger, if liberally supported by the pens of the able, and the purses of the patriotic, may readily become. It rests with our community to make the first movement in the cause, and we trust that our citizens will not be found wanting, when the South—the whole South—appeals to their liberality.

From the Lynchburg Virginian.

Southern Literary Messenger.—The 1st No. of the 2d volume of this periodical, in its typographical department, exhibits a decided improvement upon its predecessors, although on this score its subscribers have never had reasonable cause of complaint. Its literary reputation is fully maintained.

The 9th No. of the *Sketches of the Barbary States*, written by Mr. Robert Greenhow, Jr. formerly of Richmond, and now engaged in the Department of State, is, like the preceding Nos.

highly creditable to that gentleman, betokening research, genius and taste. His style is admirably adapted to his theme.

The continuation of *Extracts from a Mexican Journal* are highly interesting—containing graphic descriptions of the manners, customs, &c. of a country, which, although on our own continent, is, to the great mass of our people, a *terra incognita*.

The most valuable article in the December No. of the Messenger, however, is the Address delivered by Lucian Minor, Esq. before the Institute of Education of Hampden Sidney College, at its late anniversary. He urges upon our Legislators, with earnestness and eloquence, the importance of enlightening the people, by a well digested system of primary instruction—based on the models which are presented to us in several of our sister States, in Scotland and in Prussia. This is a vitally important subject, and we sincerely hope it will attract the serious attention of the Legislature, during its present session.

"Lionel Granby" contributes largely to the interest of the Messenger. We hope he will diminish the intervals of his appearance on the stage.

Several of the poetical pieces are beautiful—others, *mediocre*. "October," "Marcelia," "Mother and Child," may be classed among the former; "A Sketch" among the latter. "Scenes from Politian," like the prose productions from the same pen (Mr. Poe) evince great powers, wasted on trifles. Why, (to adopt the catechetical style of his own criticisms,) why does Mr. Poe throw away his strength on shafts and columns, instead of building a temple to his fame? Can he not execute as well as design? No one can doubt it who is conversant with his writings. Eschew affectation, Mr. Poe. It is a blot upon genius as well as upon beauty. "A Broken Heart" contains several tender and pathetic passages, but is deficient as a whole. *Ex gr.:*

"Friends and physicians
"Exert their skill most faithfully,"

Is not poetry—but plain, unsophisticated prose.

Too much space is allotted to "Critical Notices" in the December No. of the Messenger—and several of the Notices themselves are too dogmatical and flippant. This department of a periodical, on the plan of the Messenger, is necessarily of restricted interest, and should consequently be of proportionate limits, except in extraordinary cases. It certainly should not be occupied by *reviews of Reviews*—a dish of hash newly warmed, and served up, in all its insipidity, to an already palled appetite. Such reviews as that of Mr. Fay's "Norman Leslie" will be read. Men—and Women likewise—will always be attracted in crowds to behold an infliction of the Russian knout or to see a fellow-creature flayed alive. And Mr. Fay—who, by the way, is a great favorite with us—fully deserves a "*blistering*" for putting forth such a book as Norman Leslie.

The "Messenger," upon the whole, reflects credit upon Virginia and the entire South. Indeed, several distinguished Northern journals place it at the head of periodical literature in the U. States; a most enviable distinction, when we recollect the eminent names that figure in our Monthlies, both as editors and contributors. Mr. White deserves the thanks of the people of the South for his untiring perseverance and industry, and we are glad to

hear that he is receiving them in the most substantial form—to wit, *paying subscribers*. We hope his list will continue to augment, not only because his enterprise deserves remuneration, but because every additional subscriber enables him to make additional exertions to enhance the value of his agreeable and instructive “*Messenger*.”

From the New Yorker.

The Southern Literary Messenger—We have long meditated a more extended notice of this elegant periodical, than we have hitherto found leisure to give—not more on account of our numerous Southern friends—with whom it must necessarily be a favorite, than of our literature generally, to which the *Messenger* forms a very creditable addition. And notwithstanding that our columns for this week are mainly bespoken, we must not allow the current number—being the first of a new volume—to pass from our table without a brief glance over its contents.

“*Sketches of the History and Present Condition of Tripoli*, with some account of the other Barbary States,” is the opening paper, written by one evidently conversant with his subject, and whose chapters are calculated to add materially to the meager stock of popular information hitherto possessed with regard to the history and present condition of the Barbary powers.

“*Scraps from an Unpublished Drama, by Edgar A. Poe*,” contains one or two stirring and many beautiful passages—but we are not partial to dramatic poetry.

Speaking of poetry, we find some that is commendable, and much that we deem, with all deference, well nigh execrable. Of the former class is “October.”

Of the otherwise, nearly all that is intended for blank verse may serve as a specimen. It is singular that people will continue, in the face of good advice, to break up sober prose into unequal and most inharmonious lines, and then attempt to pass it off for verse, which it very remotely resembles. The following is extracted from an article which really contains poetry.

“The story goes, that a
Neglected girl (an orphan whom the world
Frowned upon) once strayed thither, and ‘t was thought
Did cast her in the stream.”

“*An Address on Education*,” by Lucian Minor, is among the best articles in the *Messenger*. It were well if such a startling exhibition of facts, such an array of cogent reasonings, were presented to every influential citizen of our vast Union.

“*Extracts from my Mexican Journal*” are judicious and replete with information. We remark that, since recent occurrences have rendered Mexico an object of interest in this country, the observations of tourists and men of business who have lately visited that country, are very liberally drawn upon by our Monthlies.

“*The Wissahiccon*,” and its romantic scenery, is made the subject of enthusiastic description—by a Philadelphian, of course. Well, truth to say, there are some enchanting spots out of Philadelphia, to say nothing of those within it. If we could only bring her self-satisfied citizens to admit that a civilized person may while away a season in New York, without positive privation of all quiet, cleanliness, and comfort, why then we might in turn regard the Quaker capital as a very tolerable, inoffensive, well-behaved city. As it is, we must

think of it, and hope that time will take the conceit out of her.

“*Lionel Granby*” is the title of a series of odd, pedantic, yet humorous and characteristic papers, which we are tempted to consider the best light reading in the *Messenger*. To an old-school Virginian, they must be delightful.

The critical department of the *Messenger* is managed with great candor, consideration and ability. We place the qualifications in this order, not that the ability is less prominent, but because it is perhaps of the three least enviable in a reviewer. The Editor examines with impartiality, judges with fairness, commends with evident pleasure, and condemns with moderation. May he live a thousand years!—or at least to have five thousand gratified, substantial and ‘available’ patrons.

From the Baltimore Gazette.

The Southern Literary Messenger.—A little more than a year has elapsed since Mr. White commenced, in Richmond, Virginia, the publication of a Monthly Literary Journal. At that time an experiment of the kind, south of Mason and Dixon’s line, was considered a novel one, but the ability with which it has been conducted, and the wide circulation it has obtained, have fully demonstrated that it required but talent and persevering energy on the one part, and a liberal co-operation on the other, to impart to it a reputation equal to that enjoyed by any other of our Monthlies. We have now before us the first number of the second volume, whose pages we find diversified with a variety of entertaining and excellent matter. The publisher has secured the assistance of a gentleman of eminent literary talents, with whose aid it may fairly be inferred that the *Messenger* will not only sustain but increase its already extensive and deserved popularity. The literary notices contained in this number are written with great ability, but in our opinion rather too great a space has been devoted to this subject. The old adage—*ne quid nimis*—is applicable not less to a literary undertaking than to the general pursuits of life.

From the Petersburg Constellation.

The Southern Literary Messenger.—We have received the first number of the second volume of Mr. White’s popular and valuable Literary Messenger. We bid it a more cordial welcome to our table, admiring in proportion to their relative merits, the unrivalled professional skill with which its typographical dress is adjusted, and the rich and attractive guise which wit, genius and learning have combined to throw over the pages of what must now be acknowledged as the first monthly magazine in this country. The contributions, prose and poetical, are of a high grade of excellence; and the critiques are now precisely what they should be in such a work—faithful mirrors, reflecting in miniature the book reviewed, and exposing alike its beauties and deformities without favor or affection. We have rarely read a review more caustic or more called for than the flaying which the new editor of the *Messenger* has so judiciously given Mr. Fay’s “hepuffed, beplastered and be-Mirrored” novel of “Norman Leslie.”

SOUTHERN LITERARY MESSENGER.

Vol. II.

RICHMOND, FEBRUARY, 1836.

No. III.

T. W. WHITE, PROPRIETOR.

FIVE DOLLARS PER ANNUM.

SELECTION IN READING.

Go to the Library of one of our Colleges; survey its five, or ten thousand volumes. You are astonished, that human thought or human industry could have produced such an accumulation of quarto upon folio, of duodecimo upon octavo—of Science, Literature—of History, Fiction—of Prose, and Poetry. But look into other collections northward of us, and in each of several, you find more than forty thousand volumes! When you have wondered sufficiently at these, turn your 'mind's eye' to Europe; and behold, libraries containing each one hundred, or even one hundred and fifty thousand books! Look around you, then, and see how many hundreds every week is adding to the mass of tomes already in existence. Glance at the booksellers' catalogues—at their notices in the gazette—at the monthly and quarterly "Lists of New Publications," in Magazines and Reviews—at the countless host of Reviews and Magazines themselves, and of newspapers, tracts, pamphlets, speeches, addresses—effusions of ten thousand various forms and merits—craving your attention and bewildering your choice! Go forth into society: in one circle, politics—in another, canalling, or railroad lore—in a third, some point touching the Campaigns of Bonaparte, the Wars of the League, the American Revolution, or the Conquests of Tamerlane—in a fourth, the beauties of Greek and Roman literature—in a fifth, some topic in Chemistry or Geology—in a sixth, Byron, Campbell, Moore and Wordsworth—in a seventh, the fifty last novels—are discussed by their respective coteries, each, as if that subject alone threw all others into the shade. And if you are not so torpid as to be incapable of excitement by sympathy with others, and by themes inherently interesting, or so self-possessed as to curb and regulate discreetly, the curiosity and proneness to imitation which will on such occasions be kindled in any but a blockhead—you cannot, for your life, help wishing to be familiar with each theme. You go home; and plunge headlong into a dozen different studies. Your acquisitions are huddled chaotically into your knowledge-box, so that you have a full, distinct idea, of no one subject: you can never get hold of what you want, at the moment when you need it; but must rummage over an immense pile of trumpery, with a bare hope, after all, of finding the useful article you want. *You are a shallow smatterer.*

If you would be otherwise, DARE to be ignorant of all books, and all things, which you are not sure will repay your trouble in reading them, or which are not parts of a pre-arranged course, laid down for you by yourself, or by some judicious friend. DARE to disavow an acquaintance with a fashionable novel, or even with a fashionable science, if it fall not within your plan. Always reflect, when the claims of a new book are pressed upon your notice,—that, *if you have forty years to employ in reading, and can read fifty pages a day, you will be able, in those forty years, to accomplish only about SIXTEEN HUNDRED VOLUMES, of 500 pages each.* Yes—out of the millions of tomes

that litter the world, you can read, in twice the time that most, even of the studious, employ in reading—only sixteen hundred volumes! Surely, the motto of every one who reads for improvement, ought to be "SELECT WELL!"

"It is a great, nay the greatest part of wisdom," says an old philosopher, "to rest content with not knowing some things."*

Dugald Stewart justly observes, that by confining our ambition to pursue the truth with modesty and candor, and learning to value our acquisitions only so far as they contribute to make us wiser and happier, we may perhaps be obliged to sacrifice the temporary admiration of the common dispensers of literary fame; but, we may rest assured, it is thus only we can hope to make real progress in knowledge, or to enrich the world with useful inventions.

"It requires courage—indeed" (as Helvetius has remarked,) 'to remain ignorant of those useless subjects which are generally valued:† but it is a courage necessary to men who either love the truth, or aspire to establish a permanent reputation.'‡

SKETCHES OF THE HISTORY

AND PRESENT CONDITION OF TRIPOLI, WITH SOME ACCOUNTS OF THE OTHER BARBARY STATES.

NO. X.—(Continued.)

To return to Algiers. The Dey having as he conceived, effectually closed every avenue to reconciliation with France, actively prepared to resist the attack which he had every reason to believe would soon be made on him. The fortifications of his capital had been much enlarged and strengthened since the bombardment by Lord Exmouth in 1816; the arsenal was well provided with naval stores and munitions of every description; the treasury was filled with specie, men were not wanting, and provisions could be procured in abundance from the interior. In this condition, he had no reason to dread an attack from a naval force, nor the consequences of a blockade however rigorously maintained. Against internal commotions he also felt himself secure. From the commencement of his reign, he had steadily though cautiously pursued the plan in which so many of his predecessors had failed, of preventing the enrolment of foreigners, and supplying their places by native troops; in this he had so far succeeded, that the number of the former in 1827 was less than seven thousand, while he had more than sixteen thousand Moorish soldiers, regularly disciplined and attached to his system, by the strongest ties of interest. When the whole military force of the country, consisted of a few foreigners, any one of whom might be raised to the highest offices of the State at the will of the remainder;

* —"magna, immo, maxima, pars sapientia est, quædam equo animo nescire velle."

† Philosophy of the Human Mind, Vol. I.

it is not surprising that dissatisfaction and turbulence should have constantly prevailed; for under such circumstances the election of a new chief only caused a change in the ranks of the discontented, without diminishing their numbers or their violence. That the alteration made by Hussein would contribute vastly to ensure the stability of his power, it is unnecessary to demonstrate; it had been often attempted by his predecessors and it is only extraordinary that it had not been effected long before.

Having secured this important object, Hussein no longer took pains to conceal his views with regard to rendering the Sovereignty hereditary in his family; he had no son, but his eldest daughter was married to Ibrahim, whom he raised to the office of Aga or Commander of the troops and Minister of War, and who appears to have been his intended successor; that officer having no children, his nephew was married to the Dey's youngest daughter, who was for that purpose divorced from her husband. It was also probably in furtherance of the same ends, that Hussein maintained a degree of state unusual in Algiers, manifesting in his intercourse with the ministers and officers, that he was a Prince, and not the mere chief of the Janizaries. In order to insure his personal safety he seldom appeared in public, but remained within the walls of the Casauba, surrounded by a chosen guard of Moors, sufficiently strong to defend that fortress against any attack which could be expected.

The French appeared by no means disposed to drive Hussein to extremities; their squadron generally consisted of two frigates, and four or five smaller vessels, which hovered before the entrance to the bay, but offered little or no impediment to the passage of vessels either outwards or inwards. Within a few days after the declaration of war, several Algerine cruisers quitted the harbor, and committed great ravages upon the unprotected commerce of France, sending their prizes into various ports of Barbary, and even of Spain. The prisoners were generally spared and brought to Algiers, in consequence of the Dey's humane or politic proclamation, that he would give for each living Frenchman twice as much as for his head alone. The inactivity and want of skill thus displayed by the blockading squadron, at length encouraged Hussein to bolder attempts. By great exertions, he had been enabled at the end of September 1827, to have ready a frigate, two corvettes, two brigs and six schooners in addition to the vessels at sea; this force however not being sufficient either in size or in weight of metal, to authorize a regular engagement with the heavy ships of the French, his plan was to surprise some one of them at a distance from the others, and endeavor to carry her by boarding. With this intention, which was kept secret until the moment for carrying it into execution, a number of soldiers accustomed to the sea having on the morning of the 4th of October, been suddenly embarked in the vessels, they set sail immediately and bore down upon the nearest French ship. The movement was immediately perceived by the rest of the squadron, and a general action, or at least a general discharge of guns on both sides ensued; this having continued for some hours, without any notable damage to either party, the Algerine Commander found that it was impossible to board any of the French vessels as they had the weather

guage of him, and in consequence he returned with his whole force into port. This action is duly noticed in the French papers; the commander of the squadron in his despatch, compliments his officers highly for the success of their efforts in preventing the Algerine flotilla from getting out of the harbor, and assures the Minister of Marine, that nothing but the heaviness of the sea prevented his destroying the greater part of them.

In the following spring, (1828) an offer was made by Admiral Collet to renew the negotiations for peace; and after some difficulties, Captain Bézart who commanded one of the French brigs, was allowed to enter Algiers and communicate with the Sardinian Consul on the subject. He subsequently had a conference with the Algerine Minister of Foreign Affairs, the results of which induced the Admiral to despatch him to Paris, in order to receive the instructions of their Government.

The French government probably received with satisfaction, the account that the Algerines were disposed to treat for peace. The Martignac Ministry which had just come into power, were employing every means to secure the tottering throne of Charles the Tenth against the efforts of the Liberal party, and they were anxious for the adjustment of a dispute, which occasioned an enormous addition to the budget of expenses without any return whatever. Dignity, or rather the fear of wounding the vanity of the nation, however forbade their seeming to make any advances after the Dey's insulting rejection of the demands first proposed to him. Great care was therefore taken to avoid any appearance of direct communication with the Algerine government; but the Admiral was instructed unofficially to hint, that if the Dey would send an ambassador to Paris, the differences between the two countries might be accommodated.

With these instructions Bézart returned to the African coast. During his absence Admiral Collet worn down with disease had retired to Toulon where he shortly after died; Admiral Botherel de la Bretonniere who succeeded to the command, on learning the views of the Ministers, instantly wrote a letter to the Dey in the sense enjoined by them, and despatched the Captain with it to Algiers. He arrived there on the 11th of September 1828, but when it was known that he only bore a communication from the Admiral, he was not suffered to proceed farther than the landing place on the mole, where he was required to await the answer. A Barbary Prince of a more pliable character than Hussein, might probably have gratified the French Ministers by sending an Ambassador to Paris, who would have figured in the pages of the *Moniteur* as a supplicant for peace; but the Dey was made of stubborn stuff. He had expected a direct communication from the French government, and was indignant at being addressed instead, by one of its officers not even an authorized agent; moreover the letter contained a proposition that he should take a humiliating step, without any assurance that it would be attended with favorable results. Seeing at once through the whole manœuvre of the French government, his reply was a peremptory order to Bézart instantly to quit Algiers.

A few days after, the same proposition was conveyed more distinctly to the Dey through the Sardinian Consul, with an assurance on the part of the Admiral, that his Government no longer expected apology or repara-

tion, but wished merely to place affairs between the two nations on their former footing. Hussein however remained firm in his refusal to make any advances, only telling the Consul, that after Peace had been signed at Algiers, he might perhaps to please the Ministers, send them an Ambassador. The French Government finding its recommendations thus treated, authorized the Sardinian Consul to inform the Dey, that no further overtures would be made by it towards reconciliation, and that measures would be soon taken to obtain complete satisfaction for the injury committed against France. Hussein coolly answered, that he had men and ammunition in abundance, and that he preferred the fortune of war to making or seeming to make any apology.

The destruction of three Algerine feluccas of six guns each, was the next event worthy of note in the history of the war. These vessels were returning from a successful cruise and endeavoring to enter the harbor of Algiers on the 1st of October 1823, when they were discovered and chased into the adjacent Bay of Sidi Ferruch. The prize was soon recaptured; the other vessels took refuge close to the shore, under a small and ruinous battery mounting twelve guns, where they were attacked by the whole of the blockading squadron. After the first fire, the feluccas and the battery were abandoned; boats were then sent by the Admiral to destroy the vessels, which having been effected the fire was continued on the battery until it was nearly demolished. The loss on the side of the Algerines is believed to have been very small; the French had six men killed and seventeen wounded, by the bursting of a gun on board the Admiral's ship the *Provence*. This trifling affair was made the subject of a special report by the Minister of the Marine to the King of France, which may be found at length in the *Moniteur* of the 17th of October; it was so far important, as it enabled His Majesty to say in his Address to the Legislative Chambers in January following, that—"most striking examples had already taught the Algerines, that it was neither easy nor safe to brave the vigilance of his ships."

Another attempt on the part of the French to teach the Algerines prudence, was not attended with equal success; for on the 19th of June 1823, twenty-four of their men, who had landed in pursuit of the crew of a stranded Algerine vessel, were surrounded by Arabs and put to death. The heads of these unfortunate men were carried to Algiers, where the Dey paid for them according to the tariff established; they were however on the application of the Sardinian Consul immediately delivered to him for burial.

The Government of France was by this time convinced of the futility of the measures which had been for two years pursued with regard to Algiers. The blockade had produced none of the results which were anticipated; it had been maintained at an annual expense of more than seven millions of francs, and although the number of persons killed in action was small, yet many had fallen victims to the diseases occasioned by the climate; in return the Dey appeared less inclined than ever to agree to satisfactory terms of peace, and the commerce of France in the Mediterranean had been severely injured by his cruisers. The opposition had also taken advantage of the circumstances, and the Ministry were frequently denounced

in the Legislature and in the public journals of Paris, for their vacillating and dishonoring conduct in the affair.

Unable to resist these demonstrations of their own inefficiency, the French Ministry prepared for more decisive operations, by assembling troops in the Southern Departments of the Kingdom and collecting vessels for their transportation. Before employing these extreme measures however, they were induced to make one more attempt at negotiation; the circumstances which led them thus to recede from the determination expressed in the previous year, are reported to have been the following.

The Dey had several times expressed to the Sardinian Consul, his admiration of the form and sailings of a brig called the *Alerte* belonging to the blockading squadron; something in his manner at length induced the Consul to inform M. de la Bretonniere, that possibly His Highness might be inclined to negotiate for peace, in the manner desired by the French Government, if it were understood that the brig would be presented to him after the signature of the treaty. The Admiral eagerly accepted this overture as he considered it, and authorized the Consul to say in general terms, that he had no doubt the Government of France would willingly accede to the Dey's wishes in this particular, if an arrangement of the difficulties between the two countries could be effected. Hussein's reply was encouraging, and the Admiral in consequence sailed for France to receive in person the instructions of his Government. He found the Ministers anxious to have the affair peaceably adjusted; they were ready to treat with the Dey provided it could be made to appear that he had himself proposed the negotiation, and were willing to promise the brig in return for the mission of an Algerine Ambassador to Paris. The Admiral was accordingly instructed to assure the Dey, that if he would comply with this formality, peace would be immediately signed and the brig would be presented to him; but in order that no proofs might exist of the advances made by the French Ministry, the whole negotiation at Algiers was to be conducted verbally, through an interpreter chosen for the purpose from the School of Oriental Languages at Paris.

With these instructions, and accompanied by M. Bianchi the interpreter, M. de la Bretonniere returned to the Bay of Algiers. The Sardinian Consul, who undertook to arrange the preliminaries of the negotiation proposed to the Dey that it should be conducted in conferences between His Highness and the French interpreter, who had arrived at Algiers for the purpose on the 23d of July. This, Hussein immediately refused to allow, and the Admiral was thrown into the very dilemma which he wished to avoid; that is to say he was obliged to write a letter, or to abandon the attempt at negotiation. In order to avoid this difficulty a letter was written in the Turkish language, proposing in very general terms the renewal of former relations between the two Governments, but saying nothing either about the Ambassador or the brig. Hussein in reply expressed his satisfaction at the offer which had been made by the French Admiral, whom he invited to come on shore and confer personally with himself on the subject. M. de la Bretonniere accepted this invitation, and accordingly entered the harbor on the 30th of September 1823, in his flag ship the *Provence* of eighty guns,

accompanied by the brig which had been the proximate cause of the negotiation. He landed on the following morning, and had a long conference with the Dey, of which the particulars have not transpired. On the 3d of August they had another conference, which lasted but a short time; on this occasion it is said the Admiral insisted on the mission of an ambassador as an act of reparation to France, at which the Dey became so enraged, that he ordered him immediately to leave Algiers; certain it is that the conference was suddenly broken up, and the parties separated, each in a state of high excitement. M. de la Bretonniere immediately embarked, and sailed with his ships out of the harbor; on passing by the Mole the Provence received a shot from the fort, and although the flag of truce was displayed at her mast head, the firing was continued until she was beyond their reach. The ship is said to have received eighty balls; her port holes were however kept closed, for had she returned the fire, it is probable that she would have been sunk. That this flagrant violation of good faith was the result of the Dey's orders, no one in Algiers at the time for a moment doubted; Hussein however pretended that it arose from a mistake, and that he had only ordered a gun to be fired in case the ship should approach too near to the batteries, as a signal for her to keep off. He moreover dismissed from office the Minister of Marine, on whom the responsibility of the act rested; in so doing however, he only advanced one of his own ends, for the vacancy was immediately filled by the appointment of his son-in-law Ibrahim Kara-Dengirzli, the nephew of the Aga Ibrahim.

The feeble and distracted Ministry which authorized this negotiation, had been dissolved ere the news of its result arrived in France; and those who succeeded to power in that country, though possessing energy and union of purpose, were for some time wholly occupied in preparing to confront the liberal party at the ensuing session of the Legislature. No decisive measures were therefore taken with regard to Algiers during the remainder of 1839; the blockade was indeed maintained, but with so little rigor as to be scarcely more than nominal; the Algerine cruisers were spread over the western part of the Mediterranean, and occasionally appeared before Marseilles, while the French Admiral with the greater part of his ships remained generally at Port Mahon.

Attempts were made at this period, to effect an adjustment of the differences, by the Governments of Great Britain and Turkey, which were the most interested in preventing any change in the political condition of the Barbary States. When the British Government received the news of Hussein's flagrant violation of good faith, in firing upon the French Admiral, the Pelorus sloop of war was despatched to Algiers, where her commander Captain Quin united with the British Consul Mr. St. John, in endeavoring to prevail upon the Dey to propose terms of peace. This effort proving vain, the Pelorus sailed to Constantinople, where it was agreed between the Ambassadors of France and England, that the Sultan should be requested to interpose; to this the Turkish Government readily assented, and Halil Effendi a venerable and respectable Turk, who had long known Hussein and been much esteemed by him, was ordered to proceed to Algiers, and to entreat or command the Dey no longer to provoke the

vengeance of his powerful enemies. Halil arrived in the Pelorus on the 28th of November at Algiers, where he was received with great kindness and affection by the Dey and by all classes of the inhabitants. His arguments and entreaties soon produced effects, from which the mediators augured the most favorable consequences; for Hussein after some days of reflection and consultation with his Ministers, agreed to propose to M. de la Bretonniere the renewal of the negotiations, offering him every assurance of honorable treatment in case he should come to Algiers, and as an earnest of the sincerity of his intentions, promising the surrender of all the French prisoners. The Pelorus sailed with these proposals on the 10th of December for Mahon, where she was detained nearly three months in expectation of the Admiral's reply; at length M. de la Bretonniere declared, that as he was still bound by the first instructions from his Government, he could admit of negotiation on no other terms, than the mission of an Ambassador to Paris to bear the explanations of the Dey. With this answer Captain Quin returned to Algiers on the 1st of April 1830; but no arguments could induce Hussein to adopt the measure proposed: "God is Great!" said he, "Let the French come."

In the mean time the French Ministry had taken a most serious determination. The insult offered by the Dey in firing upon M. de la Bretonniere, was concealed from the public as completely as possible; no mention of it was made in the *Moniteur*, yet it finally became known, and the opposition press of Paris eagerly seized the opportunity, to vilify the hated Ministry of Polignac for delaying to avenge the insulted honor of France. In this condition of things it became absolutely necessary for the Government to take some decisive step towards a conclusion of the war, in order to relieve itself from a heavy and increasing burthen of popular odium on this account. To effect this purpose, two plans were proposed in the Ministerial Council. Count de Bourmont the bold and active chief of the War Department, was in favor of an expedition sent directly from France, against the capital city of the offending Sovereign. Prince Polignac the head of the Ministry, was doubtful of the propriety of risking such an attempt upon a place defended by nature, by art, and above all by the savage fanaticism of the surrounding population; he moreover conceived that even if Algiers were to fall into the hands of the French, it would be impossible for them to retain it, without a constant expenditure of force and treasure, for which no return could be reasonably expected. His plan was therefore to arm against the Algerines, an enemy professing the same faith with themselves, who in the event of success might be bound by his interests, to pursue a policy accordant with the wishes of France and of Europe in general.

The ideas of Polignac were adopted by the King, and the French Ambassador at Constantinople was instructed to propose to the ambitious Pasha of Egypt, that he should undertake the conquest of Algiers, or even of all Barbary, in which France would under certain conditions aid him by the co-operation of its naval force. The Ambassador accordingly despatched M. Huder one of the officers of his Embassy to Cairo in order to submit this proposition to the Pasha; Mehemet Ali readily acceded to it, the projet of a Convention on the subject was drawn up, and the French agent arrived

in Paris with it about the end of January 1830. The British Government had however by this time penetrated the secret of the negotiation, and ever jealous with regard to the occupation of the Barbary coast by any strong Power, its Ambassador at Paris was immediately instructed to protest against the plan. As the correspondence on this subject was never published, we have no means of knowing precisely the grounds of opposition taken by the British Ministry; they probably had reference only to the interests of the Sultan, which might be seriously affected by so great an addition to the force of his refractory Viceroy. Whatever may have been the influence of this opposition, the project of a co-operation with Mehemet Ali was abandoned, and it was determined that an expedition should with the least possible delay, be sent from France against Algiers.

Preparations for carrying this resolution into effect were immediately commenced in all the ports and arsenals in France, and they were prosecuted with a degree of vigor which excited the admiration of Europe. The various branches of the service were placed under the superintendence of the most experienced persons, apparently without reference to their known political inclinations; and all the resources of mechanical and medical, as well as military and naval science, were employed to add to the health and comforts of the soldiers and to give efficiency to their operations. Works relating to Northern Africa were examined with attention, and the records of preceding expeditions against Algiers were studied, in order to discover and provide against the circumstances which occasioned their failure. Toulon having been chosen as the place from which the armament was to sail, troops were collected in its vicinity, and prepared by peculiar exercises for the duties which they would be required to perform. Ships of war lying at the different naval establishments, were ordered to be fully equipped, and as soon as ready to be sent to the rendezvous, where a number of merchant vessels for the transportation of men and materials were bound by contract to assemble at the appointed time.

The object of these preparations after having been communicated in general terms to the Governments of the other great European nations, were publicly announced by the King in his address at the opening of the Legislative session on the 2d of March 1830. The reply made by the Chamber of Deputies, shewed clearly that the Ministry would find no favor with that body; this had been anticipated and the session was accordingly prorogued, with a view to the ulterior dissolution of the intractable Chamber. The Liberal Party having by this time taken the alarm, their journals which had been previously filled with invectives against the Ministers for their apathy under the insults of a Barbarian, now loudly condemned the objects of the expedition and prophesied that it would be fruitless. The violence of these denunciations induced the Ministry to insert an article in the *Moniteur* of April 30th, which although unofficial, was afterwards formally acknowledged to be the expression of the sentiments of the Government. This article was composed with much care, and although no one of its statements taken separately can be contradicted, yet their arrangement, the omissions of important circumstances and the stu-

died obscurity of the language on certain points, rendered the result of the whole the opposite of that which would arise from a candid exposition. General Alexandre de Laborde made an able reply in the *Constitutionnel* of the 26th of the same month; he fully demonstrated the unimportance of the African Concessions, the seizure of which was made the principal grounds of the difference, in the Ministerial declaration; he shewed that the bad faith of the Government and of its agents had given the Dey just cause of discontent, that the weakness and indecision of the late Ministry had provoked and encouraged his insults, and that the real end of the expedition then in preparation, was to subdue, not the barbarians of Africa, but the friends of true liberty in France. Motives of patriotism, and feeling for the honor of the country may indeed have influenced the Ministry in adopting this resolution; but there can be no doubt that its principal object was to sustain the despotic party in France, by reproducing in the people that admiration for military glory, which experience has shewn to be incompatible with respect for institutions founded on equality of rights.

To the announcement of its intentions with regard to Algiers, the French Ministry received the most satisfactory answers from many of the Powers of the European Continent. The British Government however, which had manifested its disapprobation of the plan for establishing the Egyptian authority in Barbary, was still more unwilling that France should possess a country, "which in the hands of a more civilized and enlightened Government, could not fail to exercise an important influence over the commerce and maritime interests of the Mediterranean Powers." The French Ambassador at London, when requested to explain more fully, replied by "the most positive assurances of the entirely disinterested views of the Cabinet of the Tuilleries;" and the British Ambassador at Paris on addressing the same demand to Prince Polignac, was informed "that a satisfactory answer would soon be given respecting the objects of the expedition, and the future destiny of the Regency of Algiers in case of success."

Accordingly on the 30th of March the French Ambassador at London communicated to Lord Aberdeen then Secretary for Foreign Affairs, a letter from Prince Polignac, in which after enumerating the various grievances suffered by France from Algiers, and stating the conviction of his Government that treaties would be of no avail in preventing their recurrence, he declared that his Sovereign had resolved to seek redress by force, and at the same time to advance the interests of humanity, by abolishing piracy, Christian slavery and the payment of tribute to the Barbary Regencies; "and if," concludes the Prince, "in the approaching struggle, the Government now existing at Algiers should be dissolved, the King whose views in this question are entirely disinterested, will concert with his Allies respecting the new order of things, which should for the greatest advantage of the Christian world replace the system overthrown, and be most proper to secure the ends thus proposed by His Majesty." This letter was considered by the British Cabinet, as "scarcely affording that entire satisfaction which might be reasonably expected;" and its Ambassador at Paris was in consequence instructed to insist upon an official assurance from the

French Government, that it "renounced all views of territorial possession or aggrandizement." The despatch containing this instruction was read to Prince Polignac, who repeated in general terms that "the expedition was not undertaken with a view to obtain territorial acquisitions," adding however that "he had no objection to give any assurance, which might be calculated to remove the uneasiness of the British Government."

For this assurance Lord Aberdeen waited for some time in vain; on the 21st of April the French Ambassador read to him a letter from the Prince containing a declaration sufficiently explicit and satisfactory; but he was not authorized to give a copy of it, and applications were again made to the French Government. Polignac whose only object was to gain time, evaded these applications by the liberal employment of petty artifices; at length on the 17th of May, when the expedition was about to sail, the French Ambassador delivered to Lord Aberdeen an official copy of a despatch addressed to him by his Government in the form of a circular to the different courts of Europe. In this circular the King of France declared to his Allies that his objects were to obtain redress for the injuries committed by Algiers, to secure the French possessions in Africa from future aggressions, and to receive indemnification for the expenses of the war, as well as to effect the abolition of piracy Christian slavery and the exaction of tribute; and that until these ends should be attained and sufficiently secured he would not lay down his arms nor recall his troops from Africa. In case the existing Government of Algiers should be overthrown, he would immediately concert with the other Powers as to the new order of things to be there established, for the greatest advantage of the Christian world; and as it was probable that they might soon be required to give their opinions on this subject, he invited each Government without delay to furnish its Representative in France with the proper instructions. "His majesty," says the French Minister in the despatch, "will appear at these deliberations, ready to furnish every additional explanation which may be desired, disposed to take into consideration the rights and interests of all, not bound by anterior engagements, at liberty to accept any proposition which may tend to assure the attainment of the result indicated, and free from all feelings of personal interest."

Not satisfied with such vague promises, the British Minister replied through the Ambassador at Paris, that although "no further suspicion could be entertained of any design on the part of the French Government to establish a military occupation of the Regency, or to accomplish such a change in the state of territorial possession on the shores of the Mediterranean, as should affect the interest of European Powers," yet "he could not avoid calling the attention of Prince Polignac to the peculiar situation of Algiers in its relation to the Ottoman Porte;" that although "many Governments of Europe had contracted engagements with that Regency as an independent State," and others "continued to regard the Barbary States as essentially dependant on the Turkish Empire," yet "the supremacy of the Sultan was allowed by all;" he therefore "submitted to the serious consideration of the Prince, what must be the effect of a precedent, which thus disposes of the rights of a third party, against whom no complaint whatever

has been alleged." To this no reply was made, and the negotiation or rather the discussion ended.

The preceding statement of the correspondence between the French and British Governments, relative to the disposition to be made of Algiers in the event of its conquest, is drawn from the official letters which passed on the occasion; they were published in compliance with a call made by Lord Aberdeen in the House of Peers of Great Britain on the 3d of May 1833. From an examination of those documents, it appears that no engagement was entered into by the French Government to recall its troops from Algiers at any period; equally unfounded is the assertion made by the French historical writers, respecting the reply of Prince Polignac to the British Ambassador, that "France when insulted asked the aid of no power in avenging its honor, and would be accountable to none for the disposal of its conquests." It would be impossible to give a summary of the results of the negotiation more satisfactory, or drawn from a source entitled to greater consideration, than that presented by Lord Aberdeen when he called for the production of the Correspondence in the House of Lords; "no Convention was signed on the subject, nor was any express stipulation entered into for the evacuation of Algiers by the French force; but important engagements were contracted, which in reference to all the Powers interested in the commerce of the Mediterranean, and in the territorial arrangements of that part of the world, were calculated to allay apprehensions which might reasonably have existed respecting the occupation of Algiers by the French."

There were difficulties also within the Ministerial Council. The preparations for the expedition were nearly completed, before it was known who was to command it. Three Marshals and six Lieutenant Generals are said to have been successively proposed and rejected; at length the Moniteur of the 20th of April, the same which contained the defence of the objects of the expedition, announced that the King had appointed Count de Bourmont the Minister of War, to the command of the *Army of Africa*, as it was termed. The appointment to a station so responsible of a man who had betrayed every cause in which he engaged is said to have received the unwilling assent of the King; it was considered a fortunate circumstance by the Liberal Party, as it contributed to excite the indignation of the whole country, and to deprive the Government of the popularity, which it might otherwise have gained by the expedition.

On the day when his nomination was published, Bourmont left Paris for Toulon, the affairs of his Department having been committed during his absence to Prince Polignac. He was followed by the Minister of the Marine, and soon after by the Duke d'Angouleme, who as grand Admiral of France came to review the armament before its departure.

Certainly never did the harbor of Toulon, nor any other harbor exhibit a more gallant spectacle.

The Army of Africa was composed of thirty-seven thousand six hundred and fifty men; the number of horses employed in the different branches of its service was three thousand eight hundred and fifty-three, and the artillery consisted of one hundred and eighty pieces of cannon. This force was arranged in three divisions, which were placed severally under the commands of

Lieutenant Generals the Baron de Barthezène, Count de Lovere, and the Duke d'Escars; the Chief Engineer was General Valazé and the artillery was directed by Count de la Hite. The number of ships of war was one hundred and three, including eleven of the line, twenty-three frigates and seven steam ships; they were manned by twenty-seven thousand seamen, and carried more than three thousand guns. They were arranged in three squadrons; the *Squadron of Battle* commanded by Admiral Duperré, who conducted the naval operations of the expedition; the *Squadron of Disembarkation* by Admiral Rosamel, and the *Squadron of Reserve* by Captain Lemoine. Between four and five hundred merchant vessels were engaged for the transportation of horses, provisions and materials, and many others were allowed to accompany the fleet, laden with various articles which might be needed. Of the equipments and accompaniments of this force, it would be difficult to convey an adequate idea, without entering into details which might not prove generally interesting; suffice it to say that no expense was spared to render them complete, and that nothing was neglected, which could contribute to the attainment of the end proposed. Upon the whole, the armament was superior to any other which in modern times has crossed a sea; those led by Charles the Fifth against Tunis and Algiers, the famed *Spanish Armada* sent by Philip the Second for the invasion of England, and even the mighty expedition conducted by Napoleon to Egypt being each inferior to it in appointments, in naval force, and in the numerical amount of the persons engaged.

All things being in readiness the embarkation of the troops was commenced on the 11th of May, and having been conducted with the utmost order and precision, it was terminated in a week. On the 25th the wind being favorable the first squadron sailed out of the harbor; the second followed on the 26th, and the third on the 27th. They directed their course for Algiers; it was however arranged that in case of separation by storm or other unexpected occurrence, the place of rendezvous would be Palma the capital of the Island of Majorca.

Scarcely had the first squadron quitted Toulon, ere it was met by a Turkish frigate escorted by one of the ships of the squadron which was blockading Algiers. The Turkish frigate bore no less a personage than Tahir Pasha the Capudan Pasha or High Admiral of Turkey, who had been sent by the Sultan with full powers to arrange the differences between France and the Dey. He had sailed first to Algiers, where he intended to command Hussein to accept the terms required by the French, and in case of refusal to depose him and take possession of the place in the name of the Sultan; but the commander of the blockading squadron off that place had received orders to suffer no ship to enter the harbor, and Tahir finding it impossible to land, hastened to Toulon in hopes that his representations might prevent the sailing of the expedition. Well was it for the Pasha, that he was not permitted to enter Algiers, for Hussein who knew of his approach and of the objects of his visit, had prepared to have him strangled as soon as he landed.

The Turkish Ambassador on meeting the French fleet, boarded the Admiral's ship, and had a conference with Bourmont which of course proved ineffectual; he then continued his voyage to Toulon, where he

was placed in quarantine immediately on his arrival. Thence he attempted to transmit his communications to the Government, but great care had been taken to prevent them from reaching their destination. The British Ambassador asked explanations from the French Minister as to the objects of his visit, and endeavored to procure a hearing for him; but Prince Polignac adroitly evaded the questions, by confessing with the greatest apparent frankness, that he was entirely ignorant for what purpose the Turkish Ambassador was sent. Tahir at length seeing that it was useless to remain longer, and have "his beard thus laughed at," went back to Constantinople.

Before the scene of the history is changed to Africa, it may be stated, that on the 15th of May, while all France was intent upon the preparations for the departure of the expedition, an ordinance appeared in the *Moniteur* dissolving the Chamber of Deputies. A few days after a partial change was made in the Ministerial Body by the introduction of persons still more opposed to liberal institutions than those whom they replaced, and still more odious to the nation at large. The French Ministry subsisted as thus organized until the 28th of July, when Charles the Tenth ceased to reign.

A LAY OF RUIN.

BY MISS DRAPER.

'Twas nightfall—and the stars their pale light threw
Upon the Cortées, and her joyous crew,
Propitious heaven a friendly cool wind gave,
That fanned them gently o'er the silvery wave:
Upon the deck, mingled the gay and young,
In giddy motion—while the pleasant sound,
The lively note of merry music rung
In lightsome echoes, on the water round.
Oh! it is glorious, when on ocean far,
A prosperous crew their jovial revels keep,
Gazing on Beauty 'neath the midnight star,
And dancing on the bosom of the deep.

Amid his mates, thick gather'd round the mast,
The laughing sailor whistles loud, and sings
Of storm, and shipwreck, and strange dangers past,
Of sharks, and crocodile, and all such things
As eat men up at sea—and then anon,
Of Heathen temples, and of Christian domes,
Of Greenland Beauties, in a freezing zone,
And dark-ey'd Donnas, in their sunny homes.

Far from the rest—pensive, and silently,
Mute as a statue, Sobieski stood,
A banish'd Pole—a gallant soldier he,
Of noble aspect, and of noble blood.
It wanted not the aid of tongue to speak,
All Sobieski had been—or was now:
The silent tear, upon his manly cheek,
The thick, deep furrows of his lofty brow,—
His faded lip, his melancholy gaze,
Told the sad history of gone-by days.
And closely by his side a frail girl clung,
The proud Pole's daughter: with a tearless eye,
And pensive smile—upon his arm she hung,
Like some pale being from the distant sky.

A breeze arose—it was a joyous breeze—
 And as they hurry through the parting seas,
 From highest mast the anxious tars look out:
 "Land, land ahead!" the hopeful sailors shout.
 It blew a gale—it blew a heavy gale—
 With dexterous hand they furl the rattling sail.
 A tempest came—against a frightful rock
 The Cortées struck—hearts quiver'd with the shock.
 "Down with the life-boat," 'twas a fearful cry;
 And oaths, and prayers, went mingling through the sky.
 By raging winds and furious breakers lash'd,
 'Gainst the tall cliffs again the Cortées dash'd—
 On the white waves a scatter'd wreck she lay,
 And the wild billows roll'd her mast away.

Slowly, but safe, the crowded life-boat bore
 Its precious burden, to the nearing shore—
 And as with breathless haste the thankful crew
 Leapt on the land, all hands were safe but two;
 But two were wanting, two, and two alone,
 The Polish Maiden! and the exiled one!

They two had linger'd on the Cortées, till
 The hardy Captain, seeing all must fly,
 Tore down a light boat; with a dismal cry,
 And frantic rush, the slender bark they fill.
 For life—for life—the weary sailors row'd.
 For life—for life—Oh! 'twas a vain endeavor;
 The little skiff o'erburden'd with its load,
 Was slowly sinking in the waves forever—
 Ah! which of them, with land in sight, could bear
 To meet Death thus? Hope makes a coward brave,
 And they who might have shudder'd in despair,
 Kept fearlessly above the billowy wave—
 The dexterous swimmers, reach'd the life-boat's crew,
 And Sobieski could have reach'd it too;
 But in one arm his terror'd child he bore,
 And with the other battled with the sea:
 Bravely he toil'd to gain the distant shore;
 The rest were there already—only he,
 And his wan daughter, with exhausted breath,
 Were flying from the watery jaws of Death.
 At length, the frenzied Pole beheld the land,
 And eagerly with a Father's tender hand,
 Fondly, he raised Pascobi's drooping head;
 She trembled not—her terror all had fled—
 The Polish maid was with the fearless dead!

The distant thunder murmur'd through the air,
 The lightning gleam'd amid the clouds afar,
 The hollow wind went whistling—low, away
 On unknown journees. Light, and lovely day
 Were brightly dawning on that lonely spot,
 Where lay the victim of the direful storm,
 So still—so pale—so beautiful—with not
 An eye to weep for her. In holy calm,
 And silent grief, her sire was kneeling by—
 Pascobi slept, as free from care as pain—
 And 'twere a sin that e'en a father's sigh
 Should wake that daughter into life again.

Once, Sobieski under Poland's sun
 Had proudly lorded over lands his own—
 And now, his Spirit could not stoop to ask
 A Stranger to bestow on him a grave—
 He took his pale child, 'twas a bitter task,
 And buried her beneath the quiet wave.

BALLAD.

Far 'neath the dim mountains
 The daylight dies—
 And Heaven is opening
 Her starry eyes;
 The Moon o'er the tree-tops
 Looks down on the stream,
 Where the castle's broad shadow
 Sleeps—dark as a dream.

From the Oriel-lattice
 A bright Lady gazed—
 Her eyes—sad—though tearless,
 To heaven upraised.
 Her brow was all paleness—
 Yet beauty dwelt there—
 A picture of sorrow
 With raven dark hair.

She marked not the softness
 Of dim vale and stream—
 The mist on the mountain—
 The lake's distant gleam—
 She saw not the mimic
 Dew-star in the grass,
 Nor the pale damp that hung o'er
 The haunted morass.

She heard not the owl's
 Sad song from the wood—
 Nor the rush of his wings as
 He sailed o'er the flood—
 Nor rapid hoofs ringing,
 And neigh echoed shrill,
 As the hurrying horseman
 Spurred over the hill.

Oh! her thoughts were far distant
 Far—far—in the land,
 Where her gallant crusader
 Held knightly command.
 She prays for his safety,
 Who sleeps in his gore
 By the crimson-dyed sands of
 Far Galilee's shore.

The dark waving cypress
 O'ershadows his grave—
 A cross tells the pilgrim
 Where sleepeth the brave—
 And the horseman who knocks at
 The castle-gate,
 Hath a tale for its Lady,
 A seal for her fate.

W. M. L.

THE GOURD OF JONAH.

The gourd mentioned in Jonah as springing up in one night, is in the Hebrew 'Kikajon.' St. Jerom and many others call it ivy. St. Jerom, however, acknowledges ivy to be an improper translation. The Kikajon, according to Galmét, is a non-parasitical shrub found in the sandy places of Palestine. It grows with rapidity, and has thick leaves resembling those of a vine.

THE COUSIN OF THE MARRIED, AND THE COUSIN OF THE DEAD.

[From the French.]

There was found, under the Restoration, a man who was surnamed *The Cousin of the Married*, and who merited the appellation by a course of industry and ingenuity truly singular. He repaired every morning to the office of the Mayor of the twelve districts of Paris, and stationed himself before the little grate, where are endorsed notices of all marriages about to take place. He read attentively the names of the affianced persons, learned their qualities, and informed himself of their fortune. When he obtained all this information, the ingenious Cousin made his choice, always deciding, however, in favor of that marriage which was expected to attract the greatest number of guests, and which promised the most sumptuous dinner. He would then buy an enormous *bouquet*, put on his fine black coat, a pair of open-work stockings and light pumps, and then take from his handbox his new hat; so attired he would proceed cautiously among the carriages, with a buoyant step, to the church where the marriage ceremony was to be performed, join the crowd of attendants, and officiously offer to hold the nuptial veil. When the benediction was pronounced, he created himself *Master of Ceremonies*, leading the way to the carriages, giving his hand to the ladies, carefully lifting their dresses to prevent them from coming in contact with the coach wheels, shutting the coach doors and bidding the drivers proceed to the appointed hotel. For himself he was no less careful, as he always contrived to secure a place for himself in one of the carriages, so as to arrive with the rest of the company. It was then that he was brilliant, and then that his liveliness and gaiety served to beguile, with the company, the tedious hour before dinner. He had for all some remark to excite laughter—he repeated a pleasant little story, adapted to the time and circumstance of the assembly—he hastened the preparations for the repast—humorously recommended the guests to be patient, and to prepare their appetites for eating, and when all was ready he would announce the fact himself. He was the Major Domo of the house—the man indispensable—the commissary of the feast. Every voice was in his praise—“*that gentleman is very amiable*”—and if any one indiscreetly inquired his name, it was answered that he was presumed to be the parent or friend of the bride, or a cousin or an intimate friend of the groom.

But it was at the table that his efforts to please were particularly conspicuous. He would post himself in the place of honor—seize the great carving-knife—cut up the meats with admirable promptness and dexterity, and carefully and politely wait upon every guest. He directed the servants, overlooked the courses, and tasted the wines. Then when the dessert was brought, he would take from his pocket a piece of pink paper, mysteriously unfold it, and sing from it a stanza in honor of the newly married couple, composed by himself expressly for the occasion. The good fellow knew but one little story and but one stanza, but he served them up every morning in a new edition.

Unfortunately this witty sharper was one day detected in his career of imposition. Seduced by the attraction of great names, he went to the marriage festival

of a rich nobleman of the Fauborg St. Germain. He had assisted at the mass—returned in an elegant barouche to the hotel—had glided unobserved into the parlor, and stood waiting for a suitable opportunity to rehearse his amusing little story, and to commence his *impromptu* remarks, so often before repeated. All at once he became the object of general attention; all at once he found all eyes fixed upon him. The mistress of the feast had counted her plates and her guests, and had ascertained that of the latter there was one too many. She was astonished to find on inquiring the name of the Cousin, that no one knew him, and that no one recognized him as a friend. For the first time the *Cousin of the Married* lost his self-possession and his assurance. How was he to escape the gaze of the eyes fixed upon him? How was he to answer the questions which might be addressed to him? Presently, a gentleman advances towards him and asks—“By which of the married couple were you invited—on which side are you?”

“On which side?” said the Cousin of the Married, taking his hat, “on the side of the door;” and so saying, he quickly descended the stairs and left the house. Since that day no one has heard tell of him.

But if we have no longer the Cousin of the Married, we have now the *Cousin of the Dead*, an expression equally as significant as the first.

Ruined by the Revolution of 1793, the Count of V***, was obliged to accept of a very modest employment. In consequence of a change in the Ministry, the old clerk was compelled to leave his office, with no other resource to sustain life, than a miserable income of 400 francs per annum. He was old, and alone in the world. His strength did not permit him to labor, and by constantly dwelling on his poverty, he became melancholy, and subsequently fell dangerously sick. By carefully attending to the advice of a physician, who generously refused to accept the small sum the old man offered to give for his services, he became, in time, somewhat restored. This physician prescribed for his patient, on pain of a relapse, frequent exercise and a daily ride. You may judge of the poor man's embarrassment! How could he ride every day in a carriage, when his little income was scarcely sufficient to procure the essentials of life? The smallest excursion in a cabriolet cost twenty-five sous—one excursion per day would be four hundred and fifty francs per annum, and his whole yearly income amounted to only four hundred. At that time omnibusses were not invented.

He was beginning to despond when the heavens sent him succor. In passing near St. Rock, he observed that the gate of the church was hung in black, and that a long line of vehicles were in waiting to conduct a funeral procession to *Père La Chaise*. The coachmen were on their seats, and their strong and beautiful horses, covered with the trappings of mourning, were awaiting with impatience, the moment of departure. The advice of the physician recurred with great force to the mind of poor V***—a feeling of jealousy glided into his inoffensive heart. He envied the fortune of those who could thus ride gratis—he envied, for one instant, the happy destiny of the deceased, in being conveyed to his last earthly home, in a splendid hearse, drawn by four magnificent horses. Feeling a curiosity to know the name and history of one upon whom fortune had so lavished

her favors, he entered the church and piously knelt down among the mourners. V*** had on his only black coat, and he was immediately taken for one of the friends of the deceased, and after the ceremonies in the church, was offered a place in one of the funeral carriages. The occasion was too opportune to be neglected, and he gladly jumped into the wished-for carriage.

On the way, a thousand ideas passed through his imagination. He thanked heaven for having furnished him with the means to fulfil, in so economical a manner, the recommendation of his physician. He accompanied the corpse to the grave—saw the coffin laid in the tomb, and on leaving the churchyard, he found the coach in waiting, and the coachman ready to convey him home.

Since that event V*** has become the willing assistant of all public interments; and what was, at first, only useful as a means of exercise, has become for him a pleasure and a delight. He goes to a funeral as others go to the theatre, to a ball, or to a festival. He daily reads the lists of deaths in the city, and these lists are to him a journal, and the only one for which he conceives there is any use. Still more, he has taken lodgings opposite the dwelling of the undertaker, and every morning he crosses the street to converse with the undertaker, and inform himself of the burials of the day. He puts on his blue surtout or his black dress, according to the rank and fortune of the deceased, the expenses of the funeral, &c., and for all grand ceremonies he wears crape on his arm. V*** is now generally known by the title of *the Cousin of the Dead*. For fifteen years he has not missed a single funeral. His views are too liberal to adopt party feelings; he has assisted to inter Bellart and Manuel, Talma and the Bishop of Beauvais, a female follower of St. Simon and the lady Superior of the Convent of Minimes, and he hopes to live to inter many other characters equally distinguished. He once presented to the Chamber of Deputies, a petition for a law interdicting the embalming of infants, by which the number of funeral processions is materially lessened.

The Cousin of the Dead possesses a remarkably expansive sensibility, and an extraordinary quantity of sympathy for the afflictions of others. He feels the grief of a bereaved mother, the despair of a heart-broken widow, the sorrow of a childless father, with the poignancy of truth. Many a legator, in noticing his sorrow at the grave, has taken him for a disinherited relative; many a mother has been gratified to see him shed tears over her favorite son, and many an husband, on losing a beloved wife, has been astonished at his grief over her remains. He composes funeral orations for all illustrious persons; the burial place is his life and his world. At times, struck with the appearance of grief depicted on his countenance, the friends of the dead have desired him to be the principal mourner.

One day, during the burial of a personage of considerable importance, the Cousin of the Dead was observed to shed an abundance of tears. One of the mourners approached him and desired that he would make a few appropriate remarks—*jeter quelques fleurs sur le cercueil*—on the individual whose remains they had just deposited in the cold grave. The procession closed around him as he prepared to speak.

"The tomb," said he, "is again about to enclose the remains of a distinguished citizen." He stopped for a

moment, and inquired, in a low voice, the name of the deceased. He was answered, "Augustin Leger."

"Augustin Leger," he resumed, "was a man, grave and austere. His long life was but a continued series of virtuous and benevolent acts. He was entirely devoted to the holy, the legitimate cause of—"

He was a regicide!

"The rights of the sovereign people. His disinterestedness—"

He was a usurer!

"His laudable economy, his aversion to luxury, his unassuming and modest deportment, had gained for him universal esteem. But still more worthy of admiration were his virtues in private life—his patience, his humility, and his devoted and unchangeable attachment to the wife of his bosom, the lady of his choice."

He had been divorced!

"For his children he cherished the most affectionate and tender regard."

He had driven them from his house!

"Virtuous friend! May the earth rest lightly on thy coffin!"

THE DUC DE L'OMELETTE.

BY EDGAR A. POE.

And stepped at once into a cooler climate.

Couper.

Keats fell by a criticism. Who was it died of *The Andromache*?* Ignoble souls!—De L'Omelette perished of an ortolan. *L'histoire en est breve*—assist me Spirit of Apicius!

A golden cage bore the little winged wanderer, enamored, melting, indolent, to the *Chaussette D'Antin*, from its home in far Peru. From its queenly possessor La Bellissima, to the Duc De L'Omelette, six peers of the empire conveyed the happy bird. It was "All for Love."

That night the Duc was to sup alone. In the privacy of his bureau, he reclined languidly on that ottoman for which he sacrificed his loyalty in outbidding his king—the notorious ottoman of Cadet.

He buries his face in the pillow—the clock strikes! Unable to restrain his feelings, his Grace swallows an olive. At this moment the door gently opens to the sound of soft music, and lo! the most delicate of birds is before the most enamored of men! But what inexpressible dismay now overshadows the countenance of the Duc?—"Horreur!—chien!—Baptiste!—l'oiseau! ah, bon Dieu! cet oiseau modeste que tu as deshabillé de ses plumes, et que tu as servi sans papier!" It is superfluous to say more—the Duc expired in a paroxysm of disgust.

* * * * *
"Ha! ha! ha!"—said his Grace on the third day after his decease.

"He! he! he!"—replied the Devil faintly, drawing himself up with an air of hauteur.

"Why, surely you are not serious"—retorted De L'Omelette. "I have sinned—*c'est vrai*—but, my good

* Montfleury. The author of the *Parnasse Reformé* makes him thus express himself in the shade. "The man then who would know of what I died, let him not ask if it were of the fever, the dropsy, or the gout; but let him know that it was of *The Andromache*."

air, consider!—you have no actual intention of putting such—such—barbarous threats into execution.”

“No what?”—said His Majesty—“come sir, strip!”

“Strip indeed!—very pretty i’ faith!—no, sir, I shall not strip. Who are you, pray, that I, Duc De L’Omelette, Prince de Foio-Gras, just come of age, author of the ‘Mazurkiad,’ and Member of the Academy, should divest myself at your bidding of the sweetest pantaloons ever made by Bourdon, the daintiest *robe-de-chambre* ever put together by Rombert—to say nothing of the taking my hair out of paper—not to mention the trouble I should have in drawing off my gloves?”

“Who am I?—ah, true! I am Baal-Zebub, Prince of the Fly. I took thee just now from a rose-wood coffin inlaid with ivory. Thou wast curiously scented, and labelled as per invoice. Belial sent thee—my Inspector of Cemeteries. The pantaloons, which thou sayest were made by Bourdon, are an excellent pair of linen drawers, and thy *robe-de-chambre* is a shroud of no scanty dimensions.”

“Sir!” replied the Duc, “I am not to be insulted with impunity!—Sir! I shall take the earliest opportunity of avenging this insult!—Sir! you shall hear from me! In the meantime *au revoir*!—and the Duc was bowing himself out of the Satanic presence, when he was interrupted and brought back by a gentleman in waiting. Hereupon his Grace rubbed his eyes, yawned, shrugged his shoulders, reflected. Having become satisfied of his identity, he took a bird’s eye view of his whereabouts.

The apartment was superb. Even De L’Omelette pronounced it *bien comme il faut*. It was not very long, nor very broad,—but its height—ah, that was appalling! There was no ceiling—certainly none—but a dense, whirling mass of fiery-colored clouds. His Grace’s brain reeled as he glanced upwards. From above, hung a chain of an unknown blood-red metal—its upper end lost, like C—, *parmi les nues*. From its nether extremity hung a large cresset. The Duc knew it to be a ruby—but from it there poured a light so intense, so still, so terrible, Persia never worshipped such—Gheber never imagined such—Mussulman never dreamed of such when drugged with opium he has tottered to a bed of poppies, his back to the flowers, and his face to the God Apollo! The Duc muttered a slight oath decidedly aporobatory.

The corners of the room were rounded into niches. Three of these were filled with statues of gigantic proportions. Their beauty was Grecian, their deformity Egyptian, their *tout ensemble* French. In the fourth niche the statue was veiled—it was not colossal. But then there was a taper ankle, a sandalled foot. De L’Omelette laid his hand upon his heart, closed his eyes, raised them, and caught his Satanic Majesty—in a blush.

But the paintings!—Kupris! Astarte! Astoreth!—a thousand and the same! And Raffaele has beheld them! Yes, Raffaele has been here; for did he not paint the—? and was he not consequently damned? The paintings!—the paintings! O Luxury! O Love!—who gazing on those forbidden beauties shall have eyes for the dainty devices of the golden frames that lie imbedded and asleep against those swellings walls of eider down?

But the Duc’s heart is fainting within him. He is

not, however, as you suppose, dizzy with magnificence, nor drunk with the ecstatic breath of those innumerable censers. *C’est vrai que de toutes ces choses il a pénétré beaucoup—mais!* The Duc De L’Omelette is terror-stricken; for through the lurid vista which a single uncurtained window is affording, lo! gleams the most ghastly of all fires!

Le Pauvre Duc! He could not help imagining that the glorious, the voluptuous, the never-dying melodies which pervaded that hall, as they passed filtered and transmuted through the alchemy of the enchanted window panes, were the wailings and the howlings of the hopeless and the damned! And there too—there—upon that ottoman!—who could he be?—he, the *petit-maitre*—no, the Deity—who sat as if carved in marble, *et qui sourit*, with his pale countenance, *si amèrement*.

* * * * *

Mais il faut agir—that is to say a Frenchman never faints outright. Besides, his Grace hated a scene—De L’Omelette is himself again. There were some foils upon a table—some points also. The Duc had studied under B—, *il avait tué ses six hommes*. Now then *il peut s’échapper*. He measures two points, and, with a grace inimitable, offers his Majesty the choice. *Horreur!* his Majesty does not fence!

Mais il joue!—what a happy thought! But his Grace had always an excellent memory. He had dipped in the “*Diable*” of the Abbé Gualtier. Therein it is said “*que le Diable n’ose pas refuser un jeu d’Ecarté*.”

But the chances—the chances! True—desperate: but not more desperate than the Duc. Besides, was he not in the secret?—had he not skimmed over Pere Le Brun? was he not a member of the Club Vingt-un? “*Si Je perds*,” said he, “*Je serai deux fois perdu*,” I shall be doubly damned—*voilà tout!* (Here his Grace shrugged his shoulders) *Si Je gagne Je serai libre,—que les cartes soient préparés!*

* * * * *

His Grace was all care, all attention—his Majesty all confidence. A spectator would have thought of Francis and Charles. His Grace thought of his game. His Majesty did not think—he shuffled. The Duc *coups*.

The cards are dealt. The trump is turned—it is—it is—the king! No—it was the queen. His Majesty cursed her masculine habiliments. De L’Omelette laid his hand upon his heart.

They play. The Duc counts. The hand is out. His Majesty counts heavily, smiles, and is taking wine. The Duc slips a card.

“*C’est à vous à faire*”—said his Majesty cutting. His Grace bowed, dealt, and arose from the table *en présentant le Roi*.

His Majesty looked chagrined.

Had the drunkard not been Alexander, he would have been Diogenes; and the Duc assured his Majesty in taking leave “*que s’il n’était pas De L’Omelette il n’aurait point d’objection d’être le Diable*.”

THE ILIAD.

Mr. H. N. Coleridge says there would be no difficulty in composing a complete epic poem with as much symmetry of parts as is seen in the Iliad, from the English ballads on Robin Hood.

RUSTIC COURTSHIP

IN NEW ENGLAND.

[From the lips of an Octogenarian.]

Won by the charms
Of goodness irresistible. Thomson.

"You see, ma'am," said the old man, "my mother died when I was twelve years old. About that time old Mr. C— came down, and set up for a great merchant. Well, his wife was sick, and she sent to —, where she came from, for a widow-woman to come and take care of her. This widow-woman had three children. Her husband, had been a sea-faring man, and he was wrecked and lost down there at Halifax,—and left his wife with nothing at all, and these three children to take care of."

"Well, my daddy, ma'am, fell in with her, some how or other, and married her. She was a nice woman—as good a mother as ever was,—and had great *larning*, and knew how to do every thing,—only she didn't know *nothing* about country-work, you see. Well, her oldest daughter came down, (for my dad had agreed to take one of the children,) and she was a nice gal; and a while after the boy came down. Well, there was nothing said; we all worked along; and the daughter she got married—married Mr. H—, (you know his folks?)—he broke his neck afterwards, falling from his horse."

"Well, a while after this tother daughter came down. Debby was dreadful plain!—I thought she was *dreadful plain*!—but she was a nice gal—smart, working—and good to every body. You see, there were four young children of the second crop, and they had got ragged; and Debby spun, and wove, and clothed, and mended them up. Well, she went back,—but they couldn't live without her, and sent for her again, and so she came. She took care of every thing—saw to my things, and had them all in order,—and every thing comfortable for me in the winter, when I went in the woods,—but I thought nothing, no more than if she'd been my sister."

"Well, by this time I was a youngish man; and in my day, the young folks had a sort of a frolic every night. I used to go,—and sometimes went home with one gal, sometimes with another,—but never thought of Debby. Well, there was a Mr. — came to see her, but she wouldn't have nothing to say to him; and after that, one came from the Shoals—a rich man's son; his father gave him a complete new vessel, and every thing to load her; but Debby wouldn't have nothing to do with him *nother*. Then I *wasn't worth so much as this stick*!—Well, I wondered, and so I says to mother, "Mother, what's the reason Debby wont take this man?—she'll never better herself!"—"Don't you know, John?" says mother. "No." So I says to Debby—"Why don't you have him, Debby?" "Because," says Debby, says she, "if I can't have the one I want, I wont have nobody!"

"Well, I thought nothing,—but went on, frolicking here, and frolicking there, till one night as I was going home, just towards day, with one of my mates, says I, "Tom," says I, "I wont go to another frolic these two months! If I do, I'll give you a dollar!"—"You?" says he—"you'll go afore two nights!" "Well, you'll see," says I.—Well, I stayed at home *steady*; and after

a while says father, says he to mother, "Suzy," says he, (for that was the way he always spoke to her—"Suzy," says he, "I guess John has got tired of raking about so,—and I'm glad of it." "I hope he has," says mother.

"Well, one day we were all sitting at table,—mother *not* there,—and father *not* there,—and the hired man next him,—(for we had a hired man, and hired gal,) and Debby was next to mother, and the gal next, and I between the hired man and hired gal. Well, mother was joking the hired man and gal,—(she was a great hand to joke,) and I cast an eye at Debby, and I thought, "I never see any body alter as you have, Debby!"—She looked handsome!—Well, Debby was weaving up stairs; and I was mowing down by the well, close by the house; and I felt kind of uneasy, and made an excuse to go in for a drink of water. Well, I went in;—and I went up stairs, and into tother chamber—not the one where Debby was weaving,—(for I was kind of bashful, you see,—) and then I went in where Debby was—but said nothing,—for I had never laid the weight of my finger on the gal in my life. At last, "Debby," says I, "what sort of a weaver are you, Debby?" "O, I guess I can get off as many yards as any body," says she; "and I want to get my web out, to go up on the hill to sister's, this afternoon." "Well," says I, "tell her to have something nice, for I shall be up there." "We shan't see you there, I guess," says Debby. "You will though," says I; "see if you don't!" Father had a great pasture on the hill,—a kind of farm like, (for my father was a rich man!—) so just afore night up I goes, and they had every thing in order. So a while after supper I says to Debby, "Debby, 'tis time for us to go, for 'twill be milking-time, by the time we get home." So we went right down across,—and on the way we talked the business over. I married her—and a better wife never wore shoe-leather!"

PALÆSTINE.

Palæstine derives its name from the Philistæi, who inhabited the coast of Judæa. It has also been called "The Holy Land" as being the scene of the birth, sufferings and death of our Redeemer. It was bounded on the north by Syria, on the east by Arabia Deserta, on the south by Arabia Petrea, and on the west by the Mediterranean. The principal divisions of the country were Galilee in the north, Samaria in the middle, and Judæa in the south. This country is at present under the Turkish yoke; and the oppression which it now experiences, as well as the visible effects of the divine displeasure, not only during the reign of Titus, and afterwards in the inundations of the northern barbarians, but also of the Saracens and Crusaders, are more than sufficient to have reduced this country, which has been extolled by Moses, and even by Julian the Apostate, for its fecundity, to its present condition of a desert. Galilee, the northern division, is divided by Josephus into Upper Galilee, called Galilee of the Gentiles because inhabited by heathen nations—and Lower Galilee which was adjacent to the sea of Tiberias, and which contained the tribes of Zebulon and Ashur. Galilee was a very populous country: containing, according to Josephus 204 cities, and towns, and paying 200 talents in tribute.

The middle district, Samaria, had its origin in a division of the people of Israel into two distinct kingdoms, during the reign of Jeroboam. One of these kingdoms, called Judah, consisted of such as adhered to the house of David, comprising the two tribes of Judah and Benjamin. The other ten tribes retained the name of Israelites under Jeroboam. Their capital was Samaria, which also became the name of their country. The Samaritans and people of Judæa were bitter enemies. The former differed in many respects from the strictness of the Mosaic law. Among the Judæans, the name of Samaritan was a term of reproach.

The southern division, Judæa, did not assume that name until after the return of the Jews from the Babylonian captivity—though it had been called long before “the kingdom of Judah,” in opposition to that of Israel. After the return, the tribe of Judah settled first at Jerusalem; but afterwards spreading over the whole country, gave it the name of “Judæa.”

The only rivers of any note in Palestine are the Jordan, and the Leontes, which latter passes through the northern extremity of Galilee. The Jordan, according to a curious story of Philip the Tetrarch, has its origin in a lake called Phiala, about ten miles north of Cæsarea of Samochon. This is said to have been ascertained by throwing into the lake some straw which came out where the river emerges from the ground, after having run fifteen miles beneath the surface of the earth—Manner the German, thinks this fabulous, and places the source of the river in Mount Paneas, in the province of Dan. The Jordan holds a south-westerly course—flows through the lake Samochon, or Samochonites, or as it is called in the Bible, Merom; after which, proceeding onwards till received by the sea of Tiberias, or lake of Genesareth, it emerges from this, and is finally lost in the Dead Sea. In ancient times it overflowed its banks annually, about the period of early harvest; and thus differing from most other rivers, which generally swell in the winter, it was supposed to have a subterraneous communication with the Nile. But now, we can perceive no rise, which is probably owing to the channel having been deepened by the swiftness of the current. The name is supposed to be derived from the Hebrew “Jarden,” on account of the river’s rapid “descent” through the country.

The Dead Sea, called also Asphaltites, from the “asphaltos,” or bitumen, which it throws up, is situated in Judæa, and near 100 miles long and 25 broad: but is called by Tacitus “*Lacus immenso ambitu*.” Its waters are extremely salt; but the vapors exhaled from them are found not to be so pestilential as they have been usually represented. It is supposed that the thirteen cities, of which Sodom and Gomorrah, as mentioned in the Bible, are the chief, were destroyed by a volcano, and once occupied the site of the Dead Sea. Earthquakes are now frequent in the country. Volumes of smoke are observed to issue from the lake, and new crevices are daily found on its margin.

The country is mountainous. The range of Libanus, so named on account of their snowy summits, from the Hebrew “Lebanon,” *white*, is imperfectly defined. The principal part of them lies towards the north of Galilee, but the name of Libanus is sometimes given to several parallel chains, which run through the whole extent of Palestine. Between two of these ranges lay a valley

so beautiful that some have called it a terrestrial Paradise; though situated in a much higher region than the greater part of the country, it enjoys perpetual spring—the trees are always green, and the orchards full of fruit. Libanus has been famed for its cedars. Mount Carmel is a celebrated mountain, properly belonging to Samaria, but on which the Syrians had an altar, *but not a temple*, dedicated to their god Carmelus. A priest of this deity, according to Tacitus, (Lib. 2, cap. 78,) foretold the accession of Vespasian to the throne.

The principal towns in Galilee were Dio-Cæsarea, Jotapata or Gath, Genesareth, and Tiberias. Tiberias was built by Herod, near the lake of the same name, and called after the emperor. After the taking of Jerusalem, there was at Tiberias a succession of Hebrew judges, till about the time of the abdication of Diocletian and Maximinianus. Epiphanius, bishop of Salamis, says that a Hebrew copy of St. John, and the Acts of the Apostles, was kept in this city.

The chief cities of Samaria were Neapolis, Antipatris, Archelais, Apollonia, Samaria, and Cæsarea. Cæsarea, was the principal, and was anciently called “Turris Stratonis.” It was much embellished by Herod, who named it Cæsarea in honor of Augustus—and was the station of the Roman governors. Samaria was situated on Mount Sameron, and was the residence of the kings of Israel, from the time of Omri, its founder, to the overthrow of the kingdom.

In Judæa, were the cities of Engedi, Herodium, Hebron, Beersheba, Jericho, and Jerusalem. Jericho was in the tribe of Benjamin, near the river Jordan; and is called by Moses the city of palm-trees, from the palms in the adjacent plain, which are also noticed by Tacitus. It was destroyed by Joshua, but afterwards rebuilt. Jerusalem, the capital, was anciently called Salem, or Jebus, by the Jebusites, who were in possession of it till the time of David; but it was then called by the Hebrews *Jeruschalaim*, signifying “the possession of the inheritance of peace.” “The Greeks and Romans called it by the name of Hierosolyma. It was built on several hills, of which Mount Sion, in the southern part of the city, was the largest. To the north was Acra, called the “second,” or “lower city”—on the east of which was Solomon’s temple, built on Mount Moriah. North-east of this was the Mount of Olives, and north of it Mount Calvary, the place of the crucifixion. This city was taken by Pompey, who thence derived his name of Hierosolymarius. It was also taken and destroyed by Titus, (in the year of our Lord 71, by the account of Tacitus—but according to Josephus,) on the 8th of Sept. A. D. 70—2177 years after its foundation.

In this siege 110,000 persons are said to have perished, and 97,000 to have been made prisoners, and as Josephus relates, sold as slaves, or thrown to wild beasts for the sport of the conquerors.

P.

MARTORELLI.

Martorelli was occupied for two years in a treatise to prove that the use of glass for windows was unknown to the ancients. Fifteen days after the publication of his folio, a house was found in Pompeii all whose windows were paned with glass.

LIVING ALONE.

BY T. FLINT.

There are, to whom to live alone,
 Sounds in their ear the funeral moan
 Of winter's night breeze, sad and deep,
 A prelude of sepulchral sleep.
 To live alone I have no dread,
 And careless hear upon my bed,
 Between the wintry night wind's howl,
 The hootings of the forest owl;
 Reckless I wrap myself in gloom,
 And court endurance for the tomb.
 Time was, my feelings were not so:
 When Spring upon the drifted snow
 Breath'd warm, and bade the waters flow;
 When turtles coo'd; on the green hills
 Skip'd the spring lambs, murmur'd the rills,
 And spread their cups the daffodils,
 I was as gay, and with me played
 Full many a budding, blue-eyed maid;
 My heart, the merriest thing of all,
 Bounded within me at the call
 Of laughing nature. Ah! 'twas then
 The thought of living far from men,
 And festive throngs, and social glee,
 Had seem'd a living death to me.
 I lov'd; but I was plain and poor—
 My fair one rich—and from the door
 She sign'd my passport—bade me go,
 And, as I might, digest my woe.
 One shrug'd, and said, "he must confess,
 To cling to one so purposeless,
 Would be a folly all would blame
 As more than due to friendship's claim."
 Another cut our feeble tie,
 Because I pass'd all chances by
 To mend my fortunes, unimprov'd,
 Too weak to be sustain'd, or lov'd.
 At last I found a pretty one,
 Who lov'd me for myself alone.
 I was thrice dear to her, but she
 A thousand times more dear to me:
 I was the happiest one that liv'd,
 And should have been, while she surviv'd.
 I saw her suffering, saw her fail—
 And in my eye the sun grew pale;
 Nature's stern debt she early paid,
 And in the earth my gem was laid:
 My heart then grew, as marble, cold—
 And, fortune's worst endur'd, grew bold.
 Supine in nature's busy hive,
 Men deem'd me dead, though still alive.
 One and another slid away,
 And left me lonely, old and gray.
 'Tis all a vanity, I said,
 And to my lot bow'd down my head—
 Found pensive gladness in my gloom,
 A prelude requiem of the tomb,
 And felt myself too sternly wise
 With useless grief to blear my eyes.
 As my slow hours still strike their knell,
 I fancy it my passing bell,
 And strive, ere yet I pass away,
 To grow insensible as clay.

THE VALLEY NIS.

BY E. A. POE.

Far away—far away—
 Far away—as far at least
 Lies that valley as the day
 Down within the golden East—
 All things lovely—are not they
 One and all, too far away?

It is called the valley Nis:
 And a Syriac tale there is
 Thereabout which Time hath said
 Shall not be interpreted:
 Something about Satan's dart
 Something about angel wings—
 Much about a broken heart—
 All about unhappy things:
 But "the valley Nis" at best
 Means "the valley of unrest."

Once it smil'd a silent dell
 Where the people did not dwell,
 Having gone unto the wars—
 And the sly, mysterious stars,
 With a visage full of meaning,
 O'er th' unguarded flowers were leaning,
 Or the sun-ray dripp'd all red
 Thro' tall tulips overhead,
 Then grew paler as it fell
 On the quiet Asphodel.

Now each visiter shall confess
 Nothing there is motionless:
 Nothing save the airs that brood
 O'er the enchanted solitude,
 Save the airs with pinions furled
 That slumber o'er that valley-world.
 No wind in Heaven, and lo! the trees
 Do roll like seas, in Northern breeze,
 Around the stormy Hebrides—
 No wind in Heaven, and clouds do fly,
 Rustling everlastingly,
 Thro' the terror-stricken sky,
 Rolling, like a waterfall,
 O'er th' horizon's fiery wall—
 And Helen, like thy human eye,
 Low crouched on Earth, some violets lie,
 And, nearer Heaven, some lilies wave
 All banner-like, above a grave.
 And one by one, from out their tops
 Eternal dews come down in drops,
 Ah, one by one, from off their stems
 Eternal dews come down in gems!

NEW TESTAMENT.

The Greek of the New Testament is by no means, whatever some zealots assert, the Greek of Homer, of Anacreon, or of Thucydides. It is thickly interspersed with Hebraisms, barbarisms, and theological expressions. The Evangelists differ much in style among themselves. St. Matthew is not as pure as St. John, nor he as St. Paul. St. Luke is the most correct—especially in the Acts.

CASTELLANUS,

OR THE CASTLE-BUILDER TURNED FARMER.

A pleasing land of drowsy head it was
Of dreams that wave before the half shut eye,
And of gay castles in the clouds that pass
Forever flushing round a summer sky.

Thomson.

MR. WHITE,—It is a long time since I threw my mite into the treasury of your book; Nugator's occupation's gone! was my ejaculation when last I wrote to you. The same devouring element which has recently plunged New York in misery and gloom, had just then triumphed over much of my earthly possessions, but over none more foolishly prized than sundry small wares which were intended for your market. As there was no prospect of getting Congress to extend the time of the payment of *my bonds*, to which one would think I was as justly entitled as the rich merchant, I had to set to work as best I might to repair the ravages of fire. In the midst of saws and hammers, of bricks and mortar, my ideas have been so vulgarized, that you must not expect to see a Phoenix rise from my ashes. From me you must never expect any thing but trifles, as my signature portends; yet when I reflect that this world is made up of small things as well as great, and that the former are as essential to constitute a whole as the latter, and that your book ought no more than the world to consist altogether of the grand, but should sometimes admit the trifling, I am encouraged to begin again, although already scorched by more fires than one, having encountered the fire of some of your critics. As the mouse sets off to greater advantage the bulk of the mammoth, the critics should rather be pleased than otherwise, to see my wretched skeleton in contrast with the vast proportions of some of your contributors,—but enough.

Romances and novels made my neighbor Castellanus a castle-builder; nothing can be more dissimilar than the world he inhabits and that ideal one in which he has always lived; like certain persons who shall be nameless, he has been literally in the world and out of it at the same time, and his experience therefore might justify a seeming paradox. I think it was Godwin in his *Fleetwood*, who drew so beautiful a contrast between our night dreams and day dreams. Castellanus never could bear the former, attended by hag and night mare, where we are forever struggling to attain some goal, which we can never reach; he did not like to start affrighted out of sleep; to sink through chasms yawning beneath his feet;

"Nor toss on shatter'd plank far out upon some deep."

No, I have heard him exclaim, "Give me the dreams of day; let me recline upon some bank in summer shade, supine, where fancy fits her wings for pleasant flight, and quickly ushers me into her radiant halls. No hope defeated can there make me grieve; no cup untasted from my lips be dashed; no light, receding ever, there can shine, but whatsoever there be of joy or love to mortals known, is seized at once and easily made my own." There are few persons, perhaps, who do not at some period of life, construct these gay castles, yclept in air, and well indeed is the appellation bestowed, for though more splendid far than the works of old; more passing rare than all of which we read;—Balbec's!

Palmyra's!—none could excel them,—yet in a moment they will topple down, nor leave one marble column, spared as if to point to the scene of desolation and to mourn for its brethren, broken, ruined, and overthrown. Such monuments are sometimes seen standing amid that decay, produced by Goths and Vandals; and Goths and Vandals still in modern times will break, *irruptive*, on the castle-builder's chosen spot—misfortunes! griefs! pale care! tormenting debt!—Then fancy, all thy revelry is forgotten; reluctantly from our sweet couch, we rise and homeward frowning hie to toil and wretchedness and fret. But such is the skill of the artist, that he has but to ramble forth where all is still and wave his wand, when in an instant, like the enchantment of old, his shining palaces will upward climb. It is not so, alas! with those works barbarians overturned; none know how to raise them to such sublime heights; lost are those arts by which they towering rose, and we but gaze on them to sigh and curse the hands which slew them.

This practice of castle-building had been the habit of Castellanus from his boyhood. It gave him a strange unsocial turn and made him shun the inmates of his father's house. He fled all company, and the pleasures which others pursue were rarely pleasures to him. One enjoyment he had which never palled. Some lonely seat beside a "wimpling burn" or waterfall, where human sounds fell distantly; there with book in hand, he drank in the lulling music with which such a place is fraught; there would he draw forth, unseen, some old romance with worn and dusky lid, of "haunted Priors" with bloody hand, or dark "Udolpho" with its deep mysteries, its gliding ghosts, and secret pannels. Then would fall the curtain on this mortal vale and all its hateful realities, and his rapt soul would revel in the high wrought tale of fancy. For him these fictions had an unspeakable charm—gallant youths were his companions. He trod with them over Alps and Appennines, where banditti lurked amid the dreary forests and lights were seen to glance and disappear. Soft maidens, too, were there, whose superhuman charms won every heart; encompassed by ten thousand dangers, he could not leave them, until he saw them safely locked in love's triumphant arms. Though a very ugly fellow, he had deceived himself into the belief that he should one day or other marry one of these delightful creatures, and had even settled that her name should be Julia, and thought he should be one of the happiest fellows upon earth; but, Mr. Editor, who do you think he now is? a clodhopper!! aye a miserable clodhopper! The owner of land and negroes!! In that one sentence, I sum up all of human misery—and what do you think is his wife's name? Peggy! Phœbus what a name!

"Cobblers! take warning by this cobbler's end."

Yes, ye castle-builders! look upon his undone condition and take warning. Take warning, parents, and bring up your children to suit the sphere in which they are to move. I shall not trouble you with the why and the wherefore of his present condition, but suffice it to say that such it is, and then picture to yourself the untold miseries he must endure when I depict to you the sort of life he is leading, with such passions as I have already described his ruling ones to be. *Imprints*: there is Peg—but I had better say as little as possible of her,

out of respect for the ladies and out of regard for my friend; because in truth like "Jerry Sneak," he has not eaten a "bit of under crust since he was married," but follow me if you please upon his farm, and let me introduce you to his plagues and tormentors. Let us look for the overseer—we shall find him, if at home, which is seldom the case, seated on a stump, with the symbol of his office under his arm. There he is, you see, mounted on his throne lazily looking at the laborers; working the land to death by injudicious cultivation; extorting the last drop of vitality from it; a foe to every species of improvement, and obstinately bent upon going on in the jog trot of his predecessors. This is Castellanus' companion *ex necessitate*. Shades of the Orvilles and Mortimers! pity him. What can there be in common between them? What can they talk about? About Evelina and Amanda?—cottages covered with woodbine and honeysuckle?—landscapes and glorious sunsets?—the warbling of birds?—Oh no, Suk and Sall, negro cabins or pig-styes, corn fields and — yes, they can talk of birds, but they are blackbirds and crows, and devil take their warbling—of sunset, but only to lament the shortness of the days. His (the overseer's) themes are rogues and runaways—he is eloquent upon hog-stealing, and neither Simon Sensitive nor Timothy Testy could recount more readily the miseries of human life. His are the miseries of Geoponies. Rot—rust—weevil—fly and cutworm, haunt his imagination and dwell upon his tongue. Castellanus had rather be a dog and bay the moon than discuss such subjects. But my friend's delight was once in horses; it was one of the few pleasures he had. His fancy was early captivated by Alexander mounting Bucephalus; a horse gaily caparisoned and mounted by a steel clad knight, was a sight upon which his imagination feasted. The red roan charger of Marmion at the battle of Flodden had thrilled his every nerve,

"Blood shot his eyes—his nostril spread
The loose rein, dangling from his head
Housing and saddle bloody red."

Oh what a picture! and that I should be obliged to exhibit to your view the counterfeit presentment. The ploughboys are just coming out of the stable with their master's horses going to plough. Here, sir, is Buck-e-fallus, as the negro boys call Bucephalus. There is no difficulty in mounting him; they have knocked out one of his eyes; he has a blind side and cannot see the shadow cast by the sun. If his spirit was ever as high as his namesake's, he has lost it now—that little ragged urchin can ride him with a grape-vine—raw-boned, spavined and wind-galled! let him pass and let us see the next. This is Smiler! "Lucus a non lucendo," I suppose; alas! he never smiles—he reminds one of Irving's wall eyed horse looking out of the stable window on a rainy day. His look is disconsolate in the extreme; from the imperturbable gravity of his manners, you perceive he is dead to hope; melancholy has marked him for her own; bad feeding, constant toil, and a lost currycomb, have made him "what thou well may'st hate," although he once "set down" as "shapely a shank" as Burns' Auld mare Maggie ever did. Do you see that long legged fellow, that Brobdignag, mounted upon the little mare mule? His legs almost drag the ground, and he ought in justice to *loat* (aye, sir, *loat*, a good word, an excellent word, and one upon which I

mean to send you an etymological essay some of these days,) the animal he bestrides. There are some singular traits about that mule *Galliver*, as the boys by a singular misnomer call her. She keeps fat "while other nags are poor;" it is because she lives in the corn-field. She can open the stable-door by some inscrutable means, some sort of open sesame; gates are no impediments to her, and even ten rails and a rider cannot arrest her progress. She seems to have a vow upon her never to leave the plantation; she will go as far as the outer gate with her rider, but if he attempt to pass that boundary his fate is sealed. He is canted most unceremoniously over her head and made to bite the dust; that gate is her *ultima Thule*; her ne plus ultra; the utmost bound of her ambition. She has acquaintances enough, as Old Oliver says, and wishes not to extend the circle. Her policy is Chinese, or perhaps like Rasselas, she once escaped from her happy valley and was disappointed in the world—"one fatal remembrance" perhaps casts its "bleak shade" beyond that gate.—I know not in sooth, but heaven help me! what am I doing? If I go on thus, with the whole *stud* of my neighbor, and write at large upon every thing which torments him, I shall never have done. Suffice it then, that I give you a hasty, panoramic sketch of what he has to encounter in his rides over his farm. See him mounted on his little switch tailed grey, which has the high sounding title of White Surrey, and whose tail is nearly cut off at the root by the crupper—the mane in most admired disorder, and fetlocks long and bushy. Now what does he behold? Barren fields—broken fences—gates unhinged—starving cattle—ragged sheep—and jades so galled that they make him wince—hogs that eat their own pigs and devastate his crops—mares that sometimes cripple their own colts—cows on the contrary which have so much of the milk of *vaccine kindness*, that they suffer their offspring to suck after being broken to the cart—bulls even, that suck—rams, so pugnacious, that they butt his mules down, as the aforesaid Gulliver can attest, for often have I seen her knocked down as fast as she could rise—upon my life it's true, Mr. Editor, and you need not add with Major Longbow, what will you lay it's a lie? It was amusing to see the ram, with head erect and fixed eye, moving round in a small circle and watching his opportunity to plant his blows, with all the pugilistic dexterity of Crib or Molyneux. I once knew my unfortunate neighbor to have a fine blooded colt, foaled in the pasture with his mules. These vicious devils had no sooner perceived that the colt was without those long ears which characterize their species, than they set to work with one accord to demolish the *monstrous* production, and in spite of all the efforts of the mother, which fought with a desperation worthy of some old Roman, beset by a host of foes, succeeded in trampling to death her beautiful offspring. What a picture this is of some political zealots and envenomed critics, who no sooner perceive that a man has not *asses ears*, like themselves, than they commence a senseless outcry against him and compass his destruction. I have somewhere read of a madman, and perhaps he was right, who, when confined, protested he was not mad; that all mankind were madder than he, and that they were envious of his superior intellect and therefore wished to put him out of the way. Castellanus goes to ride out with Cecilia, Camilla, the

Children of the Abbey, or some such book in his pocket, and so engrossed is his mind with the elegance and refinement of those personages, that he can scarcely bear to go where his overseer is. He shuns him as much as Lovel did Captain Mirvan, or old Mr. Delville Mr. Briggs. He turns with horror from the pictures of desolation and mismanagement around him, and hastens home to find consolation in the bosom of his heroines, not of his Peggy, for he cannot yet say "*Non clamosa mes mulier jam percussit aures*"*—and in truth that virtuous lady has a tongue, and with it can ring such a peal about the above mentioned unproductive state of things, that he had rather hear the "grating on a scran-nel-reed of wretched straw;"—or, to be less poetical, and to come back to what he hears every day, he had rather listen to the music of his own cart-wheels, which grate so harshly and scream so loudly that they may be heard a mile off. The inevitable result of all I have told you, Mr. Editor, is, that my neighbor is actually sinking three or four per cent. upon his capital every year, and must come to beggary unless you can arouse him from his ridiculous castle-building and novel reading. I wish you could see the style in which he moves with his *cara sposa* to church; they have come down, as we say, to an old gig, which cannot be quite as old as Noah's ark, because no two of the kind were ever seen in this world, and therefore could not have been preserved at the time of the Deluge, although the brass mountings on the muddy and rain-stiffened harness are of so antique a fashion, that we might well suppose the ingenuity of that celebrated artificer in brass, Tubal Cain, was employed in their construction. This crazy vehicle is drawn by the overseer's horse, which is borrowed for the "nonce,"—because neither Buck-e-fallus nor Smiler, nor any of the stud are *fit to go*, and Gulliver, besides being a mule, has declined, as I have already shewn, having any thing to do with our "external relations;" and furthermore, because this is the only conceivable mode in which my neighbor can obtain a return for that unlimited control which the said horse exercises over the corn in his corn-house. The contrast between the long lean figure, and rueful and cadaverous countenance of Castellanus, and the short figure resembling "*the fat squab upon a Chinese fan*," and the ruddy countenance of Mrs. Castellanus, is very striking;

They sit, side by side, in the gig, sir, as solemn
As Marriage and Death in a newspaper column.

How they ever came together, except by the fortuitous concurrence of atoms, I cannot divine, for certainly without disrespect, I may say, that however charming Mrs. Castellanus may be, she is not

A beauty ripe as harvest,
Whose skin is whiter than a swan all over,
Than silver, snow, or lilies—

nor has she

————— a soft lip
Would tempt you to eternity of kissing,
And flesh that melteth in the touch to blood.

But we may cease to wonder at their union, when we reflect on the couples we see every day,—so totally dissimilar in taste and external appearance, that we may almost believe with St. Pierre that we love only those who form a contrast to ourselves. "Love," he says, "results only from contrasts, and the greater they are,

* Nay, what's incredible, alack!
I hardly hear a woman's clack.—*Swift*.

the more powerful is its energy. I could easily demonstrate this by the evidence of a thousand historical facts. It is well known, for example, to what mad excess of passion that tall and clumsy soldier, Mark Anthony, loved and was beloved by Cleopatra; not the person whom our sculptors represent of a tall, portly, Sabine figure, but the Cleopatra whom historians paint as little, lively and sprightly, carried in disguise about the streets of Alexandria, in the night time, packed up in a parcel of goods on the shoulders of Apollodorus, to keep an assignation with Julius Cæsar." NUGATOR.

SONG.

This is no "dark and dreary world,"
'Tis full of life and beauty—
Yet not to him, all "primrose path"
Who's in the way of duty—
And yet, to cheer him on the road,
The way-side flower is springing,
While to the charms of Nature's day
The wild-bird's sweetly singing.
There is a bliss in Virtue's path
Above all sensual thinking—
Would he might prove it, he who hath
"Joy"—Is there "joy in drinking?"
Believe it not—for who hath wo?
Oh, who hath saddest "sorrow?"
"Contentions," "wounds," night-revels show,
That blush to face the morrow.
"The wine is red," but "look not thou
Upon it;" false and glowing,
"Twill sting thee like a serpent's tooth,"
While brightly it is flowing.
Eschew the joys of sense; they are
Unto my *sobber* thinking,
But glozing o'er the black despair,
The deep, deep wo of drinking.
Look ye around where frowns "the curse"—
'Tis but disguised blessing;
The heart that trusts the living God,
Feels not its "doom" oppressing.
Thine, thine the heart, and thine the doom,
When done this earth's probation,
To realms of endless light and joy
A sure and bright translation.
Yet, e'en "the light that's now in thee,"
(Ah! 'tis no idle thinking,)
Will darken'd by "a demon" be,
If thou hast "joy in drinking." M. M.

LINES

To Miss M. t W. s, of P. Edward.
From her own garden Nature chose,
In all its blooming pride the Rose,
And from the feathered race the Dove:
Then Margaret, on thy cheek she threw
The blushing flower's most beauteous hue,
And formed thy temper from the bird of love!
Oh! what delight it is to trace
The modest sweetness of thy face—
Thy simple elegance and ease—
Thy smile, disclosing orient pearl—
Thy locks, profuse of many a curl—
And hear thy gentle voice, that never fails to please!

VOL. II.—21

LIBERIAN LITERATURE.

We are perfectly serious in speaking of *Liberian Literature*. Yes—in Liberia, a province on the coast of Africa, where, thirteen years and a half ago, the tangled and pathless forest frowned in a silence unbroken save by the roar of wild beasts, the fury of the tornado, the whoop of the man-stealer, or the agonizing shrieks of his victims on being torn from their homes to brave the horrors of the Middle Passage and of the West Indies—in Liberia, the English language is now spoken; the English spirit is breathed; English Literature exists; and with it, exist those comforts, virtues, and pleasures, which the existence of Literature necessarily implies. Plantations—farm-houses—villages, built of brick, stone, and wood—glass windows, carpeted floors, papered walls, and neat if not elegant furniture—well-supplied tables—stores, filled with various merchandize—churches, where neatly dressed throngs devoutly send up the note of praise—bands of infantry and artillery, properly organized, armed, and trained—schools, in which hundreds are inducted into the pleasant pathway of knowledge—and (the most expressive sign of all) a *newspaper*, filled with instructive and entertaining matter—all these, amid an industrious and thriving population of three or four thousand, have taken place of the savage forest and its unlovely concomitants. What heightens—indeed what constitutes the wonder—is, that the main *operatives* in this great change are not *white men*. The printer and the editor of the newspaper—the merchants—most of the teachers and all the pupils—the owners and cultivators of the farms—the officers and soldiers in the military companies—the throng in the churches—are all *colored people*, except some score of whites, whom the climate, generally fatal to white men, spares yet awhile, as if in gratitude for their benefactions to Africa.

What we especially had in view, however, when we began this article, was neither rhapsody nor dissertation upon the march of Liberia to prosperity and civilization—unparalleled as that march is, in the annals of colonization—but a notice (a *critical notice*, if the reader please) of the aforesaid newspaper; by way of *attesting* the literary condition of the settlement. Cowper calls a newspaper, “a map of busy life—its fluctuations, and its vast concerns:” and indeed we can imagine no surer index to the moral and intellectual character of a people, than the ‘folio of four pages,’ which periodically ministers to, and constantly takes its tone from, their prevailing tastes, tempers, and opinions.—We have before us half a dozen numbers of the “*LIBERIA HERALD*,” coming down to No. 4, of the sixth volume, dated October 31, 1835, whence we learn that it has existed for more than five years. It is printed on a sheet as large as many of our village papers, and larger than several which we occasionally see.

Its contents (considering where, and by whom they are selected, composed, and printed) are in the highest degree curious and interesting.

The *shipping list* for August, exhibits eleven arrivals, and six departures—that for April, five arrivals, and three departures—for February, 1835, six arrivals, and four departures—for October, three arrivals, and two departures. In the August number, are four distinct paragraphs, each mentioning a ship arrived with emigrants to the colony.

A striking feature in the *Herald*, is the great quantity of original matter which it contains—either editorial, or communicated. The number whence the above quotation is made, has four columns of editorial articles; and three sensible communications from correspondents—one of them detailing the murderous attack of the natives, in June last, upon the new settlement at Edina. Another tells of an excursion, on which we dare say it will please our readers to accompany the “peregrinator.” If he does twaddle, he twaddles to the full as agreeably as many correspondents of American newspapers, and more usefully.

“For the *Liberia Herald*.”

“Mr. Editor: I was induced, a few days since, by special invitation, to visit Caldwell. The occasion was one of the most honorable: the interchange of conjugal vows; the celebration of the nuptials of a couple, who conscious of mutual affection, made their offering at the hymeneal altar. The ceremonies were performed at 7 o'clock, P. M.; after which, the company (small but agreeable) enjoyed the flow of soul and social innocent merriment, until 9, when the happy pair returned, and the company dispersed. I repaired to Mr. Snetter's quarters, where I obtained lodging, comfortable in itself, but rendered much more so, by his peculiarly agreeable manners. After breakfast, on the ensuing day, we peregrinated the settlement. Mr. Jamelson's farm particularly attracted my attention. The quantity of land he has under cultivation, as also the advanced state of the produce, equally excited astonishment. He has potatoes, cassada, beans, peas, and rice, &c., growing with a luxuriance that I never before witnessed in this country. The cultivation of the latter article has not been much attended to, until lately; its culture has been supposed to be attended with so much difficulty and labor, as to deter from the attempt. The apprehension however, was groundless, and the perseverance of Messrs. Palm and Nixon, has given us evidence, in the most extensive field of rice ever before cultivated in this country, that the difficulties are such only as attend every experiment where there is the want of resolution to undertake it. The settlement of Caldwell is assuming the feature of a regular, farming village. The Agency Farm under the management of Mr. Snetter, is in forward condition.

Yours, &c.

L. R. J.”

But the greatest curiosity in this August number, is a *critique* upon Miss Fanny Kemble's *Journal*. Yes, reader—think of Mrs. Butler, and all the “terrifying exactions” of her redoubtable book, subjected, on the very margin of Guinea, to the criticism of an African Editor, who treats her as unceremoniously, if not as justly, as any critics on this side of the Atlantic, or on the north side of the Mediterranean. Imagine him in his elbow chair at Monrovia, his broad nose dilating and his thick lips swelling with conscious dignity, while he thus passes judgment upon one who perhaps would hardly suffer him to clean her shoes. The errors of spelling and syntax (the unsexing of the authoress included) are doubtless attributable to the printer: but there are some queer expressions, which seem the editor's own, and which are rather characteristic of African magniloquence.

“*Francis Ann Butler*.—To the politeness of the supercargo of the Brig *Eliza*, we have been indebted for a peep at the *Journal* of Miss Kemble, or as announced by the title page, *Francis Ann Butler*. From the celebrity of the tourist, we had anticipated much; but a perusal of the book treated us to a most vexatious disappointment. On the literary merit of the work, we do not feel ourselves competent to decide. But as it is an immunity allowed ignorance, to admire where it cannot comprehend, we avail ourselves of the privilege, and put in our share of admiration at the bold and beautiful figures which adorn the pages; such as “*Miniature Hell*,” “*ghastly smiles of the Devil*,” “*Blue Devils*,” &c. These are certainly beauties of which we had no conceptions, until we got hold of the work. We may be allowed to say, as we pass, that they are not

eracy in unison with that soft and tender delicacy, of which our imagination had composed the fair sex, of the higher order. We regret much that the work is not accompanied by a Lexicon, adapted to the style. The want of one has deprived us of much gratification; as doubtless the excellences of the work is locked up in such words as "dandle," "toddle," &c., which are to us "dandles" indeed, or in plain English, unexplorable regions. Such works may be of utility in communities, where there is sufficient discrimination to separate the little grain from the redundancy of chaff, without being choked [choked] by it, but we can see no earthly advantage to us in reading them.

"We will venture to say, however, that if the notes are by the same hand, the authoress possesses a pretty considerable share of what may be called sound discriminating judgment on some particulars."

One number of the Herald contains some very sensible observations (editorial) upon the "*Relations between France and the United States*;" in which the probability of war is spoken of, and its occurrence earnestly deprecated. The danger from it, to Liberia, is considered: fears having been entertained by some, lest France might involve that colony, as she once did the British settlement at Freetown, in her quarrel with the mother country.

"The case, however," says the editor, "is not exactly parallel: Freetown and the whole colony of Sierra Leone, ever since their establishment, have been under the British flag, and as such, considered a member of the British empire—and therefore, its destruction, it might be argued, was perfectly in unison with the established principles of war. Ours is an experiment for political existence;—having a distinct and peculiar flag, owing allegiance to no government, but to that which is represented by the flag that floats over Liberia."

"We recollect having read, that at the time the great Navigator Captain Cook, was on his voyage of discovery, war broke out between England and France, and it was requested that Capt. Cook, should the enemy fall in with him, be allowed an unmolested passage. The French king replied, that he warred on science, nor with the principles of humanity; and that an expedition undertaken for the benefit of all, should never meet obstruction from the flag of France."

A paragraph in the same number, announcing the organization of a Court of Appeals, with appellate jurisdiction in cases where the sum in dispute exceeds \$100, expresses the orthodox republican sentiment, that "Laws are made for the benefit of the poor, as well as the rich; and in legislating, the former should be more especially kept in view."

And in the next column is mentioned the establishment, at Caldwell, of a *FIFTH Baptist Church* in the Colony.

Another number states important and cheering facts in regard to the progress of TEMPERANCE. *Five hundred and three persons had signed the pledge of total abstinence from the use or sale of spirits, in the space of one month.*

"So great an influence have these Societies exerted upon the community at large, that a sight of the liquid death has become rare."

"To Liberia's honor be it trumped, that for ten gallons sold in the Colony four months back, there is not one now. There are a few that advocate the cause of alcohol; but they cannot support their opposition long. Public opinion is issuing her imperious edicts, and every opposer will soon be awed into silence."

From the October number we extract the following item.

"*Sabbath School*.—On Sunday the 19th Instant, a Sabbath School was opened in the Second Baptist Chapel: 23 children and 3 adults presented themselves, and had their names registered as scholars. Suitable books, such as would enable us to arrange the children in classes, are very much wanting. As it

is, each having a different book, we are obliged to hear them singly, which makes it extremely laborious, and precludes the possibility of more than one lesson each, during the hours of school."

We would gladly copy a perspicuous and rational account which is given in several chapters, of the *climate and seasons of Africa*, the *soil of Liberia*, and the *method of clearing lands*; besides many other sensible and interesting articles, which say a great deal for the editor, correspondents, and readers, of the Herald: but we have so far exceeded the space we had allotted for this subject, that we must here close our remarks.

No one can read the Liberia Herald, without not only wonder, that so much intellect should emanate from such a source, but the strongest persuasion, that a colony, which in so brief a time has given such striking evidences of advancement in whatever distinguishes civilized from savage man, *must succeed*.

GIBBON AND FOX.

Gibbon, the historian, was at one time a zealous partizan of Charles Fox. No man denounced Mr. Pitt with a keener sarcasm, or more bitter malignity. But he had his price. A lucrative office won him over to the ministry. A week before his appointment he had said in Mr. Fox's presence, "that public indignation should not be appeased, until the heads of at least six of the ministers were laid on the table of the House of Commons."

This fact is found stated in the hand writing of Mr. Fox, on a blank leaf of a copy of Gibbon's History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire, which was purchased after Mr. F's death, at a sale of his effects. The anecdote is followed by these lines, also in Mr. F's hand writing.

King George, in a fright,
Lest Gibbon should write
The story of Britain's disgrace,
Thought no means so sure
His pen to secure,
As to give the Historian a place.

But the caution was vain—
'Tis the curse of his reign,
That his projects should never succeed.
Though he write not a line,
Yet a cause of decline
In the Author's example we read.

His book well describes
How corruption and bribes
Overthrew the great Empire of Rome;
And his writings declare
A degeneracy there
Which his conduct exhibits at home.

STATIUS.

In Statius' Poem on the Via Domitiana, are these lines.

Qui primo Tiberim reliquit ortu,
Primo vespere navigat Lucrinum—

making a distance of one hundred and twenty-seven miles commonly travelled by the Romans in one day.

LIONEL GRANBY.

CHAPTER VIII.

—The yews project their shade; the green
Spreads her soft lap; the waters whisper sleep:
Here thou mayest rest secure.

Vacuna, by Sneyd Davies.

Leaving with speed the painful spectacle of my wounded friend, I fled into the close and matted undergrowth of the forest, and pausing for a moment to deliberate, I resolved to return to Chalgrave, and brave the remote risk of a criminal prosecution for an offence which juries tolerate with mercy, and courts with connivance. I was willing to trust to that deep-seated public opinion which enacts laws through one principle, and controls their execution from another; and from whose opiate breath the grim repose of the duelling law has never awakened. I passed through many of the classic paths of the old college, and suddenly diverging from the view of its rude and grotesque steeple, advanced into the broad road. I had not walked far before I perceived that I was pursued. Reasoning upon the principle that retreat is more or less allied to meanness, I soon found the hand of my pursuer firmly fixed on my shoulder, while he said, with a stern voice, "Mr. Granby, you are my prisoner! I arrest you in the name of the Commonwealth."

The powerful and iron grasp which was rivetted to my shoulder, declared the utter folly of resistance. Through the fading twilight I could discern the form of a roughly-built, and the countenance of a brave man; while the odd mixture of his apparel, coarse boots and a gaudy watch-chain, white ruffles and broad plated buttons, told the brief history of many a struggling argument between his purse and gentility.

"Release me," said I, "and this (showing a purse, through the net-work of which a golden sea leaped up to the eye,) shall be your reward."

"Mr. Granby," he replied, throwing his hand suddenly from me, as if a serpent had stung him, "we are now equal. I will teach you that I am as far above dishonor as you are. Put up your purse, for I solemnly swear that you shall not leave this spot until you have satisfied me for your gross and ungenerous insult. Take this pistol—I have another; either make an apology or fight. I will measure the distance, and you may give the word."

I was struck at once by the innate honor and Virginian feeling of the man; and throwing the pistol aside, I tendered him my hand, expressing at the same time my regret in having acted so indiscreetly.

"Why do you arrest me?" continued I. "It was an open duel, and Mr. Ludwell is not dead."

"Is that then the case?" he replied. "Will you pledge me your honor that such is the truth? I was told that it was an unfair duel, and I have put myself to great inconvenience to arrest you."

I gave the pledge required, and I was immediately released from the grasp of the Commonwealth; her chivalric man of law professing himself satisfied of my innocence, complimenting me on being a gentleman, and wishing me good night with a profound and dignified bow. I was in no humor to moralize on this singular scene; yet I could not forbear to smile at this strangest of all paradoxes—that he who was prepared to enforce the duelling law, should be so far elevated above its

vulgar penalty, that he could at pleasure either neutralize its severity, or trample on its express ordinances, lending a credulous heart to the dreamy nonsense of chivalry, and a deaf ear to the trumpet-tongued voice of *Be it enacted*. Such is public opinion, and such are laws; when in conflict, a Mezentian union—when acting in harmony, the firmest and most durable base for the fabric of government.

Pursuing my course, I fortunately encountered Scipio, who was going to the college with his accustomed budget of letters, and dismounting him, with orders to go and attend the sick couch of Arthur, I took his horse, and rode rapidly on to Chalgrave. The night wore sullenly and gloomily away, and ere morning, one of those fast, yet light snow-storms, which rush on with a momentary though softened fierceness, had thrown a spotless mantle around the trees, the hills and plains of Virginia. I passed two or three of our negroes on the skirts of the plantation, standing with slouched hats and folded arms, like so many statues of ebony on a marble floor. 'Tis then that melancholy spreads its deepest gloom over a Virginian farm—a solitude fearful, still, and echoless—while all nature bows to its stern influence. The cattle are gathered to the *farm-pen*, to ruminate over a rasping *shuck*, or a marrowless corn-stalk. From a pool in the stable yard, a dense and curling vapor overshadows a motley group of ducks and geese, who are quarrelling and floundering in undisputed possession of their odorous empire; while the lengthened face of the prisoned plough-horse takes a more pallid hue from the sympathy of melancholy, and is protruded on the scene like that eternal spectre of death which is ever fitting athwart the path of life. Within the house there is a confused hurrying to and fro of menials in search of wood, carpets, and rugs, while the mistress fairly frets herself into philosophy amid the snow, mud, and her own contradictory orders. A glance from the window will disclose a crowd of negroes collected around the wood-yard, waiting to carry the logs cut by one, who with a heavy whirl of his ponderous axe, and a loud moan, scatters his wounded chips at every stroke. He is then on the crest of the highest wave of vanity, and will ever and anon rest his axe to tell of the broad *clearings* which have opened beneath his giant arm. I looked on this quiet and familiar scene with an aching eye and a throbbing heart; yet I was soothed into peace by that witching spell which spreads its empire from "Indus to the Pole." It was *home*—that spot over whose fairy circle my heart, like the gnomon, had dialled all its sunlit hours of joy and happiness; and in the gushing memory of childhood's romance, I almost forgot that the stain of blood was on my hands.

I did not disturb the family until they were seated at breakfast; and in reply to my mother's inquiries concerning Arthur's health, I hesitated not to relate to her the whole detail of the tragic meeting. Lucy entered the room ere I had finished my sad narrative, and catching the truth of my tale, suddenly stared at me with a full and lustreless eye, and looking up for a moment, fell with an hysterical shriek on the floor. My mother's stern pride subdued her swelling feelings, and rising from her seat, with a starting tear in her eye, she led Lucy from the room. Frederick remained cold and unmoved, throwing his fork into his plate, and playing

with his tea-spoon with an air of frigid indifference: My uncle alone advanced to me, and seizing my hand, exclaimed in a generous though quivering voice, "I will not forsake you, my dear boy! You have been indiscreet and passionate, but your honor is untainted! I knew that you could not wilfully kill Arthur. Come with me; an express shall be sent to the college instantly. The odds are greatly in favor of his recovery. I have in the library a table of fifty duels, prepared by my pen, and strengthened by my experience. Out of that number but four were killed, and ten wounded. There is only one bad sign in the whole affair, and that is the fact that Arthur fell too soon. I have known many a man carry two balls in his body before he would droop. No wadding entered his body, for my pistols do not bear it; and you may hope for the best."

My uncle's plan of sending an express to the college was approved by the whole family, and in a short time the house re-echoed to repeated calls for the ostler. He soon made his appearance, and in reply to my mother's directions, he gave the usual stable diary of a Virginian farm.

"Why, ma'am, there is not a horse on the land fit to ride. Mass Charles sent the mare out of the county on yesterday to Col. C.'s for a pointer puppy, and as the boy did not come back in time, he has sent another on the black horse to look for him. The chariot horses Mass Charles sent to the court house, with a barrel of cider royal to Capt. R.; and Miss Lucy's pony has not got a shoe to his foot."

"Where is the overseer?" said my mother, who was too much accustomed to scenes of this character to lose any of the calmness of her temper.

"Oh, he went to the warrant-trying yesterday evening to dispute the blacksmith's account; and I heard him say that he would stay at the shop till he could have the beards of two of Mass Charles' Levier fishing hooks altered. Now, if mistress must send, I will get one of the blooded plough-horses, and he will make out as well as any."

This ready auxiliary of a Virginian hurry was necessarily adopted; and in a short time the old servant, encased in a pair of ponderous boots, enveloped in an overcoat which fitted him like a shroud, and mounted on a plough-horse—the gaunt anatomy of poverty—wended his way to fulfil a mission of charity and repentance.

The return of the messenger brought the agreeable tidings of Arthur's convalescence; and when, at the expiration of a week, Scipio delivered me a letter from Arthur, full of undiminished friendship, the spirits of our whole household rose to unusual elevation. They were satisfied that he was now secure from every burst of my dangerous temper; and when I told them that I was guiltless of his blood, I found my recompense in the blush of mingled pride and gratitude which mantled over the cheek of Lucy. My misfortune, in humbling my pride, had the happy effect of silencing that "fearful felicity" of elocution (as Sir Philip Sidney terms it) which made my uncle the zealous annalist of duels, pistols, chivalry, and arrangements.

How naturally does the heart, when oppressed by disease, or humbled by misfortune, turn, like the wounded deer, to the silent refuge of solitude—invoking, under its peaceful shade, that balm of life—woman's love—that rare medicinal, which pours its rosy health into the

wounds of manhood's fretted existence. Ambition—the quick pulse of bloated avarice—the rotten pageantry of the world—and the fret and faction of life, may for a while lure us from its sacred altar; yet in our moments of despair, we turn to its holy shrine with renewed devotion, and ever find its radiance, like the brightness of the tropic-lights, flitting its steady blaze around the darkness of our destiny. I was so deeply cursed by temper, and depraved by its exercise, that the love which commonly cheats us into happiness, or obliterates ennui, brought no relief to my lacerated spirit. Romance no longer culled its flattering trophies from the memory of Isa Gordon. I looked on her as one who was too proud to bow to my despotic love, while I had gained by absence from her at college a spirit of freedom and independence. She was my *first love*; and, despite the dictates of common sense, I was almost compelled to believe that such love was of the purest and firmest character, merely because I had fallen into it in the ignorance and inexperience of boyhood. What a paradox! and how fondly does stupidity cherish it! The boy's heart is a tablet on which is shadowed the outline of an April day—a gorgeous sunshine plays around his imagination, and the fleeting clouds which disturb it, never dim the horizon before him. He loves from nature—he is ever a poligamist—and mistakes the fervor of passion for the truth of love; while his youth, which cures every disease, soon cicatrizes the wound of despised affection. 'Tis manhood's destiny to writhe under the slow and searching poison of unrequited constancy. He lays all the powers of his heart, mind, and education, at the foot of woman; and the blow which prostrates him, shakes to its base a granite fabric. He knows the value of the priceless feeling which he offers, and demands in return a heart which must make him the god of its idolatry. I was egotistical and selfish in my reasoning; yet that very reasoning, in teaching me to forget Isa Gordon, made my heart loiter with a holy enthusiasm around the memory of Ellen Pilton. She had written to me in a style of affectionate and confiding attachment; and though I did not answer her letters, she still continued to write, and wondered why I did not receive them. No dream of my treachery ever entered her guileless heart, and she knew not that her letters were the harvest of my revenge. Suddenly I ceased to hear from her, and I then found that the darkest passion of our nature loses its poisoned fang when struck by the magic wand of love. Could I forget her purity and gentleness of character—the impassioned tenderness with which she had entrusted the destiny of her life—the aspirations of her untainted youth—and all the faith and fervor of her virgin innocence—to whom? to one who had gained this unique gem, as the plaything of a fiend.

Stimulated by jealousy, and prompted by a desire to satisfy myself of Ellen's truth, I resolved to visit a college friend who lived in the immediate vicinity of her father's residence, and there patiently wait until I might have an opportunity of seeing her. My uncle was my confidant; and when I entered his room for the purpose of disclosing my intentions, I found him seated as usual amid a crowd of antique volumes, while his eyes were keenly gloating over the original-brained tittle-tattle of "Howel's Letters." His large centre table displayed a motley mixture of the stable, chase, and library. On a copy of the *Divine Legation* lay a

curb-bit. The *Castle of Indolence* was crowded into an old-fashioned stirrup. A dog collar belonging to one of King Charles' breed, surmounted *Clarendon*. Two broken throat-lashes were placed on *State Trials*, and a pair of spurs had worked their rowels deep into the binding of *Stith's History of Virginia*. The *Defence of Poesy*, *Rhymer's Foedera*, *Fuller's Holy State*, *Catullus*, and *Tom Jones*, were tied together with a bridle rein; while a full record (*tested* by the clerk of the council, and dated July 9th, 1630,) of the trial of Doctor John Pott, late Governor of Virginia, for cattle stealing, spread its broad pages over the whole table. I caught a glimpse of a long and copious commentary which my uncle had written at the foot of it, in which he had proved the innocence of the Ex-Governor, and the perjury of Kingsmill, the principal witness, whom as the record narrates, "Doctor Pott endeavored to prove an hypocrite by a story of Gusman of Alfrach the rogue."

I soon declared the purpose of my visit, and that I was determined to see Ellen Pilton.

"I do not like her name," said my uncle; "it would have a plebeian sound in any part of the world; yet her mother bore a proud title, and as she loves you, do not act dishonorably. I take it for granted that she loves you merely because you affirm it, but you may rest assured that she will yet make a goose of you. Coquetry—arrant coquetry, is the business, the pursuit, the occupation of woman's life. They learn its treacheries when they dress their first doll; its edge is sharpened by every lover; and many a belle who dies in early glory, coquettes with the priest who shrives her. Venus commenced its practice the moment she was born; and though untaught in its mysteries, she laughingly bid the Tritons to look some other way. Horace reads us many a fine truth about it, and Tibullus and Propertius tell in trembling lines of the fascinations of that female garb which was brought from the Coian Isle. Our Virginian girls have a prescriptive right to all its prerogatives. Oh, there was rare coquetry when that gentle ship landed its blushing freight at Jamestown! Old "*Dust and Ashes*,"* that fast friend of the colony, and he who stole this title from a sexton, that under its shade he might nobly endow a *free school* in Virginia, made their invoice in a gay doublet, and copied the bill of lading with a smile on his care-worn cheek, and a fresh posy in his bosom. Our proud ancestor, Sir Eyre Granby, was present when they landed, and saw them leaping and gambolling about the shore like young minnows in a mountain stream. One fair girl, with a dove-like face and a sparkling eye, gave Sir Eyre a silver tobacco pipe, which she had brought from home for the stranger who should most interest her maiden heart. Alas! he was a married man; and all he could do was to kiss her hand and give her a bunch of flowers. The anxious bachelors who found a wife on that day, imitated his example; and to this hour, Virginia's maidens ask no better declaration of love than this silly compliment. Take care, my dear boy, of their hands; do not look at their rings; and let the flowers grow where God planted them. If they

should be sick, do not show too much tenderness. I have known coquetry assume every type of fierce fever and pining atrophy; and remember, that the last dyke in the fortress of coquetry, is the coral cheek of consumption. Go, and learn from experience, and may Cupid prosper you."

Early on the next morning I left Chalgrave; and finding the outer gate of the plantation closely barred with fence rails, I was about to dismount and open it, when my old nurse made her appearance, exclaiming, "Let it alone, Mass Lionel; I barred it—for I did not want you to go from home to-day till I could see you. Bad luck is hanging over our family. Is not this the seventh day of the month?—the day on which your stout old grandfather died, and on which your father sickened unto death. Did I not last night gather the wild hemlock from his grave; and with a lock of his hair, and a piece of the caul which covered your baby face, try seven times the charm which an Obi man taught my mother? Oh! it was a dreadful sight; I saw you mangled and wounded, and your white hand was red with blood. I heard an owl shriek seven times on the wall of our graveyard; it flew in at my window, put out my light, and left me in darkness. Do not go away now."

"Do you still take me for a child? I must go; farewell, dear mammy."

"Oh! call me dear mammy once more," she replied, "and let me kiss you for the last time."

I granted her request, and rode rapidly away, while I vainly endeavored to keep down the fear and superstition with which her narrative had filled my bosom. My journey was long and tedious, and ere night I had lost myself in the mazes and tortuous paths of a forest road. On every side I was met by gates, drawbars, and *gaps*—the necessary appendages in the economy of Virginian idleness,—and wandered about until I was finally fairly lost in a broad thicket of luxuriant myrtle. Trusting to the sagacity of my horse, he brought me into an open road, at the extremity of which a feeble light caught my eye. Advancing to it, I found a crowd of negroes gathered in a cabin, and dancing with that joyous flush of elastic carelessness which a negro only feels, to the music of a banjo, triangle, and squirrel-skin fiddle. All of them offered to show me the way, and each invariably decreased the distance in proportion to the anxiety which my inquiries expressed. I took the direction which I had thus received, and late at night I passed by an old-fashioned house, from a lower window of which shot a feeble and fluttering light. Here I met a negro who informed me that I was on the Pilton plantation—that the mansion-house was before me—that he was the best axe-man on the land—that his Mass Edmund had just come home on a fine horse—and that Miss Ellen was sick and poorly. A pang of remorse passed through my bosom; and reckless of every principle of honor, I determined to approach nearer to the house, and gaze, like the pilgrim, on that shrine which held the worshipped idol of my heart. Riding rapidly away from the negro, I suddenly turned my course, and dismounting from my horse, leaped over the garden wall. Cautiously threading my path through tangled shrubbery, leafless rose-bushes, and crooked hedges, I quickly turned, as the light from the house streamed before me, and looking

* "Mr. Nathaniel Barber, the chief manager and book-keeper of the Company's lotteries." *Stith* 216. Even at that dark period public education though a pulling was a lusty child—his *novus* a paper mummy.

up to the window, I beheld the form of Ellen Pilton in an attitude which arrested my attention, and chained my footsteps to the earth. Her head was resting on her right hand, while in her left she held the fatal evergreen which had marked with tenderness our earliest acquaintance. A dark and fleecy cloud of long and luxuriant hair swept over her marbled brow. Her cheek was illuminated with a vermillion glow, like those bright colors which decorate the holiness of some antique missal, while the ardent gaze which she bestowed on this memorial of my treachery, mingled itself with the patient melancholy which disease had written on her face. I saw her weep like a child, as she replaced it in her bosom; and at that moment the giant voice of conscience rang through my heart, pealing the knell of my perfidy and duplicity. Chastened by contrition—humbled by the consciousness of my own falsehood—and elevated by this unerring indication of her singleness of heart, I felt the contagion of resistless sympathy, and on that silent spot I poured out the pure orisons of a love which had sprung from the blackest passion of my nature. I continued in a fixed posture for many moments, inebriated into utter forgetfulness of my flagrant violation of honor. A feeling of debasement came over me, and yielding to its influence, I turned away from the window. My position was no sooner changed, than I was met by Edmund Pilton,—his face almost touching my shoulder.

"Mr. Granby," said he, in a voice of stifled anger, "an eavesdropper!—a cowardly intruder on female privacy!—I wish him profit in his honorable profession, and may darkness ever hide his blush of shame."

I staggered back with fear and agitation; and for the only time in my life I felt as a coward. Nature had given me courage, and education had endowed me with that chivalry which feared only the shame of fear; yet that consciousness of disgrace which wrecks the proudest heart, left me the shuddering craven of its withering power.

"Mr. Pilton must excuse me," I replied; "I was endeavoring to find the way to—" here I half uttered a rising falsehood. "I will satisfy him at another time of my innocence—I must now retire."

"Certainly, sir," said he, "you may retire, and rest in the shade of your victorious laurels; but remember—" and here his hollow voice increased in volume, and quivered with passion, "that if ever you again approach my sister in any shape or form, I will put you to death, even in her hallowed presence. I refused your foolish challenge; but there is a point beyond which prudence loses all its virtues, and the next time I chastise you for an insult to a sister, your blood shall write the record. Neither darkness shall conceal, cowardice protect, nor lunacy excuse you!"

I might have been more humbled by my own sense of degradation, but the last word was a talisman which awoke into frenzy the demoniac hate which had long rioted in my bosom; and approaching nearer to Pilton, I leaped at him, and grasped his throat with the fierceness of the tiger. He was better built, more athletic, and stronger than myself, and in the struggle that ensued, I found myself fast wasting away; yet I could bear his short and strangled breath laboring under the iron grasp of my fingers. He now drew a small knife, and began to cut the hand which held his throat. I

felt the warm blood trickling over its relaxed strength; and releasing my hold, I sunk upon the ground. He instantly fell upon me; and after a long and violent scuffle, I succeeded in rescuing myself. We were again on our feet, and I now had time to draw a small dirk from my bosom. He was ignorant that I was armed; and approaching him, as he leaned breathless and exhausted against a tree, I struck him with the weapon just below his shoulder. He gave one groan, and reeled to the earth. I was about to repeat the blow, when a piercing shriek burst upon my ear,—and Ellen Pilton fell upon the body of her prostrate brother.

"Oh, God!" she cried, "kill him not—spare him!—take my life! Is it you, Lionel?" she screamed; as she looked up and recognized my features—"and would you murder my brother—you would not, dear Lionel."

I was silent.

"Go away—I loathe, I abhor, I hate you!"

Ere the first light of day had kissed the tranquil waters of the Chesapeake, my jaded horse was browsing on the fertile meadows of the Rappahannock, and I found a refuge on board the good ship "Tobacco Plant," Capt. Z., bound to London.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.

JONATHAN P. CUSHING was born March 12, 1793, at Rochester, New-Hampshire, and, like most of the eminent men of our country, in humble circumstances. He was early left an orphan to the care of a guardian, who seems to have been both negligent and unfaithful. By this man he was carried to his own residence, in a remote part of the State, where the population was scanty, and there were few schools. In his immediate vicinity there were none. There he was employed in doing the drudgery of his guardian's farm and mill until his thirteenth or fourteenth year. It was an improvement in his situation, when at that time he was bound apprentice to a saddler, especially as in New Hampshire by law, or custom equally imperative with law, it is the duty of a master to send his apprentices to school for six months of the term for which they are bound. This advantage Mr. Cushing enjoyed, and it seems to have been the only regular instruction he received before his eighteenth year. But even that germ, falling on a good soil, fructified. He began to feel the thirst for learning, which was to be the reigning impulse of his later years, and to loathe the prospect of a life spent in mere bodily labor. His mind, conscious of its own powers, and having once tasted of the sweets flowing from their exercise, could not submit to sink back again to the state of lethargy from which it had just been roused. The fruit of such thoughts and feelings was a resolution which he formed and very suddenly announced while at work one day, with another apprentice. Starting up from his seat he said "I am determined to have a liberal education, if it cost me forty years of my life to get it." He bought out the remainder of his term, and entered himself at an academy at Exeter, in his native State. There he prosecuted his studies with great diligence, supporting himself meanwhile by laboring at his trade, until he was prepared to enter Dartmouth College. He became a member of the Junior Class in that institution in 1815, and obtained his first degree in 1817. His standing in his class was highly respectable, though not so

elevated as would naturally be supposed by his acquaintances in after life, who knew nothing of the deficiencies of his early education, and only adverted to his acknowledged talents, his literary zeal, and the strength and constancy of his character. On leaving the walls of College, the world was all before him. Go where he would, he must look to his labors, not merely for fame and fortune, but for subsistence; and in every direction around him (thanks to the good Being who has so abundantly blessed our country) he saw fields of usefulness and distinction inviting, and promising liberally to reward, his exertions. The intensity of his studies, however, for the last few years, had impaired his constitution, and he had reason to believe that a southern residence would be more propitious to the restoration of his health, and at least equally favorable to his success in other respects. With these views he left his native State, determined to establish himself as a lawyer at Charleston, S. C. On reaching Richmond, he met with an acquaintance from New England, who had been engaged as a tutor at Hampden Sidney College, (an institution of which until that time Mr. Cushing had never heard) but who from ill health was not able to enter on the discharge of his duties. At his solicitation, strengthened by that of the late Dr. Rice, ("*clarum et venerabile nomen*") with whom Mr. C. then became acquainted, the latter was induced to undertake for a few weeks the fulfilment of his friend's engagement. Before even that brief time had expired, the young man died, and Mr. Cushing became, by a train of circumstances apparently fortuitous, and almost without his own agency, a member of the Faculty of H. S. College. There was but little in the condition of the institution at that time to induce such a man, young, of energetic character, and conscious ability, to desire to cast in his lot there. No class had graduated regularly for several years, and the degrees occasionally conferred on individuals, who had gone through the whole course, were not respected at other Colleges. There was hardly the name of a Library or Philosophical Apparatus; and the buildings were to the last degree unsightly and inadequate. It had, however, one recommendation, which with Mr. Cushing, would outweigh many defects. It was a seminary of learning, where he could gratify the strong passion of his soul for acquiring and communicating instruction, more delightful to him, as he often declared, than food to a hungry man. With all this, however, he could not readily forego the advantages attending the line of life he had chalked out for himself. Twice he determined to dissolve the connexion he had formed with the College, and once he had gone to the tavern for the purpose of taking his seat in the stage which was to carry him away. On this occasion he was induced to return by Dr. Hoge, the then President, to whom he looked up with affectionate veneration, and his acquaintance with whom he was accustomed to regard as one of the most fortunate events of his life. So soon as he considered himself established at Hampden Sidney, he set to work with characteristic vigor and singleness of purpose, to raise the standing of the institution. He prevailed on the Trustees to introduce a new system of discipline and study, and being soon appointed Professor of Natural Philosophy and Chemistry, and experiencing the disadvantages of the very deficient apparatus, he made large additions to it at his

own expense, trusting to the future ability of the College to repay him. Dr. Hoge dying in 1820, Mr. Cushing was elected President, and from that time till his own death within the last twelve months, the events of his life were little more than a series of efforts, the most judicious, untiring, and self-sacrificing, to foster the interests of the College over which he presided. One of his first objects, necessarily, was to improve and enlarge the College buildings, which at that time were probably by far the most indifferent belonging to any institution of the kind in the Union. But while it was obvious that the prosperity, perhaps the existence of the College depended on making this improvement, the means of making it were far from being equally apparent.

The institution possessing very little corporate property, and having never been a favorite with the Legislature, the possible munificence of individuals seemed to offer the only hope of success. That this would avail, was so little expected, that in the expressive language of one of its friends, his plans were looked on by the trustees as the dreams of youth. He was the man, however, to change such dreams into realities. His appeals to the liberality of the friends of the College were so well responded to, that in a short time he had caused to be erected the centre and one wing of a stately and commodious building, altogether suited to the purposes intended; and in the years 1822, '30, and '31, he procured additional subscriptions to the amount of \$30,000, with which that building was completed, others erected, and a permanent fund established to aid in the support of the Professors. From time to time he continued to make additions to the philosophical apparatus, and carried the students of the College through a regular course of literary and scientific study, having early obtained for his graduates an admission "*ad eundem gradum*" at other Colleges without examination. While thus efficiently discharging his duties as President, he did not neglect those of Professor. On the contrary, all who knew him will bear witness to the study and labor with which he extended his researches into those branches of learning which it was his province to teach. His lectures were thus the overflowings of a mind filled with the results of previous investigation and meditation; not, as we sometimes see in the case of indolent Professors, themes prepared for the occasion, and exhausting the scanty stock of science which had been accumulated on the subject. But while justice is thus done to Mr. Cushing's real ability, and to the admirable use which he made of it, (his strength of purpose, like a hard master, exacting its full quota of exertion from every faculty,) it yet cannot be maintained that his mind was of the highest order. His case well illustrated the distinction which has been taken between genius and talent. The former original and creative; the latter acquiring, modifying, and adapting to general use the productions of the first. While it is the prerogative of genius to discover fields of science hitherto unknown, it is the more humble, but perhaps not less useful province of talent, to cultivate what is thus brought to light, and prepare it to be possessed by the public mind. The love of communicating knowledge, which has been already mentioned as one of Mr. Cushing's most striking characteristics, indicated, or at least happily coincided with, the line of

usefulness for which, according to this view of his mental constitution, nature had fitted him. And it may well be questioned whether any of those who have sounded the profoundest depths of science, and first brought into light great truths previously unknown, would, if placed in the same circumstances with himself, have effected so much, and discharged the manifold and peculiar duties devolving on him, with equal skill and success. As a disciplinarian, he was mild and lenient, even to an extent considered by some as approaching to laxity. But such persons do not seem sufficiently to have adverted to the difficulties of his situation. He was not the Rector of Christ Church, or of Trinity—not even the President of Harvard or of Yale, but the head of a feeble institution, struggling almost for existence, and dependent on public patronage for support. With him, forbearance was among the first and most essential duties. Moreover, it was well understood by his students that his mildness was the result of principle, not of feebleness of character, and that there was a point beyond which they could not with impunity transgress. Such zeal, tempered by such prudence, could not be fruitless. The result of his labors and his cares, of what he did, and what he forebore to do, was, that in a few years after his induction into the Presidency, Hampden Sidney might fairly be pronounced the most flourishing literary institution in the Commonwealth. Its tide of success, however, was soon checked, and its onward progress stayed, by the opening of the halls of the University to students, an event which, however auspicious to the literary interests of the community at large, could not fail to be unfavorable to another seminary of learning in the same region of country, and dependent in a great degree on the same population for its supply of pupils. Visible as this was in the thinned ranks of his students, it does not seem to have caused Mr. Cushing to “bate one jot of heart or hope,” but rather to have stimulated him to renewed exertions. For it was soon after this that he undertook and effected the improvement of the College buildings and the acquisition of a permanent fund. Nor did he cease to urge on the Legislature the just claims of the College to some share of the public favor. But the bills introduced for that purpose, though generally zealously supported and sustained, on grounds which ought to have insured their success, were always gotten rid of—most usually by the parliamentary manoeuvre of tacking to them other subjects more or less incongruous, until they broke down under their own weight.

It is our purpose to consider the character of President Cushing, mainly as one of the scholars and public men of Virginia. We shall therefore dwell but little on his private affairs. But in a sketch of his life, even so brief as this, we cannot omit a fact which exerted the strongest influence on the happiness of his latter years. In the year 1827 he married, in an adjoining county, a pious, intelligent, and interesting young lady, of whom, as she survives to mourn his loss, delicacy forbids that we should speak in terms of stronger panegyric. A good Providence crowned their union with lovely children; and in the bosom of a family so interesting, President Cushing found a felicity which he well knew how to enjoy, and a relaxation from his incessant toils and harassing cares equally necessary to

his body and to his mind. Though to the world chiefly known as a scholar and the President of a College, it was perhaps in the mild and mellow light of domestic retirement that his character shone with the most attractive lustre. As a friend he made few professions, but when self-denying service was needed, his zeal prompted him to exertions the most strenuous, persevering, and efficient. He knew how to feel for the bereavement of the widow's heart, and with tender sympathy to wipe the tear from the widow's eye. May He who seeth in secret reward him for these deeds of love, by pouring consolation into that cup of affliction which His providence has presented to the lip of her who was once too happy in being her husband's helpmate in ministering consolation to others.

Although a native of another State, Mr. Cushing was, in his connexions and his feelings, thoroughly a Virginian; and, as might be supposed from the nature of his pursuits, peculiarly regardful of the literary interests of the Commonwealth. He therefore hailed with joy, and actively engaged in establishing and fostering the Society for the promotion of those interests, formed in Richmond four or five years ago, of which he continued a zealous and efficient member the short residue of his days. For Hampden Sidney, however, he continued to feel a peculiar regard, which he evinced not only by the faithful performance of his duties as its President, but by repeatedly refusing very advantageous offers made him of Professorships in other Colleges, and by expressions of warm attachment to that institution, at that last solemn period of his life, when affection of such regard, if ever possible with him, would have been effectually checked by the near prospect of the awful realities of the eternal world. His death, though an untimely, was not a sudden event. His constitution had perhaps never entirely recovered from the injury inflicted by intense application whilst a college student; and as his habits of study continued the same, the effects became gradually more apparent, until at length the unprecedented rigor of the last winter prostrated the structure which had been so long undermined. Early in the spring, being advised by his physicians to seek a milder climate, he set out for the south, accompanied by a part of his family. But on reaching Raleigh, his journey and his earthly pilgrimage were both cut short. There, surrounded by those whom he loved best on earth, and who he knew well returned his love, looking back on a life of useful and honorable exertion, rewarded by distinguished success; and looking forward in the full assurance of hope to an eternity of happiness, secured to him by a Savior in whom he cordially believed, and whom he had long found precious to his soul, he met death not with calmness and fortitude merely, but with triumph! He had just entered on his forty-third year, and it may be supposed had hardly obtained the maturity of his powers and the full limits of his influence. To our eyes, it would seem his sun went down at noonday. His death was a source of the truest and deepest grief, not only to a family more than ordinarily devoted to him, but to a large circle of friends his virtues had gained to him throughout Virginia, and to those especially who had at heart the prosperity of the College over which he had so ably presided. He died in the communion of the Episcopal Church, which with many inducements to bias him in

another direction, he had chosen for his spiritual mother at the commencement of his religious life, and which with decided, and it is believed increasing affection, he continued to love even unto death. Yet no man possessed a spirit more truly Catholic, and no man delighted more to enjoy Christian communion with the followers of his master, though they might in some less essential particulars, understand the will of that master differently from himself. Like the Apostle Paul, he rejoiced in the spread of the gospel, by whomsoever preached; and he was far more desirous to see his Savior honored, and to learn that sinners had repented and believed, through whatever instrumentality it pleased God to use, than to see the tokens of divine favor confined even to that church which he best loved. In his last days, like the illustrious Grotius, he suspected that even science, with all her loveliness and her beneficence, had engrossed more of his affections and more of his thoughts than should have been given to aught below the skies; and as he drew nearer to the eternal world, his soul was more and more rapt in the beatific contemplation of that incomprehensible glory which God hath prepared for them that love his Son.

His remains are interred in the burying-ground of the Episcopal Church in the city of Raleigh. The spot which contains them is marked by a monument erected by the Trustees of Hampden Sidney College, and designed, while it commemorates his merits, to testify their sorrow for his loss, and their gratitude for his services. But a more enduring monument, and that which he would have prized far above any other, will be found, as we trust, in the abiding and brightening glories of the Institution to which his best years were devoted, and which shared, with the partner of his bosom and the children of his affection, the last anxieties of his ebbing life.

LINES

On reaching the banks of the Mississippi at the junction of the Ohio, 1st July, 1813.

Mighty stream, I see thee rushing
Proudly, madly, wild along—
Like a summer torrent, gushing
Sudden, rapid, swift and strong.
Now my prow is on thy waters,
And I gaze with secret aim,
To discover wherein centered,
Lies the secret of thy fame.
But I gaze in vain—thy billows
Gurgle as they haste away;
Could their sounds my soul untridle,
I might learn wherein it lay.
I might learn that riven mountains,
Headlong falls, unpenciled yet,
Plains untravelled, thou hast wandered,
Ere thy weary waters met.
Plains! where still the Bison feeding,
Paws in ire the solid ground—
Or the fiery Bear, in fury,
Sudden pours his lion-sound.
In thy rushing roar of waters
I might learn that rivers speak;
Great Missouri cries—I mingle,
Konza—ho! the sea I seek.

Mild Ohio, sweet and mighty,
In thy onward wave is lost,
And a thousand lesser fountains,
Pouring down a varied coast.

In a region, drear and polar,
Thou hast thy unnoticed rise,
And dost issue where the solar
Burning heats pervade the skies.

Far beyond the white man's daring
Sits the lordly Indian lone,
Gazing on that rich creation
Heaven, he deems, hath made his own.

Length, and depth, and speed, and volume,
All that swell o'er swell, create—
These, perchance, thy sounds would tell me,
These, these only, make thee great.

'Tis not clearness—'tis not brightness,
Such as dwell in mountain brooks—
'Tis thy big, big, boiling torrent—
'Tis thy wild and angry looks.

Flow then, river—rushing river—
Flow, till thou invade the sea;
Many millions, uncreated,
Shall desire thy waves to see.

But while millions uncreated,
Sigh o'er millions pass'd away,
Thou shalt roll, in all thy splendor,
Till thy Maker bids thee stay.

Washington.

H. R. S.

SKETCHES OF LAKE SUPERIOR.

No part of America presents a more ample field of scenic attractions than the lake referred to. In some respects these attractions are peculiar. It is not only the largest body of fresh water on the continent, but pre-eminently so, the largest in the world. Titicaca, the greatest lake of South America, is computed to be two hundred and forty miles in circumference—a circle less than Ontario, and falling infinitely short of Erie, Huron or Michigan.

Superior is about ten miles short of five hundred, in its most direct line of coast, and may be computed at fifteen hundred miles in circumference.* About one third of this is caused by its promontories and inlets, which give it a striking irregularity of outline. The direct line of inland navigation, which would be opened were the rapids at St. Mary's overcome, would be about twelve hundred and sixty miles in the outward voyage. It possesses several fine harbors and anchorage grounds. Its general features may be inferred from the maps, but no existing map can be relied on for the accuracy of its delineations. Its basin consists of massy formations of primitive rock, with dykes of trap, and horizontal walls of sandstone, giving rise to much variety in its features. Islands, mountains and cliffs, pass the eye of the voyager, with an animating succession, and appear as if they were suspended in the pellucid waters, for which this lake has been noted from the earliest times. This purity may be noticed in connexion with the absence of limestone among its formations, no locality of which

* Mackenzie says seventeen hundred.

has hitherto been discovered. It has, apparently, been the theatre of extensive geological convulsions, which have lifted up its horizontal rocks for a hundred and twenty miles in extent. Other portions bear striking evidences of having been submitted to oceanic action, the effect of which has been, to break down its sandstone coasts, and deposit the *débris* in extensive plains, or sand mountains. Peaks, of a black basaltic aspect, cast their angular shadows over some of the more westerly portions of the lake; and the prospect from some of the higher points of those on which we have stood, is such as to excite the most exalted and transporting conceptions.

The Porcupine mountains may be distinguished, from all that is known of them, as a volcanic group. They are situated in latitude 46° 52'. It would be practicable, in the range of American mountain scenery, to indicate points which have a higher elevation above the sea. Some of the peaks of New England or Virginia lift the observer into the mid heavens. But they are entirely wanting in the effect produced by a transparent mirror of water at their base—for it must be remembered, that no increase of altitude or magnitude can compensate for the absence of water. There is a single precipice, in these mountains, which the Indians represent to be one thousand feet in perpendicular height, having a deep, crater-shaped lake at its base.

The peninsula of Kewena extends into lake Superior about forty-five miles from its southern shore—the last ten or fifteen of which exhibit the shape of a lofty comb of the trap formations. Two points of this, which are sometimes called the Mamelles, have been described, in clear weather, sixty-five miles. From the top of this ridge, the spectator looks to the east, and the west, and the north, and beholds one interminable sheet of crystal water. It seems, from the height, that the action of a single tempest, on so vast a mass of water, would be sufficient to prostrate the whole in ruins. Yet there is a breadth of several miles of solid rock, which has resisted the storms of ages. The effects of the action of the water, are the most striking on its western coast, which has been fretted into bays and inlets, leaving huge, castellated portions of unbroken rock standing in the water. These isolated masses, in misty weather, assume a spectral aspect. The Indians, who find aliment to their superstitions in scenes of awe, formerly deemed this part of the peninsula sacred, and never passed around it in their canoes.

The splendid formation of graywacke rocks on Presque Isle river, is worth the whole journey from St. Mary's, to behold. In its spring floods this river is a torrent rushing from a mountain. When drained to the minimum of its summer level, an extensive area of denuded rock is exposed to view, arranged in a stair-like form, and partaking of an air of gloom, from the dark hue of the deeply excavated banks.

Iron river has its course through a similar formation, being east, as the Presque Isle is west, of the Porcupine range. This river has no striking perpendicular falls; but flows down a hackly, rocky bed, in which the water, in its summer phase, stands in pools, or trickles from one triangular tank to another.

The Breast, or Potoash, and the Cradle Top mountains, are two prominent elevations in the primitive range west of the Grand Island. No one, we venture

to predict, from our own experience, will ever ascend them without labor, or reach their summits without high gratification.

The outer coast of Grand Island presents the north westerly front of that magnificent sandstone formation, called Ishpábica by the Indians, and Picture Rocks by the whites, which assumes so imposing an outline in the range of coast ruins immediately east of that island. The Great Sand Downs,* form a continuation of this coast toward the east, and renew in this lighter form, a most picturesque series of elevations, which the former range exhibits in rock. Minuter sections of the coast, and of the banks of the rivers that intersect it, are of a character to arrest attention, and will furnish, in after years, a tissue of glowing themes for the pen and pencil. Among these, we may notice the falls of the Taquime-non, the Monia, and the St. Louis.

Up to the year 1820, very little was known, even by report, of this interesting and romantic region. The scanty notices of it in the colonial writers were of the most vague and unsatisfactory character. The tale of the massacre of the garrison of Michilimackinac, and of a far off region in which Pontiac exerted his power, had been occasionally heard. But as these events were to be found only in the works of the early French writers, few took the trouble to examine them. Still fewer knew aught of its topography and natural resources, or of the interesting communities of men, women and children, to whom it was "a home and a country" long before Columbus reached St. Salvador. In the year referred to, the gentleman who at present fills the chair of the War Department conducted an exploratory expedition through the region. Its capacities for military occupation, and the character and disposition of its native population and mineral topography, constituted the principal objects of attention. But no one who was a member of that expedition, could remain an indifferent spectator of the striking scenery, and the varied forms of thrilling interest which it threw before the eye. It may be regretted that Mr. Cass himself has given so little of his attention to descriptions of these rife scenes. His graphic notice of the "Pictured Rocks," and his historical illustrations of ancient Indian institutions, will be remembered by the reader.

We have merely adverted to this era, to notice the apathy which has succeeded. The "far West" and the sunny "South," have engaged the pens of genius. But much of the area to which we have called attention, remains, as to its description, *a terra incognita*. We have given most of the time we have ourselves spent in its solitudes, to the consideration of its phenomena, as mere physical facts, and to the history and language of its native inhabitants. But aside from these objects, we think it a rich field for the future tourist. We anticipate the time, as not far distant, when it will not only attract frequent visits from the literary and scientific, but from all classes who possess the means of enjoying out door health and intellectual pleasure.

We submit the following letters, embracing sketches of some prominent portions of the scenery of this lake, as a sequel to these remarks. They are from the pen of a young man who accompanied the writer of this notice on a tour through that lake in 1831. His mind

* Les Grandes Sables.

was much engrossed with the beauty and grandeur of the scenes he daily witnessed, and he wrote these unpretending letters, at snatches of time, by the way. Soon after his return from this tour, he visited one of our Atlantic cities, where he suddenly sickened and died. This circumstance is mentioned, as the motive for retaining the name of the individual, which is associated with recollections of modest worth and ingenuous sensibility.

I.

Grants Point, Lake Superior, July 2, 1831.

Esteemed Friend.—While looking over the life of Dr. Payson, at your house, I was pleased with a remark of his, in which he says "that a formal letter to a friend, is like 'Madam, I hope I have the pleasure to see you in good health,' addressed by a son to his mother, after a year's absence." These may not be the exact words, but they convey the sentiment. Had I the disposition to write to you such a letter, the circumstances of my situation would most effectually preclude its gratification.

One week has now elapsed since we were climbing the rugged sides of the Iroquois mountain, and together gazing upon the peaceful lake whose waters reposed in quietness at its base. During that week you may well imagine that scenes have passed before me, as diverse and varied in interest and excitement as the vicissitudes of human life. We have glided over the limpid waters of the Superior, when its broad surface lay stretched out before us with all the placidity of a polished mirror, and anon our slender barks have been tossed like a feather upon the rushing billows. We have rambled along the sandy beach, or the gravelled shore, or bounded from rock to rock in search of new objects of attraction. We have ascended the sliding sands of the Grande Sable, viewed with admiration and awe the variegated walls of the Pictured Rocks, passed under the Doric arches, and scaled its summit, and last but not least, climbed a weary way up the mountain of the Breast. But I shall not be thanked for filling up my sheet with such general observations.

Very little of interest is to be found upon the coast from Point Iroquois to the Grande Marais. Nothing but a continuous sandy beach meets the eye, which at length becomes tedious in the extreme. At the Grande Marais, however, the scene changes. Here the lofty mountains of Sable commence, which in themselves are sufficient to occupy the mind until new wonders are presented. Mr. Johnston and myself, accompanied by two of the Indian lads, ascended them near the beginning of the range. Upon arriving at the summit, the prospect was at once impressive and sublime. Behind us was the Superior, bounded but by the horizon,—before us a gigantic amphitheatre, whose walls on either side rose into the magnitude of mountains. We descended into the area, and it was one in which the Olympian combatants would have delighted to wage their contests for a false and short-lived fame. It was early when we embarked, and being invigorated by the night's repose, we felt inclined, despite fatigue, to make a survey of all that might prove interesting. Passing on, we found that the winds had disposed of the sand alternately in hills and valleys. Nothing but an arid waste met the eye, except when here and there a hardy plant had reared its head above the yellow surface, or a little islet oasis of green was observed on a hillock's side, struggling

with surrounding desolation. Being informed that a small lake lay beyond the Grande Sable, we immediately resolved upon paying it a visit. The distance we had to traverse was about a mile; and as we wound our way along, I involuntarily drew the comparison between the journey of life and our morning's excursion. How true is it that the great portion of our existence in this world, is filled up with events that but leave the soul in bitterness, while at times some bright flower, some sunny spot will appear, to which memory can recur with pleasure, and draw new hopes for the future. How miserable the condition of those whose ideas of happiness are bounded by present enjoyment; to them, futurity appears a something gloomy and undefinable, the very thoughts of which are unwelcome. But the Christian can look into a world beyond the grave, and the vista, like the green forest around this miniature Zahara, is pleasant to the sight. And even here, although his course may be over a desert, yet every bud of promise, every opening flower, serve but as a source of new excitement, and from them he gathers strength to press his onward march amid the many thorns that beset his path. But ere I had concluded moralizing,—upon gaining the top of a sand hill, a scene opened to the view, of the most romantic beauty. Unconsciously I stopped, lest I should too soon rush upon a prospect of such quiet loveliness. We had passed over a desert whose only attraction consisted in the novelty of its character and the majesty of its outline, but the repetition of its barrenness began to pall upon the sight, and oppress the mind with a sensation of weariness, when instantly the entire scene was changed. Instead of sterile heights, every thing bloomed in the vigor and freshness of vegetation. The forest resounded with "the sweet notes of the summer birds," and as the eye sought for the merry warblers, it caught a glimpse of the blue water as its ripples sparkled in the morning sun. My hesitation was but for a moment,—and bounding down the precipitous sand hills, the isolated lake, that seemed to exult in its wild solitude, with its richly diversified and picturesque enclosures, was spread before me. O, it was a scene that the poet and the painter would love to dwell upon. Cold must be the heart, ungrateful the affections of that being, who, blessed with intelligence, can behold the fairest of Nature's works, and not adore the God of Nature. My fancy might have been highly wrought,—but it all appeared more like a pleasant dream that fills the mind, when slumber steals over the senses as we are thinking upon absent friends, and the haunts of happy hours.

The lake itself is about nine miles in circumference, and in general form, as near as a comparison can be made, resembles a heart. The shores are deeply indented and irregular, now projecting into the water in small semi-circular promontories, and again retiring, as if half afraid of the embraces of the limpid element. On the south and west, as far as the eye can reach, the land rises into mountainous elevations; on the north, stand the lofty sand banks, affording a fine contrast with the fertility around, while on the east, it is bounded by lower grounds, that in one instance descend to a beautiful grassy lawn. The water appears to be very deep, and as we sent a shout over its surface we were answered by a startled water fowl, that seldom, very seldom, hears the sound of a human voice in its wild

retreat. Every thing seemed to conspire to render this one of the most enchanting spots in nature, and it was with regret that we turned to regain our canoe.

Such is lake Leelinan; and while the breeze that moved over its waters sent its waves to my feet, I thought of the friend after whom I named it, and from my heart wished that her life might be as calm and joyous as the bright prospect before me. By that name it *shall* be known; and if this faint description of the beauties it unfolds, will serve to beguile a passing moment, a double object will have been achieved.

As we hurried along on our return, George pointed out to me the fairy tracks that occasionally are seen on these hills. They were, in fact, exact representations of the print of the human foot, and about the size of your Chinese lady's. But alas! how unpoetical! we were forced to come to the conclusion that our fairy was nothing more than a porcupine. Although the 30th of June, we stopped at a snow bank, and after indulging for a moment in a winter's sport, filled one of our Indian's hats with specimens for Mr. S. We travelled over nearly four miles of these sandy mountains. Their summit, near the lake, is covered with pebbles, among which I found several carnelians.

It was nearly six o'clock when we descended to our canoes; and the thought crossed my mind, that *probably* our friends at St. Mary's were beginning to shake the poppies from their eyes, and seriously think of taking a peep at the sunny sky. At eight we landed to breakfast, and need I tell you that consumption presided at the board—not the arch fiend with the bright though sunken eye, the hectic cough, and the delicate but death-boding tint, but a consumption that caused the solid viands before us to disappear with a marvellous quickness.

But to ensure the perusal of any future production, I must tax your patience no farther now. Suffice it to say that the farther I advance the better am I pleased with the tour I have undertaken. Let the issue be what it may, the commencement has introduced to me a friend, whom I shall never forget. May the blessing of the Christian's God attend you.

MELANCTHON L. WOOLSEY.

To ———.

II.

Lake Superior, July 5, 1831.

It was my intention to have had a letter for you in readiness to send by Mr. Aikin, but we met him sooner than we expected, and I was obliged to postpone the fulfilment of my promise until the Indian boys returned.

In my letter to Mrs. S., I conducted her as far as Lake Leelinan. Supposing that an account of our further progress would be as acceptable as any thing I can write, I will give you an invitation to a seat in our canoe, as we depart for the Pictured Rocks. These you have often heard described, and nothing can be added by my poor pen to what has already been said about them. They were all, and more than an excited imagination had conceived them to be. As we approach them the mind is struck with awe at their lofty battlements, and in comparison the most stupendous of the works of art sink into insignificance. Near their commencement a beautiful cascade comes tumbling down the rocks, and finally makes a leap of about thirty feet into the waters below. Passing on from this, we soon come to a most

singular arrangement of rocks and arches, and the first thought that strikes the mind is, to ascend and give them an examination. It is the work but of a moment, for the eye is unsatisfied until it has drunk in all the wonders before it. Our first resting place was under the main arch, from which we had a bird's-eye view of the world of woods, and waters, and rocks, by which we were surrounded. While here, Mr. Clary with his barge came along, and jumping upon the rocks, he soon made one of our party, when we commenced a minute examination of the celebrated Doric Rock. The principal arch, under which we were, is about twenty feet in height; and while standing under its crumbling walls, our sensations were not lessened by the idea that in an instant it might be said of us, *we had been*. At our left, and in the centre of one of the large pillars another arch is formed,—upon entering this we still find one more at our right, and which commands a view of the lake. Between the two stands a pillar of stone, near four feet in height, entirely detached at the sides, and composed of thin plates of sand rock. As we go out from these, for the purpose of ascending the roof, a large urn of nature's own design and workmanship, appears before us. It might be a fit depository for the ashes of some of those mighty men, who before the children "with a white, white face," overran their country, strode through these forests, or in their light canoes bounded over these vast waters—but alas, their graves and those of their fathers are mingling with the common dust! Near this urn are the remains of an Indian's fire, which he had lighted at the close of his fast, when propitiating his Manito—a place well calculated to foster the wildness of superstition, and which to a mind more enlightened than that of the poor wanderer of the wilderness, would not be deficient in suggestions of mystery. Who can wonder that the untaught natives of a region like this, should make to themselves a Deity in the rushing stream or the beetling cliff? They act from the impulse of nature, and well will it be for those who enjoy every advantage that civilization and Christianity can bestow, if when weighed in the balance, even with the pagan Indian, they are not found wanting. We were soon at the top of the Doric Rock, and from its dizzy height the prospect was such as to preclude all attempt at delineation, at least by language. Your brother expressed his emotion as well as it was in the power of any mortal to do. Clapping his hands together, and putting a peculiar emphasis upon the last syllable, he exclaimed "Oh! Oh!" Nothing more could be said. But while enjoying the grandeur of the scene, I wished that M. was at my side, for my pleasure would have been increased tenfold by sharing it with her. The summit of the arch is itself a curiosity. It does not appear to be more than three feet in thickness, and yet it supports and nourishes several lofty pine trees, whose weight alone I should think would crush it to atoms. The root of one of them winds around the outer edge of the rock, as if to support the source of its existence. But we had not long to indulge our admiration, for our table was spread under the shade of one of these immense rocks, and all the sublimity around us could not satisfy the imperious demands of appetite; so after regaling ourselves on some of the dainties furnished by our excellent friends at the Sault, we departed to behold new wonders, and utter repeated exclamations of Oh! Oh! Turning a point of the rocks,

we came in view of those natural excavations that have excited so much astonishment. It was our intention to pass through one of them, but the entrance was blocked up by the falling of an arch, the ruins of which were scattered around. We were obliged to content ourselves with an outside view; but this surpassed every thing of the kind I had before seen. We were in a bay formed by a semi-circle in the rocks. Above us the cliff, at the height of upwards of a hundred feet, projected far beyond our canoes, and formed a canopy of the most terrific description. We could not behold it without a shudder of awe. Upon leaving it we discharged our gun, and the reverberations were almost deafening. The sound rolled through these vast ramparts, and seemed to shake them to their foundations. It was like the groaning of an imprisoned spirit in its struggle to be free. At every stage of our progress we had new cause for amazement; and when we left them it was with the impression that we "ne'er should look upon their like again." Our encampment was at Grand Island. The next day we reached the *Rivière des Moines*,—here we pitched our tents, and immediately commenced a search for some of the precious minerals. The locality proved so interesting that it was determined we should devote a day or two to its examination. For the first time we were compelled to resort to our mosquito bars, and it afforded me infinite amusement upon waking in the morning, to see about fifty of these insects puzzling their brains to discover the meaning of certain initials that seemed to attract their attention. This day we removed our encampment four miles. In so doing we passed a rocky mountain, that filled us instantly with a desire to ascend to its summit. This was resolved on, and at five in the afternoon we procured an Indian guide, and were soon clinging to the roots and branches that overhung its precipitous sides, as we scrambled up the ascent. We were amply repaid for our fatigue, by the prospect from its peak. Immediately before us was a beautiful bay, studded with numerous islands, some of which were crowned with verdure, while others were immense masses of rock. The bay was formed by the projections of Granite Point and Presque Isle, both of which terminated in circular mountainous elevations that were connected to the main land, but by very narrow isthmuses. At the distance of fifty miles were seen Grand Island and the Pictured Rocks. To the north-west are seen seven large bays, and Point Kewena, from which we are 65 miles distant. In the back ground, mountain rises on mountain, as far as the eye can reach. Here and there, to add variety to the scene, a lofty peak of massy, naked granite, rears its head high above its less aspiring neighbors; and to soften the asperity of the view, there are two beautiful open spots of level green, that might be taken for fairy playgrounds—so secluded, and so environed, that even the spirits of the air in them could find a resting place. And think you not when my eyes were gazing at the splendor of this scene, glowing as it was in the last rays of a glorious sun-set, that my mind wandered to the Being who is the author of these creations?

When we have occasionally met the traders, as they were returning from their year's residence among the Indians, I have asked myself what mysterious excitement there could be in the spirit of gain, that will cause men to separate themselves from society, and voluntari-

ly renounce those privileges incident to an intercourse with the world? But as I pass along my wonder ceases. There is such an union of beauty and grandeur in all the works of nature throughout this region, that it is impossible to be acquainted with them, and not wish to pass a life in their admiration. Following the impulse of my present feelings, I could joyfully make my home among these hills and valleys, and I should want no other. 'Tis true, the busy hum of men would not reach such a wild retreat, neither would their faithlessness and cold deceit.

And now, let me tell you how I have written this letter. We are waiting, at the Kewena Bay, for the arrival of some Indians to transport part of our baggage to the Ontonagon. Mr. S., and Mr. Houghton, with Lt. Clary, are by this time over the traverse. It was uncertain how soon we might be able to embark, but I resolved to devote what time I had to you. Accordingly at 5 o'clock this morning, I turned a chest upside down for a desk, planted myself against the tent-pole, and with the stump of a pen commenced operations. But alas! the sand flies and mosquitoes made such a desperate onset that I was obliged to haul down my colors, and ingloriously fly for my life. I then waited until after breakfast, and commenced again with no better success. I then resorted to the open air; and placing my paper on a small bank, and standing on the stones below, with the sun at 90, pouring its rays upon my head, while with one hand and sometimes two, I battled insects of divers descriptions, at last have made *black marks*, over the greater part of this sheet. Should you in decyphering these hieroglyphics, come to any place where the subject was suddenly dropped and another commenced, without any apology, attribute it to a huge horse-fly, which lighting on my nasal protuberance, caused me to drop my pen, and with it my ideas. But here come a dozen of them, so good bye till you hear from me again.

M. L. WOOLSEY.

To ————.

III.

La Pointe, Lake Superior, July 17, 1831.

Instead of a sand bank for a writing desk, I am now seated by the side of a good table in your brother's house, and surrounded by comforts and conveniences that would be no discredit to a place less out of the world than La Pointe. We have luxuries that even the inhabitants of St. Mary's might envy. Our table groans beneath its load of white-fish and trout, veal and pigeons, rice-puddings and strawberries, all of which are served up *à la mode*, in Joseph's best style, assisted by the culinary skill of *Plyse*, the cook. We at present adopt the maxim, "Live while you may," for we well know that soon we will be out of the reach of every thing of this sort, and be glad to get our dish of corn-soup. This is a very pleasant island, and presents quite a village-like appearance. There are several large dwelling houses, besides the trading establishment, and cultivated fields, with cattle strolling about, that altogether make up a scene quite different from any thing I expected to see before arriving at Green Bay.

Since my *first* and *last* letter to you, we have passed through a variety of interesting incidents. As I closed my letter our Indians arrived, and in a short time we were on our way across the Kewena traverse. But now a fresh breeze had supplanted the calm atmosphere

of the morning, and before we were half-way over the Bay, we began to anticipate a second edition of the troubles and danger experienced by Mr. S. in 1820. But we fortunately escaped, with no inconvenience but a slight wetting, and at 12 at night came up to the encampment of our friends,—when not wishing to disturb them, we spread our blankets upon the gravel, with the heavens for our canopy, and sought a few hours repose, previous to commencing an examination of Kewena Point. In this we promised ourselves an abundance of interest, and we suffered no disappointment. Such a banging the rocks have not experienced for many a day, and we robbed them of no inconsiderable quantity of their precious contents. The “King of the metals” will be under the necessity of holding another-convention,* and if some of the delegates do not appear with battered visages, and broken bones, then there is no virtue in our well-tried hammers. Now you know, as we go skipping down the vale of life, that it is not every circumstance that assumes a serious cast, but that we have a mixture, or a kind of dish which in Scotland, and by Dr. Johnson, would be called *hodge-podge*. So with us—after wearying ourselves in discovering copper mines, and hunting from their dark and stony enclosures the precious gems which here abounded, we would join with no little zest in the pleasures of the chase. One or two opportunities of doing this occurred while going round this Point. This was in the pursuit of *quacks*; and impelled by the purest *patriotism*, we were determined upon the extirpation of all that might fall in our way. What, ask you, is it possible, that the prescribed prescribers of “roots and herbs,” and steam restoratives, have found their way to the lone regions of the north? Why no, not exactly *this* kind of quacks, but a species more honest, who tell us beforehand what they are, and which, of themselves, when properly prepared by a *suitable* apothecary, form an excellent remedy for a well-known disease, and which those in particular are apt to contract who labor for hours together among rocks and over mountains. But to tell a plain story:—while in our canoes we surprised several large broods of ducks, which happened to be in that state when their unfledged wings forbade them to fly, but when they were sufficiently large to furnish excellent game for the table. Consequently it was a trial of skill between our canoe-men and the poor quacklings, to see who could paddle the fastest; but like the boys and the frogs, while it was sport to the former, it was death to the latter. Although at first they literally walked over the water, yet their strength was soon exhausted; and what with the shouts of the men, which of themselves were sufficient to scare a duck out of its senses, and their own fatigue, they fell an easy prey to their enemies. But to secure the victims after they were run down, afforded us the most amusement. The men seemed to have given up their whole souls to the chase, and as the ducks would dive to escape being taken, they would endeavor to spear them with their poles and paddles, and these proving ineffectual, plunge in themselves regardless of the consequences. Their zeal was rewarded by the capture of twelve or fifteen of the unfortunate birds. The only fear I experienced during this enlivening scene, was that the Doctor would exhaust his stock

* Alludes to a *jeu d'esprit* poem.

of risibility, and in future we should be deprived of his hearty ha, ha, that makes one join in sympathy with him, *before the story comes*. He surrendered himself entirely to the power of Momus; but we have had abundant demonstration since, that he is still a subject of the laughing deity. But the afterpiece was the most interesting to us individually; what that was you must guess. But *luckily* the clouds now “began to gather blackness;” and before we had proceeded many miles, we were favored with a couple of smart showers; and finally obliged by the rain to go on shore—*luckily*, because this spot proved to be the richest in minerals and metals, that we had yet visited. Your brother discovered two rich veins of copper ore, and we found agates and other gems in quantities. While we were thumping about us, the Doctor got into the canoe for the purpose of seeking an encamping place. This was found at the bottom of a very pretty bay, but which nevertheless we dignified with the name of Musquito Cove. Here we were wind-bound, and I spent a half hour very pleasantly on the rocks, witnessing the foaming and dashing of the waves, that seemed enraged at the resistance which they met, while the rocks themselves groaned at the encounter as if fearful of being shaken from their solid foundations. Here was a place for melancholy, and a mind like yours would have held a revelry with the wildness of the scene. My curiosity to witness the onset of the waters, prompted me to venture too near them, as I found by a salute, not very friendly, that left me in rather a moist condition; but although experience is the best school, yet forgetting myself, I was again reminded that being but a spectator, it would be well to retire from the influence of the battle shock.

* * * * *

This ceremony over, we turned our faces homewards, but stopped for a moment on the way to take a peep at the Superior. This was so pleasing that I felt no disposition to quit it, and continued my way over the rocks, until weariness alone induced me to return. My path was through a pleasant wood, and as I was loitering along, I was startled by the report of a gun, repeated three or four times in quick succession; and upon making up to the place from whence the sound proceeded, found that two of the men had been sent out to search for the supposed lost one. The wind had abated, and we left our camp as the sun began to dip below the horizon. The rest of my story I hope to have the pleasure of communicating to you by word of mouth.

You will not probably hear from us again until our arrival at the Sault.

In the meantime remember me to William, and the young gentlemen of your household. M. L. W.

GREECE.

“Amphyction erected a Temple at Athens in honor of the Hours, in which those citizens who knew the value of time and opportunity habitually offered their sacrifices.”

“To the Temple of the Hours! Let us early pay the vow;
Aurora's bright and blushing kiss is on Hymettus' brow—
And the Hours, that lead the dapple morn thro' trembling rays of light,

Glance towards the past eternity, with pinions stretch'd for flight.

“To the Temple of the Hours! Deeper grows the orient blush,
The light shafts of the polished Fan reflect the rosy flush;
While dews are on the cypress bough and blooming myrtle spray,
A sacrifice, as fresh and fair, we'll on their altar lay.

"With offering we'll propitiate—Invoke with lyre and song—
And rich shall be the sacrifice—the music loud and long ;
Then, Hours, as lightly over us you wing your noiseless flight,
Four on our pathway, graciously, a flood of love and light."

Thus Athens' sons. How vainly wise !—The scathing foot hath
trod,

Where many a costly Temple rose, to many an 'unknown God ;'
And Hours, with retribution fraught, on pinions bathed in woes,
Long lingered where their beauteous Fane of timeless marble rose.

And have those retributive Hours passed o'er, with leaden sight ?
On Athens breaks a brighter day ? Dawns there a purer light ?
Rejoice ! The "Star of Bethlehem" leads on a perfect day,
And fades the Crescent from the skies, lost in its brighter ray.

The altar 'To the unknown God,' the Temple to the Hours,
'The Prophets' crescent-mounted Mosques, fall from her cypress
bowers ;

The Tissue from the Cross shall fall, by error wreathed so fair,
Fall—and the shrinking drapery's folds reveal a Saviour there.

Then, Greece, shall smile propitiously, the bright, the favoring
Hours—

Then praise shall rise, as sweet as breath from Tempe's vale of
Flowers ;

Rise, from that heart of love—of woe—of poetry profound—
The heart of Greece !—her sons are free—the noble mind un-
bound.

Maine.

ELIZA.

READINGS WITH MY PENCIL.

NO. I.

"*Legere sine calamo est dormire.*"—*Quintilian.*

1. "I am resolved, by the grace of God, always to make my
heart and tongue go together : so as never to speak with the one
what I do not think with the other."—*Bishop Beveridge.*

There is a fine philosophy in the above excellent de-
termination of the pious and learned bishop : it is but
a paraphrase of the homely maxim, "Honesty is the
best policy." But the most striking idea conveyed by
it is its negative character : the resolution being, not to
speak all that the heart thinketh, but never to speak
what it thinketh not.

2. "I deny the lawfulness of telling a lie to a sick man for fear
of alarming him. You have no business with consequences :
you are to tell the truth."—*Dr. Johnson.*

Boswell says that the Doctor said this to him. I do
not doubt it. It is nothing new. *St. Paul* said it before
Dr. Johnson. "What then? Shall we do evil that good
may come? God forbid!" Now, a lie of this kind would
be venial, where other lies, told upon occasions of less
magnitude and importance, would be unpardonable.
And the Doctor's idea seems to be very well explained
in the next passage.

3. "All truth is not of equal importance ; but if little violations
be allowed, all violations will, in time, be thought little."
Dr. Johnson.

So much for Truth ; which, according to *Herodotus*,
was one of the three lessons inculcated by the ancient
Persians upon their children.

4. "The Four Elements are the Four Volumes in which all
Nature's works are written."—*Jeremy Taylor.*

What is that volume, red-bound and glittering with
golden tooling, more brilliant than the highest reach

of Art has ever approached ; dazzling with its illu-
minated pages, which none can read but the eagle-eye
of him who has learned to gaze upon the living light
of heavenly Truth, as written by the finger of the Al-
mighty Omniscient ? It is the volume of *Fire*—Nature's
Philosophy. That beautiful volume, delicately bound
in soft cerulean, sparkling with starry splendors, and
redolent of "that odor within the sense, so delicate,
soft, and intense," which gives its pages the fragrance
no less than the shining beauty of Paradise—that vol-
ume is *Air*—and it is Nature's *Music and Poetry*. See
Nature's *History* in those two immense volumes, *Earth*
and *Water*. In them read the History of Empires,
their rise, decline, and fall : the History of Man ; his
birth, his life, and death : the History of Passion ; its
conception, development, and disappointment : the
History of Evil ; its origin, dominion, and decay : the
History of Good ; its slow and steady, yet neglected
and uncultured growth—its secret yet secure and strong
dominion—its lasting and undying strength : and the
History of all Nature and her works—recording all her
beauties, all her glories, all her triumphs, all her lessons,
all her immortal lore !

5. "Not only by the warmth,
And soothing sunshine of delightful things,
Do minds grow up and flourish."

Alcibiades.

No more than flowers grow up and flourish best,
when reared in a hot-house. Those flowers may have
more beauty, but where is the strength which the free
blowing blossom of the wilderness alone possesses ?
The corolla is delicate, its petals each a separate love-
liness : but where is the noble stalk sustaining many
and more voluminous, though less gaudy blossoms,
which rears its enduring head aloft, living when the
other is dead—fragrant when the other is withered
up on the dewless earth around its drooping stem ?
Adversity has been the parent of master minds. *Ho-*
mer and *Milton*, and *Shakspeare*, and *Burns*—these
were no hot-house plants in Nature's garden : they
were born in obscurity ; their upward growth was
watered with the dew-like tears of adversity ; they
were reared in the great wilderness of the world, amid
its storms, its tempests, and its fitful gleams of sun-
shine : and so "do minds grow up and flourish."

6. "Renewed friendships are to be conducted with greater
nicety than such as have never been broken."—*Roche foucault.*

Yes : just as one should handle a porcelain vase,
once fractured and repaired, more carefully than before
it was injured.

7. "I do not subscribe to the notion that poets are born," said
Herbert.—*Private Life.*

Horace thought otherwise. I never agreed with the
Venusian poet. *Walter Scott* was not a born poet : he
was made by the scenes around him from his birth.
Byron was not a native poet : his early "poetry" (?)
proves the fact abundantly. His only true poetry was
the result of circumstances. His first good poem was
made by an article in the *Edinburgh Review*. His next
was made by an unhappy marriage, and all the rest
that deserved the name have an origin of the kind.
Would *Burns* the cit have ever turned out what *Burns*
the *Ayrshire* ploughman proved, think ye ? And was
Pope born a poet ? No more than *Napoleon* was born
Emperor of the French !

J. F. O.

Editorial.

CRITICAL NOTICES.

PAUL ULRIC.

Paul Ulric: Or the Adventures of an Enthusiast. New York: Published by Harper & Brothers.

These two volumes are by Morris Mattson, Esq. of Philadelphia, and we presume that Mr. Mattson is a very young man. Be this as it may, when we called Norman Leslie the silliest book in the world we had certainly never seen Paul Ulric. One sentence in the latter, however, is worthy of our serious attention. "We want a few faithful laborers in the vineyard of literature, to root out the noxious weeds which infest it." See page 116, vol. ii.

In itself, the book before us is too purely imbecile to merit an extended critique—but as a portion of our daily literary food—as an American work published by the Harpers—as one of a class of absurdities with an inundation of which our country is grievously threatened—we shall have no hesitation, and shall spare no pains, in exposing fully before the public eye its four hundred and forty-three pages of utter folly, bombast, and inanity.

"My name," commences Mr. Mattson, "is Paul Ulric. Thus much, gentle reader, you already know of one whose history is about to be recorded for the benefit of the world. I was always an enthusiast, but of this I deem it inexpedient to say much at present. I will merely remark that I possessed by nature a wild and adventurous spirit which has led me on blindly and hurriedly, from object to object, without any definite or specific aim. My life has been one of continual excitement, and in my wild career I have tasted of joy as well as of sorrow. [Oh remarkable Mr. Ulric!] At one moment I have been elevated to the very pinnacle of human happiness, at the next I have sunk to the lowest depths of despair. Still I fancied there was always an equilibrium. This may seem a strange philosophy to some, but is it the less true? The human mind is so constituted as always to seek a level—if it is depressed it will be proportionately elevated, if elevated it will be proportionately depressed. But "says Mr. U., interrupting himself, "I am growing metaphysical!" We had thought he was only growing absurd.

He proceeds to tell us of his father who was born in Lower Saxony—who went, when only a year old, to England—who, being thrown upon the parish, was initiated into the mysteries of boot cleaning—who, at the age of ten, became a vender of newspapers in the city of London—at twelve sold potatoes in Covent Garden—at fifteen absconded from a soap-boiler in the Strand to whom he had been apprenticed—at eighteen sold old clothes—at twenty became the proprietor of a mock auction in Cheapside—at twenty five was owner of a house in Regent Street, and had several thousand pounds in the Funds—and before thirty was created a Baronet, with the title of Sir John Augustus Frederick Geoffrey Ulric, Bart., for merely picking up and carrying home his Majesty King George the Fourth, whom Mr. U. assures us upon his word and honor, his father found lying beastly drunk, one fine day, in some gutter, in some particular thoroughfare of London.

Our hero himself was born, we are told, on the borders of the Thames, not far from Greenwich. When a well grown lad he accompanies his father to the continent. In Florence he falls in love with a Countess in her thirty-fifth year, who curls his hair and gives him sugar-plums. The issue of the adventure with the Countess is thus told.

"You have chosen them with much taste," said the Countess; "a beautiful flower is this!" she continued, selecting one from among the number, "its vermilion is in your cheeks, its blue in your eyes, and for this pretty compliment I deserve a — you resist eh! My pretty, pretty lad, I will! There! Another, and you may go free. Still perverse? Oh, you stubborn boy! How can you refuse? One—two—three! I shall devour you with kisses!"

* * * * *

We have printed the passage precisely as we find it in the book—notes of admiration—dashes—Italics—and all. Two rows of stars wind up the matter, and stand for the catastrophe—for we hear no more of the Countess. Now if any person over curious should demand why Morris Mattson, Esq. has mistaken notes of admiration for sense—dashes, kisses, stars and Italics for sentiment—the answer is very simple indeed. The author of Vivian Grey made the same mistake before him.

Indeed we have made up our minds to forward Ben D'Israeli a copy of Paul Ulric. He will read it, and if he do not expire upon the spot, it will do him more real service than the crutch. Never was there a more laughable burlesque of any man's manner. Had Mr. Mattson only intended it as a burlesque we would have called him a clever fellow. But unfortunately this is not the case. No jackdaw was ever more soberly serious in fancying herself a peacock, than our author in thinking himself D'Israeli the second.

"Every day," says Paul after the kissing scene, "filled me with a new spirit of romance. I had sailed upon the winding streams of Germany; I had walked beneath the bright skies of Italy; I had clambered the majestic mountains of Switzerland." His father, however, determines upon visiting the United States, and taking his family with him. His reasons for so doing should be recorded. "His republicanism" says Paul, "had long rendered him an object of aversion to the aristocracy. He had had the hardihood to compare the salary of the President with the civil list of the king—consequently he was threatened with an indictment for treason! My mother suggested the propriety of immediately quitting the country."

Mr. Mattson does not give us an account of the voyage. "I have no disposition," says his hero, "to describe a trip across the Atlantic—particularly as I am not in a sentimental mood—otherwise I might turn over the poets, and make up a long chapter of extracts from Moore, Byron, and Rogers of the Old World, or Percival, Bryant, and Halleck of the New." A range of stars, accordingly, is introduced at this crisis of affairs, and we must understand them to express all the little matters which our author is too fastidious to detail. Having sufficiently admired the stars, we turn over the next leaf and "Land ho!" shouts one of the seamen on the fore-topsail yard.

Arrived in Philadelphia, Mr. Ulric (our hero's father)
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"is divided," so says Mr. Mattson, "between the charms of a city and country life." His family at this time, we are told, consisted of five persons; and Mr. U. Jr. takes this opportunity of formally introducing to us, his two sisters Eleanor and Rosaline. This introduction, however, is evidently to little purpose, for we hear no more, throughout the two volumes, of either the one young lady or the other. After much deliberation the family fix their residence in "Essex, a delightful country village in the interior of Pennsylvania;" and we beg our readers to bear in mind that the surprising adventures of Paul Ulric are, for the most part, perpetrated in the immediate vicinity of this village.

The young gentleman (notwithstanding his late love affair with the Countess) is now, very properly, sent to school—or rather a private tutor is engaged for him—one Lionel Wafer. A rapid proficiency in Latin, Greek, Hebrew, music, dancing, and fencing, is the result; "and with these accomplishments," says the young calf, "I believed myself fitted for the noise and bustle of the world." Accordingly, his father having given him a flogging one afternoon, he determines upon running away. In two days he "arrives in one of the Atlantic cities." Rambling about the streets he enters into conversation with a sharper, who succeeds in selling him, for forty dollars, a watch made of tinsel and put together with paste. This and subsequent adventures in the city form the best portion of the book—if *best* should be applied, in any way, to what is altogether abominable. Mr. Ulric goes to the theatre, and the play is *Romeo and Juliet*. The orchestra "breaks forth in full chorus" and our hero soliloquizes. We copy his soliloquy with the end of placing before our readers what we consider the finest passage in Mr. Mattson's novel. We wish to do that gentleman every possible act of justice; and when we write down the few words to which we allude, and when we say that they are not absolutely intolerable, we have done all, in the way of commendation, which lies in our power. We have not one other word of praise to throw away upon Paul Ulric.

"Oh Music!—the theme of bards from time immemorial—who can sing of thee as thou deservest? What wondrous miracles hast thou not accomplished? The war-drum beats—the clarion gives forth its piercing notes—and legions of armed men rush headlong to the fierce and devastating battle. Again, the drum is muffled, and its deep notes break heavily upon the air, while the dead warrior is borne along upon his bier, and thousands mingle their tears to his memory. The tender lute sounds upon the silvery waters, and the lover throws aside his oar, and imprints a kiss upon the lips of his beloved. The bagle rings in the mountain's recesses, and a thousand spears are uplifted for a fearful and desperate conflict. And now the organ peals, and, with its swelling notes, the soul leaps into the very presence of the Deity."

Our hero decides upon adopting the stage as a profession, and with this view takes lessons in elocution. Having perfected himself in this art, he applies to a manager, by note, for permission to display his abilities, but is informed that the nights are engaged for two months ahead, and it would be impossible for him to appear during the season. By the influence, however, of some hanger-on of the theatre, his wishes are at length gratified, and he is announced in the bills as "the celebrated Master Le Brun, the son of a distinguished English nobleman, whose success was so unprecedented in

London as to have performed fifty nights in succession at the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane"—a sentence in which we are at a loss to discover whether the English nobleman, or the English nobleman's son, or the success of the English nobleman's son is the distinguished performer in question.

Our adventurer succeeds in his *débüt*, and is in a fair way of becoming a popular performer, when his prospects are suddenly nipped in the bud. His valet one morning announces a Sir Thomas Le Brun, and Sir Thomas Le Brun proves to be that worthy gentleman Sir John Augustus Frederick Geoffry Ulric, Baronet. A scene ensues. Paul screams, and Sir John clenches his fist. The father makes a speech, and the son makes a speech and a bow. At length they fly into each other's arms, and the drama closes by the old personage taking the young personage home in his carriage. In all this balderdash about the stage, there is not one original incident or idea. The same anecdotes are told, but in infinitely better language, in every book of dramatic reminiscences since the flood.

Our author now indulges in what we suppose to be satire. The arrows of his wit are directed, with much pertinacity at least, against one Borel Bunting, by which name it strikes us that Mr. M. wishes to indicate some poor devil of an editor in *bonâ fide* existence—perhaps some infatuated young person who could not be prevailed upon, by love or money, to look over the MS. of Paul Ulric. If our supposition be true, we could wish Mr. Borel Bunting no better revenge than what the novelist has himself afforded by this public exposure of his imbecility. We must do our readers the favor of copying for their especial perusal, a portion of this vehement attack.

"There has been much speculation as to the birth-place of Borel; (in this respect he somewhat resembled Homer) but if I have been correctly informed it was in one of the New England States. Further than this I cannot particularize. When he came to Essex he managed to procure a situation in a counting-house, which afforded him the means of support as well as leisure for study. He did not overlook these advantages, and gradually rose in public estimation until he became the editor of the *Literary Herald*. This gentleman was deeply read in the classics, and had also perused every novel and volume of poetry from the earliest period of English literature down to the present. Such had been his indefatigable research, that there was not a remarkable passage in the whole range of the *Waverley* fictions, or indeed any other fictions, to which he could not instantly turn. As to poetry, he was an oracle. He could repeat the whole of *Shelley*, *Moore*, and *Wordsworth*, *verbatim*. He was a very *Sidrophel* in his acquirements. He could tell

"How many scores a flea would jump;"

he could prove, also, "that the man in the moon's a sea Mediterranean," and

"In lyric numbers write an ode on
His mistress eating a black pudding."

He composed acrostics extempore by the dozen; we say *extempore*, though it was once remarked that he was months in bringing them to maturity. He was imitable, moreover, in his pictures of natural scenery. When a river, or a mountain, or a waterfall was to be sketched, Borel Bunting, of all others, was the man to guide the pencil. He had the rare faculty of bringing every thing distinctly before the mind of the reader—a compliment to which a majority of his brother scribes are not entitled.

Borel Bunting possessed also a considerable degree

of critical saunen. Southey was a mere doggerelist; Cooper and Irving were not men of genius. so said Borel. Pope, he declared, was the first of poets, because Lord Byron said so before him. Tom Jones, he contended, was the most perfect specimen of a novel extant. He was also willing to admit that Goldsmith had shown some talent in his *Vicar of Wakefield*.

In a word, Borel's wonderful acquirements secured him the favorable attention of many distinguished men; and at length (as a reward of his industry and merit) he was regularly installed in the chair editorial of the "*Literary Herald*," an important weekly periodical, fifteen inches in diameter. His salary, it is supposed, was something less than that received by the President of the United States.

The *Literary Herald*, Borel (or rather, Mr. Bunting—we beg his pardon) considered the paragon of perfection. No one could ever hope to be distinguished in literature who was not a contributor to its columns. It was the only sure medium through which young Ambition could make its way to immortality. In short, (to use one of Bunting's favorite words,) it was the "*nonpareil*" of learning, literature, wit, philosophy, and science.

Mr. Bunting corresponded regularly with many distinguished individuals in Europe. I called upon him one morning, just after the arrival of a foreign mail, when he read me portions of seven letters which he had just received. One was from Lafayette, another from Charles X., a third from the author of a fashionable novel, a fourth from Miss L., a beautiful poetess in London, a fifth from a German count, a sixth from an Italian prince, and a seventh from Storgstuwpspsrm, (I vouch not for the orthography, not being so well acquainted with the art of spelling as the learned Borel,) a distinguished Russian general in the service of the great "Northern Bear."

The most unfortunate charge that was ever preferred against Borel, in his editorial capacity, was that of plagiarism. He had inserted an article in his paper over his acknowledged signature, entitled "*Pesultory Musing*," which some one boldly asserted was an extract from Zimmerman on Solitude; and, upon its being denied by the editor, reference was given to the identical page whence it was taken. These things boded no good to the reputation of the scribe; nevertheless, he continued his career without interruption, and, had he lived in the days of Pope, the latter might well have asked,

"Who shames a scribbler? break one cobweb through,
He spins the slight, self-pleasing thread anew:
Destroy his fib or sophistry, in vain,
The creature's at his dirty work again—

Proud of a vast extent of flimsy lines."

Mr. Ulric now indulges us with another love affair, beginning as follows: "Oh thou strange and incomprehensible passion! to what canst thou be compared? At times thou art gentle as the zephyr; at others thou art mighty as the tempest. Thou canst calm the throbbing bosom, or thou canst fill it with wilder commotion. A single smile of thy benign countenance calleth new rapture to the anguished heart, and scattereth every doubt, every fear, every perplexity. But enough of this." True.

A young lady falls into a river or a ditch, (our author says she was fishing for a water-lily) and Mr. Ulric is at the trouble of pulling her out. "What a charming incident!" says Mr. Mattson. Her name is Violet, and our susceptible youth falls in love with her. "Shall I ever," quoth Paul, "shall I ever forget my sensations at that period?—never!" Among other methods of erasing his passion he writes a copy of verses "To Violet," and sends them to the *Literary Herald*. All, however, is to little purpose. The lady is no fool, and very properly does not wish a fool for a husband.

Our hero now places his affections upon the wife of a silk-dyer. He has a rival, however, in the person of the redoubted editor, Borel Bunting, and a duel ensues, in which, although the matter is a hoax, and the pistols have no load in them, Mr. Mattson assures us that the editor "in firing, lodged the contents of his weapon in the ground a few inches from his feet." The chapter immediately following this adventure is headed with poetical quotations occupying two-thirds of a page. One is from Byron—another from *All's Well that Ends Well*—and the third from Brown's *Lecture on Perpetual Motion*. The chapter itself would form not quite half a column such as we are now writing, and in it we are informed that Bunting, having discovered the perpetual motion, determines upon a tour in Europe.

The editor being thus disposed of, Mr. Mattson now enters seriously upon the business of his novel. We beg the attention of our readers while we detail a tissue of such absurdity, as we did not believe it possible, at this day, for any respectable bookseller to publish, or the very youngest of young gentlemen to indite.

Let us bear in mind that the scene of the following events is in the vicinity of Philadelphia, and the epoch, the present day. Mr. Ulric takes a stroll one May morning with his gun. "Nature seems to be at rest," &c.—"the warbling of birds," &c.—"perched among trees," &c. was all very fine, &c. "While gazing," says Paul, "upon these objects," (that is to say, the warbling of the birds) "I beheld a young and beautiful female trip lightly over the grass, and seat herself beneath a willow which stood in the middle of a park." Whereupon our adventurer throws himself into an attitude, and soliloquizes as follows.

"It seems that there is an indescribable something in the features of many women—a look, a smile, or a glance of the eye—that sends the blood thrilling to the heart, and involuntarily kindles the flame of love upon its altar. It is no wonder that sages and philosophers have worshipped with such mad devotion at the shrine of beauty! It is no wonder that the mighty Pericles knelt at the feet of his beloved Aspasia! It is no wonder that the once powerful Antony sacrificed his country to the fatal embraces of the bewitching Cleopatra! It is no wonder that the thirst for glory cooled in the heart of the philosophic Abelard, when he beheld the beauty of the exquisite Heloise! It is no wonder, indeed, that he quitted the dry maxims of Aristotle to practise the more pleasing precepts of Ovid! But this is rhapsody!" It is.

The lady is dressed in white, (probably cambric muslin,) and Mr. Mattson assures us that her features he shall not attempt to describe. He proceeds, however, to say that her "eyes are hazel, but very dark," "her complexion pure as alabaster," her lips like the lips of Canova's Venus, and her forehead like—something very fine. Mr. Ulric attempts to speak, but his embarrassment prevents him. The young lady "turns to depart," and our adventurer goes home as he came.

The next chapter commences with "How mysterious is human existence!"—which means, when translated, "How original is Mr. Mattson!" This initial paragraph concludes with a solemn assurance that we are perishable creatures, and that it is very possible we may all die—every mother's son of us. But as Mr. M. hath it—"to our story." Paul has discovered the mansion of the young lady—but can see no more of the young lady herself. He therefore stands sentinel before

the door, with the purpose "of making observations." While thus engaged, he perceives a tall fellow, "with huge black whiskers and a most forbidding aspect," enter the house, in a familiar manner. Our hero is, of course, in despair. The tall gentleman could be no other than the accepted lover of the young lady. Having arrived at this conclusion, Paul espies a column of smoke in the woods, and after some trouble discovers it to proceed from "a log dwelling which stood alone, with its roof of moss, amid the silence and solitude of nature." A dog barks, and an old woman makes her appearance.

This old lady is a most portentous being. She is, however, a little given to drinking; and offers our hero a dram, of which Mr. Mattson positively assures us that gentleman did not accept.

"Can you tell me," says Paul, "who lives in the stone house?"

"Do you mean the Florence mansion," she asked.

"Very like—who is its owner?"

"A man of the same name—Richard Florence."

"Who is Richard Florence?"

"An Englishman; he came to this country a year or two ago."

"Has he a wife?"

"Not that I know of."

"Children?"

"An only daughter."

"What is her name?"

"Emily."

"Emily!—Is she beautiful?"

"Very beautiful!"

"And amiable?"

"Her like is not to be found."

"What," [exclaims our hero, perhaps starting back and running his fingers through his hair]—"what are all the fleeting and fickle pleasures of the world! what the magnificent palaces of kings, with their imperial banquetings and gorgeous processions! what, indeed, are all the treasures of the earth or the sea, in comparison with the pure, the bright, the beautiful object of our young and innocent affections!!!"

The name of the old hag is Meg Lawler, and she favors Mr. Ulric with her private history. The morality of her disclosures is questionable—but "morals, at the present day, quoth Mr. Mattson, are rarely sought in works of fiction, and perhaps less rarely found." The gentleman means *more* rarely. But let us proceed. Meg Lawler relates a tale of seduction. It ends in the most approved form. "I knew," says she, "that the day of sorrow and tribulation was at hand, but alas, there was no saving power!" Here follows a double range of stars—after which, the narrative is resumed as follows.

"Dame Lawler paused, and turning upon me her glaring and blood-shot eyes exclaimed—

"Do you think there is a punishment hereafter for the evil deeds done in the body?"

"Such," I replied, "the divines have long taught us."

"*Then is my destroyer writhing in the agonies of hell!*"

Mr. Ulric is, of course, electrified, and the chapter closes.

Our hero, some time after this, succeeds in making the acquaintance of Miss Emily Florence. The scene of the first interview is the cottage of Meg Lawler. Mr. U. proposes a walk—the lady at first refuses, but finally consents.

"There were two paths," says our hero, "either of which we might have chosen: one led into the forest,

the other towards her father's house. I struck into the latter—but she abruptly paused."

"Shall we continue our walk?" I asked, observing that she still hesitated.

"Yes," she at length answered; "but I would prefer the other path"—that is to say the path through the woods—O fi, Miss Emily Florence! During the walk, our hero arrives at the conclusion that his beloved is "some unfortunate captive whose fears, or whose sense of dependence, might render it imprudent for her to be seen in the society of a stranger. In addition to all this, Dame Lawler has told Mr. U. that "she did not believe Emily was the daughter of Mr. Florence"—hereby filling the interesting youth with suspicions, which Mr. Mattson assures us "were materials for the most painful reflection."

On their way home our lovers meet with an adventure. Mr. Ulric happens to espy a—man. Miss Emily Florence thus explains this momentous occurrence. "*There is a band of robbers who have their retreat in the neighboring hills—and this was no doubt one of them. They are headed by a brave and reckless fellow of the name of Elmo—Captain Elmo I think they call him. They have been the terror of the inhabitants for a long time. My father went out sometime ago with an armed force in pursuit of them, but could not discover their hiding place. I have heard it said that they steal away the children of wealthy parents that they may exact a ransom.*" Once more we beg our readers to remember that Mr. Mattson's novel is a Tale of the Present Times, and that its scene is in the near vicinity of the city of Brotherly Love.

Having convinced her lover that the man so portentously seen can be nobody in the world but "that brave and reckless fellow" Captain Elmo, Miss Florence proceeds to assure Mr. U. that she (Miss Florence) is neither afraid of man nor the devil—and forthwith brandishes in the eyes of our adventurer an ivory-bilted dagger, or a carving-knife, or some such murderous affair. "Scarcely knowing what I did," says our gallant friend, "I imprinted a kiss (the first—burning, passionate, and full of rapture) upon her innocent lips, and—*darted into the woods!!!*" It was impossible to stand the carving-knife.

As Mr. U. takes his way home after this memorable adventure, he is waylaid by an old woman, who turns out to be a robber in disguise. A scuffle ensues, and our hero knocks down his antagonist—what less could such a hero do? Instead however of putting an end at once to his robership, our friend merely stands over him and requests him to recite his adventures. This the old woman does. Her name is Dingee O'Dougherty, or perhaps Dingy O'Dirty—and she proves to be one and the same personage with the little man in gray who sold Mr. U. the tinsel watch spoken of in the beginning of the history. During the catechism, however, a second robber comes up, and the odds are now against our hero. But on account of his affectionate forbearance to Dingy O'Dirty no farther molestation is offered—and the three part with an amicable understanding.

Mr. Ulric is now taken ill of a fever—and during his illness a servant of Mr. Florence having left that gentleman's service, calls upon his heroship to communicate some most astounding intelligence. Miss Florence, it appears, has been missing for some days, and her father receives a letter (purporting to be from the captain of

the banditti) in which it is stated that they have carried her away, and would only return her in consideration of a ransom. Florence is requested to meet them at a certain spot and hour, when they propose to make known their conditions. Upon hearing this extraordinary news our adventurer jumps out of bed, throws himself into attitude No. 2, and swears a round oath that he will deliver Miss Emily himself. Thus ends the first volume.

Volume the second commences with spirit. Mr. U. hires "three fearless and able-bodied men to accompany and render him assistance in the event of danger. Each of them was supplied with a belt containing a brace of pistols, and a large Spanish knife." With these terrible desperadoes, our friend arrives at the spot designated by the bandit. Leaving his companions near at hand, he advances, and recognizes the redoubted Captain Elmo, who demands a thousand pounds as the ransom of Miss Emily Florence. Our hero considers this too much, and the Captain consents to take five hundred. This too Mr. U. refuses to give, and with his three friends makes an attack upon the bandit. But a posse of robbers coming to the aid of their leader, our hero is about to meet with his deserts when he is rescued by no less a personage than our old acquaintance Dingy O'Dirty, who proves to be one of the banditti. Through the intercession of this friend, Mr. U. and his trio are permitted to go home in safety—but our hero, in a private conversation with Dingy, prevails upon that gentleman to aid him in the rescue of Miss Emily. A plot is arranged between the two worthies, the most important point of which is that Mr. U. is to become one of the robber fraternity.

In a week's time, accordingly, we behold Paul Ulric, Esq. in a cavern of banditti, somewhere in the neighborhood of Philadelphia!! His doings in this cavern, as related by Mr. Mattson, we must be allowed to consider the most laughable piece of plagiarism on record—with the exception perhaps of something in this same book which we shall speak of hereafter. Our author, it appears, has read Gil Blas, Pelham, and Anne of Gierstein, and has concocted, from diverse passages in the three, a banditti scene for his own especial use, and for the readers of Paul Ulric. The *imitations* (let us be courteous!) from Pelham are not so palpable as those from the other two novels. It will be remembered that Bulwer's hero introduces himself into a nest of London rogues with the end of proving his friend's innocence of murder. Paul joins a band of robbers near Philadelphia, for the purpose of rescuing a mistress—the chief similarity will be found in the circumstances of the blindfold introduction, and in the slang dialect made use of by either novelist. The slang in Pelham is stupid enough—but still very natural in the mouths of the cut-throats of Cockaigne. Mr. Mattson, however, has thought proper to bring it over, will I nill I, into Pennsylvania, and to make the pickpockets of Yankeeland discourse in the most learned manner of nothing less than "flat-catching," "veloct," "dubbing up possibles," "shelling out," "twisting French lace," "wakeful winkers," "white wool," "pig's whispers," and "horses' night-caps!"

Having introduced his adventurer à la Pelham, Mr. Mattson entertains him à la Gil Blas. The hero of Santillane finds his cavern a pleasant residence, and so

does the hero of our novel. Captain Rolando is a fine fellow, and so is Captain Elmo. In Gil Blas, the robbers amuse themselves by reciting their adventures—so they do in Paul Ulric. In both the Captain tells his own history first. In the one there is a rheumatic old cook—in the other there is a rheumatic old cook. In the one there is a porter who is the main obstacle to escape—in the other ditto. In the one there is a lady in durance—in the other ditto. In the one the hero determines to release the lady—in the other ditto. In the one Gil Blas feigns illness to effect his end, in the other Mr. Ulric feigns illness for the same object. In the one, advantage is taken of the robbers' absence to escape—so in the other. The cook is sick, at the time, in both.

In regard to Anne of Gierstein the plagiarism is still more laughable. We must all remember the proceedings of the *Secret Tribunal* in Scott's novel. Mr. Mattson has evidently been ignorant that the Great Unknown's account of these proceedings was principally based on fact. He has supposed them imaginary *in toto*, and, seeing no good reason to the contrary, determined to have a Secret Tribunal of his own manufacture, and could think of no better location for it than a cavern somewhere about the suburbs of Philadelphia. We must be pardoned for giving Mr. Mattson's account of this matter in his own words.

Dingee disappeared, [this is our old friend Dingy O'Dirty] Dingee, [quoth Mr. Mattson,] disappeared—leaving me for a time alone. When he returned, he said every thing was in readiness for the ceremony, [the ceremony of Mr. Ulric's initiation as a robber.] The place appointed for this purpose was called the 'Room of Skulls'—and thither, blindfolded, I was led.

'A candidate for our order!' said a voice, which I recognized as O'Dougherty's.

'Let him see the light!' exclaimed another in an opposite direction. The mandate was obeyed, and I was restored to sight.

I looked wildly and fearfully around—but no living object was perceptible. Before me stood an altar, hung about with red curtains, and ornamented with fringe of the same color. Above it, on a white Banner, was a painting of the human heart, with a dagger struck to the hilt, and the blood streaming from the wound. Directly under this horrible device, was written, in large letters,

THE PUNISHMENT OF THE UNFAITHFUL.

Around, wherever I turned my eyes, there was little else to be seen but skeletons of human bodies—with their arms uplifted, and stretching forward—suspended in every direction from the walls. One of them I involuntarily touched, and down it came with a fearful crash—its dry bones rattling upon the granite floor, until the whole cavern reverberated with the sound. I turned from this spectacle, and opposite beheld a guillotine—the fatal axe smeared with blood; and near it was a head—looking as if it had just been severed from the body—with the countenance ghastly—the lips parted—and the eyes staring wide open. There, also, was the body, covered, however, with a cloth, so that little was seen except the neck, mangled and bloody, and a small portion of the hand, hanging out from its shroud, grasping in its fingers a tablet with the following inscription:

THE END OF THE BETRAYER.

I sickened and fell. When I awoke to consciousness I found myself in the arms of O'Dougherty. He was bathing my temples with a fragrant liquor. When I had sufficiently recovered, he put his mouth close to my ear and whispered—"Where is your courage man? Do you know there is a score of eyes upon you?"

'Alas! I am unused to such scenes—I confess they have unmanned me. But now I am firm; you have only to command, and I will obey.'

'Bravo!' exclaimed O'Dougherty, 'you must now be introduced to the high priest of our order. He has taken his seat at the altar—prepared for your reception. I will retire that you may do him reverence—trusting soon to hail you as a brother.'

The curtains about the altar had been grouped up, and there, indeed, sat the high dignitary in all his splendor. He was closely masked, and reclined in a high-backed chair, with his head turned carelessly to one side, with an expression of the most singular good humor. At that moment, also, there issued from numerous recesses, which I had not hitherto observed, a number of grotesque-looking shapes, not unlike the weird sisters in Macbeth, who quietly took their stations around the apartment, and fixed upon me their fearful and startling gaze. Their garments were hanging in shreds—an emblem, perhaps, of their own desperate pursuits. Their faces were daubed with paint of various colors, which gave them a wild and fiendish aspect. Each one grasped a long knife, which he brandished furiously above his head, the blades sometimes striking heavily together. They then sprang simultaneously forward, forming themselves into a circle, while one stationed himself as the centre, around whom they slowly moved with dismal and half-suppressed groans. They continued this ceremony until some one exclaimed—

'Bring forth the dead!'

'Bring forth the dead!'—they all repeated, until the cavern rang with a thousand echoes.

The banditti now stood in a line, stretching from one end of the room to the other, and remained some time in silence. Directly a dead body—mutilated and bloody—was borne by some invisible agency into our presence. It rested upon a bier—without pall or other covering—a spectacle too horrible for description. I thought, at first, that it was some optical delusion—but, alas! it proved a fearful reality—a dread and reckless assassination, prompted by that hellish and vindictive spirit, which appeared so exclusively to govern the ruffians with whom I was voluntarily associated. The victim before me was a transgressor of their laws; and this punishment had been dealt out to him as the reward of his perfidy. Life, to all appearance, was extinct; but the sluggish and inert clay still remained, as if in mockery of all law—all humanity—all mercy.

'Behold the traitor!'—exclaimed one of the number.

'Behold the traitor!'—they all repeated in concert.

'Bear away the dead!'—commanded the priest at the altar.

'Bear away the dead! bear away the dead!'—was reiterated in succession by every tongue, until the lifeless body disappeared—and with it the fiendish revelers who had sported so terrifically in its presence.

We have only to say, that if our readers are not absolutely petrified after all this conglomeration of horrors, it is no fault either of Paul Ulric's, Morris Mattson's, or Dingy O'Dirty's.

Miss Emily Florence is at length rescued, and with her lover, is rowed down some river in a skiff by Dingy, who thus discourses on the way. We quote the passage as a specimen of exquisite morality.

"Had I the sensibility of many men, a recollection of my crimes would sink me into the dust—but as it is, I can almost fancy them to be so many virtues. I see you smile; but is it not a truth, that every thing of good and evil exists altogether in idea? The highwayman is driven by necessity to attack the traveller, and demand his purse. This is a crime—so says the law—so says society—and must be punished as our wise men have decreed. Nations go to war with each other—they plunder—burn—destroy—and murder—yet there is nothing wrong in this, because nations sanction it.

But where is the difference between the highwayman, in the exercise of a profession by which he is to obtain a livelihood, and a nation, with perhaps less adequate cause, which despoils another of its treasures, and deluges it in blood? Is not this a proof that our ideas of immorality and wickedness are derived in a great measure from habit and education?" "The metaphysical outlaw," [says our hero,] "the metaphysical outlaw here concluded his discourse." [What an excessively funny idea Mr. Mattson must have of metaphysics!]

Having left the boat, taken leave of Dingy O'Dirty, and put on a pair of breeches, Miss Florence now accompanies our adventurer to a village hard by. Entering a tavern the lovers seat themselves at the breakfast table with two or three other persons. The conversation turns upon one Mr. Crawford, a great favorite in the village. In the midst of his own praises the gentleman himself enters—"and lo!" says Mr. Ulric, "in the person of Mr. Crawford, I recognized the notorious Captain Elmo!" The hue and cry is immediately raised, but the Captain makes his escape through a window. Our hero pursues him to no purpose, and in returning from the pursuit is near being run over by a carriage and six. The carriage doors happen to be wide open, and in the vehicle Mr. Ulric discovers—oh horrible!—Miss Emily Florence in the embrace of the fellow with the big whiskers!

Having lost his sweetheart a second time, our adventurer is in despair. But despair, or indeed any thing else, is of little consequence to a hero. "It is true," says Paul, "I was sometimes melancholy; but melancholy with me is as the radiant sunlight, imparting a hue of gladness to every thing around!" Being, therefore, in excellent spirits with his melancholy, Mr. Ulric determines upon writing a novel. The novel is written, printed, published, and puffed. Why not?—we have even seen "*Paul Ulric*" puffed. But let us hasten to the dénouement of our tale. The hero receives a letter from his guardian angel, Dingy O'Dirty, who, it appears, is in England. He informs Mr. U. that Miss Florence is in London, for he (Dingy O'Dirty) has seen her. Hereupon our friend takes shipping for that city. Of course he is shipwrecked—and, of course, every soul on board perishes but himself. He, indeed, is a most fortunate young man. Some person pulls him on shore, and this person proves to be the very person he was going all the way to London to look for—it was Richard Florence himself. What is more to the purpose, Mr. F. has repented of promising Miss Emily to the fellow with the big whiskers. Every thing now happens precisely as it should. Miss E. is proved to be an heiress, and no daughter of Florence's after all. Our hero leads her to the altar. Matters come rapidly to a crisis. All the good characters are made excessively happy people, and all the bad characters die sudden deaths, and go, post haste, to the devil.

Mr. Mattson is a very generous young man, and is not above patronizing a fellow-writer occasionally. Some person having sent him a MS. poem for perusal and an opinion, our author consigns the new candidate for fame to immortality at once, by heading a chapter in Paul Ulric with four entire lines from the MS., and appending the following note at the bottom of the page.

"From a MS. poem entitled "*Drusilla*," with which we have been politely favored for perusal. It is a delightful work, and shows the writer to be a man of

genius and reflection. We hope it will not be long before the lovers of poetry are favored with this production; it will win deserved celebrity for its author."

And as a farther instance of disinterestedness, see this conversation between Mr. Mattson's hero, and a young lady in London who wrote for the annuals.

"What do you think of D'Israeli's novels?"—asked she.

"Excellent! Excellent!" I replied, "especially Vivian Grey: take for example the scene in the long gallery between Vivian, and Mrs. Felix Lorraine."

"Admirable!"—returned the young lady, "but, by the way, how do you like Bulwer?"

"Well enough," I answered.

"Pray, Mr. Ulric, how many female writers of distinction have you in America?" Honest old Blackwood tells us of but two or three."

"And who are they?"

"Miss Gould, Miss Sedgwick, and Mrs. Sigourney."

"He should have added another—Miss Leslie."

We fancy it is long since Miss Leslie, Miss Gould, Miss Sedgwick, Mrs. Sigourney, Lytton Bulwer, and Ben D'Israeli have been so affectionately patted on the back.

Of Mr. Mattson's style the less we say the better. It is quite good enough for Mr. Mattson's matter. Besides—all fine writers have pet words and phrases. Mr. Fay had his "*blisters*"—Mr. Simms had his "*coils*," "*kugs*," and "*old-times*"—and Mr. M. must be allowed his "*nukes*" and "*so nukes*." Such is genius!—and so much for the Adventures of an Enthusiast! But we must positively say a word in regard to Mr. Mattson's erudition. On page 97, vol. ii, our author is discoursing of the novel which his hero is about to indite. He is speaking more particularly of *tittles*. Let us see what he says.

"An ill-chosen title is sufficient to condemn the best of books. Never does an author exhibit his taste and skill more than in this particular. Just think for a moment of the Frenchman's version of Doctor Johnson's '*Rambler*' into '*Le Chevalier Errant*,' and what was still more laughable, his innocently addressing the author by the appellation of Mr. Vagabond! By the way, the modern fanatics were somewhat remarkable in the choice of their titles. Take for example the following—'*The Shop of the Spiritual Apothecary*' and '*Some fine Baskets baked in the Oven of Charity, carefully conserved for the Chickens of the Church, the Sparrows of the Spirit, and the Sweet Swallows of Salvation*.'"

Having admired this specimen of deep research, let us turn to page 125, vol. ii. Mr. Ulric is here vindicating himself from some charges brought against his book. Have patience, gentle reader, while we copy what he says.

"In the first place we are accused of *vulgarity*. In this respect we certainly bear a strong resemblance to Plautus, who was censured by the satirical Horace for the same thing. Next come *Ignorance, Futility, and Stupidity*. Of the first two, the classic reader will not forget that Aristotle (who wrote not less than four hundred volumes) was calumniated by Cicero and Plutarch, both of whom endeavored to make it appear that he was ignorant as well as vain. But what of our stupidity? Socrates himself was treated by Athenæus as illiterate: the divine Plato, called by some the philosopher of the Christians, by others the god of philosophers, was accused by Theopompus of *lying*, by Aristophanes of *impiety*, and by Aulus Gellius of *robbery*. The fifth charge is a want of invention. Pliny has alleged the same thing of Virgil—and surely it is some consolation to know that we have such excellent company. And

last, though not least, is *plagiarism*. Here again Naucrates tells us that Homer pillaged some of his best thoughts from the library at Memphis. It is recorded, moreover, that Horace plundered from the minor Greek poets, and Virgil from his great prototype, Homer, as well as Nicander, and Apollonius Rhodius. Why then should we trouble ourselves about these sweeping denunciations?"

What a learned man is Morris Mattson, Esq.! He is intimately versed not only in Horace, Aristotle, Cicero, Plutarch, Virgil, Homer, Plato, Pliny, and Aristophanes—but (*credat Judeus!*) in Nicander, Aulus Gellius, Naucrates, Athenæus, Theopompus, and Apollonius Rhodius! I. D'Israeli, however, the father of Ben D'Israeli aforesaid, is (we have no hesitation in saying it,) one of the most scoundrelly plagiarists in Christendom. He has not scrupled to steal entire passages verbatim from Paul Ulric! On page 1, vol. ii, second edition, of '*The Curiosities of Literature*,' in a chapter on *Tittles*, we have all about Dr. Johnson, Le Chevalier Errant, and Mr. Vagabond, precisely in the language of Mr. Mattson. O thou abandoned robber, D'Israeli! Here is the sentence. It will be seen, that it corresponds with the first sentence italicized in the paragraph (above) beginning '*An ill-chosen title, &c.*' "*The Rambler was so little understood, at the time of its appearance, that a French Journalist has translated it 'Le Chevalier Errant,' and a foreigner drank Johnson's health one day, by innocently addressing him by the appellation of Mr. Vagabond!*" And on page 11, of the same volume, we perceive the following, which answers to the second sentence italicized in the paragraph above mentioned. "*A collection of passages from the Fathers is called 'The Shop of the Spiritual Apothecary'—one of these works bears the elaborate title 'Some fine Baskets baked in the Oven of Charity, carefully conserved for the Chickens of the Church, the Sparrows of the Spirit, and the Sweet Swallows of Salvation.'*" There can be no doubt whatever of D'Israeli's having pilfered this thing from Paul Ulric, for Mr. Mattson having, inadvertently we suppose, written *Baskets* for *Biscuits*, the error is adopted by the plagiarist. But we have a still more impudent piece of robbery to mention. The whole of the erudition, and two-thirds of the words in the paragraph above, beginning '*In the first place we are accused of vulgarity, &c.*' is to be found on page 42, vol. i, second edition, of The '*Curiosities*!' Let us transcribe some of D'Israeli's words in illustration of our remark. We refer the reader for more particular information to the book itself.

"Horace censures the coarse humor of Plautus—Aristotle (whose industry composed more than four hundred volumes) has not been less spared by the critics. Diogenes Laertius, Cicero and Plutarch have forgotten nothing that can tend to show his ignorance, his ambition, and his vanity—Socrates, considered as the wisest, and most moral of men, Cicero treated as an usurer, and the pedant Athenæus as illiterate—Plato, who has been called, by Clement of Alexandria, the Moses of Athens; the philosopher of the Christians by Arnobius, and the god of philosophers by Cicero; Athenæus accuses of envy; Theopompus of lying; Suidas of avarice; Aulus Gellius of robbery; Porphyry of incontinence, and Aristophanes of impiety—Virgil is destitute of invention, if we are to give credit to Pliny—Naucrates points out the source (of the Iliad and Odyssey,) in the library at Memphis, which, according to him, the blind bard completely pillaged—Horace has been blamed for the free use he made of the minor Greek

poets. Even the author of his (Virgil's) apology, has confessed that he has stolen, from Homer, his greatest beauties, from Apollonius Rhodius many of his pathetic passages, and from Nicander hints for his *Georgica*."

Well, Mr. Mattson, what have you to say for yourself? Is not I. D'Israeli the most impudent thief since the days of Prometheus?

In summing up an opinion of Paul Ulric, it is by no means our intention to mince the matter at all. The book is despicable in every respect. Such are the works which bring daily discredit upon our national literature. We have no right to complain of being laughed at abroad when so villainous a compound, as the thing we now hold in our hand, of incongruous folly, plagiarism, immorality, inanity, and bombast, can command at any moment both a puff and a publisher. To Mr. Mattson himself we have only one word to say before throwing his book into the fire. Dress it up, good sir, for the nursery, and call it the "Life and Surprising Adventures of Dingy O'Dirty." Humph!—Only think of Plato, Pliny, Aristotle, Aristophanes, Nicander, Aulus Gellius, Naucrates, Athenæus, Theopompus and Apollonius Rhodius!!

MARTIN'S GAZETTEER.

A New and Comprehensive Gazetteer of Virginia, and the District of Columbia: containing a copious collection of Geographical, Statistical, Political, Commercial, Religious, Moral and Miscellaneous Information, collected and compiled from the most respectable, and chiefly from original sources; by Joseph Martin. To which is added a History of Virginia from its first settlement to the year 1754: with an abstract of the principal events from that period to the independence of Virginia, written expressly for the work, by a citizen of Virginia. Charlottesville: Published by Joseph Martin. 1835.

We ought to have noticed this book sooner. Mr. Martin deserves well of the country for having laid the foundation, amidst numerous obstacles, of a work of great utility and importance. In his preface, he disavows all pretension to literary attainment, and claims only the merit of enterprise and perseverance in the execution of his design. He is entitled to all the rewards of a bold pioneer, struggling with pecuniary difficulties, and, we might add, with public indifference, in amassing a large amount of valuable information—interesting to almost every man in the Commonwealth. It is one of the evils attendant upon a high state of political excitement in any country, that what is really and substantially good, is forgotten or neglected. The resources of our great Commonwealth are immense, and if we could once get the public mind into a condition favorable to their full development, the most important consequences might be expected to follow. Societies and associations for collecting information in the various departments of moral and physical science, have abounded in most countries having the least pretension to civilization; and even in some of the States of our confederacy, it is known that an enlightened spirit of inquiry exists on the same subject. Our own state indeed, boastful as it is of its early history, the renown of some of its sons, and its abundant natural advantages, has nevertheless, we are pained to admit, manifested too little of that public spirit which has animated other communities. Of late, indeed, some

signs have been exhibited of a more liberal and resolute course of action, and we are not without hope that these efforts will be crowned by highly useful and practical results.

It is because Mr. Martin has been obliged to rely principally upon individual contributions, in order to obtain which he must necessarily have used great diligence, and submitted to much pecuniary sacrifice, that we think him entitled to a double portion of praise. Few individuals would, under such circumstances, have incurred the risk of failure; and our wonder is, not that the work is not perfect, but that, contending with so many disadvantages, it should have so nearly accomplished what has been long a *desideratum* in Virginia literature. Our limits will not permit any thing like a minute analysis of its contents. The arrangement of the volume strikes us as superior to the ordinary alphabetical plan; and although there is much repetition even in its present form, much more we think has been avoided. That part of the General Description of the State, which especially treats of the climate, is admirably well written; and, considering the scantiness of the author's materials, owing to the general neglect of meteorological observations in Virginia, his reasoning is clear, forcible, and philosophical. In the Sketch which is given of the county of Louisa, we think we can recognize a pen which has not unfrequently adorned the pages of the "Messenger"—and the History of the State from its earliest settlement, appended to the work, is written with vigor and ability, and, as far as we can judge, with accuracy. If Mr. Martin is sustained by public liberality, which we earnestly hope will be the case, he will not only be enabled, in the next edition, to correct such imperfections as may be found to exist in the present, but to engraft a large amount of additional information, derived from authentic sources. The report of Professor Rogers, for example, on the Geology of Virginia, made to the present Legislature, will shed much light on the mineral resources of the State; and the report of the President and Directors of the Literary Fund, embracing as it does, detailed information with respect to all our literary institutions, will greatly illustrate the means in operation for diffusing the blessings and benefits of education. The statistical tables, too, can be revised and corrected in another edition; and we doubt not that many individuals into whose hands the work may fall, will voluntarily contribute such suggestions and improvements as their means of information will authorize. Such a work to the man of business, and to the traveller, and indeed to the general reader, is invaluable, and we heartily recommend it to public patronage.

ROSE-HILL.

Rose-Hill: A Tale of the Old Dominion. By a Virginian. Philadelphia: Key & Biddle.

This is an unpretending little duodecimo of about two hundred pages. It embraces some events connected with two (fictitious) families in the Western section of Virginia during the Revolution. The chief merit of the work consists in a vein of piety and strict morality pervading its pages. The story itself is interesting, but not very well put together, while the *style* might be amended in many respects. We wish the book, however, every success.

CHIEF JUSTICE MARSHALL.

1. *An Eulogy on the Life and Character of John Marshall. Delivered at the request of the Councils of Philadelphia, on the 24th of September, 1835. By Horace Binney.* pp. 55.

2. *A Discourse on the Life, &c. of John Marshall, L. L. D. Pronounced on the 15th of October, 1835, at the request of the Suffolk Bar (Boston.) By Joseph Story, L. L. D., and published at their request.* pp. 70.

3. *An Oration on the Life and Character of John Marshall, late Chief Justice of the United States, pronounced before the Citizens of Alexandria, D. C. August 12, 1835. By Edgar Snowden. Published by request of the Committee of Arrangements.**

A formal criticism upon these discourses, is the least of our intentions in placing them at the head of this article. Not that they are either unworthy of criticism, or incapable of abiding its test: but that, slight and unpretending as they are in their form and guise, the consideration which their uncommon literary merits would otherwise ensure them, is in great part lost, in the overshadowing magnitude of their subject. To be engrossed by beauties or defects (if there are defects) in the style of a shilling pamphlet, when its theme is "the Life, Character and Services" of one who blended the benevolence and purity of Hale, the piercing and comprehensive genius of Mansfield, and the logical power of Erskine; and who, in the majestic simplicity of varied yet harmonious greatness, as we verily believe, is next to Washington; would be to imitate Seneca's grammarian, who in reading Virgil, thinks only of *longs and shorts*—disregarding all the charms of incident, and all the glories of imagery. What we have to say of the discourses, therefore, shall be little more, than that they are worthy of their authors; who by these productions, if these stood alone, have shown minds proof against the cramping tendencies of a profession, so much better fitted (according to Mr. Burke)

"The late hour at which we have received this pamphlet, has prevented us from speaking as fully as we intended of its distinguished merits. It would have given us great pleasure to have embodied, in the text of this article, portions of Mr. Snowden's Oration—an Oration justly entitled to companionship with the Discourse of Judge Story, and the Eulogy of Mr. Binney. We must now, however, at this late day, confine ourselves to a general expression of commendation, and a short extract from the conclusion of the Oration.

"But the 'good' of Marshall is not interred with his bones. It lives after him, and will live after him in all time to come. The incense of virtue which he burned upon his country's altar, will continue to rise to heaven, and diffuse itself throughout the land for all following generations. When our children shall read the story of his life, they will find it one which, in its purity and beauty, cannot be surpassed by the history of any other man of our age. And who can calculate the extent of the influence of such a character upon the hearts and minds of this people, and even upon the future destinies of this country, in regulating the dispositions of those who aspire and those who are called to the high places of the nation? Who can say that it will not pervade the moral atmosphere, so as to correct many of those evil tendencies which we now see constantly developing themselves. We want such men as Marshall to rise up in our midst, and shed around the chastened light of their influence. The glare of military fame, and the glittering trappings of power, dazzle but too often to delude those who gaze at them with admiration. But upon the mellow radiance of his virtues we can all look with unclouded eyes—we can all dwell with unmingled satisfaction."

to quicken and invigorate, than to open and liberalize the intellect. All of them have given narratives, crowded with interesting particulars; and, what might not have been expected from his less intimate association with the deceased, Mr. Binney seems to have acquired a larger store of these, than Judge Story. The latter, however, (what might have been a little expected from his grave judicial station, so long occupied) has adorned his pages more highly, with the flowers and graces of style.

But our main design in bringing them before our readers, is to present, at the smallest possible expense of labor to ourselves, an outline of his life, and a just view of his character, whose talents and virtues they have both so successfully commemorated. With this intent, we purpose making large extracts from the discourses; and even where we do not literally quote, we are willing to be regarded as merely paraphrasing them,—for by far the most of the incidents we are about to give, are drawn from no other source. We agree, with Lord Bacon, that in general, it is "only the meaner sort of books" that should be thus *hashed* and read at second-hand; and that "distilled books are, like common distilled waters, flashy things." But stinted time and space oblige us here to be content with a *refrimento*, in which we trust our readers may still find much of the savor of the viands whence we make our extracts.

JOHN MARSHALL was born Sept. 24th, 1755, in Fauquier County, Virginia—a little more than two months after Braddock's defeat; and was the eldest of fifteen children, of Thomas Marshall, who was a colonel in the continental line of the Revolutionary Army, remarkable for courage, and for strength of mind. His courage was signalized at the Battles of Trenton and Brandywine; his regiment, at the latter, bearing the brunt of the attacking column led by Cornwallis in person. Though greatly outnumbered, it "maintained its position without losing an inch of ground, until both its flanks were turned, its ammunition nearly expended, and more than half the officers and one third of the soldiers were killed or wounded. Col. Marshall, whose horse had received two balls, then retired in good order to resume his position on the right of his division, but it had already retreated."* The heroism of such a father, could not be lost upon the son.

The sparsely peopled region in which he lived, cooperating with a narrow fortune, afforded Col. Marshall but little opportunity for sending his children to school; and he was compelled to be almost exclusively himself their teacher. In his eldest son he early implanted a taste for English literature; "especially for poetry and history." At the age of twelve, John had transcribed the whole of Pope's Essay on Man, and some of his Moral Essays; and had committed to memory many of the most interesting passages of that distinguished poet.

"The love of poetry, thus awakened in his warm and vigorous mind, soon exerted a commanding influence over it. He became enamored of the classical writers of the old English school, of Milton, and Shakespeare, and Dryden, and Pope; and was instructed by their solid sense and beautiful imagery. In the enthusiasm of youth, he often indulged himself in poetical compositions, and freely gave up his leisure hours to those delicious dreamings with the muses, which (say what we may) constitute with many the purest source of pleasure in the gayer scenes of life, and the sweetest consolation in the hours of adversity.

*1. Marshall's Washington, 166.

"One of the best recommendations, indeed, of the early cultivation of a taste for poetry, and the kindred branches of literature, is, that it does not expire with youth. It affords to maturer years a refreshing relaxation from the severe cares of business, and to old age a quiet and welcome employment, always within reach, and always bringing with it, if not the charms of novelty, at least the soothing reminiscences of other days. The votary of the muses may not always tread upon enchanted ground; but the gentle influences of fiction and song will steal over his thoughts, and breathe, as it were, into his soul the fragrance of a second spring of life.

"Throughout the whole of his life, and down to its very close, Mr. Marshall continued to cultivate a taste for general literature, and especially for those departments of it, which had been the favorite studies of his youth. He was familiar with all its light, as well as its more recondite, productions. He read with intense interest, as his leisure would allow, all the higher literature of modern times; and, especially, the works of the great masters of the art were his constant delight."—[*Judge Story.*]

The entire compatibility of such a love for elegant literature with "the severe logic and closeness of thought, which belonged to" Judge Marshall's character, is well vindicated by Judge Story's observations, as well as by many illustrious examples. Among them may be named William Wirt. The flowery complexion of his writings, his evident delight in works of fancy, and the extraordinary graces of his oratory, made the multitude believe him to be "of imagination all compact." But he was in truth far more profoundly versed in the dry, intricate lore of his profession, and by far more capable of thridding its nicest subtleties, than thousands, whose whole minds have been occupied with its "mystic, dark, discordant" tomes. We have been told by one who knew him intimately, that there were few harder students than Mr. Wirt: and that our informant had known him repeatedly sit for six or seven hours at a time, intensely engaged in examining a single question of law; and this too, at a period of his life when the world thought him little more than a frothy declaimer, a spouter of poetry, and an inditer of light newspaper essays. But to return—Judge Story presents us most pleasing views of Col. Marshall's character, derived from conversations with his more distinguished son:

"I have often heard the Chief Justice speak of him in terms of the deepest affection and reverence." "Indeed, he never named his father, without dwelling on his character with a fond and winning enthusiasm. It was a theme, on which he broke out with spontaneous eloquence; and in the spirit of the most persuasive confidence, he would delight to expatiate on his virtues and talents. 'My father,' he would say with kindled feelings and emphasis, 'my father was a far abler man than any of his sons. To him I owe the solid foundation of all my own success in life.' Such praise from such lips is inexpressibly precious. I know not whether it be most honorable to the parent, or to the child. It warms, while it elevates our admiration of both."

There is great truth in the remark, that children reared among numerous brothers and sisters are the more apt, on that account, to make good men and women. The kindly affections are more exercised; emulation, tempered by such love as prevents its festering into malignity, stimulates to greater activity of body and of mind; each one has less expectation of hereditary fortune—that great palmer of useful energies; and each comes in for less of that parental fondness, which, when concentrated upon one, or two, or three children, so often spoils their characters, and embitters their lives. To the

influence of this truth upon young Marshall's destinies, add the judicious training and admirable example of an intelligent father, and the hardy, active life he led, in a wild and mountainous region abounding in game—and many of the best traits in his character, as well as much of his subsequent eminence, are at once accounted for.

At fourteen, he was sent to Westmoreland, one hundred miles off, where for a year he was instructed in Latin by a clergyman named Campbell, and where James Monroe was one of his fellow students. Returning then to his father's house, he, for another year, received instruction in Latin from a Scotch clergyman named Thompson; "and this was the whole of the classical tuition he ever obtained."* By the assistance of his father, however, and the persevering efforts of his own mind, he continued to enlarge his knowledge, while he strengthened his body by "hardy, athletic exercises in the open air. He engaged in field sports; he wandered in the deep woods; he indulged his solitary meditations amidst the wildest scenery of nature; he delighted to brush away the earliest dew of the morning." "It was to these early habits in a mountainous region, that he probably owed that robust and vigorous constitution, which carried him almost to the close of his life with the freshness and firmness of manhood."†

About his eighteenth year, when he had commenced the study of the Law, the lowering aspect of affairs between the Colonies and Great Britain attracted his notice; and he devoted himself chiefly to the acquiring of military skill, in a volunteer corps of the neighborhood. At length news came, of the battle of Lexington. A militia company, in which he held a commission, was ordered to assemble at a place ten miles from his father's house. Mr. Binney says, "A kinsman and contemporary, who was an eye witness of this scene, has thus described it to me:—

"It was in May, 1776. He was then a youth of nineteen. The muster field was some twenty miles distant from the Court House, and a section of country peopled by tillers of the earth. Rumors of the occurrences near Boston, had circulated with the effect of alarm and agitation, but without the means of ascertaining the truth, for not a newspaper was printed nearer than Williamsburg, nor was one taken within the bounds of the militia company, though large. The Captain had called the company together, and was expected to attend, but did not. John Marshall had been appointed Lieutenant to it. His father had formerly commanded it. Soon after Lieutenant Marshall's appearance on the ground, those who knew him clustered about him to greet him, others from curiosity and to hear the news.

"He proceeded to inform the company that the Captain would not be there, and that he had been appointed Lieutenant instead of a better:—that he had come to meet them as fellow soldiers, who were likely to be called on to defend their country, and their own rights and liberties invaded by the British:—that there had been a battle at Lexington in Massachusetts, between the British and Americans, in which the Americans were victorious, but that more fighting was expected:—that soldiers were called for, and that it was time to brighten their fire arms, and learn to use them in the field;—and that if they would fall into a single line, he would show them the new manual exercise, for which purpose he had brought his gun,—bringing it up to his shoulder. The sergeants put the men in line, and their fileman presented himself in front to the right. His figure, says his venerable kinsman, I have now before me. He was about six feet high, straight and rather slender, of dark complexion,—showing little if any rosy red, yet good health, the outline of the face nearly a circle, and within that, eyes dark to blackness, strong and penetrating, beaming with intelligence and good nature; an upright forehead, rather low, was terminated in a hor-

* Mr. Binney.

† Judge Story.

sional line by a mass of raven-black hair of unusual thickness and strength—the features of the face were in harmony with this outline, and the temples fully developed. The result of this combination was interesting and very agreeable. The body and limbs indicated agility, rather than strength, in which, however, he was by no means deficient. He wore a purple or pale-blue hunting-shirt, and trowsers of the same material fringed with white. A round black hat, mounted with the bucks-tail for a cockade, crowned the figure and the man.

"He went through the manual exercise by word and motion deliberately pronounced and performed, in the presence of the company, before he required the men to imitate him; and then proceeded to exercise them, with the most perfect temper. Never did man possess a temper more happy, or if otherwise, more subdued or better disciplined.

"After a few lessons, the company were dismissed, and informed that if they wished to hear more about the war, and would form a circle around him, he would tell them what he understood about it. The circle was formed, and he addressed the company for something like an hour. I remember, for I was near him, that he spoke at the close of his speech of the Minute Battalion, about to be raised, and said he was going into it, and expected to be joined by many of his hearers. He then challenged an acquaintance to a game of quoits, and they closed the day with foot races, and other athletic exercises, at which there was no letting. He had walked ten miles to the muster field, and returned the same distance on foot to his father's house at Oak Hill, where he arrived a little after sunset."

"This is a portrait," to which, as we can testify with Mr. Binney, "in simplicity, gaiety of heart, and manliness of spirit," John Marshall "never lost his resemblance. All who knew him well, will recognize its truth to nature."

In the summer of 1775, he was appointed a Lieutenant in the "Minute Battalion;" and having been sent, in the next autumn, to defend the country around Norfolk against a predatory force under Lord Dunmore, he, on the 9th of December, had a full and honorable share in the successful action at the Great Bridge, which resulted in Lord D.'s defeat, and flight to his ships. In July 1776, being made lieutenant in the 11th Virginia Regiment in the Continental Service, he marched to the Middle States, where, in May 1777, he was promoted to a captaincy. Remaining constantly in service from this time until the close of 1779, he participated largely and actively in the most trying difficulties of the darkest period of the Revolution. He was in the skirmish at Iron Hill, and the battles of Brandywine, Germantown, and Monmouth. "He was one of that body of men, never surpassed in the history of the world, who, unpaid, unclothed, unfed,—tracked the snows of Valley Forge with the blood of their footsteps in the rigorous winter of 1778, and yet turned not their faces from their country in resentment, or from their enemies in fear." Acting often as Deputy Judge Advocate, he formed a wide acquaintance and influence among his brother officers. "I myself," says Judge Story, "have often heard him spoken of by these veterans in terms of the highest praise. In an especial manner, the officers of the Virginia Line, (now, a few and faint, but fearless still) appeared almost to idolize him." During this period of his service he became acquainted with Gen. Washington and Col. Hamilton.

In the winter of 1779, Captain Marshall was sent to Virginia as a supernumerary, to take the command of such men as the State Legislature might entrust to him. He used this opportunity, to attend a course of Law-Lectures, delivered by Mr. (afterwards Chancellor)

Wythe, in William & Mary College; and Mr. (afterwards Bishop) Madison's Lectures on Natural Philosophy. In the following summer, he was licensed to practise Law; and in October, rejoined the army. It was probably on this occasion, that he went on foot from Virginia to Philadelphia, in order to be inoculated for the small pox; travelling at the rate of thirty-five miles daily. On his arrival, (as we learn from one to whom he related the incident,) he was refused admittance into one of the hotels, on account of his long beard and shabby clothing. He continued in the army till the end of Arnold's invasion of Virginia; when, there being still a redundancy of officers in the Virginia line, he resigned his commission, and devoted himself to his Law studies. The courts were then silenced in Virginia, by the tumult of War. As soon as they were opened, after the capture of Cornwallis, Mr. Marshall commenced practice.

"But a short time elapsed after his appearance at the bar of Virginia, before he attracted the notice of the public. His placidity, moderation, and calmness, irresistibly won the esteem of men, and invited them to intercourse with him;—his benevolent heart, and his serene and at times joyous temper, made him the cherished companion of his friends;—his candor and integrity attracted the confidence of the bar;—and that extraordinary comprehension and grasp of mind, by which difficulties were seized and overcome without effort or parade, commanded the attention and respect of the Courts of Justice. This is the traditional account of the first professional years of John Marshall. He accordingly rose rapidly to distinction, and to a distinction which nobody envied, because he seemed neither to wish it, nor to be conscious of it himself."

In April 1782, he was chosen a member of the House of Delegates, in the Virginia Legislature; and in the next autumn, of the Executive Council. In January 1783, he married Miss Ambler, daughter of Jacquelin Ambler, then Treasurer of Virginia. To this lady he had become attached while in the army; and their union of nearly fifty years, amid the most devoted affection, was broken by her death, about three years before his own. Having fixed his residence in Richmond, he resigned his seat in the Council, the more closely to pursue his profession; but his friends and former constituents in Fauquier, nevertheless, elected him again to represent them in the Legislature. In 1787, he was chosen to represent the city of Richmond.

Times of civil trouble had now come, teeming with dangers hardly less than those which had beset the country ten years before. The Confederation, by which the States were united, was found too feeble a bond of union, and a still feebler means of concurrent action. It could resolve, legislate, and make requisitions upon the States; but had no power to effectuate its resolutions, laws, or requisitions. It could contract debts, but not lay taxes of any kind to pay them. It could declare war, but not raise armies to wage it. It could make treaties, but not so as to regulate commerce—perhaps the most frequent and important aim of treaties. Each State had the determining of its own scale of duties on imports; the power of coining money, and of emitting paper-money at pleasure: conflicting revenue-laws, therefore, and a disordered currency, made "confusion worse confounded." The public debt, incurred by the revolution, was unpaid. More than three hundred millions of continental paper money were unredeemed; and

* Mr. Binney.

* Mr. Binney.

having depreciated to the value of one dollar for every hundred, had ceased to circulate. Public credit was nearly at an end: private credit, by the frequent violation of contracts, was at an equally low ebb: the administration of civil justice was suspended, sometimes by the wilful delinquency of the courts, sometimes by state-laws, restraining their proceedings. Commerce, Agriculture, Manufactures—industry of every kind,—were crippled. "Laws suspending the collection of debts; insolvent laws; instalment laws; tender laws; and other expedients of a like nature, which, every reflecting man knew would only aggravate the evils, were familiarly adopted, or openly and boldly vindicated. Popular leaders, as well as men of desperate fortunes, availed themselves (as is usual on such occasions) of this agitating state of things to inflame the public mind, and to bring into public odium those wiser statesmen, who labored to support the public faith, and to preserve the inviolability of private contracts." To strengthen the arm of the general government, and invest it with larger powers over the commerce, the money, and the foreign and mutual relations of the States—was believed by most people to be the only remedy for these intolerable evils. Mr. Marshall concurred with Gen. Washington, Mr. Madison, and the majority of their countrymen, in approving of this remedy; and as a member of the State Legislature, advocated the call of a Convention, to revise the Articles of Confederation. Whether they should be so altered, as to increase materially the powers of the Federal Government—was a question which in most of the State Legislatures elicited strenuous debates; and no where more, than in the Legislature of Virginia. The men of this day have little idea, how strong were the gusts of discussion at that momentous period. "It is scarcely possible," says Judge Story, "to conceive the zeal, and even animosity, with which the opposing opinions were maintained." The dissolution or continuance of the Union, was freely discussed: one party boldly advocating the former, as necessary to prevent the destruction of State-sovereignty; the other party pleading for Union, as not only the sole cure for the immeasurable ills which were then afflicting the land, but as indispensable to the preservation of Liberty itself, in the several States. And Union, it was alleged, could not be preserved but by a more vigorous central government.

Mr. Marshall, not then thirty years old, shared largely in the discussions which shook both the Legislative hall, and the popular assemblies, of Virginia, on this great question. Mr. Madison, with whom he served several years in the House of Delegates, fought "side by side, and shoulder to shoulder" with him, through the contest: and "the friendship, thus formed between them, was never extinguished. The recollection of their co-operation at that period served, when other measures had widely separated them from each other, still to keep up a lively sense of each other's merits. Nothing, indeed, could be more touching to an ingenuous mind, than to hear from their lips, in their latter years, expressions of mutual respect and confidence; or to witness their earnest testimony to the talents, the virtues, and the services of each other."^{*}

It was in these debates, that Mr. Marshall's mind acquired the skill in political discussion, which afterwards distinguished him, and which would of itself have made him conspicuous as a parliamentarian, had not that talent been overshadowed by his renown in a more soberly illustrious, though less dazzling career. Here, too, it was, that he conceived that deep dread of disunion, and that profound conviction of the necessity for closer bonds between the States, which gave the coloring to the whole texture of his opinions, upon federal politics in after life.

The Convention was at length called; and its product, the present Federal Constitution, was submitted for ratification to the States. In most of them, Conventions were likewise called, to adopt or reject it. Mr. Marshall, though the people of his county were decidedly opposed to the new Constitution, and though he avowed on the hustings his determination to support it, was elected to the Virginia Convention by a considerable majority. In that body, he took an effective, if not a leading part. Three able speeches of his, in behalf of the Constitution, appear in Mr. Robertson's report of the Debates: Speeches, seconding with "masculine logic, the persuasive talents of George Nicholas, the animated flow of Governor Randolph, the grave and sententious sagacity of Pendleton, the consummate skill and various knowledge of Madison."^{*} After an earnest and powerful struggle of 25 days, the Constitution was agreed to, by a majority of but ten votes—89 to 79. This result is supposed to have been promoted, by the news, received while the Convention sat, that nine states had come to a similar decision. The accession of Virginia to that number, already large enough to give the instrument validity among the adopting states, ensured its complete success; and was hailed by its friends with the liveliest joy.

Judge Story depicts in vivid colors, the happy effects of the Government thus established, upon our prosperity: and exults over the falsified apprehensions of those who, clinging "with an insane attachment" to the former confederation, and "accustomed to have all their affections concentrated upon the State governments," saw in the new system "but another name for an overwhelming despotism." Undoubtedly, the state of things which preceded the change, was as bad as, with such a people, it could well be. Undoubtedly, the new government did very much, to retrieve our national credit and honor; to make us respected abroad, tranquil and prosperous at home. But still, not *all* is due to the Government. A people, animated with the spirit of freedom, enlightened enough to see their interests, and enterprising enough to pursue them strenuously,—inhabiting, too, a country not peopled to the extent of a thousandth part of its immense capabilities—would thrive and grow powerful in spite of what almost any government could do to impede their onward march. In the body politic there is, what physicians ascribe to the body natural, a *vis medicatrix Naturæ*, by which the wounds of War, the desolations of Pestilence, and all the ills flowing from the blunders of *charlatan* statesmen, are healed and made amends for. Few are so bigoted as not to admit, that the self-healing energies of our country have thus at some times prevailed over the hurtful tendencies of the

* Judge Story.

* Judge Story.

measures adopted by her rulers. There is nevertheless a force and beauty in Judge Story's picture of her happiness, that make it worthy of insertion :

"We have lived," says he, "to see all their fears and prophecies of evil scattered to the winds. We have witnessed the solid growth and prosperity of the whole country, under the auspices of the National Government, to an extent never even imagined by its warmest friends. We have seen our agriculture pour forth its various products, created by a generous, I had almost said, a profuse industry. The miserable exports, scarcely amounting in the times, of which I have been speaking, in the aggregate, to the sum of one or two hundred thousand dollars, now almost reach to forty* millions a year in a single staple. We have seen our commerce, which scarcely crept along our noiseless docks, and stood motionless and withering, while the breezes of the ocean moaned through the crevices of our ruined wharves and deserted warehouses, spread its white canvases in every clime; and, laden with its rich returns, spring buoyant on the waves of the home ports; and cloud the very shores with forests of masts, over which the stars and stripes are gallantly streaming. We have seen our manufactures, awakening from a deathlike lethargy, crowd every street of our towns and cities with their busy workmen, and their busier machinery; and starting the silence of our wide streams, and deep dells, and sequestered valleys. We have seen our wild waterfalls, subdued by the power of man, become the mere instruments of his will, and, under the guidance of mechanical genius, now driving with unerring certainty the flying shuttle, now weaving the mysterious threads of the most delicate fabrics, and now pressing the reluctant metals into form, as if they were but playthings in the hands of giants. We have seen our rivers bear upon their bright waters the swelling sails of our coasters, and the sleepless wheels of our steamboats in endless progress. Nay, the very tides of the ocean, in their regular ebb and flow in our ports, seem now but heralds to announce the arrival and departure of our uncounted navigation. We have seen all these things; and we can scarcely believe, that there were days and nights, nay, months and years, in which our wisest patriots and statesmen sat down, in anxious meditation to devise the measures which should save the country from impending ruin."

The Constitution being adopted, Mr. Marshall was prevailed on by his countrymen, to serve again in the Legislature till 1792; although the claims of a growing family and a slender fortune had made him wish, and resolve, to quit public life, and devote himself exclusively to his profession. He was wanted there by the friends of the new system, to defend its administration against the incessant attacks made upon it by a powerful and hostile party. This party consisted of those who had resisted the change, because they thought the proposed government too strong. Now that it was adopted, they naturally sought, by construing the grants of power to it with literal strictness, to prevent, as far possible, the dangers to Liberty with which they deemed it pregnant. Their opponents, on the other hand, having long regarded *weakness in the centre* as the great subject of just apprehension, constantly aimed, by an enlarged and liberal (or, as it has since been called a *latitudeous*) interpretation of those grants of power, to render them in the highest degree counteractive of the centrifugal tendency, which they so much dreaded. This controversy probably raged most hotly in Virginia. It is hard to forbear a smile at the characteristic fact, that "almost every important measure of President Washington's administration was discussed in her Legislature with great freedom, and no small degree of warmth and acrimony."† We applaud and honor the stand which

Virginia has always taken, as a centinel on the watch-tower of popular liberty and state-sovereignty, to guard against federal usurpation. It is a duty, allotted to the State Legislatures by the enlightened advocates of the Constitution who wrote "The Federalist:" a duty which it were well if her sister states had performed with something like Virginia's fidelity and zeal. But she has indiscreetly suffered this one subject too much to monopolize her attention: and we are amongst those who think this a main reason, why, with a surface and resources the most propitious of all the states to internal improvement, she lags so far behind the rest in works of that kind; and why, with a people pre-eminently *instinct* with the spirit of liberty, and enjoying unwonted leisure for acquiring knowledge, she has five times as many ignorant sons and daughters, as New York or Massachusetts. She ought to have looked well to her foreign relations, without losing sight of her domestic interests. We hail, with joy, the change which is now taking place in this respect. We trust that she and her statesmen, hereafter, when *all* attention is claimed for any one point in the vast field of their duties, will adopt the spirit of the reply which Mr. Pope (not Homer) puts into Hector's mouth, when he was advised to fix himself as a guard at one particular gate of Troy:

—"That post shall be my care;
Nor that alone, but *all* the works of war."

From 1792 to 1795, Mr. Marshall devoted himself exclusively and successfully to his profession. Washington's Reports, shew him to have enjoyed an extensive practice in the Court of Appeals of Virginia. During this time, also, he did not withdraw himself from politics so entirely, but that he took a prominent part at public meetings, in support of Gen. Washington's Proclamation of Neutrality. He advocated this measure, orally and in writing: and Resolutions approving it, drawn up by him, were adopted by a meeting of the people of Richmond. In 1795, when Jay's Treaty was the absorbing theme of bitter controversy, Mr. Marshall was again elected to the House of Delegates, "not only without his approbation, but against his known wishes." Virginia, as usual, was the *Flanders* of the war. Her popular meetings, and her Legislature, rung with angry discussions. Even the name of Washington could not screen the treaty from reprobation. It was denounced at a meeting in Richmond, at which Chancellor Wythe presided, as *insulting, injurious, dangerous, and unconstitutional*: but the same citizens, at a subsequent meeting, were prevailed upon by a masterly speech of Mr. Marshall, to adopt resolutions of a contrary tenor, "by a handsome majority."* Lest his *popularity* might suffer, he was urged by his friends not to engage in any Legislative debates upon the obnoxious Treaty. He answered, that he would make no movement to excite such a debate; but if others did so, he would assert his opinions at every hazard. The opposition party soon introduced condemnatory resolutions. Among other arguments against the treaty, it was alleged, that the executive could not, constitutionally, make a commercial treaty; since it would infringe the power given to Congress, to *regulate commerce*: and this was relied upon as a favorite and an unanswerable position. "The speech of Mr. Marshall on this occasion," says Judge

* The exports of cotton alone, in the year ending Sept. 30th, 1824, were \$49,448,000.—[Reviewer.]

† Judge Story.

* Judge Story.

Story, "has always been represented as one of the noblest efforts of his genius. His vast powers of reasoning were displayed with the most gratifying success. He demonstrated, not only from the words of the Constitution and the *universal practice of nations*,* that a commercial treaty was within the scope of the constitutional powers of the executive; but that this opinion had been maintained and sanctioned by Mr. Jefferson, by the Virginia delegation in Congress, and by the leading members of the Convention on both sides. The argument was decisive. The constitutional ground was abandoned; and the resolutions of the assembly were confined to a simple disapprobation of the treaty in point of expediency. . . . The fame of this admirable argument spread through the union. Even with his political enemies, it enhanced the estimate of his character; and it brought him at once to the notice of some of the most eminent statesmen, who then graced the councils of the nation."

Being called to Philadelphia in 1796, as counsel in an important case before the Supreme Court of the United States, he became personally acquainted with many distinguished members of Congress. He expressed himself delighted with Messrs. Cabot, Ames, Sedgwick, and Dexter of Massachusetts, Wadsworth of Connecticut, and King of New York. To these, his great speech on the treaty could not fail to recommend him: and (as he says in a letter) "a Virginian, who supported, with any sort of reputation, the measures of the government, was such a *rara avis*, that I was received by them all with a degree of kindness, which I had not anticipated. I was particularly intimate with Mr. Ames; and could scarcely gain credit with him, when I assured him, that the appropriations [for the treaty] would be seriously opposed in Congress." They were opposed; and passed only after a stormy debate of several weeks: and passed even then, with a declaration of a right, in Congress, to withhold them if it pleased. President Washington about this time offered him the post of Attorney General of the United States; which he declined, as interfering with his lucrative practice. But he continued in the Virginia Legislature. There, federal politics occupied the usual share of attention. A resolution being moved, expressing confidence in the virtue, patriotism, and wisdom of Washington, a member proposed to strike out the word *wisdom*. "In the debate," says the Chief Justice himself, "the whole course of the Administration was reviewed, and the whole talent of each party brought into action. Will it be believed, that the word was retained by a very small majority? A very small majority of the Virginia Legislature, acknowledged the wisdom of General Washington!"

The appointment of Minister to France, as successor to Mr. Monroe, was offered him by the President, and declined. The French Government, however, refusing to receive General Pinckney, who was appointed in his stead, Messrs. Marshall, Pinckney, and Gerry, were sent by President Adams as envoys extraordinary to that country. The Directory refused to negotiate.

* We confess a little surprise, at seeing, here, any deduction of authority to the American Executive "from the practice of other nations." If we mistake not, a certain famous *Protest* of a certain President, was censured mainly for deducing power to its author from that source.—*Reviewer*.

But though the direct object of the embassy was thus foiled, much was effected in showing France to be in the wrong, by the official papers which the envoys addressed to her minister of foreign relations—the since famous Talleyrand: "Models of skilful reasoning, clear illustration, accurate detail, and urbane and dignified moderation."† "They have always been attributed to Mr. Marshall. They bear internal marks of it. We have since become familiar with his simple and masculine style,—his direct, connected, and demonstrative reasoning—the infrequency of his resort to illustrations, and the pertinency and truth of the few which he uses—the absence of all violent assertion—the impersonal form of his positions, and especially with the candor, as much the character of the man as of his writings, with which he allows to the opposing argument its fair strength, without attempting to elude it, or escape from it, by a subtlety. Every line that he has written, bears the stamp of sincerity; and if his arguments fail to produce conviction, they never raise a doubt, nor the shadow of a doubt, that they proceed from it.

"The impression made by the despatches of the American ministers was immediate and extensive. Mr. Marshall arrived in New York on the 17th of June, 1798. His entrance into this city on the 19th, had the éclat of a triumph. The military corps escorted him from Frankford to the city, where the citizens crowded his lodgings to testify their veneration and gratitude. Public addresses were made to him, breathing sentiments of the liveliest affection and respect. A public dinner was given to him by members of both houses of Congress 'as an evidence of affection for his person, and of their grateful approbation of the patriotic firmness with which he sustained the dignity of his country during his important mission;' and the country at large responded with one voice to the sentiment pronounced at this celebration, 'Millions for defence, but not a cent for tribute.'‡

Once more, he resumed his practice of the Law, with renewed determination to leave it no more. He was, however, so urgently entreated by General Washington (who sent for him to Mount Vernon for the purpose) to become a candidate for Congress, that he did so; and was elected, in 1799, after a severe contest. Whilst a candidate, President Adams offered him a seat upon the Bench of the Supreme Court; but he declined it. He had not been three weeks in Congress, when, by a fortune as striking as it was mournful, it became his lot to announce to the House, the death of Washington. Never could such an event have been told in language more impressive or more appropriate.

"Mr. Speaker—The melancholy event, which was yesterday announced with doubt, has been rendered but too certain. Our Washington is no more. The hero, the patriot, and the sage of America; the man on whom in times of danger every eye was turned, and all hopes were placed, lives now, only in his own great actions, and in the hearts of an affectionate and afflicted people."

Having briefly alluded to the achievements and services of the deceased, he concluded by offering suitable resolutions, for honoring "the memory of the

† Judge Story.

‡ Mr. Binney.

man, first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen." The resolutions had been drawn by General Henry Lee, whom a temporary absence hindered from presenting them. With characteristic modesty, Mr. Marshall, in the account of this transaction given by him as biographer of Washington, omits all mention of his own name; saying only, that "a member rose in his place," &c. That House of Representatives abounded in talents of the first order for debate: and none were more conspicuous than those of John Marshall. Indeed, where the law or constitution was to be discussed, "he was confessedly the first man in the House. When he discussed them, he exhausted them: nothing more remained to be said; and the impression of his argument effaced that of every one else." ... "Upon such topics, however dark to others, his mind could by its own clear light

—'sit in the centre, and enjoy bright day.'"^{*}

His speech upon the case of Jonathan Robbins, was a striking example. This man, a subject of Great Britain, had committed a murder on board a British frigate, and then fled to the United States. Being demanded by the British Government, President Adams caused him to be surrendered, under a clause in Jay's treaty. The act was furiously assailed by the opposition: and a resolution of censure was introduced into the House of Representatives by Mr. Livingston. The speech of Mr. Marshall on this occasion was perhaps one of the most masterly ever delivered in Congress. "It has all the merits, and nearly all the weight of a judicial sentence."[†] "It may be said of that speech, as was said of Lord Mansfield's celebrated Answer to the Prussian Memorial, it was *Reponse sans réplique*—an answer so irresistible, that it admitted of no reply. It silenced opposition; and settled then, and forever, the points of national law, upon which the controversy hinged."[‡]

He was not in Congress when the famous *Sedition Law* passed: but he had the merit of voting to repeal the most obnoxious section of it; in opposition to all those, with whom he generally concurred. In May, 1800, he was appointed Secretary of War: but before his entry upon the duties of that office, a rupture occurring between the President and Col. Pickering, he was made Secretary of State in lieu of the latter. It is honorable both to him and his predecessor, that the delicate position in which they stood towards each other, did not interrupt their harmony: but they remained, while both lived, a warm and cordial friendship. Even during the few months that he held this office, Mr. Marshall evinced great ability, in discussing several important questions between our country and England. "It is impossible to imagine a finer spirit, more fearless, more dignified, more conciliatory, more true to his country, than animates his instructions to Mr. King,"[§] the American Minister in London. "His despatch of September 20th, 1800, is a noble specimen of the first order of State papers, and shows the most finished adaptation of parts for the station of an American Secretary of State."^{||}

On the 31st of January, 1801, he was appointed Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States: "not only without his own solicitation, (for he

had in fact recommended another for the office,) but by the prompt and spontaneous choice of President Adams, upon his own unassisted judgment. The nomination was unanimously confirmed by the Senate."^{**}

It is a remarkable, yet not an extraordinary fact, that his induction into that high office which he so illustriously filled, is precisely the juncture in his life at which, for the purposes of striking narrative, his biography ends. That part of his career, the most signalized by enduring monuments of his intellectual power, and the most adorned by the winning graces of his daily actions, is precisely that in which it is hardest to find glaring incidents, that stand forth boldly on the page, and rivet the reader's mind. "Peace" indeed, as Milton said to Cromwell,—

"Peace hath her victories
No less renowned than War;"

and few men have achieved more signal ones, than he who may be said to have built up a national Jurisprudence for the Union, by the strength of his own genius: but such triumphs ring not in the common ear, and glitter not in the common eye. Even History often forgets to chronicle them in her bloodstained page: that page, which is too mere a picture of crimes and misery—where the peaceful and innocent crowd never appear, but give place to the profligate votaries of perverted ambition—and which, like tragedy, is languid and distasteful, unless enlivened by atrocious deeds, and horrid sufferings.[†] We shall not attempt, then, to protract our account of the last thirty-five years of Judge Marshall's life. It was spent in the diligent, and upright, as well as able discharge of his official duties; sometimes presiding in the Supreme Court at Washington, sometimes assisting to hold the *Circuit Federal Courts*, in Virginia, and North Carolina. His residence was in Richmond, whence it was his frequent custom to walk out, a distance of three or four miles, to his farm, in the county of Henrico. He also had a farm in his native county, Fauquier; which he annually visited, and where he always enjoyed a delightful intercourse with numerous relations and friends. Twice, in these thirty-five years, he may be said to have mingled in political life, but not in party politics.

In 1828, he was delegated, with others from the city of Richmond, to a convention held in Charlottesville, for the purpose of devising a proper system of internal improvements, for the State; to be recommended to the Legislature: and he took a becoming part in the deliberations of that enlightened body.

In 1829, he was chosen to represent the city in the Convention which met in October of that year, to revise and amend the State Constitution. Here was exhibited a spectacle, one of the most affecting in our day, of three men—Madison, Monroe, and Marshall,—who having assisted in establishing the liberties and creating the government of their country, and having filled her highest stations, were now consulting with a later generation, upon the means of rendering that government

* Judge Story.

† "En effet l'histoire n'est que le tableau des crimes et des malheurs: la foule des hommes innocents et paisibles disparaît toujours sur ces vastes théâtres: les personnages ne sont que des ambitieux pervers. Il semble que l'histoire ne plaise que comme la tragédie, qui languit si elle n'est animée par les passions, les forfaits, et les grandes infortunes."—*L'Ingenu*, Ch. 10.

* Mr. Binney. † Ib. ‡ Judge Story. § Mr. Binney. || Ib.

purser, more durable, and more productive of happiness. Mr. Monroe was nominated by Mr. Madison as President of the Convention; and, having been unanimously chosen, was conducted by Mr. Madison and Mr. Marshall to the chair. During the three months of the session, Judge Marshall repeatedly engaged in debate: displaying still that power of reasoning, with that bland courtesy of manner, which had always distinguished him. His voice was now become extremely feeble; so that those who sat far off could not hear him: no sooner therefore did he rise, than the members would press towards him, and strain with outstretched necks and eager ears, to catch his words. The basis of representation, and the structure of the judiciary, were the subjects upon which he chiefly spoke. The difficulties of adjusting the former, so as to satisfy both the east and the west—the irritated feelings which began to appear on both sides—and the imminent dread which the patriot felt, of a division of the state—will not soon be forgotten. It was when a *compromise* of the difference was proposed, that the Chief Justice displayed his greatest power. Towards the close of a speech, which was at the time regarded as an unrivalled specimen of lucid and conclusive reasoning, he said, he "hailed that auspicious appearance, with all the joy with which an inhabitant of the polar regions hails the re-appearance of the sun, after his long absence of six tedious months." It was of a position maintained by him in this speech, and which, an opposing orator said, had been *overthrown* by Mr. of Augusta, that John Randolph declared, "The argument of the Chief Justice is unshaken, and unanswerable. It is as strong as the fortress of Gibraltar. Sir, the fortress of Gibraltar would be as much injured by *battering it with a pocket pistol*, as that argument has been affected by the abortive and puny assault of the gentleman from Augusta." The great Roanoke orator's esteem and admiration for the Chief Justice (although, on federal politics, they widely differed) amounted almost to idolatry. An amicable contest between them one day, on the floor of the Convention, furnished him an occasion for paying to the latter a tribute as beautiful, as it was simple and just. The Chief Justice, thinking that some remark of his had been understood by Mr. Randolph as personally unkind, arose with earnestness to assure him that it was not so intended. Mr. R. as earnestly strove to quiet Judge M.'s uneasiness, by assuring him that he had not understood the remark as offensive. In their eagerness, the one to apologize, and the other to show that no apology was necessary, they interrupted each other two or three times: at length Mr. R. effectually silenced his friend, by saying, "I know the goodness of his heart too well to have supposed it possible that he could have intended to give me pain. Sir, I believe, that like 'My Uncle Toby,' *he would not even hurt a fly.*"

A visiter in Richmond during the Convention, being at the market one morning before sunrise, saw the Chief Justice of the United States, in the blue-mixed woollen stockings and the plain black suit (far from superfine) which he usually wore, striding along between the rows of meat and vegetables, catering for his household; and depositing his purchases in a basket, carried by a servant. But it was his frequent custom to go on this errand, unattended; and nothing was more usual, than to see him returning from market at

sunrise, with poultry in one hand, and a basket of vegetables in the other. So beautifully, by a simplicity which pervaded his words, his actions, his whole life, did he illustrate the character of a republican citizen and magistrate!

No man more highly relished social, and even convivial enjoyments. He was a member of the club, which for 48 summers has met once a fortnight near Richmond, to pitch quoits and mingle in relaxing conversation: and there was not one more delightfully punctual in his attendance at these meetings, or who contributed more to their pleasantness: scarcely one, who excelled him in the manly game, from which the "Quoit-Club" drew its designation. He would hurl his iron ring of two pound's weight, with rarely erring aim, fifty-five or sixty feet; and, at some *chef-d'œuvre* of skill in himself or his partner, would spring up and clap his hands, with all the light-hearted enthusiasm of boyhood. Such is the old age, which follows a temperate, an innocent, and a useful life! We extract from the American Turf Register of 1829, the following entertaining account of this Club.

During a recent visit to Richmond, in Virginia, I was invited to a "Barbecue Club," held under the shade of some fine oaks, near "Buchanan's Spring," about a mile distant from the town. I there met with about thirty of the respectable inhabitants of Richmond, with a few guests. The day was a fine one, and the free and social intercourse of the members rendered it peculiarly pleasant.

This Club is probably the most ancient one of the sort in the United States, having existed upwards of forty years. It originated in a meeting, every other Saturday, from the first of May until the month of October, of some of the Scotch merchants who were early settlers in that town. They agreed each to take out some cold meats for their repast, and to provide a due quantity of drinkables, and enjoy relaxation in that way after the labors of the week. They occasionally invited some others of the inhabitants, who finding the time passed pleasantly, proposed in the year 1793 to form a regular club, consisting of thirty members, under a written constitution, limiting their expenses each day by a sort of sumptuary law which prohibited the use of wine and porter.

The Virginians, you know, have always been great *limb-rippers* as to constitutional matters. Whenever a member died or resigned, (but there have been very few resignations,) his place was filled by balloting for a new one, who could not be elected without the concurrence of two-thirds of the club. It is said that for many years no vacancy occurred, and a sort of superstitious sentiment was prevalent, that to become a member of the club, was to insure longevity. The Arch Destroyer, however, at length appeared in all his strength, and made such havoc, that only one of the original members (the venerable Chief Justice of the United States,) is now surviving.

The club consists of judges, lawyers, doctors, and merchants, and the Governor of the Commonwealth has a general invitation when he enters into office. What gave additional interest to this body, some years ago, was the constant attendance (as honorary members) of two venerable clergymen—one of the Episcopal, and the other of the Presbyterian church, who joined in the innocent pastime of the day. They were pious and exemplary men, who discerned no sin in harmless gaiety. Quoits and backgammon are the only games indulged in, and one of the clergymen was for many years "cock of the walk" in throwing the *discus*. They are gone to their account, and have left a chasm that has not been filled.

Some years ago, an amendment was made to the constitution, which admits the use of porter. Great opposition was made to this innovation, and the destruction of the club was predicted as the consequence. The oppositionists, however, soon became as great consumers of malt and hops as their associates, and now they even consent to the introduction of wine at the last meeting of every year, provided there be "a shot in the locker." The members each advance ten dollars to the treasurer at the beginning of the season, and every member is entitled to invite any

strangers as guests, on paying into the general fund one dollar for each; while the caterers of the day, consisting of two members in rotation, preside, and have the privilege of bringing each a guest (either citizen or non-resident,) at free cost. On the day I was present, dinner was ready at half past three o'clock, and consisted of excellent meats and fish, well prepared and well served, with the vegetables of the season. Your veritable gourmand never fails to regale himself on his favorite *herbivore*—which is a fine fat pig, called "shoot," cooked on the coals, and highly seasoned with cayenne—a desert of melons and fruits follows, and punch, porter and toddy are the table liquors; but with the fruits comes on the favorite beverage of the Virginians, mint julep, in place of wine. I never witnessed more festivity and good humor than prevail at this club. By the constitution, the subject of politics is forbidden, and each man strives to make the time pleasant to his companions. The members think they can offer no higher compliment to a distinguished stranger, than to introduce him to the club, and all feel it a duty to contribute to his entertainment. It was refreshing to see such a man as Chief Justice Marshall, laying aside the reserve of his dignified station, and contending with the young men at a game of quoits, with all the emulation of a youth.

Many anecdotes are told of occurrences at these meetings. Such is the partiality for the Chief Justice, that it is said the greatest anxiety is felt for his success in the game by the bystanders; and on one occasion an old Scotch gentleman was called on to decide between his quoit and that of another member, who after seemingly careful measurement, announced, "*Minister Marshall has it a leetle*," when it was visible to all that the contrary was the fact. A French gentleman (Baron Quenet,) was at one time a guest, when the Governor, the Chief Justice, and several of the Judges of the High Court of Appeals, were engaged with others, *with coats off*, in a well-contested game. He asked, "if it was possible that the dignitaries of the land could thus intermix with private citizens," and when assured of the fact, he observed, with true Gallican enthusiasm, that "he had never before seen the real beauty of republicanism."

In Judge Marshall's yearly visits to Fauquier, where the proper implements of his favorite sport were not to be had, he still practised it among his rustic friends, with *flat stones* for quoits. A casual guest at a *barbecue* in that county—one of those rural entertainments so frequent among the country people of Virginia—soon after his arrival at the spot, saw an old man emerge from a thicket which bordered the neighboring brook, carrying as large a pile of these flat stones as he could hold between his right arm and his chin: he stepped briskly up to the company, and threw down his load among them, exclaiming, "There! Here are quoits enough for us all!" The stranger's surprise may be imagined, when he found that this plain and cheerful old man was the Chief Justice of the United States! Nor was the *bonhomie*, with which he could descend to the level of common life, restricted to his intercourse with men and women: he was often a pleasing companion even to children. One, whose first recollection of him referred to his triumphal entry (for such it was) into Richmond, on his return from France, and who, as a printer's boy, afterwards for several years was carrier of a newspaper to him, describes him as "remarkably fond of boys' company—always chatty—and always pleasant." The reminiscence, having been transferred to Washington in 1800, while Mr. M. was Secretary of State, says, "again did the pleasing office of serving him with the 'Washington Federalist' devolve on me. He resided in a brick building hardly larger than most of the kitchens now in use. I found him still the same plain, unostentatious John Marshall: always accessible, and always with a smile on his countenance when I handed him the 'Federalist.' His kindness

of manner won my affections; and I became devotedly attached to him."

Even from this early period the reminiscent may date the commencement of an intercourse and correspondence with the Chief Justice, which endured uninterruptedly for many years, until the period of his lamented death. The unaffected and childlike simplicity of manner, action, and thought which pervaded, as the sunlight pervades the atmosphere, every moment of this truly great man's existence, and which, indeed, formed, in no little degree, the basis of his greatness, sufficed to render the intercourse of which we speak, an intercourse of the most kindly, unembarrassed, and intimate nature; and one which afforded opportunities for a more particular knowledge of the strictly private and familiar habitudes of the man, than has fallen to the lot of many who, perhaps, were better entitled to his confidence. The reminiscent would here acknowledge, not only with gratitude, but with pride, the innumerable, yet unobtrusive acts of generous assistance and advice, for which he is indebted to the friendship of Chief Justice Marshall.

When, to all these engaging traits of character, we add that his charitable benefactions were as large as his mind, and as unostentatious as his life; and that in his dealings he was so scrupulously just, as always to prefer his own loss to the possibility of his wronging another; it can be no wonder, that despite the unpopularity of his federal-political opinions, he was the most beloved and esteemed of all men in Virginia.

The influence of Judge Marshall upon the decisions of the Supreme Court, in cases requiring a determination of the limits set by the Constitution to federal power, will be deemed salutary or pernicious, according as the mind which contemplates it is biased towards the one or the other school of opinions on that subject—towards the *strict*, or towards the *liberal* (what its opponents term the *licentious*) construction. Having been profoundly—perhaps exaggeratedly—impressed with a dread of the evils attending a feeble government for the Union, he had advocated the new Constitution originally, and maintained the *liberal* interpretation of it afterwards, as indispensable to the integrity and wholesome action of our system. Opinions which he had thus held for thirteen years, and which had become fixed more and more deeply in his mind by his numberless able vindications of them, he could not be expected to throw aside when he ascended the Bench. They pervaded his decisions there; and such was the influence of his gigantic intellect, that, although, as Chief Justice, his vote had no more legal authority than that of any other Judge, and although most of his associates were deemed, at their appointments, maintainers of the *strict construction*,—the Supreme Court took its tone from him; and in almost every instance where the controversy turned upon the boundaries between *federal* and *state* authority, as fixed by the Constitution, its determination tended to enlarge the former, and to circumscribe the latter. Never, probably, did any judge, who had six associates equal to himself in judicial authority, so effectually stamp their adjudications with the impress of his own mind. This may be read, in the generous pleasure with which the best and ablest* of those associates dwells upon the

* Judge Story.

inestimable service done to the country, in establishing a code of Constitutional Law so perfect, that "His proudest epitaph may be written in a single line—Here lies the Expounder of the Constitution of the United States." It may be read in the glowing page, where Mr. Binney, resolving the glory of the Court in having "explained, defended and enforced the Constitution," into the merits of its presiding judge, declares himself "lost in admiration of the man, and in gratitude to Heaven for his beneficent life." It may be read in the many volumes of Reports, where, whensoever a question of constitutional law was to be determined, the opinion of Judge Marshall is found, almost without exception, to be the opinion of the Supreme Court.

We shall make but one more extract from Mr. Binney's admirable Eulogy.

"He was endued by nature with a patience that was never surpassed;—patience to hear that which he knew already, that which he disapproved, that which questioned himself. When he ceased to hear, it was not because his patience was exhausted, but because it ceased to be a virtue.

His carriage in the discharge of his judicial business, was faultless. Whether the argument was animated or dull, instructive or superficial, the regard of his expressive eye was an assurance that nothing that ought to affect the cause, was lost by inattention or indifference; and the courtesy of his general manner was only so far restrained on the Bench, as was necessary for the dignity of office, and for the suppression of familiarity.

His industry and powers of labor, when contemplated in connection with his social temper, show a facility that does not generally belong to parts of such strength. There remain behind him nearly thirty volumes of copiously reasoned decisions, greater in difficulty and labor, than probably have been made in any other court during the life of a single judge! yet he participated in them all; and in those of greatest difficulty, his pen has most frequently drawn up the judgment; and in the midst of his judicial duties, he composed and published in the year 1804, a copious biography of Washington, surpassing in authenticity and minute accuracy, any public history with which we are acquainted. He found time also to revise it, and to publish a second edition, separating the History of the American Colonies from the Biography, and to prepare with his own pen an edition of the latter for the use of schools. Every part of it is marked with the scrupulous veracity of a judicial exposition; and it shows moreover, how deeply the writer was imbued with that spirit which will live after all the compositions of men shall be forgotten,—the spirit of charity, which could indite a history of the Revolution and of parties, in which he was a conspicuous actor, without discolored his pages with the slightest infusion of gall. It could not be written with more candor an hundred years hence. It has not been challenged for the want of it, but in a single instance, and that has been refuted by himself with irresistible force of argument, as well as with unexhausted benignity of temper.

To qualities such as these, he joined an immovable firmness befitting the office of presiding judge, in the highest tribunal of the country. It was not the result of excited feeling, and consequently never rose or fell with the emotions of the day. It was the constitution of his nature, and sprung from the composure of a mind undisturbed by doubt, and of a heart unsusceptible of fear. He thought not of the fleeting judgments and commentaries of men; and although he was not indifferent to their approbation, it was not the compass by which he was directed, nor the haven in which he looked for safety.

His learning was great, and his faculty of applying it of the very first order.

But it is not by these qualities that he is so much distinguished from the judges of his time. In learning and industry, in patience, firmness, and fidelity, he has had his equals. But there is no judge, living or dead, whose claims are disparaged by assigning the first place in the department of constitutional law to Chief Justice Marshall."

For several years past, Judge Marshall had suffered under a most excruciating malady. A surgical operation by Dr. Physick of Philadelphia, at length procured

him relief; but a hurt received in travelling, last spring, seems to have caused a return of the former complaint, with circumstances of aggravated pain and danger. Having revisited Philadelphia, in the hope of again finding a cure, his disease there overpowered him; and he died, on the 6th of July, 1835, in the 80th year of his age, surrounded by three of his children. His eldest son, Thomas, journeying to attend his death bed, had been killed by the fall of a chimney in Baltimore, but eight days before.

The love of simplicity and the dislike of ostentation, which had marked Chief Justice Marshall's life, displayed itself also in his last days. Apprehensive that his remains might be encumbered with the vain pomp of a costly monument and a laudatory epitaph, he, only two days before his death, directed the common grave of himself and his consort, to be indicated by a plain stone, with this simple and modest inscription:

"John Marshall, son of Thomas and Mary Marshall, was born on the 24th of September, 1756, intermarried with Mary Willis Ambler the 3d of January, 1783, departed this life the ——— day of ——— 18——."

All the just renown with which his great name might have been emblazoned, simplified into the three circumstances, of *birth, marriage, and death*, which would equally suit the grave-stone of the humblest villager!

We cannot better conclude this article than by copying two delineations of its subject, sketched by hands which, years before him, were mouldering in the grave: sketched, it seems to us, with so much elegance and truth, that any extended account of Judge Marshall could hardly be deemed complete without them. The first was drawn thirty years ago: the other, less than twenty.

"The..... of the United States," says Mr. Wirt, in *The British Spy*, "is, in his person, tall, meager, emaciated: his muscles relaxed, and his joints so loosely connected, as not only to disqualify him, apparently, for any vigorous exertion of body, but to destroy every thing like harmony in his air and movements. Indeed, in his whole appearance, and demeanor; dress, attitudes, gesture; sitting, standing, or walking; he is as far removed from the idolized graces of Lord Chesterfield, as any other gentleman on earth. His head and face are small in proportion to his height: his complexion swarthy; the muscles of his face, being relaxed, make him appear to be fifty years of age, nor can he be much younger: his countenance has a faithful expression of great good humor and hilarity; while his black eyes—that unerring index—possess an irradiating spirit, which proclaims the imperial powers of the mind that sits enthroned within.

"This extraordinary man, without the aid of fancy, without the advantages of person, voice, attitude, gesture, or any of the ornaments of an orator, deserves to be considered as one of the most eloquent men in the world; if eloquence may be said to consist in the power of seizing the attention with irresistible force, and never permitting it to elude the grasp, until the hearer has received the conviction which the speaker intends.

"His voice is dry and hard; his attitude, in his most effective orations, was often extremely awkward; while all his gesture proceeded from his right arm, and consisted merely in a perpendicular swing of it, from about

the elevation of his head, to the bar, behind which he was accustomed to stand.

"As to fancy, if she hold a seat in his mind at all, his gigantic genius tramples with disdain, on all her flower-decked plats and blooming parterres. How then, you will ask, how is it possible, that such a man can hold the attention of an audience enchained, through a speech of even ordinary length? I will tell you.

"He possesses one original, and almost supernatural faculty: the faculty of developing a subject by a single glance of his mind, and detecting at once, the very point on which every controversy depends. No matter, what the question: though ten times more knotty than "the gnarled oak," the lightning of heaven is not more rapid or more resistless, than his astonishing penetration. Nor does the exercise of it seem to cost him an effort. On the contrary, it is as easy as vision. I am persuaded, that his eyes do not fly over a landscape and take in its various objects with more promptitude and facility, than his mind embraces and analyzes the most complex subject.

"Possessing while at the bar, this intellectual elevation, which enabled him to look down and comprehend the whole ground at once, he determined immediately and without difficulty, on which side the question might be most advantageously approached and assailed. In a bad cause, his art consisted in laying his premises so remotely from the point directly in debate, or else in terms so general and so specious, that the hearer, seeing no consequence which could be drawn from them, was just as willing to admit them as not; but, his premises once admitted, the demonstration, however distant, followed as certainly, as cogently, as inevitably, as any demonstration in Euclid.

"All his eloquence consists in the apparently deep self-conviction, and emphatic earnestness of his manner; the correspondent simplicity and energy of his style; the close and logical connexion of his thoughts; and the easy gradations by which he opens his lights on the attentive minds of his hearers. The audience are never permitted to pause for a moment. There is no stopping to weave garlands of flowers, to hang in festoons, around a favorite argument. On the contrary, every sentence is progressive; every idea sheds new light on the subject; the listener is kept perpetually in that sweetly pleasurable vibration, with which the mind of man always receives new truths; the dawn advances with easy but unremitting pace; the subject opens gradually on the view; until, rising, in high relief, in all its native colors and proportions, the argument is consummated, by the conviction of the delighted hearer."

The following observations on the intellectual character of Judge Marshall, are from the pen of FRANCIS W. GILMER—one who, had he not been prematurely cut off by the hand of death, would have ranked with the foremost men of his age and country.

"His mind is not very richly stored with knowledge; but it is so creative, so well organized by nature, or disciplined by early education, and constant habits of systematic thinking, that he embraces every subject with the clearness and facility of one prepared by previous study to comprehend and explain it. So perfect is his analysis, that he extracts the whole matter, the kernel of inquiry, unbroken, clean, and entire. In this pro-

cess, such are the instinctive neatness and precision of his mind, that no superfluous thought, or even word, ever presents itself, and still he says every thing that seems appropriate to the subject. This perfect exemption from needless incumbrance of matter or ornament, is in some degree the effect of an aversion to the labor of thinking. So great a mind, perhaps, like large bodies in the physical world, is with difficulty set in motion. That this is the case with Mr. Marshall's, is manifest, from his mode of entering on an argument, both in conversation and in public debate. It is difficult to rouse his faculties: he begins with reluctance, hesitation, and vacancy of eye: presently, his articulation becomes less broken, his eye more fixed, until, finally, his voice is full, clear, and rapid, his manner bold, and his whole face lighted up, with the mingled fires of genius and passion: and he pours forth the unbroken stream of eloquence, in a current deep, majestic, smooth and strong. He reminds one of some great bird, which flounders and flounders on the earth for a while, before it acquires impetus to sustain its soaring flight."

EMILIA HARRINGTON.

The Confessions of Emilia Harrington. By Lambert A. Wilmer. Baltimore.

This is a duodecimo of about two hundred pages. We have read it with that deep interest always excited by works written in a similar manner—be the subject matter what it may—works in which the author utterly loses sight of himself in his theme, and, for the time, identifies his own thoughts and feelings with the thoughts and feelings of fictitious existences. Than the power of accomplishing this perfect identification, there is no surer mark of genius. It is the spell of Defoe. It is the wand of Boccaccio. It is the proper enchantment of the Arabian Tales—the gramarye of Scott, and the magic of the Bard of Avon. Had, therefore, the Emilia Harrington of Mr. Wilmer not one other quality to recommend it, we should have been satisfied of the author's genius from the simple *verisimilitude* of his narrative. Yet, unhappily, books thus written are not the books by which men acquire a contemporaneous reputation. What we said on this subject in the last number of the Messenger, may be repeated here without impropriety. We spoke of the Robinson Crusoe. "What better possible species of fame could the author have desired for that book than the species which it has so long enjoyed? It has become a household thing in nearly every family in Christendom. Yet never was admiration of any work—universal admiration—more indiscriminately or more inappropriately bestowed. Not one person in ten—nay, not one person in five hundred has, during the perusal of Robinson Crusoe, the most remote conception that any particle of genius, or even of common talent, has been employed in its creation. Men do not look upon it in the light of a literary performance. Defoe has none of their thoughts; Robinson all. The powers which have wrought the wonder, have been thrown into obscurity by the very stupendousness of the wonder they have wrought. We read, and become perfect abstractions in the intensity of our interest—we close the book, and are quite satisfied we could have written as well ourselves."

Emilia Harrington will render essential services to virtue in the unveiling of the deformities of vice. This

is a deed of no questionable utility. We fully agree with our author that ignorance of wrong is not security for the right; and Mr. Wilmer has obviated every possible objection to the "Confessions," by a so cautious wording of his disclosures as not to startle, in warning, the virtuous. That the memoirs are not wholly fictitious is more than probable. There is much internal evidence of authenticity in the book itself, and the preface seems to hint that a portion at least of the narrative is true—yet for the sake of human nature it is to be hoped that some passages are overcolored. The style of Mr. Wilmer is not only good in itself, but exceedingly well adapted to his subjects. The letter to *Augustus Harrington* is vigorously written, and many long extracts might be taken from the book evincing powers of no ordinary kind.

Within a circle of *private* friends, whom Mr. Wilmer's talents and many virtues have attached devotedly to himself, and among whom we are very proud in being ranked, his writings have been long properly appreciated, and we sincerely hope the days are not far in futurity when he will occupy that full station in the public eye to which his merits so decidedly entitle him. Our readers must all remember the touching lines *To Mira*, in the first number of our second volume—lines which called forth the highest encomiums from many whose opinions are of value. Their exquisite tenderness of sentiment—their vein of deep and unaffected melancholy—and their antique strength, and high polish of versification, struck us, upon a first perusal, with force, and subsequent readings have not weakened the impression. Mr. W. has written many other similar things. Among his longer pieces we may particularize *Merlin*, a drama—some portions of which are full of the truest poetic fire. His prose tales and other short publications are numerous; and as Editor of the Philadelphia Saturday Evening Post, he has boldly and skilfully asserted the rights of independent criticism, speaking, in all instances—the truth. His Satiric Ode in the Post, over the signature of *Horace in Philadelphia*, have attracted great attention, and have been deservedly admired.

We copy with true pleasure from the editorial columns of a Baltimore contemporary, (for whose opinions we have the highest respect, even when they differ from our own,) the following notice of *Emilia Harrington*. It will supersede the necessity of any farther comment from ourselves.

"This book is one of a class the publication of which is considered by many as objectionable. The lifting up of the veil which covers crime; crime of the most disgusting and debasing character—is thought by moralists of the present day to be an act of questionable utility. This opinion has gained strength from the intemperate zeal of too many who have thought fit to publish flauntingly to the world the result of their startling discoveries while penetrating the haunts of corruption and vice, instead of silently moving on in the cause of Christian benevolence, and, when called upon for disclosures, giving information in such a way as not to startle the virtuous into shrinking, nor cause the vicious to raise the hue and cry against them. From the objection of ultraism the "Confessions" are to a great extent free—although in some few instances the author has allowed himself a latitude which it would have been as well not to have taken.

"Apart from the character of the book, it possesses for us no trifling interest. Our thoughts run back con-

tinually from its pages to the gifted young author, prematurely gray; nor can we conquer a gathering sadness of feeling as we contemplate him bending wearily beneath the accumulating weight of adverse circumstances—broken in spirit, and yet uncomplaining. That the writer of this book possesses talents of an order far superior to many of twice his reputation, we have long been convinced, and yet he is scarcely known. Ten years ago his promise of future success in the walks of literary fame was flattering, almost beyond example; but, who can struggle against the ills of life—its cares, its privations and disappointments—with the added evils which petty jealousy and vindictive malice bring in to crush the spirit,—and not, in the very feebleness of humanity, grow weak and weary. And thus it seems in a measure to have been with the author of this book; he has not now the healthy vigor which once marked his production—the playful humor, nor the sparkling wit; and why—as continual dropping will wear away the hardest rock, so will continued neglect, and disappointment, and care, wear away the mind's healthy tone and strength of action. And yet, after all, may we not be mistaken in this. Is not the unobtrusive volume before us a strong evidence of unfailing powers of mind, which, though aiming at no brilliant display, acts with order, conciseness, and a nicely balanced energy? It is even so. One great attribute of genius is its power of identifying itself with its hero, and never losing sight of all the relations which it now holds to the world in its new character; and this identity has been well kept up by Mr. Wilmer—so much so, that in but few instances do we forget that the writer is other than the heroine of the tale."

AMERICAN IN ENGLAND.

The American in England. By the Author of "*A Year in Spain.*" 2 vols. New York. Harper and Brothers.

Lieutenant Slidell's very excellent book, "*A Year in Spain*," was in some danger of being overlooked by his countrymen when a benignant star directed Murray's attention to its merits. Fate and Regent Street prevailed. Cockney octavos carried the day. A man is nothing if not hot-pressed; and the clever young writer who was cut dead in his Yankee-land habiliments, met with bows innumerable in the gala dress of a London *imprimatur*. The "*Year in Spain*" well deserved the popularity thus inauspiciously attained. It was the work of a man of genius; and passing through several editions, prepared the public attention for any subsequent production of its author. As regards "*The American in England*," we have not only read it with deep interest from beginning to end, but have been at the trouble of seeking out and perusing a great variety of critical *dicta* concerning it. Nearly all of these are in its favor, and we are happy in being able to concur heartily with the popular voice—if indeed these *dicta* be its echoes.

We have somewhere said—or we should have somewhere said—that the old adage about "Truth in a well" (we mean the adage in its modern and improper—not in its antique and proper acceptation) should be swallowed *cum grano salis* at times. To be profound is not always to be sensible. The depth of an argument is not, necessarily, its wisdom—this depth lying where Truth is sought more often than where she is found. As the touches of a painting which, to minute inspection, are 'confusion worse confounded' will not fail to start boldly out to the cursory glance of a connoisseur—or as a star may be seen more distinctly in a sidelong survey than in any direct gaze however penetrating and in-

tense—as there are, not unfrequently, times and methods, in which, and by means of which, a richer philosophy may be gathered on the surface of things than can be drawn up, even with great labor, *e profundis*. It appears to us that Mr. Slidell has written a wiser book than his neighbors merely by not disdaining to write a more superficial one.

The work is dedicated to John Duer, Esq. The Preface is a very sensible and a sufficiently well-written performance, in which the Lieutenant while “begging, at the outset, to be acquitted of any injurious prejudices” still pleads guilty to “that ardent patriotism which is the common attribute of Americans, a feeling of nationality inherited with the laws, the language, and the manners of the country from which we derive our origin, and which is sanctioned not less by the comparison of the blessings we enjoy with those of other lands, than by the promptings of good feeling, and the dictates of good taste.” It is in the body of the book, however, that we must seek, and where we shall most assuredly find, strong indications of a genius not the less rich, rare, and altogether estimable for the simplicity of its *modus operandi*.

Commencing with his embarkation at New York, our author succeeds, at once, in rivetting the attention of his readers by a *succession of minute details*. But there is this vast difference between the details of Mr. Slidell, and the details of many of his contemporaries. They—the many—impressed, apparently, with the belief that mere minuteness is sufficient to constitute force, and that to be accurate is, of necessity, to be verisimilar—have not hesitated in putting in upon their canvass all the actual lines which might be discovered in their subject. This Mr. Slidell has known better than to do. He has felt that the apparent, not the real, is the province of a painter—and that to give (speaking technically) the idea of any desired object, the toning down, or the utter neglect of certain portions of that object is absolutely necessary to the proper bringing out of other portions—portions by whose sole instrumentality the idea of the object is afforded. With a fine eye then for the picturesque, and with that strong sense of propriety which is inseparable from true genius, our American has crossed the water, dallied a week in London, and given us, as the result of his observations, a few masterly sketches, with all the spirit, vigor, raciness and illusion of a panorama.

Very rarely have we seen any thing of the kind superior to the “American in England.” The interest begins with the beginning of the book, and abides with us, unabated, to the end. From the scenes in the Yankee harbor, to the departure of the traveller from England, his arrival in France, and installment among the comforts of the Hotel Quillacq, all is terse, nervous, brilliant and original. The review of the ship’s company, in the initial chapter of the book is exceedingly entertaining. The last character thus introduced is so peculiarly sketched that we must copy what the author says about him. It will serve to exemplify some of our own prior remarks.

“Let me not forget to make honorable mention of the white-headed little raggamuffin who was working his passage, and who, in this capacity, had the decks to sweep, ropes to haul, chickens and pigs to feed, the cow to milk, and the dishes to wash, as well as all other jobs to do that belonged to no one in particular. As a proof of good will, he had chopped off the tails of a dandy,

velvet-collared, blue coat, with the cook’s axe, the very first day out. This was performed at the windlass-bits, in full conclave of the crew, and I suspected at the suggestion of a roguish man-of-war’s-man, a shipmate of mine. The tails were cut just below the pocket flaps, which gave them a sort of razee look, and, in conjunction with the velvet collar, made the oddest appearance in the world, as he would creep, stern first, out of the long-boat after milking the cow. Blow high or blow low, the poor boy had no time to be sea-sick. Sometimes he would get adrift in the lee scuppers and roll over in the water, keeping fast hold of the plates he was carrying to the galley.”

Some incidents at sea—such as the narrow escape from running down a brig, and the imminent danger incurred by an English pilot—are told with all the gusto of a seaman. Among other fine passages we may particularize an account of British sailors on shore at Portsmouth—of a family group on board a steamer—of the appearance of the Kentish coast—of the dangers of the Thames—of the Dover coach—of some groups in a London coffee-room—of a stand of hackney-coaches—of St. James’ Park—of a midnight scene in the streets—of the Strand—of Temple-Bar—of St. Paul’s and the view from the summit—of Rothschild—of Barclay and Perkins’ Brewery—of the Thames’ Tunnel—of the Tower—of the Zoological Gardens—of Robert Owen—of the habits of retired citizens—and of the rural tastes of Englishmen. A parallel between Regent Street and Broadway brings the two thoroughfares with singular distinctness to the eye of the mind—and in the way of animated and vivid description we can, at this moment, remember nothing in the whole range of fact or fiction much superior to the Lieutenant’s narrative of his midnight entrance into London. Indeed we can almost pardon a contemporary for speaking of this picture as sublime. A small portion of it we copy—but no just idea of its total effect can be thus gathered—an effect depending in a great measure upon the gradual manner in which it is brought about.

“I know nothing more exhilarating than to be suddenly ushered in the night into a populous quarter of a great city. My recollection readily conjures up the impressions made upon me under similar circumstances in entering Paris, Madrid, Brussels, Milan, or gay and lively Naples. The lower classes, with their good humor, their quaint drollery and sprightliness, there offer the most agreeable objects of contemplation. Here, however, there was in the corresponding classes nothing pleasing, or even picturesque. All seemed in search of food, of the means of intemperance, and of gratifying low and brutal passions. The idea of amusement had evidently no place. The streets swarmed with abandoned women, filthy in their dress, open, brutal, and indecent in their advances. In the places of the guitar, the serenade, the musical cries of chesnut-women, lemonade-sellers, and watermen, the sounds here were harsh and grating: uttered in words ill pronounced and nasally prolonged, or in an unintelligible and discordant slang which I no longer recognized as belonging to my own language. In the place of skilful musicians performing the favorite airs of Mozart or Rossini, or the witty colloquies of the sententious Punchinello, the poor were invited, in the nasal twang of clamorous mountebanks to amuse themselves by a sight of the latest cases of seduction, murder, suicide, and hanging, represented in the shadows of the camera obscura. The dark masses of dwelling-houses had a confined, narrow, gloomy, and lugubrious aspect. They were of brick, without window-sills of marble or other colored stone; unpainted, and unenlivened by blinds. They were closely shut, and the glimpses of cheerfulness and domestic comfort

exhibited in our streets were here unseen. All the shops were open to the weather: Many of them having the whole front removed, and gas-lights blazing and streaming like great torches, rather than with the puny and flickering illumination seen in ours. The articles were completely exposed to view at the side of the street; clothing, provisions, crockery, hardware; whatever is necessary to the wants of man. The druggists, with their variegated vases, as with us, cast the Iris hues of their nauseous mixtures into the street. Sellers of cheap goods exposed them in the windows, with their price labelled. The butchers hung out beef, pork, sausages, and enormous coarse sheep, in a nearly whole state, with sometimes the price affixed to the inferior portions, in order that the poor might judge whether the price they had received for their day's labor, would compass a meal of meat; or whether they should seek a diet more suited to their means, of a neighboring potato-merchant: or whether to turn in despair, as many of the most wretched seemed to do, to accept the flattering invitation of the magnificent gin-palace at the corner. It was the most splendid building in the neighborhood; built with some little architectural elegance, whose effect was magnified by the unadorned character and gloomy air of the surrounding edifices. A beautiful gas-light, in a richly ornamented lamp, stood as an inviting beacon, visible in many diverging directions. The windows were glazed with costly plate-glass, bearing inscribed, in illuminated letters, the words—gin at three-pence—generous wines hot-spiced;—and the door surrounded by stained panes of rich dye, having rosettes, bunches of grapes, and gay devices.

There are some few *miseries* in the work before us, which, although insufficient to affect its character as a whole, yet constitute a weak point in what otherwise is beautiful, and cause us to regret sincerely, the accidents which have admitted them. We may mention, in especial, the too frequent introduction of the monosyllable "*how*," in such sentences as "they told *how*"—"it was related *how*"—"I was informed *how*," &c. Mr. Slidell will find, upon self-scrutiny, that he has fallen into this habit through the sin of imitation. The Lieutenant, too, suffers his work to savor far too strongly of the ship, and lets slip him no opportunity of thrusting upon the public attention the fact of his particular vocation—in-sisting, indeed, upon this matter with a pertinacity even ludicrous—a pertinacity which will be exemplified in the following passage:

"Unaccustomed as I had been in the larger vessels, in which I had sailed of late, to be thus unceremoniously boarded on the hallowed region of the quarter-deck, this seemed to me quite a superfluous piece of impertinence. The remains of my sentiment were at once washed away, and not minding a little honest salt-water, I betook myself forthwith to the substantial comfortings of the repast, which I found smoking on the cabin table. Dinner was over: tea and conversation had followed; the evening was already far advanced, and I began to yield to the sleepy sensation which the familiar roll of the sea inspired. Before turning in I ascended to the companion-way to breathe the fresh air, and see what progress we were making. Familiar as I was with the sight of ships in every possible situation, I was much struck with the beauty of the scene."

Again. Although the author evinces, in theory, a very laudable contempt for that silly vanity so often inducing men to blazon forth their intimacy with the distinguished; and although, in the volumes now before us, he more than once directs the arrows of his satire at the infirmity—still he is found not altogether free from it himself; and, in one especial instance, is even awkwardly uneasy, lest we should remain ignorant of his acquaintance with Washington Irving. "I thought,"

quoth the Lieutenant, when there was no necessity for thinking about any such matter, "I thought of the 'spectral box-coats' of my inimitable friend Geoffrey Crayon; and would have given the world in that moment of despondency, for one of his quiet unwritten jokes, or one friendly pressure of his hand."

Upon Mr. Slidell's mechanical style we cannot bring ourselves to look with favor. Indeed while running over, with some astonishment, a few of his singularly ill-constructed sentences, we begin to think that the sentiments expressed in the conclusion of his Preface are not, as we at first suspected, merely the common cant of the *litterateur*, and that his book is actually, as he represents it to be, "the result of an up-hill journey," and "a work which he regards with a feeling of aversion." What else than great tedium and utter weariness with his labor, could have induced our author to trust such passages as the following to the critical eye of the public?

"The absence of intellectual and moral culture, in occupations which rendered it unnecessary for those who worked only to administer food to themselves and profit or luxury to the class of masters, could only account for the absence of forehead, of the ornamental parts of that face which was moulded after a divine model."

We perused this sentence more than once before we could fathom its meaning. Mr. Slidell wishes to say, that narrowness of forehead in the rabble is owing to want of mental exercise—they being laborers not thinkers. But from the words of our author we are led to conclude that some occupations (certainly very strange ones) rendered it unnecessary for those who worked, to administer food to themselves—that is, to eat. The pronoun "*it*," however, will be found, upon examination, to refer to "moral culture." The repetition of the word "*only*" is also disagreeable, and the entire passage is overloaded with verbiage. A rigid scrutiny will show that all essential portions of the intended idea are embodied in the lines italicized. In the original sentence are *fifty-four* words—in our own *eighteen*—or precisely one third. It follows, that if all the Lieutenant's sentences had been abridged in a similar manner—a process which would have rounded greatly to their advantage—we might have been spared much trouble, and the public much time, trouble, and expense—the "*American in England*" making its appearance in a duodecimo of one hundred and ninety-two pages, rather than in two octavos of five hundred and seventy-six.

At page 122, vol. I, we have what follows.

"My situation here was uncomfortable enough; if I were softly cushioned on one side, this only tended, by the contrast, to increase the obduracy of a small iron rod, which served as a parapet to protect me from falling off the precipice, over which I hung toppling, and against which I was forced with a pressure proportioned to the circumstances of my being compressed into a space somewhat narrower than myself; the seat having doubtless been contrived to accommodate five men, and there being no greater anatomical mistake than to suppose there would be more room because four of them were women."

"If I were," in this sentence, is not English—but there are few persons who will believe that "*if*" does not in all instances require the subjunctive. In the words "*a small iron rod which served as a parapet to protect me from falling off the precipice over which I hung, and against which I was forced*," &c. let us say nothing of the inju-

dicious use of the word *perpet* as applied to a small iron rod. Passing over this, it is evident, that the second relative pronoun "*which*," has for its antecedent, in strict syntactical arrangement, the same noun as the first relative pronoun "*which*"—that is to say, it has the word "*precipice*" for its antecedent. The sentence would thus imply that Mr. Slidell was forced against the precipice. But the actual meaning (at which we arrive by guessing) is, that Mr. Slidell was forced against the iron rod. In the words "*I was forced with a pressure proportioned to the circumstances of my being compressed into a space*," &c. let us again be indulgent, and say as little as possible of the tautology in "*pressure*" and "*compressed*." But we ask where are the circumstances spoken of? There is only one circumstance—the circumstance of being compressed. In the conclusion of the passage where the Lieutenant speaks of "a seat having doubtless been contrived to accommodate five men, and there being no greater anatomical mistake than to suppose there would be more room because four of them were women," it is quite unnecessary to point out the "bull egregious"—a bull which could have been readily avoided by the simple substitute of "*persons*" for "*men*."

We must be pardoned for copying yet another sentence. We will do so with the single remark that it is one of the most ludicrously ill-arranged, and altogether ungainly pieces of composition which it has ever been our ill fortune to encounter.

"I was not long in discovering that the different personages scattered about the room in such an unsocial and misanthropic manner, instead of being collected about the same board, as in France or my own country, and, in the spirit of good fellowship and of boon companions, relieving each other of their mutual ennui, though they did not speak a word to each other, by which they might hereafter be compromised and socially ruined, by discovering that they had made the acquaintance of an individual several grades below them in the scale of rank, or haply as disagreeably undeceived by the abstraction of a pocket-book, still kept up a certain interchange of sentiment, by occasional glances and mutual observation."

Such passages as the foregoing may be discovered *passim* in "The American in England." Yet we have heard Mr. Slidell's English called equal to the English of Mr. Irving—than which nothing can be more improbable. The Lieutenant's book is an excellent book—but then it is excellent *in spite of its style*. So great are the triumphs of genius!

CONTI.

Conti the Discarded: with Other Tales and Fancies. By Henry F. Chorley. 2 vols. New York: Published by Harper and Brothers.

Mr. Chorley has hitherto written nothing of any great length. His name, however, is familiar to all readers of English Annuals, and in whatever we have seen from his pen, evidences of a rare genius have been perceptible. In *Conti*, and in the "Other Tales and Fancies" which accompany it, these evidences are more distinct, more brilliant, and more openly developed. Neither are these pieces wanting in a noble, and, to us, a most thrillingly interesting purpose. In saying that our whole heart is with the author—that the deepest, and we trust, the purest emotions are enkindled within us by his chivalric and magnanimous design—we present but a

feeble picture of our individual feelings as influenced by the perusal of *Conti*. We repeat it—our whole heart is with the author. When shall the artist assume his proper situation in society—in a society of thinking beings? How long shall he be enslaved? How long shall mind succumb to the grossest materiality? How long shall the veriest vermin of the Earth, who crawl around the altar of Mammon, be more esteemed of men than they, the gifted ministers to those exalted emotions which link us with the mysteries of Heaven? To our own query we may venture a reply. Not long. Not long will such rank injustice be committed or permitted. A spirit is already abroad at war with it. And in every billow of the unceasing sea of Change—and in every breath, however gentle, of the wide atmosphere of Revolution encircling us, is that spirit steadily yet irresistibly at work.

"Who has not looked," says Mr. Chorley in his Preface, "with painful interest on the unreckoned-up account of misunderstanding and suspicion which exists between the World and the Artist? Who has not grieved to see the former willing to degrade Art into a mere plaything—to be enjoyed without respect, and then cast aside—instead of receiving her high works as among the most humanizing blessings ever vouchsafed to man by a beneficent Creator? Who has not suffered shame in observing the Artist bring his own calling into contempt by coarsely regarding it as a mere engine of money getting, or holding it up to reproach by making it the excuse for such eccentricities or grave errors as separate him from the rest of society?"

That genius should not and indeed cannot be bound down to the vulgar common-places of existence, is a maxim which, however true, has been too often repeated; and there have appeared on earth enough spirits of the loftiest and most brilliant order who have worthily taken their part in life as useful citizens, affectionate husbands, faithful friends, to deprive of their excuse all such as hold, that to despise and alienate the world is the inevitable and painfully glorious destiny of the highly gifted.

Very few of our readers, it may be, are acquainted with a particular class of works which has long exercised a very powerful influence on the private habits and character, as well as on the literature of the Germans. We speak of the *Art Novels*—the *Kunstromanen*—books written not so much in immediate defence, or in illustration, as in personification of individual portions of the Fine Arts—books which, in the guise of Romance, labor to the sole end of reasoning men into admiration and study of the beautiful, by a tissue of *bizarre* fiction, partly allegorical, and partly metaphysical. In Germany alone could so mad—or perhaps so profound—an idea have originated. From the statement of Mr. Chorley, we find that his original intention was to attempt something in the style of the *Kunstromanen*, with such modifications as might seem called for by the peculiar spirit of the British national tastes and literature. "It occurred to me, however," says he, "that the very speculations and reveries which appeared to myself so delicious and significant, might be rejected by the rest of the world as fantastic and overstrained." Mr. C. could never have persevered in a scheme so radically erroneous for more than a dozen pages; and neither the world nor himself will have

cause to regret that he thought proper to abandon the *Art Novels*, and embody his fine powers and lofty design in so stirring and so efficient a series of paintings as may be found in the present volumes.

A single passage near the commencement of *Conti*, will afford to all those who feel and think, direct evidence of the extraordinary abilities of Mr. Chorley. Madame Zerlini is an Italian *prima donna*, who becoming enamored of Colonel Hardwycke, an Englishman, accompanies him to England as his mistress, and after living with him for twelve years, and bearing him a son, Julius, dies suddenly upon hearing of his intention to marry.

"A strange scene greeted his eyes (those of Julius) as he entered the spacious hall, which, as its windows fronted the east, was already beginning to be dusky with the shadows of twilight. On the lowest step of the stairs lay, in violent hysterics, one of the women servants—she was raving and weeping, half supported by two others, themselves trembling so as to be almost powerless.

"And here's Master Julius, too!" exclaimed one of the group which obstructed his passage, 'and my master gone away—no one knows for how long. Lord have mercy upon us!—what are we to do, I wonder?'

"Don't go up stairs!" shrieked the other, leaving her charge, and endeavoring to stop him. 'Don't go up stairs—it is all over!'

"But the boy, whose mind was full of other matters, and who, having wandered away in the morning, before the delirium became so violent, had no idea of his mother's imminent danger, broke from them without catching the meaning of their words, and forced his way up stairs, towards the great drawing room, the folding doors of which were swinging open.

"He went in. Madame Zerlini was there—flung down upon a sofa, in an attitude which, in life, it would have been impossible for her to maintain for many moments. Her head was cast back over one of the pillows, so far, that her long hair, which had been imperfectly fastened, had disengaged itself by its own weight, and was now sweeping heavily downward, with a crushed wreath of passion flowers and myrtles half buried among it. Every thing about her told how fiercely the spirit had passed. Her robe of scarlet muslin was entirely torn off on one shoulder, and disclosed its exquisitely rounded proportions. Her glittering *negligé* was unclasped, and one end of it clenched firmly in the small left hand, which there was now hardly any possibility of unclosing. Her glazed eyes were wide open—her mouth set in an unnatural, yet fascinating smile; her cheek still flushed with a more delicate, yet intense red than belongs to health; and the excited boy, who was rushing hastily into the room, with the rapid inquiry, 'Where is Father Vanezzi?' stood as fixed on the threshold, with sudden and conscious horror, as if he had been a thing of marble."

It is not our intention to analyze, or even to give a compend of the Tale of *Conti*. Such are not the means by which any idea of its singular power can be afforded. We will content ourselves with saying that, in its prevailing tone, it bears no little resemblance to that purest, and most enthralling of fictions, the *Bride of Lammermuir*; and we have once before expressed our opinion of this, the master novel of Scott. It is not too much to say that no modern composition, and perhaps no composition whatever, with the single exception of Cervantes' *Destruction of Numantia*, approaches so nearly to the proper character of the dramas of *Æschylus*, as the magic tale of which *Ravenwood* is the hero. We are not aware of being sustained by

any authority in this opinion—yet we do not believe it the less intrinsically correct.

The other pieces in the volumes of Mr. Chorley are, *Margaret Sterne*, or *The Organist's Journey—an Essay on the Popular Love of Music—Rossini's Otello—The Imaginative Instrumental Writers, Haydn, Beethoven, &c.—The Village Beauty's Wedding—Handel's Messiah—and A few words upon National Music*—all of which papers evince literary powers of a high order, an intimate acquaintance with the science of music, and a lofty and passionate devotion to its interests.

NOBLE DEEDS OF WOMAN.

Noble Deeds of Woman. 2 vols. Philadelphia: Carey, Lea and Blanchard.

These are two neat little volumes devoted to a theme of rich interest. From the Preface, or rather from the date and place of date of the Preface, we may form a guess that the work was originally published in London, and that the present edition is merely a reprint. There is nothing in the title-page or in the body of the book indicative of its derivation. But be the "Noble Deeds of Woman" English or American, we recommend them heartily to public attention.

The content-table is thus subdivided: Maternal Affection—Filial Affection—Sisterly Affection—Conjugal Affection—Humanity—Integrity—Benevolence—Fortitude. Under each of these separate heads are collected numerous anecdotes in the manner of the *Brothers Percy*. Of course it will be impossible to speak of them as a whole. Some are a little *puerile*—for the most part they are piquant and well selected—a few are exceedingly entertaining and *recherchés*. From page 139, vol. i, we select one or two paragraphs which will be sure to find favor with all our readers. We rejoice in so excellent an opportunity of transferring to our columns a document well deserving preservation.

During the late war between the Turks and the Greeks, some American ladies, touched by the hardships and sufferings of the latter people, presented them with a ship containing money, and various articles of wearing apparel, wrought by their own hands; an offering which, under their forlorn situation, must have been highly acceptable to the unfortunate Greeks.

The letter of Mrs. Sigourney, of Hartford, Connecticut, to the Ladies' Greek Committee of that place, to accompany the contributions prepared for the Archipelago, was as follows:

"United States of America, March 12, 1828. The ladies of Hartford, in Connecticut, to the ladies of Greece.

"Sisters and Friends,—From the years of childhood your native clime has been the theme of our admiration: together with our brothers and our husbands we early learned to love the country of Homer, Aristides, of Solon, and of Socrates. That enthusiasm which the glory of ancient Greece enkindled in our bosoms, has preserved a fervent friendship for her descendants. We have beheld with deep sympathy the horrors of Turkish domination, and the struggle so long and nobly sustained by them for existence and for liberty.

"The communications of Dr. Howe, since his return from your land, have made us more intimately acquainted with your personal sufferings. He has presented many of you to us in his vivid descriptions, as seeking refuge in caves, and, under the branches of olive trees, listening for the footsteps of the destroyer, and mourning over your dearest ones slain in battle.

"Sisters and friends, our hearts bleed for you. Deprived of your protectors by the fortune of war, and continually in fear of evils worse than death, our prayers are with you, in all your wanderings, your wars and your griefs. In this vessel (which may God send in safety to your shores) you will receive a portion of that bounty wherewith He hath blessed us. The poor among us have given according to their ability, and our little children

have cheerfully aided, that some of you and your children might have bread to eat, and raiment to put on. Could you but behold the faces of our little ones brighten, and their eyes sparkle with joy, while they give up their holidays, that they might work with their needles for Greece; could you see those females who earn a subsistence by labor, gladly casting their mite into our treasury, and taking hours from their repose that an additional garment might be furnished for you; could you witness the active spirit that pervades all classes of our community, it would cheer for a moment the darkness and misery of your lot.

"We are inhabitants of a part of one of the smallest of the United States, and our donations must therefore, of necessity, be more limited than those from the larger and more wealthy cities; yet such as we have, we give in the name of our dear Saviour, with our blessings and our prayers.

"We know the value of sympathy—how it arms the heart to endure—how it plucks the sting from sorrow—therefore we have written these few lines to assure you, that in the remotest parts of our country, as well as in her high places, you are remembered with pity and with affection.

"Sisters and friends, we extend across the ocean our hands to you in the fellowship of Christ. We pray that His Cross and the banner of your land may rise together over the Crescent and the Minarets—that your sons may hail the freedom of ancient Greece restored, and build again the waste places which the oppressor hath trodden down; and that you, admitted once more to the felicity of home, may gather from past perils and adventures a brighter wreath for the kingdom of Heaven.

"LYDIA H. SIGOURNEY.

"Secretary of the Greek Committee of Hartford, Connecticut."

BULWER'S RIENZI.

Rienzi, The Last of the Tribunes. By the Author of "*Eugene Aram*," "*Last Days of Pompeii*," &c. &c. Two Volumes in one. Philadelphia: Republished by E. L. Carey and A. Hart.

We have long learned to reverence the fine intellect of Bulwer. We take up any production of his pen with a positive certainty that, in reading it, the wildest passions of our nature, the most profound of our thoughts, the brightest visions of our fancy, and the most ennobling and lofty of our aspirations will, in due turn, be enkindled within us. We feel sure of rising from the perusal a wiser if not a better man. In no instance are we deceived. From the brief Tale—from the "*Moons and Daimones*" of the author—to his most ponderous and labored novels—all is richly, and glowingly intellectual—all is energetic, or astute, or brilliant, or profound. There may be men now living who possess the power of Bulwer—but it is quite evident that very few have made that power so palpably manifest. Indeed we know of none. Viewing him as a novelist—a point of view exceedingly unfavorable (if we hold to the common acceptance of "the novel") for a proper contemplation of his genius—he is unsurpassed by any writer living or dead. Why should we hesitate to say this, feeling, as we do, thoroughly persuaded of its truth. Scott has excelled him in many points, and "*The Bride of Lamormour*" is a better book than any individual work by the author of Pelham—"Ivanhoe" is, perhaps, equal to any. Descending to particulars, D'Israeli has a more brilliant, a more lofty, and a more delicate (we do not say a *wilder*) imagination. Lady Dacre has written *Ellen Wareham*, a more forcible tale of Passion. In some species of wit Theodore Hook rivals, and in broad humor our own Paulding surpasses him. The writer of "*Godolphin*" equals him in energy. Bunim is a better sketcher of character. Hope is a richer colorist. Captain Trelawney is as original—Moore is as fanciful, and Horace Smith is as learned. But who is

there uniting in one person the imagination, the passion, the humor, the energy, the knowledge of the heart, the artist-like eye, the originality, the fancy and the learning of Edward Lytton Bulwer? In a vivid wit—in profundity and a Gothic massiveness of thought—in style—in a calm certainty and definitiveness of purpose—in industry—and above all in the power of controlling and regulating by volition his illimitable faculties of mind, he is unequalled—he is unapproached.

As *Rienzi* is the last, so it is the best novel of Bulwer.

In the Preface we are informed that the work was commenced two years ago at Rome, but abandoned upon the author's removing to Naples, for the "*Last days of Pompeii*"—a subject requiring, more than *Rienzi*, the advantage of a personal residence within reach of the scenes described. The idea of the present work, however, was never dismissed from the writer's mind, and soon after the publication of "*Pompeii*" he resumed his original undertaking. We are told that having had occasion to look into the original authorities whence are derived all the accounts of modern historians touching *Rienzi*, Mr. B. was induced to believe that no just picture of the Life or Times of that most remarkable man was at present in the hands of the people. Under this impression the novelist had at first meditated a work of History rather than of Fiction. We doubt, however, whether the spirit of the author's intention is not better fulfilled as it is. He has adhered with scrupulous fidelity to all the main events in the public life of his hero; and by means of the relief afforded through the personages of pure romance which form the filling in of the picture, he has been enabled more fully to develop the private character of the noble Roman. The reader may indeed be startled at the vast difference between the *Rienzi* of Mr. Bulwer, and the *Rienzi* of Sismondi, of Gibbon, and of Miss Mitford. But by neither of the two latter are we disposed to swear—and of Sismondi's impartiality we can at no moment be certain. Mr. B., moreover, very justly observes that as, in the work before us, all the acts are given from which is derived his interpretation of the principal agent, the public, having sufficient data for its own judgment, may fashion an opinion for itself.

Generally, the true chronology of *Rienzi's* life is preserved. In regard to the story—or that chain of fictitious incident usually binding up together the constituent parts of a Romance—there is very little of it in the book. This follows necessarily from the character of the composition—which is essentially Epic rather than Dramatic. The author's apology seems to us therefore supererogative when he says that a work which takes for its subject the crimes and errors of a nation and which ventures to seek the actual and the real in the highest stage of action or passion can rarely adopt with advantage the melo-dramatic effects produced by a vulgar mystery. In his pictures of the Roman populace, and in those of the Roman nobles of the fourteenth century—pictures full at all times of an enthralling interest—Mr. B. professes to have followed literally the descriptions left to us.

Miss Mitford's *Rienzi* will of course be remembered in reading that of Bulwer. There is however but one point of coincidence—a love-intrigue between a relative of the hero and one of the party of the nobles. This, it will be recollected, forms the basis of the plot of Miss

M. In the *Rienzi* of Bulwer, it is an Episode not affecting in any manner either the story itself, or the destinies of the Tribune.

It is by no means our intention to give an analysis of the volume before us. Every person who reads at all will read *Rienzi*, and indeed the book is already in the hands of many millions of people. Any thing, therefore, like our usual custom of a digest of the narrative would be superfluous. The principal characters who figure in the novel are *Rienzi* himself—his brother, whose slaughter by a noble at the commencement of the story, is the immediate cause of *Rienzi's* change of temper and consequent exaltation—*Adrian di Castello*, a young noble of the family of *Colonna* but attached to the cause of the people—*Martino di Porto* the chief of the house of the *Orsini*—*Stephen Colonna*, the chief of the house of the *Colonna*—*Walter de Montreal*, a gentleman of *Provence*, a knight of *St. John*, and one of the formidable freebooters who at the head of large "Companies" invaded states and pillaged towns at the period of *Rienzi's* Revolution—*Pandolfo di Guido* a student, whom, under the appellation of *Pandolficcio di Guido*, *Gibbon* styles "the most virtuous citizen of *Rome*"—*Cecco del Vecchio* a smith—*Giles D'Albornoz* of the royal race of *Arragon*—*Petrarch* the poet, and the friend of *Rienzi*—*Angelo Villani*—*Irene*, the sister of the Tribune and betrothed to *Adrian di Castello*—*Nina*, *Rienzi's* wife—and *Adeline*, the mistress of *Walter de Montreal*.

But as was said before, we should err radically if we regard *Rienzi* altogether in the light of Romance. Undoubtedly as such—as a fiction, and coming under the title of a novel, it is a glorious, a wonderful conception, and not the less wonderfully and gloriously carried out. What else could we say of a book over which the mind so delightfully lingers in perusal? In its delineations of passion and character—in the fine blending and contrasting of its incidents—in the rich and brilliant tints of its feudal paintings—in a pervading air of chivalry, and grace, and sentiment—in all that can throw a charm over the pages of Romance, the last novel of *Bulwer* is equal, if not superior, to any of his former productions. Still we should look at the work in a different point of view. It is History. We hesitate not to say that it is History in its truest—in its only true, proper, and philosophical garb. *Sismondi's* works—were not. There is no greater error than dignifying with the name of History a tissue of dates and details, though the dates be ordinarily correct, and the details indisputably true. Not even with the aid of acute comment will such a tissue satisfy our individual notions of History. To the effect let us look—to the impression rather than to the seal. And how very seldom is any definite impression left upon the mind of the historical reader! How few bear away—even from the pages of *Gibbon*—*Rome* and the *Romans*. Vastly different was the genius of *Niebuhr*—than whom no man possessed a more discriminative understanding of the uses and the purposes of the pen of the historiographer. But we digress. Bearing in mind that "to contemplate"—*ισοπεύω**—should and must be allowed a more noble and

a more expansive acceptation than has been usually given it, we shall often discover in Fiction the essential spirit and vitality of Historic Truth—while Truth itself, in many a dull and lumbering Archive, shall be found guilty of all the inefficiency of Fiction.

Rienzi, then, is History. But there are other aspects in which it may be regarded with advantage. Let us survey it as a profound and lucid exposition of the *morale* of Government—of the Philosophies of Rule and Misrule—of the absolute incompatibility of Freedom and Ignorance—Tyranny in the few and Virtue in the many. Let us consider it as something akin to direct evidence that a people is not a mob, nor a mob a people, nor a mob's idol the idol of a people—that in a nation's self is the only security for a nation—and that it is absolutely necessary to model upon the character of the governed, the machinery, whether simple or complex, of the governmental legislation.

It is proper—we are persuaded—that *Rienzi* should be held up in these many different points of view, if we desire fully to appreciate its own merits and the talents of *Mr. Bulwer*. But regard it as we will, it is an extraordinary work—and one which leaves nothing farther to accomplish in its own particular region. It is vastly superior to the "*Last Days of Pompeii*"—more rich—more glowing, and more vigorous. With all and more than all the distinguishing merits of its noble predecessor, it has none of its chilliness—none of that platitude which (it would not be difficult to say why) is the inevitable result of every attempt at infusing warmth among the marble wildernesses, and vitality into the statue-like existences, of the too-distantly antique.

We will conclude our notice of *Rienzi* with an Extract. We choose it not with any view of commending it above others—for the book has many equally good and some better—but to give our readers—such of them as have not yet seen the novel, an opportunity of comparing the passage with some similar things in *Boccaccio*. We may as well say that in all which constitutes good writing the Englishman is infinitely the superior. What we select is Chapter V, of the sixth Book. *Irene*, the betrothed of the noble Roman *Adrian di Castello*, being in *Florence* during the time of the Great Plague, is sought by her lover at the peril of his life. Overpowered by a fever he meets with *Irene*—but his delirium prevents a recognition. She conveys him to one of the deserted mansions, and officiates as his nurse. Having thrown aside her mantle, under the impression that it retained the infection of the Pestilence, it is found and worn by another.

THE ERROR.

For three days, the three fatal days, did *Adrian* remain bereft of strength and sense. But he was not smitten by the scourge which his devoted and generous nurse had anticipated. It was a fierce and dangerous fever, brought on by the great fatigue, restlessness, and terrible agitation he had undergone.

No professional mediciner could be found to attend him but a good friar, better perhaps skilled in the healing art than many who claimed its monopoly, visited him daily. And in the long and frequent absences to which his other and numerous duties compelled the monk, there was one ever at hand to smooth the pillow, to wipe the brow, to listen to the moan, to watch the sleep. And even in that dismal office, when, in the frenzy of the sufferer, her name, coupled with terms of passionate endearment, broke from his lips, a thrill of

* History, from *ισοπεύω*, to contemplate, seems, among the Greeks, to have embraced not only the knowledge of past events, but also Mythology, Æsopian, and Milesian fables, Romance, Tragedy and Comedy. But our business is with things, not words.

crossed the heart of the betrothed, it were a crime. But even the most in the rapture of being loved! cannot divine, the mingled her when, in some of those understood that for her death dared, the danger passionately to kiss that over the idol of her crushed were those, could not weep and the woman attitude, the it so similar her were at para- the tent, to asionate, er seemed one single heart so many romantic enthusiasm of of the bride—the watchful over her child.

to say, with all the excitement of that watch, scarcely stirring from his side, taking only that her strength might not fail her,—unable to close her eyes—though, from the same cause, she would fain have taken rest, when slumber fell upon her charge—with all such wear and tear of frame and heart, she seemed wonderfully supported. And the holy man marvelled, in each visit, to see the cheek of the nurse still fresh, and her eye still bright. In her own superstition she thought and felt that Heaven gifted her with a preternatural power to be true to so sacred a charge: and in this fancy she did not wholly err;—for Heaven did gift her with that diviner power, when it planted in so soft a heart the eduring might and energy of Affection! The friar had visited the sick man, late on the third night, and administered to him a strong sedative—"This night," said he to Irene, "will be the crisis—should he awaken, as I trust he may, with a returning consciousness, and a calm pulse, he will live—if not, young daughter, prepare for the worst. But should you note any turn in the disease, that may excite alarm, or require my attendance, this scroll will inform you where I am if God spare me still, at each hour of the night and morning."

The monk retired and Irene resumed her watch.

The sleep of Adrian was at first broken and interrupted—his features, his exclamations, his gestures, all evinced great agony whether mental or bodily—it seemed, as perhaps it was, a fierce and doubtful struggle between life and death for the conquest of the sleeper. Patient, silent, breathing but by long-drawn gasps, Irene sat at the bed-head. The lamp was removed to the further end of the chamber, and its ray, shaded by the draperies, did not suffice to give to her gaze more than the outline of the countenance she watched. In that awful suspense, all the thoughts that hitherto had stirred her mind lay hushed and mute. She was only sensible to that unutterable fear which few of us have been happy enough not to know. That crushing weight under which we can scarcely breathe or move, the avalanche over us, freezing and suspended, which we cannot escape from, with which, every moment, we may be buried and overwhelmed. The whole destiny of life was in the chances of that single night! It was just as Adrian at last seemed to glide into a deeper and serener slumber, that the bells of the death-cart broke with their booming knell the palpable silence of the streets. Now hushed, now revived, as the cart stopped for its gloomy passengers, and coming nearer and nearer after every pause. At length she heard the heavy wheels stop under the very casement, and a voice deep and muffled calling aloud "Bring out the dead!" She rose, and with a noiseless step, passed to secure the door, when

the dull lamp gleamed upon the dark and shrouded forms of the Becchini.

"You have not marked the door, nor set out the body," said one gruffly, "but this is the *third night*! He is ready for us!"

"Hush, he sleeps—away, quick, it is not the Plague that seized him."

"Not the Plague," growled the Becchino in a disappointed tone, "I thought no other illness dared encroach upon the rights of the *gavocciolo*!"

"Go, here's money, leave us."

And the grisly carrier sullenly withdrew. The cart moved on, the bell renewed its summons, till slowly and faintly the dreadful larum died in the distance.

Shading the lamp with her hand, Irene stole to the bed-side, fearful that the sound and the intrusion had disturbed the slumberer. But his face was still locked, as in a vice, with that iron sleep. He stirred not—his breath scarcely passed his lips—she felt his pulse, as the wand lay on the coverlid—there was a slight heat—she was contented—removed the light, and, retiring to a corner of the room, placed the little cross suspended round her neck upon the table, and prayed—in her intense suffering—to Him who had known death, and who—Son of Heaven though he was, and Sovereign of the Seraphim—had also prayed, in his earthly travail, that the cup might pass away.

The morning broke, not, as in the north, slowly and through shadow, but with the sudden glory with which in those climates Day leaps upon earth—like a giant from his sleep. A sudden smile—a burnished glow—and night had vanished. Adrian still slept; not a muscle seemed to have stirred; the sleep was even heavier than before; the silence became a burthen upon the air. Now, in that exceeding torpor so like unto death, the solitary watcher became alarmed and terrified. Time passed—morning glided to noon—still not a sound nor motion. The sun was mid-way in heaven—the friar came not. And now again touching Adrian's pulse, she felt no flutter—she gazed on him, appalled and confounded; surely nought living could be so still and pale. "Was it indeed sleep, might it not be —" She turned away, sick and frozen; her tongue clove to her lips. Why did the father tarry—she would go to him—she would learn the worst—she could forbear no longer. She glanced over the scroll the monk had left her: "From sunrise, it said, 'I shall be at the Convent of the Dominicans. Death has stricken many of the brethren.' The Convent was at some distance, but she knew the spot, and fear would wing her steps. She gave one wistful look at the sleeper, and rushed from the house. "I shall see thee again presently," she murmured. Alas! what hope can calculate beyond the moment. And who shall claim the tenure of "*The Again!*"

It was not many minutes after Irene had left the room, ere, with a long sigh, Adrian opened his eyes—an altered and another man; the fever was gone, the reviving pulse beat low indeed, but calm. His mind was once more master of his body, and, though weak and feeble, the danger was past, and life and intellect regained.

"I have slept long," he muttered—"and oh such dreams—and methought I saw Irene, but could not speak to her; and while I attempted to grasp her, her face changed, her form dilated, and I was in the clutch of the foul grave-digger. It is late—the sun is high—I must be up and stirring. Irene is in Lombardy. No, no; that was a lie, a wicked lie—she is at Florence—I must renew my search."

As this duty came to his remembrance, he rose from the bed—he was amazed at his own debility; at first he could not stand without support from the wall—by degrees, however, he so far regained the mastery of his limbs, as to walk, though with effort and pain. A ravenous hunger preyed upon him; he found some scanty and light food in the chamber, which he devoured eagerly. And with scarce less eagerness laved his

enfeebled form and haggard face with the water that stood at hand. He now felt refreshed and invigorated, and began to indue his garments, which he found thrown on a heap beside the bed. He gazed with surprise and a kind of self-compassion upon his emaciated hands and shrunken limbs, and began now to comprehend that he must have had some severe but unconscious illness. "Alone too," thought he, "no one near to tend me! Nature my only nurse! But alas! alas! how long a time may thus have been wasted, and my adored Irene—quick, quick, not a moment more will I lose."

He soon found himself in the open street; the air revived him; and that morning, the first known for weeks, had sprung up the blessed breeze. He wandered on very slowly and feebly till he came to a broad square, from which, in the vista, might be seen one of the principal gates of Florence, and the fig-trees and olive-groves beyond. It was then that a pilgrim of tall stature approached towards him as from the gate; his hood was thrown back, and gave to view a countenance of great but sad command; a face, in whose high features, massive brow, and proud, unshrinking gaze, shaded by an expression of melancholy more stern than soft, Nature seemed to have written majesty, and Fate disaster. As in that silent and dreary place, these two, the only tenants of the street, now encountered, Adrian stopped abruptly, and said in a startled and doubting voice: "Do I dream still, or do I behold Rienzi?"

The pilgrim paused also, as he heard the name, and gazing long on the attenuated features of the young lord, said: "I am he that was Rienzi! and you, pale shadow, is it in this grave of Italy that I meet with the gay and high Colonna? Alas, young friend," he added in a more relaxed and kindly voice, "hath the Plague not spared the flower of the Roman nobles? Come, I, the cruel and the harsh tribune, I will be thy nurse: he who might have been my brother, shall yet claim from me a brother's care."

With these words, he wound his arm tenderly round Adrian; and the young noble, touched by his compassion, and agitated by the surprise, leant upon Rienzi's breast in silence.

"Poor youth," resumed the Tribune, for so since rather fallen than deposed he may yet be called, "I ever loved the young; (my brother died young!) and you more than most. What fatality brought thee hither?"

"Irene!" replied Adrian falteringly.

"Is it so, really? Art thou a Colonna, and yet prize the fallen? The same duty has brought me also to the City of Death. From the farthest south—over the mountains of the robber—through the fastnesses of my foes—through towns in which the herald proclaimed in my ear the price of my head—I have passed hither, on foot and alone, safe under the wings of the Almighty One. Young man, thou shouldst have left this task to one who bears a wizard's life, and whom Heaven and Earth yet reserve for an appointed end!"

The Tribune said this in a deep and inward voice; and in his raised eye and solemn brow might be seen how much his reverses had deepened his fanaticism, and added even to the sanguineness of his hopes.

"But," asked Adrian, withdrawing gently from Rienzi's arm, "thou knowest, then, where Irene is to be found, let us go together. Lose not a moment in this talk—time is of inestimable value, and a moment in this city is often but the border to eternity."

"Right," said Rienzi, awakening to his object. "But fear not; I have dreamt that I shall save her, the gem and darling of my house. Fear not—I have no fear."

"Know you where to seek," said Adrian, impatiently; "the convent holds far other guests."

"Ha! so said my dream!"

"Talk not now of dreams," said the lover, "but if you have no other guide, let us part at once in quest of her; I will take yonder street, you take the opposite, and at sunset let us meet in the same spot."

"Rash man," said the Tribune, with great solemnity, "scoff not at the visions which Heaven makes a parable to its Chosen. Thou seekest counsel of thy human wisdom; I, less presumptuous, follow the hand of the mysterious Providence, moving even now before my gaze as a pillar of light, through the wilderness of dread. Ay, meet we here at sunset, and prove whose guide is the most unerring. If my dream tell me true, I shall see my sister living, ere the sun reach yonder hill, and by a church dedicated to St. Mark."

The grave earnestness with which Rienzi spoke, impressed Adrian with a hope his reason would not acknowledge. He saw him depart with that proud and stately step to which his sweeping garments gave a yet more imposing dignity, and then passed up the street to the right hand. He had not got half way when he felt himself pulled by the mantle. He turned and saw the shapeless mask of a Becchino.

"I feared you were sped, and that another had cheated me of my office," said the grave-digger, "seeing that you returned not to the old prince's palace. You don't know me from the rest of us, I see, but I am the one you told to seek—"

"Irene!"

"Yes, Irene di Gabrini, you promised ample reward."

"You shall have it."

"Follow me."

The Becchino strode on, and soon arrived at a mansion. He knocked twice at the porter's entrance; an old woman cautiously opened the door. "Fear not, good aunt," said the grave-digger, "this is the young lord I spoke to thee of. Thou sayest thou hadst two ladies in the palace, who alone survived of all the lodgers, and their names were Bianca di Medici, and—what was the other?"

"Irene di Gabrini, a Roman lady. But I told thee this was the fourth day they left the house, terrified by the deaths within it."

"Thou didst so—and was there any thing remarkable in the dress of the Signora di Gabrini?"

"Yes, I have told thee, a blue mantle, such as I have rarely seen, wrought with silver."

"Was the broiery that of stars, silver stars," exclaimed Adrian, "with a sun in the centre?"

"It was!"

"Alas! alas! the arms of the Tribune's family! I remember how I praised the mantle the first day she wore it—the day on which we were betrothed!" And the lover at once conjectured the secret sentiment which had induced Irene to retain so carefully a robe so endeared by association.

"You know no more of your lodgers?"

"Nothing."

"And is this all you have learnt, knave?" cried Adrian.

"Patience. I must bring you from proof to proof, and link to link, in order to win my reward. Follow, Signor."

The Becchino then passing through the several lanes and streets, arrived at another house of less magnificent size and architecture. Again he tapped thrice at the parlor door, and this time came forth a man withered, old, and palsied, whose death seemed to disdain to strike.

"Signor Astuccio," said the Becchino, "pardon me; but I told thee I might trouble thee again. This is the gentleman who wants to know, what is often best unknown—but that's not my affair. Did a lady—young and beautiful—with dark hair, and of a slender form, enter this house, stricken with the first symptom of the plague, three days since?"

"Ay, thou knowest that well enough—and thou knowest still better—that she has departed these two days; it was quick work with her, quicker than with most!"

"Did she wear any thing remarkable?"

"Yes, troublesome man, a blue cloak with stars of silver."

"Couldst thou guess aught of her previous circumstances?"

"No, save that she raved much about the nunnery of Santa Maria dei Pazzi, and bravos, and sacrilege."

"Are you satisfied, Signor?" asked the grave-digger, with an air of triumph, turning to Adrian. "But no, I will satisfy thee better, if thou hast courage. Wilt thou follow?"

"I comprehend thee; lead on. Courage! what is there on earth now to fear?"

Muttering to himself—"Ay, leave me alone. I have a head worth something; I ask no gentleman to go by my word; I will make his own eyes the judge of what my trouble is worth." The grave-digger now led the way through one of the gates a little out of the city. And here under a shed sat six of his ghastly and ill-omened brethren, with spades and pick-axes at their feet.

His guide now turned round to Adrian, whose face was set and resolute in despair.

"Fair Signor," said he, with some touch of lingering compassion, "wouldst thou really convince thine own eyes and heart; the sight may appal, the contagion may destroy thee,—if, indeed, as it seems to me, Death has not already written 'mine' upon thee."

"Raven of bode and woe," answered Adrian, "seest thou not that all I shrink from is thy voice and aspect? Show me her I seek, living or dead."

"I will show her to you, then," said the Becchino, sullenly, "such as two nights since she was committed to my charge. Line and lineament may already be swept away, for the Plague hath a rapid besom; but I have left that upon her by which you will know the Becchino is no liar. Bring hither the torches, comrades, and lift the door. Never stare; it's the gentleman's whim, and he'll pay it well."

Turning to the right, while Adrian mechanically followed his conductors,—a spectacle whose dire philosophy crushes as with a wheel all the pride of mortal man—the spectacle of that vault in which earth hides all that on earth flourished, rejoiced, exulted—awaited his eye!

The Becchino lifted a ponderous grate, lowered their torches (scarcely needed, for through the aperture rushed, with a hideous glare, the light of the burning sun,) and motioned to Adrian to advance. He stood upon the summit of the abyss and gazed below.

* * * * *

It was a large, deep and circular space, like the bottom of an exhausted well. In niches cut into the walls of earth around, lay, duly confined, those who had been the earliest victims of the plague, when the Becchino's market was not yet glutted, and priest followed, and friend mourned, the dead. But on the floor below, there was the loathsome horror! Huddled and matted together,—some naked, some in shrouds already black and rotten,—lay the later guests, the unshriven and unblest! The torches, the sun, streamed broad and red over corruption in all its stages, from the pale blue tint and swollen shape, to the moistened undistinguishable mass, or the riddled bones, where yet clung, in strips and tatters, the black and mangled flesh. In many the face remained almost perfect, while the rest of the body was but bone; the long hair, the human face, surmounting the grisly skeleton. There, was the infant, still on the mother's breast; there, was the lover stretched across the dainty limbs of his adored! The rats (for they clustered in numbers to that feast,) disturbed, not scared, sat up from their horrid meal as the light glimmered over them, and thousands of them lay round, stark and dead, poisoned by that they fed on! There, too, the wild satire of the grave-diggers had cast, though stripped of their gold and jewels, the emblems that spoke of departed rank;—the broken wand of the Councillor; the General's baton; the Priestly Mitre! The foul and livid exhalations gathered like flesh itself, fungous and putrid, upon the walls, and the—

* * * * *

But who shall detail the ineffable and unimaginable horrors that reigned over the Palace where the Great King received the prisoners whom the sword of the Pestilence had subdued.

But through all that crowded court—crowded with beauty and with birth, with the strength of the young and the honors of the old, and the valor of the brave, and the wisdom of the learned, and the wit of the scorner, and the piety of the faithful—one only figure attracted Adrian's eye. Apart from the rest, a late comer—the long locks streaming far and dark over arm and breast—lay a female, the face turned partially aside, the little seen not recognisable even by the mother of the dead,—but wrapped round in that fatal mantle, on which, though blackened and tarnished, was yet visible the starry heraldry assumed by those who claimed the name of the proud Tribune of Rome. Adrian saw no more—he fell back in the arms of the grave diggers: when he recovered, he was still without the gates of Florence—reclined upon a green mound—his guide stood beside him—holding his steed by the bridle as it grazed patiently on the neglected grass. The other brethren of the axe had resumed their seat under the shed.

"So you have revived; ah! I thought it was only the effluvia; few stand it as we do. And so, as your search is over, deeming you would not be quitting Florence if you have any sense left to you, I went for your good horse. I have fed him since your departure from the palace. Indeed I fancied he would be my perquisite, but there are plenty as good. Come, young Sir, mount. I feel a pity for you, I know not why, except that you are the only one I have met for weeks who seem to care for another more than for yourself. I hope you are satisfied now that I showed some brains, eh! in your service, and as I have kept my promise, you'll keep yours."

"Friend," said Adrian, "here is gold enough to make thee rich; here too is a jewel that merchants will tell thee princes might vie to purchase. Thou seemest honest, despite thy calling, or thou mightest have robbed and murdered me long since. Do me one favor more."

"By my poor mother's soul, yes."

"Take yon—yon clay from that fearful place. Inter it in some quiet and remote spot—apart—alone! You promise me—you swear it—it is well. And now help me on my horse."

"Farewell Italy, and if I die not with this stroke, may I die as befits at once honor and despair—with trumpet and banner round me—in a well-fought field against a worthy foe!—save a knightly death nothing is left to live for!"

Here, in many incidents of extraordinary force—in the call of the Becchino on the third night—in the most agonizing circumstance of Irene's abandonment of Adrian—in the bodily weakness and mental prostration of that young nobleman—in the desolation of the streets—in the meeting with Rienzi—in the colossal dignity of the words, "I am he that was Rienzi!"—in the affectionate attention of the fallen hero—and lastly, in the appalling horror of the vault and its details—may be seen and will be felt much, but not all, of the exceeding power of the "*Last of the Tribunes*."

ROGET'S PHYSIOLOGY.

Animal and Vegetable Physiology, considered with reference to Natural Theology. By Peter Mark Roget, M.D. Secretary to the Royal Society, &c. &c. 2 vols. large octavo. Philadelphia: Republished by Carey, Lea, and Blanchard.

As we have no doubt that the great majority of our readers are acquainted with the circumstances attending

the publication of the Bridgewater Treatises, we shall content ourselves with a very brief statement of those circumstances, by way of introduction to some few observations respecting this, the fifth of the Series.

Francis Henry, Earl of Bridgewater, who died some time in the beginning of the year 1829, directed certain Trustees mentioned in his Will, to invest eight thousand pounds sterling in the public funds, which eight thousand pounds, with the interest accruing, was to be under the control of the President, for the time being, of the Royal Society of London. The money thus invested, was to be paid by the President to such person or persons as he, the President, should appoint to "write, print and publish, one thousand copies of a work, *On the Power, Wisdom, and Goodness of God, as manifested in the Creation; illustrating such work by all reasonable arguments, as, for instance, the variety and formation of God's creatures, in the animal, vegetable, and mineral kingdoms; the effect of digestion, and thereby of conversion; the construction of the hand of man, and an infinite variety of other arguments; as also by discoveries ancient and modern, in arts, sciences, and the whole extent of literature.*" The profits of the works were to be paid to the authors.

Davies Gilbert, Esq. being President of the Royal Society, advised with the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Bishop of London, and "a nobleman immediately connected with the deceased," in regard to the best mode of carrying into effect the design of the testator. It was finally resolved to divide the eight thousand pounds among eight gentlemen, who were to compose eight Treatises as follows. Thomas Chalmers, D. D. Professor of Divinity in the University of Edinburgh, was to write on "The Power, Wisdom, and Goodness of God, as manifested in the Adaptation of External Nature to the Moral and Intellectual Constitution of Man,"—John Kidd, M. D. F. R. S. Regius Professor of Medicine in the University of Oxford, on "The Adaptation of External Nature to the Physical Condition of Man,"—William Whewell, M. A. F. R. S. Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, on "Astronomy and General Physics considered with reference to Natural Theology,"—Sir Charles Bell, K. G. H. F. R. S. L. and E. on "The Hand: its Mechanism and Vital Endowments as Evincing Design,"—Peter Mark Roget, M. D. Fellow of and Secretary to the Royal Society, on "Animal and Vegetable Physiology,"—William Buckland, D. D. F. R. S. Professor of Geology in the University of Oxford, on "Geology and Mineralogy,"—William Kirby, M. A. F. R. S., on "The History, Habits, and Instincts of Animals"—and William Prout, M. D. F. R. S., on "Chemistry, Meteorology, and the Function of Digestion, considered with Reference to Natural Theology."

However excellent and praiseworthy the intention of the Earl of Bridgewater, and however liberal the sum bequeathed, there can be little doubt that in the wording of his bequest, in the encumbering of the work so nobly proposed with a *specification of the arguments to be employed in its execution*, he has offered a very serious impediment to the fulfilment of the spirit of his design. It is perhaps, too, a matter of regret, that the introduction of the words "person or persons" in the paragraph touching the contemplated publication, should have left it optional with the President of the Royal Society to divide the eight thousand pounds among so many. We are sorry that the eight treatises were determined upon

for several reasons. First, we do not believe any such arrangement to have been contemplated by the testator—his words "write, print, and publish one thousand copies of a work," &c., inducing the opinion that one single book or treatise was intended: and we the rather hold to this belief, as it might easily be proved (we will speak farther of this hereafter,) that the whole argument set forth in the words of the Testament, and indeed the whole arguments of the whole eight Treatises now published, might have been readily discussed in one connected work of no greater bulk than the *Physiology* whose title forms the heading of this article. In the second place—the bequest of the eight thousand pounds, which *en masse*, is magnificent, and which might thus have operated as a sufficient inducement for some one competent person to devote a *sufficiency of time* to the steady and gradual completion of a noble and extraordinary work—this bequest, we say, is somewhat of a common-place affair when we regard it in its subdivision. Thirdly, one thousand pounds is but little for the labor necessary in a work like any one of the Treatises, and we are mistaken if the "profits of the sales" meet in any degree either the merits or the expectations of the respective authors. If they do, however, it is a matter altogether foreign to and apart from the liberality of the testator—a liberality whose proper development should have been scrupulously borne in view by the Trustee. Fourthly—the result of the combination of a number of intellects is seldom in any case—never in a case like the present—equal to the sum of the results of the same intellects laboring individually—the difference, generally, being in precise ratio with the number of the intellects engaged. It follows that each writer of a Bridgewater Treatise has been employed at a disadvantage. Lastly—an accurate examination of the nature and argument of each Treatise as allotted, will convince one *a priori* that the whole must, in any attempt at a full discussion, unavoidably run one into the other—this indeed in so very great a degree that each Treatise respectively would embody a vast quantity of matter, (handled in a style necessarily similar) to be found in each and all of the remaining seven Treatises. Here again is not only labor wasted by the writers—but, by the readers of the works, much time and trouble unprofitably thrown away. We say that this might have been proved *a priori* by an inspection of the arguments of the Treatises. It has been fully proved, *a posteriori*, by the fact: and this fact will go far in establishing what we asserted in our first reason for disapproving of the subdivision—to wit: that the whole argument of the whole eight Treatises might have been readily discussed in one connected work of no greater bulk than the *Physiology* now before us.

We cannot bring ourselves to think Dr. Roget's book the *best* of the Bridgewater series, although we have heard it so called. Indeed in the very singular and too partial arrangement of the subjects, it would have been really a matter for wonder if Dr. Whewell had not written the *best*, and Sir Charles Bell the worst of the Treatises. The talents of Dr. Roget, however, are a sufficient guarantee that he has furnished no ordinary work. We are grieved to learn from the Preface that his progress has been greatly impeded by "long protracted anxieties and afflictions, and by the almost overwhelming pressure of domestic calamity."

The chief difficulty of the Physiologist in handling a subject of so vast and almost interminable extent as the science to which his labors have been devoted—a science comprehending all the animal and vegetable beings in existence—has evidently been the difficulty of selection from an exuberance of materials. He has excluded from the Treatise—(it was necessary to exclude a great deal)—“all those particulars of the natural history both of animals and plants, and all description of those structures, of which the relation to final causes cannot be distinctly traced.” In a word, he has admitted such facts alone as afford palpable evidence of Almighty design. He has also abstained from entering into historical accounts of the progress of discovery—the present state of Physiological science being his only aim. The work is illustrated by nearly 500 wood cuts by Mr. Byfield, and references in the Index to passages in the volumes where terms of mere technical science have been explained. Appended are also a catalogue of the engravings, and a tabular view of the classification of animals adopted by Cuvier in his “*Regne Animal*” with examples included. This Table is reprinted from that in the author’s “Introductory Lecture on Human and Comparative Physiology,” published in 1836. Such alterations, however, have been introduced as were requisite to make the Table correspond with Cuvier’s second edition.

CAREY’S AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

We have been delighted with the perusal of this book, and consider it one of the most instructive as well as one of the most amusing of autobiographies. The ruling feature of the work is candor—a candor of the rarest and noblest description. The author has not scrupled, or even hesitated, in a single instance to declare, without prevarication, the truth and the whole truth, however little redounding to his own credit. Nor in the details so frankly laid before the eye of the public, are the many—very many other excellent qualities less manifest, which have exalted the autobiography to an enviable a station in the opinions of his fellow-citizens. In the whole private and public course of Mr. Mathew Carey, from that chivalrous Essay against Duelling, of which he has rendered so amusing an account in the commencement of his “Life,” to the more important yet equally Quixotic publication of the Olive Branch, the strictest scrutiny can detect nothing derogatory to the character of “the noblest work of God, an honest man.” His energy, his high-mindedness, and his indomitable perseverance, will force themselves upon the most casual observer. It is not surprising that, with qualifications so well adapted for success in life, Mr. C. should have been enabled finally to set at defiance the innumerable obstacles which obstructed his path. Indeed, although few men have labored under greater incidental disadvantages, very few have been better prepared to overcome them by both moral and physical constitution.

There is much in these Memoirs of Mr. Carey, which will bring to the mind of the reader Benjamin Franklin, his shrewdness, his difficulties, and his indefatigability. It is therefore almost unnecessary to add, that apart from its other merits, the Autobiography now before us has all the value so unequivocally due to good example.

Its perusal cannot well fail of having a salutary effect upon those who struggle with adversity—of imparting a salutary strength to all who grow feeble under the pressure of the innumerable harassing cares which encumber and weigh so ponderously upon the “man of the world.” It may, indeed, if rightly considered, have a still more beneficial influence. It may incite to good deeds. It may induce a love of our fellow-men, in many bosoms hitherto self-hardened against the urgent demands of philanthropy. What so likely to bring about a kindly spirit in any human heart as the contemplation of a kindly spirit in others?

It is perhaps already known to many that Mr. Carey was born in Dublin in 1760. His hatred of oppression, which broke out, as early as his seventeenth year, in the “Essay against Duelling,” to which we have already alluded, and which, in 1779, rendered him obnoxious to the British Government, and forced him into a temporary exile, at length, in 1784, made it necessary for him to abandon his country altogether, and seek an asylum in America. He arrived in Philadelphia, greatly embarrassed in his pecuniary circumstances; and an incident by means of which he obtained relief, has proved of so deep interest to ourselves, that we cannot but think it may prove equally so to our readers. We copy the following from page 10 of the Autobiography.

Behold me now landed in Philadelphia, with about a dozen guineas in my pocket, without relation, or friend, and even without an acquaintance, except my *compagnons de voyage*, of whom very few were eligible associates.

While I was contemplating a removal into the country, where I could have boarded at about a dollar or a dollar and a quarter a week, intending to wait the arrival of my funds, a most extraordinary and unlooked-for circumstance occurred, which changed my purpose, gave a new direction to my views, and, in some degree, colored the course of my future life. It reflects great credit on the Marquess de La Fayette, who was then at Mount Vernon, to take leave of Gen. Washington. A young gentleman of the name of Wallace, a fellow passenger of mine, had brought letters of recommendation to the General; and having gone to his seat to deliver them, fell into the Marquess’s company, and in the course of conversation, the affairs of Ireland came on the tapis. The Marquess, who had, in the Philadelphia papers, seen an account of my adventures with the Parliament, and the persecution I had undergone, inquired of Wallace, what had become of the poor persecuted Dublin printer? He replied, “he came passenger with me, and is now in Philadelphia,” stating the boarding house where I had pitched my tent. On the arrival of the Marquess in this city, he sent me a billet, requesting to see me at his lodgings, whither I went. He received me with great kindness; consoled with me on the persecution I had undergone; inquired into my prospects;—and having told him that I proposed, on receipt of my funds, to set up a newspaper, he approved the idea, and promised to recommend me to his friends, Robert Morris, Thomas Fitzsimons, &c. &c. After half an hour’s conversation, we parted. Next morning, while I was at breakfast, a letter from him was handed me, which, to my very great surprise, contained four one hundred dollar notes of the Bank of North America. This was the more extraordinary and liberal, as not a word had passed between us on the subject of giving or receiving, borrowing or lending money. And a remarkable feature in the affair was, that the letter did not contain a word of reference to the enclosure.

In the course of the day I went to his lodgings, and found that he had, an hour or two previously, departed for Princeton, where Congress then sat, having been in some measure driven from Philadelphia, by a mutiny

among the soldiers, who were clamorous for their pay, and had kept them in a state of siege for three hours in the State House. I wrote to him to New York, whither, I understood, he had gone from Princeton, expressive of my gratitude in the strongest terms, and received a very kind and friendly answer.

I cannot pass over this noble trait in the character of the illustrious Marquess, without urging it strongly on the overgrown wealth of our country, as an example worthy of imitation. Here was a foreign nobleman, who had devoted years of the prime of his life, and greatly impaired his fortune, in the service of a country, separated by thousands of miles distance from his native land. After these mighty sacrifices, he meets, by an extraordinary accident, with a poor persecuted young man, destitute of friends and protectors—his heart expands towards him—he freely gives him means of making a living without the most remote expectation of return, or of ever again seeing the object of his bounty. He withdraws from the city to avoid the expression of the gratitude of the beneficiary. I have more than once assumed, and I now repeat, that I doubt whether in the whole life of this (I had almost said) unparalleled man, there is to be found any thing, which, all the circumstances of the case considered, more highly elevates his character.*

The annexed little anecdote, which Mr. Carey justly considers an instance of the truest pathos, we must be pardoned for inserting as an appropriate pendant to the above.

To an importunate mendicant, whom I had sometimes relieved, I said one day, on giving him a trifle—"Do not let me see you again for a long time." He conformed to the direction, and refrained from applying for about seven months. At length he ventured to bring and hand me a billet, of which I annex a copy verbatim et literatim.

"Sir—You desired me, last time you relieved me, not to call for a long time. It was a few days after Easter. To a wretch in distress 'it is a very long time.'

Yours gratefully,

Nov. 14.

R. W."

At page 21, is an account of a publication, some of whose predictions were certainly imbued with a rare spirit of prophecy.

In October 1786, I commenced, in partnership with T. Siddons, Charles Cist, C. Talbot, W. Spotswood, and J. Trenchard, the Columbian Magazine. In the first number, I wrote four pieces, "The Life of General Greene," "The Shipwreck, a Lamentable Story, Founded on Fact," "A Philosophical Dream," and "Hard Times, a Fragment."

The Philosophical Dream was an anticipation of the state of the country in the year 1850, on the plan of Mercier's celebrated work, "The Year 2500." Some of the predictions, which at that period must have been regarded as farcical, have been wonderfully fulfilled, and others are likely to be realized previous to the arrival of the year 1850. I annex a few of them, which may serve to amuse the reader.

"Pittsburg, Jan. 15, 1850. The canal which is making from the river Ohio, to the Susquehanna, and thence to the Delaware, will be of immense advantage to the

*It is due to myself to state, that though this was in every sense of the word a gift, I regarded it as a loan, payable to the Marquess's countrymen, according to the exalted sentiment of Dr. Franklin, who, when he presented a bill for ten pounds to the Rev. Mr. Nixon, an Irish Clergyman, (who was in distress in Paris, and wanted to migrate to America,) told him to pay the sum to any Americans whom he might find in distress, and thus "let good offices go round." I fully paid the debt to Frenchmen in distress—consigned one or two hogheads of tobacco to the Marquess, (I believe it was two, but am uncertain,) and, moreover, when in 1824, he reached this country, with shattered fortunes, sent him to New York, a check for the full sum of four hundred dollars, which he retained till he reached Philadelphia, and was very reluctant to use, and finally consented only at my earnest instance.

United States. If the same progress continues to be made hereafter as has been for some time past, it will be completed in less than two years."

This was probably the first suggestion of the grand project of uniting the waters of the Delaware with those of the Ohio. It preceded by four years the project of the financier, Robert Morris, and his friends, to unite the Delaware with the Schuylkill and the Susquehanna, which was broached in 1790.

"Pittsburg, Jan. 15. Delegates from the thirtieth new state, laid off a few months since by order of Congress, lately arrived at Columbia; and on producing their credentials, were received into the Federal Council.

"Charleston, April 15. No less than 10,000 blacks have been transported from this state and Virginia, during the last two years, to Africa, where they have formed a settlement near the mouth of the river Goree. Very few blacks remain in this country now: and we sincerely hope that in a few years every vestige of the infamous traffic carried on by our ancestors in the human species, will be done away.

"Richmond, April 30. By authentic advices from Kentucky, we are informed,—that 'no less than 150 vessels have been built on the river Ohio, during the last year, and sent down that river and the Mississippi, laden with valuable produce, which has been carried to the West Indies, where the vessels and their cargoes have been disposed of to great advantage.'

"Boston, April 30. At length the canal across the Isthmus of Darien is completed. It is about sixty miles long. First-rate vessels of war can with ease sail through. Two vessels belonging to this port, two to Philadelphia, and one to New York, sailed through on the 20th of January last, bound for Canton, in China.

"Columbia, May 1. Extract from the Journals of Congress.—"Ordered that there be twenty professors in the University of Columbia, in this city; viz. of Divinity, of Church History, of Hebrew, of Greek, of Humanity, of Logic, of Moral Philosophy, of Natural Philosophy, of Mathematics, of Civil History, of Natural History, of Common and Civil Law, of the Law of Nature and Nations, of Rhetoric and Belles Lettres, of Botany, of Materia Medica, of Physic, of Chemistry, of Anatomy, and of Midwifery."

Philadelphia, Oct. 1, 1786.

There is much characteristic simplicity in Mr. Carey's manner of telling the anecdote annexed.

In travelling from New York to Philadelphia, some years since, the slenderness of my knowledge of the French led me into a most egregious error, and excited the displeasure of a splendid French lady who was in the stage. She had lived a long time in New York, and yet spoke the English language very imperfectly. I told her she ought to speak English constantly, when she was in company with English or Americans: that this was the only way in which she could acquire it. "Monsieur," says she, "j'ai honte," I am ashamed; literally, "I have shame." Reiterating her own word, I replied, "Madame, je croyais que les dames Françaises n'avaient pas de honte"—whereas I ought to have said, as I really meant, "mauvaise honte." She was exasperated, and told me indignantly that the French ladies had as much "shame" (meaning modesty) as the Americans; and that there was more immorality practised in New York than in Marseilles, of which she was a native, or in Martinique, where she had long resided. It was in vain that I repeatedly pledged my honor that I had not meant to affront her; that I was led into error solely by repeating her own word. It was equally in vain that I appealed to some of the passengers who understood French, who testified that the mistake was perfectly natural, and was justified by the imperfection of my knowledge of her language. Nothing could pacify her, and after several vain attempts, I relinquished the hope of soothing her feelings, and she scarcely spoke another word during the rest of the journey.

AUTOGRAPHY.

Our friend and particular acquaintance, Joseph Miller, Esq. (who, by the way, signs his name, we think, Joseph A. Miller, or Joseph B. Miller, or at least Joseph C. Miller) paid us a visit a few days ago. His behavior was excessively odd. Walking into our *sanctum* without saying a word, he seated himself with a dogged air in our own exclusive arm-chair, and surveyed us, for some minutes, in silence, and in a very suspicious manner, over the rim of his spectacles. There was evidently something in the wind. "What *can* the man want?" thought we, without saying so.

"I will tell you," said Joseph Miller, Esq.—that is to say, Joseph D. Miller, Joseph E. Miller, or possibly Joseph F. Miller, Esq. "I will tell you," said he. Now, it is a positive fact that we had not so much as attempted to open any of our mouths.

"I will tell you," said he, reading our thoughts.

"Ah, thank you!" we replied, slightly smiling, and feeling excessively uncomfortable—"thank you!—we should like to know."

"I believe," resumed he—resumed Joseph G. Miller—"I believe you are not altogether unacquainted with our family."

"Why, *not* altogether, certainly—pray, sir, proceed."

"It is one of the oldest families in — in —"

"In Great Britain," we interposed, seeing him at a loss.

"In the United States," said Mr. Miller—that is, Joseph H. Miller, Esq.

"In the United States!—why, sir, you are joking surely: we thought the Miller family were particularly British—The Jest-Book you know —"

"You are in error," interrupted he—interrupted Joseph I. Miller—"we are British, but not particularly British. You should know that the Miller family are indigenous every where, and have little connection with either time or place. This is a riddle which you may be able to read hereafter. At present let it pass, and listen to me. You know I have many peculiar notions and opinions—many particularly bright fancies which, by the way, the rabble have thought proper to call whims, oddities, and eccentricities. But, sir, they are not. You have heard of my passion for autographs?"

"We have."

"Well, sir, to be brief. Have you, or have you not, seen a certain rascally piece of business in the London Athenæum?"

"Very possible," we replied.

"And, pray sir, what do you think of it?"

"Think of what?"

"No, sir, not of *what*," said he—said Joseph K. Miller, Esq. getting very angry, "not of *what* at all; but of that absurd, nefarious, and superfluous piece of autographical rascality therein—that is to say in the London Athenæum—deliberately, falsely, and maliciously fathered upon me, and laid to my charge—to the charge of me, I say, Joseph L. Miller." Here, Mr. M. arose, and, unbuttoning his coat in a great rage, took from his breast pocket a bundle of MSS. and laid them emphatically upon the table.

"Ah ha!" said we, getting particularly nervous—"we begin to understand you. We comprehend. Sit down! You, Joseph M.—that is to say, Joseph N. Miller—

have had—that is to say, ought to have had, eh?—and the London Athenæum is—that is to say, it is not, &c.—and—and—and—oh, precisely!"

"My dear sir," said Mr. Miller, affectionately, "you are a fool—a confounded fool. Hold your tongue! *This* is the state of the case. I, Joseph O. Miller, being smitten, as all the world knows, with a passion for autographs, am supposed, in that detestable article to which I am alluding, and which appeared some time ago in the London Athenæum,—am supposed, I say, to have indited sundry epistles, to several and sundry characters of literary notoriety about London, with the sinister design, hope, and intention, of thereby eliciting autograph replies—the said epistles, presumed to be indited by me, each and individually being neither more nor less than one and the same thing, and consisting——"

"Yes sir," said we, "and consisting——"

"And consisting," resumed Mr. Joseph P. Miller, "of certain silly inquiries respecting the character of certain ——"

"Of certain cooks, scullions, and chambermaids," said we, having now some faint recollection of the article alluded to.

"Precisely," said our visiter—"of certain cooks, scullions, chambermaids, and boot-blacks."

"And concerning whose character you are supposed to be excessively anxious."

"Yes, sir—I—excessively anxious!—only think of that!—I, Joseph Q. Miller, excessively anxious!"

"Horrible!" we ejaculated.

"Damnable!" said Mr. M.

"But what papers are *these*?" demanded we, taking courage, and eyeing the bundle of MSS. which our friend had thrown upon the table.

"Those papers," said Mr. Miller, after a pause, and with considerable dignity of manner, "those papers are, to tell you the truth, the result of some—of some ingenuity on the part of your humble servant. They are autographs—but they are *American* autographs, and as such may be of some little value in your eyes. Pray accept them—they are entirely at your service. I beg leave, however, to assure you that I have resorted to no petty arts for the consummation of a glorious purpose. No man can accuse me, sir, me, Joseph R. Miller, of meanness or of superficiality. My letters have invariably been—have been—that is to say, have been every thing they should be. Moreover, they have not been what they should not be. I have propounded no inquiries about scullions. I wrote not to the sublimated Mr. —, [here we do not feel justified in indicating more fully the name mentioned by Mr. M.] touching a chambermaid, nor to Mr. —, in relation to a character. On the contrary, I have adapted my means to my ends. I have—I have—in short, sir, I have accomplished many great and glorious things, all of which you shall behold in the sequel." We bowed, and our visiter continued.

"The autographs here included are, you will perceive, the autographs of our principal *literati*. They will prove interesting to the public. It would be as well to insert the letters in your Messenger, with facsimiles of the signatures. Of my own letters eliciting these replies I have unfortunately preserved no copies." Here Mr. M. handed us the MSS.

"Mr. Joseph S. Miller"—we began, deeply penetrated by his kindness.

"Joseph T. Miller, if you please," interrupted he, with an emphasis on the T.

"Well, sir," said we—"so be it: Mr. Joseph V. Miller, then, since you will have it so, we are highly sensible of your noble, of your disinterested generosity. We are ——"

"Say no more," interrupted our friend, with a sigh—"say no more, I beseech you. The MSS. are entirely at your service. You have been very kind to me, and when I forget a kindness my name is no longer Joseph W. Miller."

"Then your name is—positively Joseph W. Miller?"—we inquired with some hesitation.

"It is"—he replied, with a toss of the head, which we thought slightly supercilious—"It is—Joseph X. Miller. But why do you ask? Good day! In a style epistolary and non-epistolary I must bid you adieu—that is to say I must depart (and not remain) your obedient servant, Joseph Y. Miller."

"Extremely ambiguous!" we thought, as he whipped

out of the room—"Mr. Miller! Mr. Miller!"—and we hallooed after him at the top of our voice. Mr. Miller returned at the call, but most unfortunately we had forgotten what we had been so anxious to say.

"Mr. Miller," said we, at length, "shall we not send you a number of the Magazine containing your correspondence?"

"Certainly!"—he replied—"drop it in the Post Office."

"But, sir," said we, highly embarrassed,—“to what—to what address shall we direct it?"

"Address!" ejaculated he—"you astonish me! Address me, sir, if you please—Joseph Z. Miller."

The package handed us by Mr. M. we inspected with a great deal of pleasure. The letters were neatly arranged and endorsed, and numbered from one to twenty-four. We print them *verbatim*, and with facsimiles of the signatures, in compliance with our friend's suggestion. The dates, throughout, were overscored, and we have been forced, accordingly, to leave them blank. The remarks appended to each letter are our own.

LETTER I.

Philadelphia, ——

Dear Sir,—I regret that you had the trouble of addressing me twice respecting the Review of your publication. The truth is it was only yesterday I enjoyed the opportunity of reading it, and bearing public testimony to its merits. I think the work might have a wider circulation if, in the next edition, it were printed *without* the preface. Of your talents and other merits I have long entertained a high opinion.

Respectfully, your faithful servant,



JOSEPH A. MILLER, Esq.

There is nothing very peculiar in the *physique* of this letter. The hand-writing is bold, large, sprawling, and irregular. It is rather rotund than angular, and is by no means illegible. One would suppose it written in a violent hurry. The t's are crossed with a sweeping scratch of the pen, giving the whole letter an odd ap-

pearance if held upside-down, or in any position other than the proper one. The whole air of the letter is *dictatorial*. The paper is of good but not superior quality. The seal is of brown wax mingled with gold, and bears a Latin motto, of which only the words *trans* and *mortuus* are legible.

LETTER II.

Hartford, ——

My Dear Sir,—Your letter of the — ult. with the accompanying parcel, reached me in safety, and I thank you for that polite attention, which is the more gratifying, as I have hitherto not had the pleasure of your acquaintance. The perusal of the pamphlet afforded me great delight, and I think it displays so much good sense, mingled with so much fine taste, as would render it an acceptable present to readers even more fastidious than myself. The purely Christian opinions with which the work abounds, will not fail of recommending it to all lovers of virtue, and of the truth.

I remain yours, with respect and esteem,



JOSEPH B. MILLER, Esq.

Much pains seem to have been taken in the MS. of this epistle. *Black lines* have been used, apparently. Every t is crossed and every i dotted with precision. The punctuation is faultless. Yet the *tout-ensemble* of the letter has nothing of formality or undue effeminacy. The characters are free, well-sized, and handsomely formed, preserving throughout a perfectly uniform and beautiful appearance, although generally unconnected

with each other. Were one to form an estimate of the character of Mrs. Sigourney's compositions from the character of her hand writing, the estimate would not be very far from the truth. Freedom, dignity, precision, and grace of thought, without abrupt or startling transitions, might be attributed to her with propriety. The paper is good, the seal small—of green and gold wax—and without impression.

LETTER III.

New York, ———.

Dear Sir,—I have delayed replying to your letter of the — ult. until I could find time to make the necessary inquiries about the circumstances to which you allude. I am sorry to inform you that these inquiries have been altogether fruitless, and that I am consequently unable, at present, to give you the desired information. If, hereafter, any thing shall come to light which may aid you in your researches, it will give me great pleasure to communicate with you upon the subject.

I am, Dear Sir, your friend and servant,



JOSEPH C. MILLER, Esq.

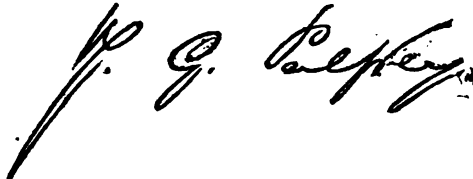
There is much in the hand-writing here like that of Mrs. Sigourney, and yet, as a whole, it is very different. In both MSS. perfect uniformity and regularity exist, and in both, the character of the writing is *formed*—that is to my, *decided*. Both are beautiful, and, at a casual glance, both have a somewhat similar effect. But Mrs. Sigourney's MS. is one of the most legible, and Mr. Paulding's one of the most illegible in the world. His small a's, t's and c's are all alike, and the style of the characters generally is French. No correct notion of Mr. Paulding's literary peculiarities could be obtained from an inspection of his MS. It has probably been modified by strong adventitious circumstances. The paper is of a very fine glossy texture, and of a blue tint, with gilt edges.

LETTER IV.

Boston, ———.

It is due from me to advise you that the communication of the — ult. addressed by you to myself involves some error. It is evident that you have mistaken me for some other person of the same surname, as I am altogether ignorant of the circumstances to which you refer.

I am, sir, very respectfully, your obedient servant,



JOSEPH D. MILLER, Esq.

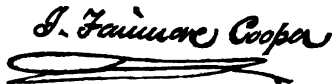
The hand writing here is of an odd appearance. The capitals and long letters extend far above or below the line, and the rest have a running and diminutive formation, rendering it difficult to distinguish one from another. The words are unusually far apart, and but little matter is contained in much space. At first sight the MS. appears to be hurried—but a few moments' examination will prove that this is not the case. The capital I's might be mistaken for T's. The whole has a clean and uniform appearance. The paper is common, and the seal (of red wax) is oval in shape—probably a shield—the device illegible.

LETTER V.

St. Mark's Place, New York, ———.

Dear Sir,—Your obliging letter of the — was received in due course of mail, and I am gratified by your good opinion. At the same time my numerous engagements will render it out of my power to send you any communication for your valuable Magazine, 'The Humdrum,' for some months to come at least. Wishing you all success, and with many thanks for your attention.

I remain, sir, your humble servant,



JOSEPH E. MILLER, Esq.

Mr. Cooper's MS. is bad—very bad. There is no distinctive character about it, and it appears to be *unformed*. The writing will probably be different in other letters. Upon reference we find this to be the fact. In the letter to Mr. Miller, the MS. is of a *petite* and finicky appearance, and looks as if scratched with a steel pen—the lines are crooked. The paper is fine, and of a bluish tint. A wafer is used.

LETTER VI.

New York, ———. My Dear Sir,—I owe you a very humble apology for not answering sooner your flattering epistle of the — ult. The truth is, being from home when your letter reached my residence, my reply fell into the ever open grave of deferred duties.

As regards the information you desire I regret that it is out of my power to aid you. My studies and pursuits

have been directed, of late years, in so very different a channel, that I am by no means *as fast* on the particular subject you mention. Believe me, with earnest wishes for your success,
Very respectfully yours,

C. Sedgwick

JOSEPH F. MILLER, Esq.

The penmanship of Miss Sedgwick is excellent. The characters are well-sized, distinct, elegantly, but not ostentatiously formed; and, with perfect freedom of manner, are still sufficiently feminine. The hair strokes of the pen differ little in thickness from the other parts of the MS.—which has thus a uniform appearance it might not otherwise have. Strong common sense, and a scorn of superfluous ornament, one might suppose, from Miss Sedgwick's hand writing, to be the characteristics of her literary style. The paper is very good, blue in tint, and ruled by machine. The seal of red wax, plain.

LETTER VII.

New York, —.

Dear Sir,—I have received your favor of the —. The report to which it alludes was entirely without foundation. I have never had, and have not *now*, any intention of editing a Magazine. The Bookseller's statement on this subject originated in a misunderstanding.

Your Poem on "Things in General," I have not had the pleasure of seeing. I have not, however, the least doubt of its—of its—that is to say, of its extreme delicacy of sentiment, and highly original style of thinking—to say nothing at present of that—of that extraordinary and felicitous manner of expression which so particularly characterizes all that—that I have seen of your writings. I shall endeavor, sir, to procure your Poem, and anticipate much pleasure in its perusal.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

Fitz. Green Halleck

JOSEPH G. MILLER, Esq.

Mr. Halleck's is a free, mercantile hand, and evinces a love for the graceful rather than for the picturesque. *ensemble* is pleasing. Mr. H.'s letter is probably written *currente calamo*—but without hurry. The paper is very good, and bluish—the seal of red wax.

LETTER VIII.

Alexandria, Red River, —, Louisiana.

Dear Sir,—Your polite letter of the — is before me, and the view which you present of the estimation in which you hold my poor labors is every way gratifying. It would afford me great pleasure to send you a few trifles for the Hum-drum, which I have no doubt will prove a very useful periodical if its design is well carried out—but the truth is my time is entirely occupied.

Yours,

Stimothy Flint

JOSEPH H. MILLER, Esq.

The writing in this letter has a *fidgetty* appearance, and would seem to indicate a mind without settled aims—restless and full of activity. Few of the characters are written twice in the same manner, and their direction varies continually. Sometimes the words lie perpendicularly on the page—then slope to the right—then, with a jerk, fly off in an opposite way. The thickness, also, of the MS. is changeable—sometimes the letters are very light and fine—sometimes excessively heavy. Upon a casual glance at Mr. F.'s epistle, one might mistake it for an imitation of a written letter by a child. The paper is bad—and wafered.

LETTER IX.

Philadelphia, —.

Miss Leslie's

compliments to Mr. Miller. She has no knowledge of the person spoken of in Mr. Miller's note, and is quite certain there must be some mistake in the statement alluded to.

JOSEPH I. MILLER, Esq.

Several persons of our acquaintance, between whose mental character and that of Miss Leslie we have fancied a strong similitude, write a hand almost identical with this lady's—yet we are unable to point out much in the MS. itself according with the literary peculiarities of Miss L. Neatness and finish, without over-effeminacy, are, perhaps, the only features of resemblance. We might, also, by straining a point, imagine (from the MS.) that Miss L. regards rather *the effect of her writings as a whole* than the polishing of their constituent parts. The penmanship is rotund, and the words are always finished with an inward twirl. The paper tolerable—and wafered.

LETTER X.

Dear Sir,—I have your favor of the ——. For the present I must decline replying to the queries you have propounded. Be pleased to accept my thanks for the flattering manner in which you speak of my Lecture.

I am, Dear Sir, very faithfully, yours,

JOSEPH K. MILLER, Esq.

Edw and Coreth.

Here is a noble MS. It has an air of deliberate precision about it emblematic of the statesman; and a mingled solidity and grace speaking the scholar. Nothing can be more legible. The words are at proper intervals—the lines also are at proper intervals, and perfectly straight. There are no superfluous flourishes. The man who writes thus will never grossly err in judgment or otherwise. We may venture to say, however, that he will not attain the loftiest pinnacles of renown. The paper is excellent—stout yet soft—with gilt edges. The seal of red wax, with an oval device bearing the initials E. E. and surrounded with a scroll, on which are legible only the word *cum* and the letters c. o. r. d. a.

LETTER XI.

My Dear Sir,—I must be pardoned for refusing your request touching your MS. "Treatise on Pigs." I was obliged, some years ago, to come to the resolution not to express opinions of works sent to me. A candid opinion of those whose merit seemed to me small, gave offence, and I found it the best way to avoid a judgment in any case. I hope this will be satisfactory.

I am, my Dear Sir, very respectfully yours,

JOSEPH L. MILLER, Esq.

Washington Irving

Mr. Irving's hand writing is common-place. There is nothing indicative of genius about it. Neither could any one suspect, from such penmanship, a *high finish* in the author's compositions. This style of writing is more frequently met with than any other. It is a very usual clerk's hand—scratchy and *tapering* in appearance, showing (strange to say)—an eye deficient in a due sense of the *picturesque*. There may be something, however, in the circumstance that the epistle to Mr. Miller is evidently written in a desperate hurry. Paper very indifferent, and *wafered*.

LETTER XII.

Sir,—In reply to your note of the —, in which you demand if I am "the author of a certain scurrilous attack upon Joseph M. Miller, in the Daily Polyglot of the — ult." I have to say that I am happy in knowing nothing about the attack, the Polyglot, or yourself.

JOSEPH M. MILLER.

John Neal

Mr. Neal's MS. is exceedingly illegible, and very careless. It is necessary to read one half his epistle and guess at the balance. The capitals and long letters, like those of Mr. Palfrey, extend far above and below the line, while the small letters are generally nothing but dots and scratches. Many of the words are run together—so that what is actually a sentence is frequently mistaken for a single word. One might suppose Mr. Neal's mind (from his penmanship) to be bold, excessively active, energetic, and irregular. Paper very common, and *wafered*.

LETTER XIII.

Dear Sir,—I have received your note of the — ult. and its contents puzzle me no little. It will be impossible to give a definitive reply to an epistle so enigmatically worded. Please write again.

Yours truly,

JOSEPH N. MILLER, Esq.

John P. Kennedy

This is our *beau idéal* of penmanship. Its prevailing character is *picturesque*. This appearance is given by terminating every letter abruptly, without *tapering*, and by using no perfect angles, and none at all which are not spherical. Great uniformity is preserved in the whole air of the MS.—with great variety in the constituent parts. Every character has the clearness and blackness of a bold wood-cut, and appears to be *placed upon the paper* with singular precision. The long letters do not rise or fall in an undue degree above the line. From this specimen of his hand writing, we should sup-

pose Mr. Kennedy to have the eye of a painter, more especially in regard to the picturesque—to have refined tastes generally—to be exquisitely alive to the proprieties of life—to possess energy, decision, and great talent—to have a penchant also for the *bizarre*. The paper is very fine, clear and white, with gilt edges—the seal neat and much in keeping with the MS. Just sufficient wax, and no more than sufficient, is used for the impression, which is nearly square, with a lion's head in full *alto relieve*, surrounded by the motto "*à parole par tout*."

LETTER XIV.

Dear Sir,—Enclosed is your letter of the — ult. addressed to Dr. Robert M. Bird, Philadelphia. From the contents of the note it is evidently not intended for myself. There is, I believe, a Dr. Robert Bird, who resides somewhere in the Northern Liberties—also several Robert Birds in different parts of the city.
Very respectfully, your obedient, humble servant,

Philadelphia, —

Robert M. Bird

JOSEPH O. MILLER, Esq.

Dr. Bird's chirography is by no means bad—still it cannot be called good. It is very legible and has force. There is some degree of nervousness about it. It bears a slight resemblance to the writing of Miss Leslie, especially in the curling of the final letters—but is more open, and occupies more space. The characters have

the air of not being able to keep pace with the thought, and an uneasy want of finish seems to have been the consequence. A restless and vivid imagination might be deduced from this MS. It has no little of the *picturesque* also. The paper good—*wafered and sealed*.

LETTER XV.

Dear Sir,—I have received your polite letter of the —, and will have no objection to aid you in your enterprise by such information as I can afford. There are many others, however, who would be much better able to assist you in this matter than myself. When I get a little leisure you shall hear from me again.
I am, Dear Sir, with respect, your obedient,

Oak Hill, —

Marshall

JOSEPH P. MILLER, Esq.

The hand writing of the Chief Justice is not unlike that of Neal—but much better and more legible. The habit of running two words into one (a habit which we noticed in Neal) is also observable in the Chief Justice. The characters are utterly devoid of ornament or unnecessary flourish, and there is a good deal of abruptness about them. They are heavy and black, with very little

hair stroke. The lines are exceedingly crooked, running diagonally across the paper. A wide margin is on the left side of the page, with none at all on the right. The whole air of the MS. in its utter simplicity, is strikingly indicative of the man. The paper is a half sheet of coarse foolscap, *wafered*.

LETTER XVI.

Dear Sir,—I have received your letter of the — ult. in which you do me the honor of requesting an autograph. In reply, I have to say, that if this scrawl will answer your purpose it is entirely at your service.
Yours respectfully,

Baltimore, —

H. Wirt

JOSEPH Q. MILLER, Esq.

Mr. Wirt's hand writing has a strong resemblance to that of his friend, Mr. Kennedy—it is by no means, however, as good, and has too much *tapering* about it to be thoroughly *picturesque*. The writing is

black, strong, clear, and very neat. It is, upon the whole, little in accordance with the character of Mr. W.'s compositions. The lines are crooked. The paper bluish and English—*wafered*.

LETTER XVII.

Washington, ———.
Dear Sir,—In answer to your kind inquiries concerning my health, I am happy to inform you that I was never better in my life. I cannot conceive in what manner the report to which you allude could have originated. Believe me with the highest respect, your much obliged friend and servant,

JOSEPH R. MILLER, Esq.



Judge Story's is a very excellent hand, and has the air of being written with great rapidity and ease. It is round, and might be characterized as a *rolling hand*. The direction of the letters occasionally varies from right to left, and from left to right. The same peculiarity was observable in Mr. Flint's. Judge Story's MS. is decidedly picturesque. The lines are at equal distances, but lie diagonally on the page. The paper good, of a bluish tint, and folded to form a marginal line. The seal of red wax, and stamped with a common computing-house stamp.

LETTER XVIII.

New York, ———.
My Dear Sir,—I thank you for the hints you have been so kind as to give me in relation to my next edition of the "*Foyage*," but as that edition has already gone to press, it will be impossible to avail myself of your attention until the sixth impression.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,



JOSEPH S. MILLER, Esq.

We are not partial to Mr. Reynolds' style of chirography. It is a common mercantile hand, in which the words taper off from their beginning to their end. There is much freedom, but no strength about it. The paper good, and wafered.

LETTER XIX.

Portland, ———.
Dear Sir,—I have no knowledge of your owing me the small sum sent in your letter of the ———, and consequently I re-enclose you the amount.. You will no doubt be able to discover and rectify the mistake.
 Very truly yours,

JOSEPH T. MILLER, Esq.

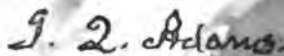


Mr. Brooks writes a very good hand, strong, bold, and abrupt—highly indicative of the author's peculiar features of mind. These are nervous common sense, without tinsel or artificiality, and a straight forward directness of conception. The lines are even—and the words at proper intervals. The paper good—and wafered.

LETTER XX.

Washington, ———.
Sir,—I shall be better enabled to answer your letter about "certain mysterious occurrences," of which you desire an explanation, when you inform me explicitly (and I request you will do this) what are the mysterious occurrences to which you allude.

JOSEPH V. MILLER, Esq.



The chirography of the Ex-President is legible—but has an odd appearance, on account of the wafering of the capitals and long letters. The writing is clear, somewhat heavy, and picturesque—without ornament. Black lines seem to have been used. A margin is preserved to the right and left. The proportion of the letters is well maintained throughout. The paper common, and wafered.

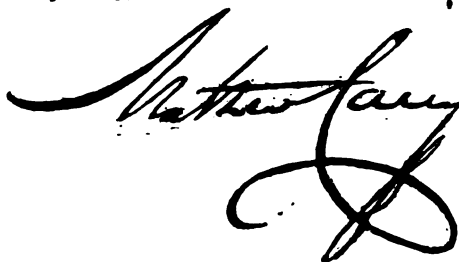
LETTER XXI.

Philadelphia, ———.
Dear Sir,—I have just received your letter of the ———, in which you complain of my neglect in not replying to your favors of the ——— of the ——— and of the ——— ult. I do assure you, sir, that the letters have never come

to hand. If you will be so good as to repeat their contents, it will give me great pleasure to answer them, each and all. The Post Office is in a very bad condition.

Yours respectfully,

JOSEPH W. MILLER, Esq.

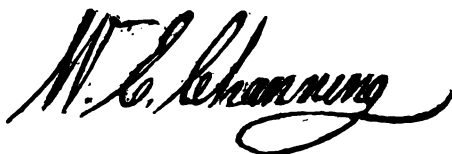


Mr. Carey does not write a legible hand—although in other respects a good one. It resembles that of Neal Miller are run together. The i's are seldom dotted. The lines are at equal distances, and straight. The paper very good—wafered.

LETTER XXII.

Boston, ———.
Dear Sir,—No such person as Philip Philpot has ever been in my employ as a coachman, or otherwise. The name is an odd one, and not likely to be forgotten. The man must have reference to some other Dr. Channing. It would be as well to question him closely.

Respectfully yours,



JOSEPH X. MILLER, Esq.

Dr. Channing's MS. is very excellent. The letters are bold, well-sized, and beautifully formed. They are, perhaps, too closely crowded upon one another. One might, with some little acumen, detect the high finish of Dr. C.'s style of composition in the character of his chirography. Boldness and accuracy are united with elegance in both. The paper very good, and wafered.

LETTER XXIII.

Philadelphia, ———.
Dear Sir,—I must be pardoned for declining to loan the books you mention. The fact is, I have lost many volumes in this way—and as you are personally unknown to me you will excuse my complying with your request.
Yours, &c.

JOSEPH Y. MILLER, Esq.



This is a very good MS.—forcible, neat, legible, and devoid of superfluous ornament. Some of the words are run together. The writing slopes considerably. It is too uniform to be picturesque. The lines are at equal distances, and a broad margin is on the left of the page. The chirography is as good at the conclusion as at the commencement of the letter, a rare quality in MSS.—and evincing indefatigable temperment.

LETTER XXIV.

Washington, ———.
Sir,—Yours of the ——— came duly to hand. I cannot send you what you wish. The fact is, I have been so pestered with applications for my autograph, that I have made a resolution to grant one in no case whatsoever.
Yours, &c.

JOSEPH Z. MILLER, Esq.



The writing of the orator is bold, dashing, and chivalrous—the few words addressed to Mr. Miller occupying a full page. The lines are at unequal distances, and run diagonally across the letter. Each sentence is terminated by a long dash—black and heavy. Such an epistle might write the Grand Mogul. The paper is what the English call silver paper—very beautiful and wafered.

SOUTHERN LITERARY MESSENGER.

VOL. II.

RICHMOND, MARCH, 1836.

NO. IV.

T. W. WHITE, PROPRIETOR.

FIVE DOLLARS PER ANNUM.

SKETCHES OF THE HISTORY

AND PRESENT CONDITION OF TRIPOLI, WITH SOME ACCOUNTS OF THE OTHER BARBARY STATES.

NO. XI.—(Continued.)

The inertness of the French since their rupture with Algiers, had induced Hussein to treat their threats with contempt, and he by no means anticipated the extreme measures to which they were about to resort. The certainty of their intentions to attack him, however, effected no change in his resolve to maintain the position which he had assumed; all offers of mediation or intercession were rejected, and the approach of the storm only rendered him the more determined to brave its violence. He was left to meet it alone. The mission of Tahir Pasha was the only effort made by the Sultan in his behalf; Great Britain had in vain offered its mediation to both Parties, and did not appear disposed to interfere farther between them; the other European Powers remained neutral. The Sovereigns of Tripoli and Tunis were summoned to aid in defending the common cause of Islamism; but the appeal was in both instances vain; Yusuf dreaded the vengeance of the French, on account of the support which he had unwillingly afforded to the accusations against their Consul, and was by no means inclined to give them additional cause for enmity, or to involve himself in expenses from which he could anticipate no immediate benefit. The Bey of Tunis had long been devoted to the interests of France; far from aiding the Dey, he had agreed to furnish his enemies with provisions, and even if required to make a diversion in their favor, by invading the Algerine Province of Constantina which lay contiguous to his own dominions.

Hussein was thus reduced entirely to his own resources; an examination of the means at his disposal will show that he was unable to make any effectual resistance, and that without the interposition of some occurrence beyond the control of man, "the well defended city" must have fallen into the hands of the French.

The Algerine territory extends in length on the Mediterranean, about six hundred miles; its breadth or the distance between that Sea and the Desert no where exceeds one hundred miles, and is generally much less. Shaler gives sixty as the average breadth, which would make the superficial extent of the country about thirty-six thousand square miles. A considerable portion of this territory consists of rugged and almost inaccessible mountains, many of which are covered with eternal snow; there are however vast tracts of the finest land, which with proper attention would be rendered very productive, and even the rude and careless mode of cultivation pursued by the inhabitants enabled them frequently to export great quantities of wheat to Europe. One of these tracts in the immediate vicinity of Algiers called the plain of Metija is said to be of unparalleled fertility; it is not less than a thousand square miles in extent, and is covered with springs which by a judicious direction of their waters, might be made the sources of

health and plenty, instead of producing as they now do only useless and insalubrious marshes.

The country was divided into three provinces, separated by lines drawn from points on the coast southwardly to the Desert; each of these divisions was governed by a Bey who though appointed from Algiers, was almost absolute within his own territories. The Eastern province bordering on Tunis was the largest and the most populous; it took its name from its capital Constantina, the ancient Cirta, a strong town situated about sixty miles from the Sea, and said to have more inhabitants than Algiers. The principal ports of this district are Bugia and Bona; upon its coast near Bona were the *African Concessions* which in part led to the difficulties with France. Tittery the middle province is the smallest, its surface not being more than sixty miles square; it however contains the capital, and is more populous in proportion to its extent, than any other part of the Regency. The Western province lying contiguous to Morocco has been called Oran, Tlemsen and Mascara, accordingly as its Bey resided in either of the principal cities which bear those names. In 1830 the seat of government was Oran or more properly Warran, a seaport town near the frontiers of Morocco which possesses a fine harbor and may be rendered very strong; the other ports of this province Arzew, Mostaganem and Shershell though nearly deserted, are well situated both for commerce and defence. Indeed the western territories of Algiers are considered the most delightful and the richest of Northern Africa; in addition to their grain, fruits and mines, they are also famous for the beauty and spirit of their horses which are sent in great numbers to the East, as well as to Spain and the South of France. The population appears likewise to be of a better character than that of other parts of the Regency; there are fewer Arabs or Kabyles, and a great portion of the inhabitants are the descendants of that noble race of Moors, who were expelled from Spain in the fifteenth and two succeeding centuries.

It is difficult to form any estimate of the number of inhabitants in the Algerine territories. Shaler in 1824 considered it less than a million; from the results of the latest inquiries made by the French it amounted in 1830 to seven hundred and eighty thousand, who were thus classed.

Moors, the industrious and most civilized class, inhabiting the cities or engaged in agriculture, 400,000

Kabyles or Berbers who probably descend from the aboriginals of the country; they are still a wild and intractable race, living in the mountains and frequently plundering or levying contributions on the industrious part of the population, 200,000

Arabs who live in tents, on the borders of the Desert from the produce of their flocks and herds, or are employed in transporting goods through the country, 180,000

<i>Turkish Soldiers</i> , generally from the coasts and islands of the Archipelago,	8,000
<i>Koul-ogleis</i> or children of Turks by native women.	33,000
	780,000

Assuming this estimate as correct, it will be found by comparison with the tables of population of other countries, that the Algerine Dominions did not probably contain more than a hundred and twenty thousand men capable of bearing arms; and when it is considered that these are spread over an extensive territory, which is mountainous and almost destitute of roads, it would be unreasonable to expect that more than half that number could be collected at any one point, even supposing the existence of universal patriotism and devotion to the Government. Such feelings may have operated on the Moors, but they could scarcely have produced much effect on the Kabyles and Arabs, who according to the estimate form more than two-fifths of the population; and although promises of high pay and the prospect of plunder might induce many from each of those classes and from among the wanderers of the Great Desert, to aid in the defence of the country, yet little dependance could be placed upon these irregular bands, when opposed to the disciplined troops of France.

Hussein's experience may probably have led him to some such conclusions, but every act of his reign served to shew that they would have been ineffectual towards inducing him to make concessions, even were it not too late. After the rejection of the overture which had been wrung from him by his friend Halil, nothing less than an immense pecuniary sacrifice on his part would have contented the French; and policy as well as pride forbade this sacrifice, for he was well aware that a peace purchased on such terms would have cost him his life. Moreover he was evidently a thorough fatalist; two expeditions against Algiers had already failed completely, although taking into consideration its defences at the several periods, the chances of its fall were in both those cases greater than under the existing circumstances. "God is great and good, and the Sea is uncertain and dangerous," was his observation to the Captain of the British frigate *Rattlesnake*; a storm such as occurs on that coast in every month of the year, might in a few hours have dissipated the forces of his enemies, or have thrown so large a number of them into his hands as prisoners, that their restoration would have been deemed an equivalent for peace.

On the 14th of May an incident took place which was calculated to confirm the Dey in such expectations. During a violent gale from the northeast, the *Aventure* and the *Silène* two brigs which formed part of the blockading squadron were on that night driven ashore near Cape Bengut, about sixty miles east of Algiers. The officers and crews of these vessels in number about two hundred persons, finding escape impossible, and conceiving that any attempt at defence would only insure their destruction, determined to march along the coast towards Algiers, and to surrender themselves as prisoners of war to the first party with which they might meet. They were soon observed and surrounded by a troop of Kabyles whom they however induced to believe that they were English, and that a large sum

would be paid for their safe delivery at Algiers. Under this persuasion the Barbarians were conducting them towards the city, when their course was arrested by the sudden rise of a river which it was necessary to cross; during the delay thus occasioned, it was discovered that they were French, and the greater part of them were immediately sacrificed to the fury of the Kabyles. The heads of one hundred and nine of these unfortunate persons were brought into Algiers on the 20th of May, which having been purchased by the Dey at the regular price, were exposed on the walls of the Casaba; they were however afterwards surrendered for burial. The survivors, eighty-nine in number, were confined in the dungeons of the castle; they were in other respects treated by Hussein with as much lenity as the circumstances would permit, and they received the kindest attentions from the Consuls of Foreign Powers who remained in the place.

Hussein did not however trust entirely to Providence for the safety of his capital; on the contrary he made every preparation in his power for its defence. In the city and its environs every man was enrolled, and the slightest expression indicative of fear or mistrust as to the result of the contest, was punished by death. From the Provinces, the Beys were ordered to bring to Algiers all whom they could enlist or force into the service, and immense sums from the public treasury were placed at their disposal for the purpose. By these means he speedily assembled a very large force, the exact amount of which it is impossible to ascertain; the French historians state it to have been seventy-two thousand; other accounts perhaps equally worthy of credit make it much less. The number of what may be termed regular troops appears to have been precisely twenty-two thousand, viz. five thousand Turks or Janissaries, seven thousand Koul-ogleis, and ten thousand Moors; to these the French accounts add ten thousand Kabyles, and forty thousand others, principally Arab horsemen. Major Lee the Consul of the United States, who made very particular observations and inquiries on the subject, and whose statements appear to be entirely free from prejudice, does not consider that the irregular forces exceeded thirty thousand. Whatever may have been the fact with regard to the whole number of the Algerine troops, it is certain that a large and important portion were never brought into action in the open field, having been necessarily retained to garrison the city and the fortifications in its immediate vicinity.

When the preparations of the French had removed all doubts as to their views with regard to Algiers, apprehensions were entertained by the Governments of Christian nations for the safety of their Consuls and citizens in the country, who, it was feared, might in a moment of excitement be sacrificed to the fury of the inhabitants. Ships were accordingly sent by several Powers for the purpose of bringing away their respective agents and others who might be thus endangered; but the commander of the blockading squadron having been strictly ordered to allow no communication with Algiers prevented several of these vessels from entering the harbor. An Austrian frigate and a Spanish brig were thus ordered off, and the latter afterwards shewing some disposition to enter was fired on. A Sardinian frigate was permitted to send a boat on shore, to bring off the family of the Consul who had protected

the interests of France during the difficulties between the two countries, and several other vessels contrived to enter and leave the port unnoticed. Commodore Biddle who commanded the squadron of the United States in the Mediterranean, sent the sloop of war Ontario to Algiers to bring off the American Consul General and his family, in case they should be inclined to go. The Ontario appeared at the entrance of the bay on the 4th of April, accompanied by the frigate Constellation whose captain it is said was ordered to engage any French ship which should attempt to oppose their entrance. As no such attempt was made, it is needless to inquire whether these instructions were really given, or to examine whether they would have been in concordance with the received usages of national intercourse. Major Henry Lee the American Consul General, with his family and the Vice Consul, determined to remain; the ladies of the Neapolitan and Spanish Consuls were however at his request received on board the Ontario and carried to Mahon.

Before the departure of the American ships the British frigate Rattlesnake arrived, bringing despatches to the Consul Mr. St. John, who had been ordered by his Government to remain; on leaving the harbor she was spoken by one of the blockading ships and her captain was informed that he would not be permitted again to enter. This fact having been communicated to the Consul, the Rattlesnake sailed for Malta whence she soon returned bearing a letter from Admiral Malcolm to the French Commander, in consequence of which she was allowed to enter Algiers on condition however that her stay should be limited to a week.

The Consuls who remained in Algiers found it necessary to adopt measures for their own safety. The representative of Great Britain having a large country house at a short distance from the city, out of the probable line of operations, determined merely to retire to it on the approach of the conflict: those of the United States, Denmark, Spain and Naples agreed to establish themselves together at a villa situated on a height overlooking the place, and capable of being rendered sufficiently strong, to resist such attacks as might have been expected. The Dey afforded them every facility in his power, for the fortification and defence of their residence; they were allowed to enlist some Janissaries, and the other Christians with some Jews of the town having joined them, they mustered nearly two hundred men who were tolerably well supplied with arms and ammunition. They accordingly removed on the 26th of May to the Castle as it was termed, on which the flag of the United States was immediately hoisted, Major Lee having by unanimous vote, been elected Commander-in-Chief.

On the 3d of June a part of the fleet which conveyed the French army of invasion was seen off the coast near Algiers. An immediate attack was anticipated, and the Dey prepared to resist it, although not more than half the troops which he expected had then arrived. The fortifications on the bay were well provided and manned, so that the place might be considered secure on that side; the batteries of the Mole were directed by the younger Ibrahim the Minister of the Marine, and the charge of the Emperor's Castle had been committed to the Hasnagoo or Treasurer in whom Hussein placed the utmost confidence. The Dey remained

secluded within the walls of the Casaub, from which his messengers were seen constantly flying in every direction. As it was anticipated that the landing would be attempted on the shore west of Algiers, the Aga Ibrahim marched out with a part of his forces and encamped on a plain near the sea, distant about ten miles in that direction. A violent gale from the eastward however dispersed the French ships, and nothing more was seen of them for some days; at length information was brought from a certain source that the whole fleet had retired to Palma.

On the 9th, Aahmet Bey of Constantina who had been anxiously expected, made his appearance with his troops principally Arabs and Kabyles; the contingents of Oran and Tittery did not however arrive until some days afterwards, and the whole force at that time under Ibrahim's immediate command probably amounted to twenty thousand, of whom at least one half were Arab horsemen.

On the morning of the 13th the sea near Algiers was again covered with ships under the white flag of France. The sky was cloudless, a fresh breeze from the northeast permitted the vessels to move at pleasure along the coast, and as they passed majestically almost within gun shot of the batteries, the Algerines felt that the day of trial was come.

In order to understand the operations of the French against Algiers, some knowledge of the surrounding country and of the relative bearings and distances of important points, is necessary. It is however difficult to convey such information without the aid of maps; our geographical language is limited, and wants precision, and even where it may be sufficient for the purpose, few readers are disposed to study the details with the care requisite to comprehend them fully.

In the account of Lord Exmouth's attack upon Algiers in 1816, the city was described as standing on the western shore, and near the entrance of a bay about fifteen miles in diameter; it must now be considered as situated on the north-eastern side, and near the extremity of a tongue of land, which projects from the African continent northwardly into the Mediterranean. This tongue is about twelve miles in its greatest breadth, where it joins the continent, and ten in length from north to south; the surface of its northern portion is irregular, and in some places rugged, traversed by ridges and ravines, and rising in the centre into a lofty peak, called Jibbel Boujereah; southward from this mountain the inequalities gradually disappear, and the extensive plain of the Metijah succeeds.

The northernmost point or termination of the tongue is a bold promontory called Ras Acconnatter, or Cape Caxine, which is four miles west by north of Algiers; following the shore nine miles south-west from this cape, we find a small peninsula, rather more than a mile in length, and less than a mile in breadth, extending westwardly into the sea. This peninsula is high and rocky at its extremity, but low and sandy at the neck which unites it to the main land; the sea around it affords safe anchorage for vessels, and its shores as well as those in its vicinity, present a clear beach, free from rocks or other impediments to approach. On its highest point stood a small fort, called by the Spanish traders *Torre de Chica*, or *the little tower*, on which were mounted or rather placed, four light pieces of cannon

more curious from their antiquity than useful. Against the tower was built a Marabout or chapel, containing the tomb of Sidi Ferruch, a saint held in great veneration by the Algerines, and from whom the peninsula takes its name. A battery of stone with twelve embrasures had been also erected on the shore near the end of the peninsula, in order to prevent hostile vessels from anchoring, but on the approach of the expedition it was dismantled and abandoned.

Eastwardly from Sidi Ferruch the land rises almost imperceptibly for three miles, presenting a sandy plain partially covered with aloes, cactus, and evergreen shrubs, at the termination of which is an irregular plateau called Staweli, where the shepherds of the country were in the habit of encamping. Farther on a valley called Backshé-dere separated this plateau from the south-western side of Jibbel Boujereah, along which a road originally formed by the Romans conducted to the walls of the Emperor's castle, within a mile of Algiers. The whole distance by this way from Sidi Ferruch to the city is twelve miles, over a country "gently undulating and perfectly practicable for artillery or any species of carriage," which is also abundantly supplied with fresh water from numerous springs.

These and other circumstances had induced Shaler* in 1825 to recommend Sidi Ferruch as the most advantageous point for the disembarkation of a force destined to act against Algiers; and although the intentions of

the Commander in Chief of the French expedition were kept profoundly secret, yet it was generally supposed, even before his departure from Toulon, that he would attempt a landing there.

The French ships after their dispersion by the storms of the first days of June retreated to Palma where they remained until the 10th. On that day the first and second divisions of the fleet again sailed for the African coast; the third division composed almost entirely of merchant vessels, containing the battering artillery, provisions and materials which would not be needed until the disembarkation had been effected, was to have sailed on the 12th, but it was detained until the 18th by adverse winds.

As the distance between Palma and Algiers is only two hundred miles, and the wind was favorable at an early hour on the 13th of June, the first divisions of the armament, with all the troops on board, were collected in front of the city, and every eye was fixed on the Admiral's ship, in anxious expectation of the signal which was to indicate the scene of the first operations. The Algerines, although they expected that their enemies would land at some point westward from the city, yet did not choose to subject themselves to the hazard of a surprise, by leaving the place undefended; the batteries which lined the bay were therefore all manned, and the greater part of the moveable forces were disposed in their vicinity, so as to resist any sudden attack. At eight o'clock, the signal was given by the French Admiral, and his ships were soon under full sail towards the west; they rounded Cape Caxine, and then changing their course to the southward, no doubt was left respecting the intention of the commander to attempt a landing at Sidi Ferruch.

As the fleet drew near the spot which had been selected for the disembarkation of the troops, preparations were made for immediate action in case it should be necessary. The heavy armed ships advanced in front, slowly and in order of battle, ready to pour a destructive fire upon any forces or works of their opponents as soon as discovered within its reach. At ten o'clock, they were opposite the extremity of the peninsula, and it became evident that no precautions had been taken by the Algerines, which were likely to prove effectual in preventing the descent. No fortifications had been erected on Sidi Ferruch, in addition to the shore battery near the point, and the turret on the hill, both of which were deserted; indeed nothing less than the strongest works and the most scientific defence could have rendered it tenable, when surrounded by such a fleet. On the main land, a division of the Algerine army, supposed to consist of twelve thousand men, were encamped near a spring of water about two miles from the neck of the peninsula; between them and the sea were erected two batteries,* armed with nine pieces of cannon

* *Sketches of Algiers, political, historical, and civil, &c. by William Shaler, American Consul General at Algiers. Boston: 1826.*

Our country has produced few works displaying greater originality and soundness of views than this; its subject has caused it to be overlooked in the United States, but in France when circumstances gave value to all information relative to Algiers, its merits were soon recognized, and it was translated by order of the Government for the benefit of the officers engaged in the expedition. His remarks on the power, resources, and policy of the Algerine Government, or rather upon its weakness, its want of means, and the absurdity of its system, were calculated to dispel many of the illusions with regard to it which the mutual jealousy of the great European nations had so long contributed to maintain; and it is impossible to examine his observations as to the proper disposition of a force destined to act against the city, in conjunction with the statement of the plans pursued by the French, without conceiving that in all probability those plans were the result of his suggestions. At page 51 he says:

"The several expeditions against Algiers, in which land forces have been employed, have landed in the bay eastward of the city; this is evidently an error, and discovers unpardonable ignorance of the coast and topography of the country, for all the means of defence are concentrated there. But it is obvious that any force whatever might be landed in the fine bay of Sidi Ferruch without opposition; thence by a single march they might arrive upon the heights commanding the Emperor's castle, the walls of which, as nothing could prevent an approach to them, might be scaled or breached by a mine in a short time. This position being mastered, batteries might be established on a height commanding the Casaubas, which is indicated by the ruins of two wind-mills, and of a fort called the Star, which the jealous fears of this Government caused to be destroyed for the reason here alleged, that it commanded the citadel and consequently the city. The fleet which had landed the troops would by this time appear in the bay, to distract the attention of the besieged, when Algiers must either surrender at discretion or be taken by storm."

Many other passages might be quoted in illustration of Mr. Shaler's sagacity; so many of his speculations respecting the future destinies of Barbary have been already confirmed, that we are warranted in entertaining hopes of the fulfilment of his prediction, that it will again be inhabited by a civilized and industrious race.

* Any fortification defended by artillery, and even the spot occupied by artillery, is called a *battery*. These temporary defences are formed by throwing up earth to the height of three or four feet, so as to form a wall or *parapet* for the protection of the cannon and men; where this cannot be done, logs, barrels or sacks filled with earth, &c. are employed. At New Orleans the American lines of batteries were principally formed of bales of cotton.

In order to protect an army from sudden attacks, *entrenchments* are made on the side on which they are apprehended; they consist of ditches, the earth from which is thrown up within

and two howitzers, which had been removed from the fort on Sidi Ferruch. Arab horsemen enveloped in their white cloaks were seen collected in groups on the beach, or galloping among the bushes on the plain between it and the encampment. Nothing however betokened any disposition on the part of the Africans, to meet the invaders at the water's edge.

Nevertheless Bourmont displayed here his determination to leave nothing to chance, the success of which could be assured by caution in the previous arrangements. The largest ships with the first and second divisions of troops on board, passed around the extremity of the peninsula, and anchored opposite its southwestern side on which it had been resolved that the first descent should be made; a steamer and some brigs entered the bay east of Sidi Ferruch, and took positions so as to command the shore and the neck of the peninsula, over which they could pour a raking fire, in case an attack should be made by the Algerine forces at the moment of disembarkation. Some rounds of grape shot from the steamer dispersed the Arabs who were collected on the shore of the bay; the fire was returned from the batteries; but it had no other effect than to wound a sailor on board the Breslau, and it ceased after a few broadsides from the brigs.

By sunset the vessels were all anchored at their appointed positions, and preparations were instantly commenced for the disembarkation. The broad flat bottomed boats destined to carry the troops to the shore were hoisted out; each was numbered, and to each was assigned a particular part of the force, so arranged that the men might on landing, instantly assume their relative positions in the order of battle.

All things being ready, at three o'clock on the morning of the 14th of June, the first brigade of the first division under General Berthezéne, consisting of six thousand men, with eight pieces of artillery were on their way to the shore, in boats towed by three steamers. They were soon perceived by the Algerines, who commenced a fire on them from their batteries; it however produced little or no effect, and was soon silenced by the heavier shot from the steamers and brigs in the eastern bay. At four the whole brigade was safely landed, and drawn up on the south side of the peninsula near the shore battery, which was instantly seized. In a few minutes more, the white flag of France floated over the *Turretta Chica*; a guard was however placed at the door of the Marabout, in order to show from the commencement, that the religion of the inhabitants would be respected by the invaders.

By six o'clock the whole of the first and second divisions were landed together with all the field artillery, and the Commander-in-chief of the expedition was established in his head quarters near the Marabout, from

In besieging a fortress, the object is to erect batteries on particular points as near as possible to the place, and to render the communications to and between them safe. For these purposes, a ditch is commenced at a distance from the fortress, and is carried on in a slanting direction towards it, the laborers being protected by the earth thrown up on the side next the place. When these approaches have been carried as near as requisite, another ditch called a *parallel* is dug in front or even around the fortress, batteries being constructed on its line where necessary. Sometimes another parallel is made within the outer one. Along these ditches the cannon, ammunition, troops, &c. are conveyed in comparative safety to the different batteries.

which he could overlook the scene of operations. General Valazé had already traced a line of works across the neck of the peninsula, and the men were laboring at the entrenchments; they were however occasionally annoyed by shots from the batteries, and it was determined immediately to commence the offensive. General Poret de Morvan accordingly advanced from the peninsula at the head of the first brigade, and having without difficulty turned the left of the batteries, their defenders were driven from them at the point of the bayonet; they were then pursued towards the encampment, which was also after a short struggle abandoned, the whole African force retreating in disorder towards the city.

This success cost the French about sixty men in killed and wounded; two or three of their soldiers had been taken prisoners, but they were found headless and horribly mutilated near the field of battle. The loss of the Algerines is unknown, as those who fell were according to the custom of the Arab warfare carried off. Nine pieces of artillery and two small howitzers by which the batteries were defended, being merely fixed on frames without wheels, remained in the hands of the invaders.

While the first brigade was thus employed, the disembarkation of the troops was prosecuted with increased activity, and as no farther interruption was offered, the whole army and a considerable portion of the artillery, ammunition and provisions were conveyed on shore before night. It was not however the intention of the commanding general immediately to advance upon Algiers; his object was to take the city, and he was not disposed to lose the advantage of the extraordinary preparations, which had been made in order to insure its accomplishment. The third division of the fleet containing the horses and heavy artillery had not arrived; unprotected by cavalry his men would have been on their march exposed at each moment to the sudden and impetuous attacks of the Arabs, and it would have been needless to present himself before the fortresses which surround the city, while unprovided with the means of reducing them. He therefore determined to await the arrival of the vessels from Palma, and in the mean time to devote all his efforts to the fortification of the peninsula, so that it might serve as the depository of his *matériel* during the advance of the army, and as a place of retreat in case of unforeseen disaster. The first and second divisions under Berthezéne and Loverdo were accordingly stationed on the heights in front of the neck of the peninsula, from which the Algerines had been expelled in the morning; in this position they were secured by temporary batteries and by *chevaux de frise* of a peculiar construction, capable of being easily transported and speedily arranged for use. The third division under the Duke D'Escars remained as a corps of reserve at Sidi Ferruch, where the engineers, the general staff and the greater part of the non-combatants of the expedition were also established. Some difficulties were at first experienced from the limited supply of water, but they were soon removed as it was found in abundance at the depth of a few feet below the surface.

On the 15th, it was perceived that the Algerines had established their camp about three miles in front of the advanced positions of the French, at a place designated by the guides of the expedition as Sidi Khalef; between

the two armies lay an uninhabited tract, crossed by small ravines, and overgrown with bushes, under cover of which the Africans were enabled to approach the outposts of the invaders, and thus to annoy them by desultory attacks. Each Arab horseman brought behind him a foot soldier, armed with a long gun, in the use of which those troops had been rendered very dexterous by constant exercise; when they came near to the French lines, the sharp shooter jumped from the horse and stationed himself behind some bush, where he quietly awaited the opportunity of exercising his skill upon the first unfortunate sentinel or straggler who should appear within reach of his shot. In this manner a number of the French were wounded, often mortally by their unseen foes; those who left the lines in search of water or from other motives were frequently found by their companions, without their heads and shockingly mangled. As the Arabs were well acquainted with the paths, pursuit would have been vain as well as dangerous, and the only effectual means of checking their audacity was by a liberal employment of the artillery.

The labors of the French were interrupted on the morning of the 16th, by a most violent gale of wind from the northwest, accompanied by heavy rain. The waves soon rose to an alarming height, threatening at every moment to overwhelm the vessels, which lay wedged together in the bays; several of them were also struck by lightning, and had one been set on fire nothing could have prevented the destruction of the whole fleet. Fortunately at about eleven o'clock, the wind shifted to the east and became more moderate; the waves rapidly subsided, and it was found that only trifling injuries had been sustained by the shipping. Admiral Duperré however did not neglect the warning, and he immediately issued orders that each transport vessel should sail for France as soon as she had delivered her cargo; the greater part of the ships of war, were at the same time commanded to put to sea, and to cruise at a safe distance from the coast, leaving only such as were required to protect the peninsula.

On the 17th and 18th, some of the vessels arrived from Palma bringing a few horses and pieces of heavy artillery, but not enough to warrant an advance of the army. On the 18th, four Arab Scheicks appeared at the outposts, and having been conducted to the commander of the expedition, they informed him that the Algerines had received large reinforcements, and were about to attack him on the succeeding day. Bourmont however paid no attention to their declarations, and gave no orders in consequence of them, although it was evident from the increase in the number of their tents that a considerable addition had been made to the force of his enemies.

On the day after the French had effected their landing, all the Algerine troops except those which were necessary to guard the city and the fortifications in its vicinity, were collected under the Aga's immediate command, at his camp of Sidi Khalef; on the morning of the 18th, the contingent of Oran also arrived, accompanied by a number of Arabs who had joined them on the way. Thus strengthened, and encouraged by the inactivity of the French, which he attributed probably to want of resolution, Ibrahim determined to make a desperate attack upon their lines, calculating that if he could suc-

ceed in throwing them into confusion, it would afterwards be easy to destroy them in detail. For this purpose he divided his army into two columns, which are supposed to have consisted of about twenty thousand men each; the right column under Achmet Bey of Constantina was destined to attack Loverdo's division, which occupied the left or northern side of the French position; the other column was to be led by Ibrahim in person, with Abderrahman Bey of Tittery as his lieutenant, against the right division of the invaders, under Berthezéne.

At day break on the morning of the 19th, the Algerines appeared before the lines of the French, who were however found drawn up, and ready to receive them; the attack was commenced by the Arab cavalry and Moorish regular troops intermingled, who rushed forward rending the air with their cries, and endeavored to throw down the *chevaux de frise*. The French reserved their fire, until the assailants were near, and then opening their batteries poured forth a shower of grape shot, which made great havoc in the ranks of the Algerines. Nothing daunted however, the Moors and Arabs continued to pull up, and break down the *chevaux de frise*, until they had gained entrances within the lines; the action was then continued hand to hand, the keen sabre of the African opposed to the rigid bayonet of the European. In this situation there was less inequality between the parties engaged, and the issue of the combat became doubtful. Berthezéne's division however repulsed its assailants, and kept them at bay; that of Loverdo was wavering when Bourmont appeared on the ground, followed by a part of the reserved corps. He soon restored order in the ranks, and having formed Loverdo's division together with the reserve into a close column, he ordered them to advance against their opponents. Achmet's forces were immediately driven into a ravine where the artillery of the French having been brought to bear upon them, they were after a few ineffectual attempts to regain the height, thrown into disorder. Ibrahim's men seeing this also lost their courage, and the route of the Africans became general. The French had on the field only seventeen horses which were attached to the artillery; as the Algerines could not therefore be pursued very closely they were enabled to form again in front of their camp at Sidi Khalef; but they were likewise driven from this position, and followed for some distance beyond it, where the ground being less favorable for cavalry, great numbers of their men fell into the power of the invaders. Bourmont had issued orders to spare the prisoners, but his troops irritated at the barbarities which had been so frequently committed on their companions, disregarded the injunction and put to death nearly every Algerine whom they could reach. A few Arabs who were made prisoners, on being asked respecting the forces and intentions of their General, haughtily bade the French to kill and not to question them. The number of French slain in this engagement according to the official reports, amounted to fifty-seven, and of wounded to four hundred and sixty-three; but little reliance can be placed on the exactness of Bourmont's published accounts, and there is good reason for supposing that his loss was much more serious. The destruction of life among the Algerines was very great; they also left their camp of four hundred tents, together

with a large supply of ammunition, sheep and camels, in the hands of their enemies.

The results of this action were highly important to the French, and indeed it rendered their success certain. The Arabs began to disappear, and the Turkish and Moorish soldiers retreated to the city, from which it was not easy to bring them again to the field; symptoms of insurrection among the populace also manifested themselves. In this situation, it has been considered possible that *de Bourmont* advanced immediately upon *Algiers*, the *Dey* would have found it necessary to capitulate; there was however no reason to believe that the disaffection would extend to the garrisons of the fortresses, and the city could not have been reduced while they held out.

On the 23d the vessels from *Palma* began to come in; the horses were immediately landed, and two small corps of cavalry were added to the troops encamped at *Sidi Khalef*. The fortifications of the peninsula were also by this time completed, a line of works fifteen hundred yards in length, having been drawn across the neck, and armed with twenty-four pieces of cannon; by this means the whole of the land forces were rendered disposable, as two thousand men principally taken from the *équipage de ligne** of the fleet, were considered sufficient for the security of the place. The provisions, &c. were all landed, and placed within the lines, in temporary buildings which had been brought in detached pieces from France; comfortable hospitals were likewise established there, together with bakeries, butcheries, and even a printing office, from which the *Estatette d'Alger*, a semi-official newspaper, was regularly issued. The communications between *Sidi Ferruch* and the camp, were facilitated by the construction of a military road, defended by redoubts and block-houses placed at short intervals on the way.

The Algerines encouraged by the delay of the French, rallied and made another attack upon them at *Sidi Khalef* early on the morning of the 24th. On this occasion but few Arabs and Kabyles appeared, and the action was sustained on the side of the Algerines, almost entirely by the Turks, the Moorish regulars, and the militia of the city, who had been at length induced to leave its walls. The assailants were spread out on a very extended line, which was immediately broken by the advance of the first division of the French army, with a part of the second in close column. A few discharges of artillery increased the confusion; the Algerines soon began to fly, and were pursued to the foot of the last range of hills which separated them from the city. On the summit of one of these heights, were the ruins of the *Star Fort*, which had been some years before destroyed, "because it commanded the *Casauba*, and consequently the city;" it was however used as a powder magazine, and the Africans on their retreat, fearing lest it should fall into the hands of the French, blew it up. The loss of men in this affair was trifling on each side. The only French officer danger-

ously wounded was *Captain Amédée de Bourmont*, the second of four sons of the General who accompanied him on the expedition; he received a ball in the head, while leading his company of Grenadiers to drive a body of Turks from a garden in which they had established themselves, and died on the 7th of July.

While this combat was going on, the remainder of the vessels from *Palma*, nearly three hundred in number, entered the bay of *Sidi Ferruch*. Their arrival determined *Bourmont* not to retire to his camp at *Sidi Khalef*, but to establish his first and second divisions five miles in advance of that spot, in the valley of *Backshédere*, so that the road might be completed, and the heavy artillery be brought as soon as landed to the immediate vicinity of the position on which it was to be employed. The third division was distributed between the main body and *Sidi Ferruch*, in order to protect the communications. This advantage was however dearly purchased; for during the four days passed in this situation, the French suffered greatly from the Algerine sharpshooters, posted above them on the heights, and from two batteries which had been established on a point commanding the camp. In this way *Bourmont* acknowledges that seven hundred of his men were rendered unfit for duty within that period; he does not say how many were killed.

The necessary arrangements having been completed, and several battering pieces brought up to the rear of the French camp, *Bourmont* put his forces in motion before day on the 29th of June. Two brigades of *d'Escar's* division which had hitherto been little employed, were ordered to advance to the left and turn the positions of the Algerines on that side; on the right the same duty was to be performed by a part of *Berthezéne's* division, while *Loverdo* was to attack the enemy in the centre. They proceeded in silence, and having gained the summits of the first eminences unperceived, directed a terrible fire of artillery upon the Algerines, who having only small arms to oppose to it were soon thrown into confusion and put to flight. The Moors and Turks took refuge in the city and the surrounding fortifications, while the Arabs and Kabyles escaped along the seashore on the southeast, towards the interior of the country.

The French had now only to choose their positions from investing *Algiers*, which with all its defences lay before them. Besides the *Casauba* and batteries of the city, they had to encounter four fortresses. On the southeastern side near the sea, half a mile from the walls was *Fort Babazon*, westward of which, and one mile southward from the *Casauba*, was the Emperor's castle, presenting the most formidable impediment to the approach of the invaders. This castle was a mass of irregular brick buildings, disposed nearly in a square, the circumference of which was about five hundred yards. From the unevenness of the ground on which it was built, its walls were in some places sixty feet high, in others not more than twenty; they were six feet in thickness, and flanked by towers at the angles, but unprotected by a ditch or any outworks, except a few batteries which had been hastily thrown up on the side next the enemy. In the centre rose a large round tower of great height and strength, forming the keep or citadel, under which were the vaults containing the powder. On its ramparts were mounted

* A certain number of young men are annually chosen by lot in France, for the supply of the army and navy, in which they are required to serve eight years. Those intended for the navy, are sent to the dockyards, where they are drilled as soldiers, and instructed in marine exercises for some time before they are sent to sea. The crew of each public vessel must contain a certain proportion of those soldier sailors, who are termed the *équipage de ligne*.

one hundred and twenty large cannon, besides mortars and howitzers, and it was defended by fifteen hundred Turks well acquainted with the use of artillery, under the command of the Hasnagée or Treasurer who had promised to die rather than surrender. As it overlooked the Casaba and the whole city, it was clear that an enemy in possession of this spot and provided with artillery, could soon reduce the place to dust; but it was itself commanded in a like manner, by several heights within the distance of a thousand yards, which were in the hands of the French. The next fortress was the Sittit Akoleit or *Fort of twenty-four hours*, half a mile north of the city; and lastly a work called the English fort was erected on the seashore near Point Pescada, a headland about one-third of the way between Algiers and Cape Caxine. The object of the French was to reduce the Emperor's castle as soon as possible, and in the mean time to confine the Algerines within their walls as well as to prevent them from receiving succors. For the latter purposes, it was necessary to extend their lines much more than would have been compatible with safety, in presence of a foe well acquainted with military science; trusting however to the ignorance and fears of his enemies, Bourmont did not hesitate to spread out his forces, even at the risk of having one of his wings cut off by a sudden sortie. Loverdo in consequence established his division on a height within five hundred yards of the Emperor's castle; Berthezéne changed his position from the right to the centre, occupying the sides of mount Boujareah the heights immediately west of the city; while d'Escars on the extreme left, overlooked the Sittit Akoleit, and the English fort. These positions were all taken before two o'clock in the day.

On the right of Berthezéne's corps, was the country house in which the foreign consuls were assembled under the flag of the United States. As its situation gave it importance, General Achard who commanded the second brigade determined to occupy it, and even to erect a battery in front of it. Major Lee the *Commander in Chief* of the consular garrison, formally protested against his doing either, maintaining that the flag which waved over the spot rendered it neutral ground. The French General did not seem much inclined to yield to this reasoning; but when it was also alleged that the erection of the battery would draw the fire of the Algerine forts upon the house, in which a number of females were collected, as well as the representatives of several nations friendly to France, he agreed to dispense with the execution of that part of his order, but his soldiers were quartered on the premises, and his officers received at the table of the consuls. The latter were, as might have been expected, polished and gallant men; the soldiers were very unruly, and by no means merited the praises which have been bestowed on their moderation and good conduct, in the despatches of their commander and the accounts of the historians.

The night of the 29th passed without any attack on the lines of the French. Before morning the engineers under Valazé had opened a trench within five hundred yards of the Emperor's castle, and various country houses situated in the vicinity of that fortress, were armed with heavy pieces and converted into batteries. As soon as this was perceived from the castle, a fire

was opened upon the laborers; but they were already too well protected by the works which had been thrown up, and few of the balls took effect. A sortie was next made by the garrison, and for a moment they succeeded in occupying the house of the Swedish Consul, in which a French corps had been stationed; they were however immediately driven out, and forced to retire to their own walls.

In order to divert the attention of the Algerines during the progress of the works, false attacks were made on their marine defences by the ships of the French squadron. On the 1st of July Admiral Rosamel, with a portion of the naval force, passed across the entrance of the bay, and opened a fire on the batteries, which after some time was returned. Not the slightest damage appears to have been received by either party, the French keeping, as the Admiral says, "*à grande portée de canon*," that is to say, *nearly* out of the reach of the fire of the batteries; one bomb is stated to have fallen in the vicinity of Rosamel's ship. The effect of this movement not answering the expectations of the French, as it did not induce the Algerines to suspend their fires on the investing force, it was determined that a more formidable display should be made. Accordingly on the 3d, Admiral Duperré made his appearance before the place, with seven sail of the line, fifteen frigates, six bomb vessels, and two steamers. The frigate Bellone which led the way, approached the batteries and fired on them, as she passed with much gallantry; the other ships kept farther off, and as they came opposite the Mole, retired beyond the reach of the guns, where they continued for some hours, during which each party poured tons of shot harmless into the sea. As the Admiral states in his despatch, "none of his ships suffered any apparent damage, or notable loss of men," except from the usual "bursting of a gun on board the *Provence*, by which ten were killed and fifteen wounded."

The high character for courage and skill which Admiral Duperré has acquired by his long and distinguished services, precludes the possibility of imagining that there could have been any want of either of those qualities on his part in this affair. Indeed he would have been most blameable had he exposed his ships and men to the fire of the fortresses which extend in front of Algiers, at a period when the success of the expedition was certain. The "moral effect" of which the Admiral speaks in his despatch, might have been produced to an equal or greater extent, by the mere display of the forces in the bay; the only physical result of the cannonade, was the abandonment of some batteries, on Point Pescada, which were in consequence occupied by d'Escars's forces. The whole attack if it may be so termed, was probably only intended to repress any feelings of jealousy which may have arisen in the minds of the naval officers and men, by thus affording them at least an ostensible right to share with the army the glory of reducing Algiers.

BAL.

Bai was the Egyptian term for the branch of the Palm-tree. Homer says that one of Diomedes's horses, Phoenix, was of a palm-color, which is a bright red. It is therefore not improbable that our word *bay* as applied to the color of horses, may boast as remote an origin as the Egyptian Bai.

THE CLASSICS.

Amid the signs of the times in the present age—fruitful in change if not of improvement,—we have observed with pain not only a growing neglect of classical literature, but continued attempts on the part of many who hold the public ear to cast contempt on those studies which were once considered essential to the scholar and the gentleman, which formed such minds as Bacon's and Milton's, and which afforded the most delightful of occupations to the leisure of a Newton and a Leibnitz. In every age there has been a class of men who from a depravity of taste, or else a passion for singularity, have malignèd all that is ancient or venerable. And sometimes with a strange perversity of purpose, we see men wasting their opportunities in a mischievous ridicule of useful pursuits which they might have advanced and illustrated to the benefit of themselves and mankind. Thus the seventeenth century, deeply imbued as it was with the spirit of classical inquiry and the love of ancient literature, gave birth to a Scarron and a Cotton, of whom the latter particularly was fitted for higher pursuits, and the former perhaps worthy of a better fate. But if in a spirit of indulgence for misguided genius we pardon the offence of their jest for its wit, and feel that in so doing we are involuntarily paying that tribute which is due to talent even when misapplied, let us beware of extending the same indulgence to those who from ignorance undervalue pursuits which they cannot appreciate, or to those who condemn like the fox in the fable, objects which they have vainly sought to obtain, or worse than all, to those who have no better motive for their censure than the wish to pilfer without detection, from the rich stores of those whom they have banished from the public eye, and driven from their rightful abodes in public recollection by a course of systematised slander. It would perhaps be unjust to say that the opposers of the ancient and learned universities of England, who have chiefly wrought the evil influence upon English literature to which we have been alluding, belong all of them to one of these three classes, but that many of them may be ranked with the last we cannot doubt, when we see what things they often send forth to the world as *their own*, and this too with an air of the greatest pretension. That some of these persons were actuated by better motives we must admit when we trace to its origin the history of this partially successful war against classical studies. The two universities of Oxford and Cambridge, those ancient abodes of learning, to a certain degree undoubtedly deserved the reproach of lagging behind the march of mind, in denying to modern literature the share of attention to which it was justly entitled. Absorbed in explorations of the past, and wedded to the love of antiquity in all their associations, they sought literature in her earliest haunts, and delighted most in their olden walks, which they loved for the very frequency with which they had trodden them. The system of study which had trained so many of their sons to eminence, seemed to them the best, and they were too slow in moulding its forms to the progress of science. It was endeared to them not only from the nature of its pursuits, but from past success, and it was no mean ambition which stimulated their sons to tread in the paths which a Bacon or a Clarendon, a Newton or a Locke, had trodden before

them. And yet a little reflection should have taught them that if these glorious models of human excellence had left science where they found it, their reputations had never existed. A fierce opposition at length sprung up to a system of study so narrow and exclusive,—the growing wants of education demanded a university in London, which project was opposed by many of the friends of the old institutions. The elements of a party thus formed, were soon combined, and as the controversy waxed warmer, they attacked not only the venerable temples of learning, but the very study of the ancient languages itself, at first, perhaps, because the most celebrated abodes of this species of literature were to be found in the universities to which they had become inimical. Like every other literary controversy for some time past in England, this question connected itself with the party politics of the day, and thus many changed sides on the literary, that they might be together on the political question. Strange as it may seem, it has been for some time a reproach against the English that the Tories would not encourage the Whig literature, and vice versa. No reader of the British periodicals for the last twenty years can have failed to remark this fact, which serves to account for the progress of the literary heresy which has already done so much to degrade English literature and to deprave the tastes of those who read only the English language. We shall not pause to inquire further into the effects produced by this illicit connexion between politics and literature in England, although it presents a highly interesting subject of inquiry, and one which must deeply occupy much of the attention of the historian who may hope hereafter to give an accurate account either of the political or literary condition of that country for many years past. Neither is it our purpose to arraign at the bar of public opinion those who have dragged the sacred "*peplon*" itself in the vile mire of party politics, although we sincerely believe that they will have a heavy account to settle with posterity for this unhallowed connexion. We merely allude to it by way of pointing out one of the causes of the heresy which we mean to combat, from the belief that it is mischievous, and the more especially as it diverts public attention from the particular want of American literature. Unhappily our reading in this country is chiefly confined to the English novelists and the periodicals of the day, from which we derive a contempt for the lofty and venerable learning of antiquity, and a belief that instead of too little, we bestow too much attention upon classical literature in America! That the novelists and trash manufacturers of the reviews should foster this opinion is not at all surprising, for they find their account in it. And yet it stirs the bile within us when we see a paltry novelist who cannot frame his tale without borrowing his plot, or conduct his dialogue without theft, affect to despise the study of those authors whom he robs without any other restraint than the fear of detection; or when we hear them offer to substitute their lucubrations for the writings of the great masters of antiquity—men who put forth opinions upon the most difficult questions in moral or physical science, and support them only by a dogmatism which would look down all opposition and frown upon any inquiry into the grounds of their doctrines, who, like Falstaff, will give no reasons for their moral or political opinions, and yet insinuate by their

air of pretension that they are "plenty as blackberries"—sciolist novelists who doubt what is believed by all the most intelligent of their race, and believe what no other persons but themselves can be brought to believe—men who insinuate their superiority over the great models of the human race by affecting to despise whatever they have offered to the public view and modestly intimating their reliance upon their own superior resources. Problems in morals and politics which have filled with doubts and difficulties the minds of Bacon or Locke, of Montesquieu or Grotius, are now settled at a stroke of the pen by our novelist philosophers. Nothing is more common than to see the solution of some one of them by the dandy hero of some fashionable novel, who, sauntering from the dance to the coterie of philosophers in blue, solves the difficulty *en passant*, and fearing that this trifling occupation of so mighty a genius may attract attention, then hastens to divert public observation from his sage aphorism and impromptu philosophy by flirting with his friend's wife or playing with his poodle. The conception of a costume is the only occupation worthy of his fancy, and the composition of a dish the only subject which he would have the world to think capable of tasking his powers of attention and reflection; and yet all the learning of all the schools is shamed by the display of this literary *faineant* who acquired his knowledge without study, whilst inspiration only can account for the wisdom with which he is instinct. A nation has groaned through long centuries of almost hopeless bondage—the clank of a people in chains is heard from the Emerald isle—a cry of distress fills the air—a mighty orator, an O'Connell, arises before them, filling the public mind with agitation and pointing the way to revenge. In the energy of despair a portion of the captives have broken their manacles—they rush to liberate their fellows—the air is full of their cry for revenge—the conclave of Europe's wisest statesmen is at fault—a king trembles on his throne—and what, gentle reader, do you suppose is to be the result of these mighty throes and convulsions? why, just nothing, literally nothing at all. A Countess of Blessington surveys the scene from afar; reclining on an Ottoman, beneath a cloud of aromatic odors she recollects the subject of conversation at her last "soiree;" the idea flits across her brain with a gentle pang as it flies, that the energy of O'Connell is becoming exceedingly vulgar, and that the convulsions of a revolution so near her would be extremely trying to her nerves, not to mention those of Messrs. Bulwer and D'Israeli. Her resolution is taken, and at spare intervals between morning visits and soirees, she writes the "*Repealers*," which is at once to settle the agitations of a kingdom, and annihilate O'Connell himself. She has no sooner finished, than washing her hands "forty times in soap and forty in alkali," she despatches the production to Mr. Bulwer, who looking upon the work pronounces it good; and lo! the succeeding number of the New Monthly shall teach you the wonderful virtues of the moral medicaments which come from the Countess of Blessington's specific against Irish agitation. But who is Mr. Bulwer himself? for in this age so wonderful for accomplishing great ends by little means, it has become necessary to know him. Why a literary magician, a sprite of Endor, who by the potency of his charm conjures up the spirits of the mighty dead. Evoked by him the departed

prophets arise. A Peter the Great, and a Bolingbroke, a Pope and a Swift, not to mention others of somewhat lesser note, come forth and speak at his command as once they spoke. The departed oracles of English literature are no longer mute. But the visits of the dead are of necessity short. They have no time now for such chit-chat as some may suspect they have hazarded whilst living. They come on a mission of importance which they have barely time to accomplish. The hidden secrets of policy are to be revealed, mighty oracles in philosophy and criticism are to be declared. Truths fall like hailstones, and wit descends in showers. But lo! what figure is that which stalks across the scene and comes to take his part in this play of phantasmagoria with which we have just been entertained. Does he belong to the land of shadows or the world of reality? "Under which king, Bezonian, speak or die." It is an impersonation of the mental and moral qualities of Mr. Edward Lytton Bulwer himself, not a prophet—but more than a prophet. The "most wonderful wonder of wonders." Pope and Swift are overpowered by his wit. The star of Bolingbroke pales before the superior effulgence of this luminary, and Peter the Great, mute in astonishment, stands "*erectis auribus*" to catch the oracles of government which flow from the godlike man. The scene changes—whither doth he go? He seizes the reins of government, he retrieves the affairs of a mighty empire by way of recreating a mind exhausted with the play of its mighty passions, and then wearied with the amusement, he turns in quest of other pursuits. The rule of an empire and the affairs of this world are objects too petty for the employment of his mind; he looks for some higher subject, and finds it in himself—the only subject in creation vast enough to fill the capacity of his spirit. He communes with the stars—he talks to the "TOEN," and the "TOEN" replies to him, and finally, big with his mighty purpose he achieves the task of writing "his confessions." And as my lord Peter concocted a dish containing the essence of all things good to eat, so this book is full of something that is exquisite from every department of thought. Such are the books which have displaced the writings of the masters of antiquity and the old household books of the English tongue. You may not take up a review or periodical now-a-days, but it shall teach you the folly of bestowing your time upon the study of the ancients, now that their writings afford so much that is more worthy of attention. Alas! that such should be the priesthood who administer the rites in the temple of English literature—the money changer has indeed entered the temple, when those who write for money come in to expel all who have written for fame. How often does it happen now-a-days that the writer of a bawdy novel, derives reputation enough from that circumstance, to assume the chair of criticism, and exposing a front of hardened libertinism to the scorn of the good and the contempt of the wise, avails himself of his situation to frown down every attempt to resuscitate our decaying literature, by the introduction of better models, and to restore health to the public taste, which this very censor has contributed to deprave! There is no more common occupation with such a man than the correction of the errors of the most illustrious statesmen and philosophers in magazine articles of some six or eight pages; the French revolution is the favo-

rite theme of his lofty speculations, and Napoleon's the only character which he will exert himself to draw. With how much of the lofty contempt of a superior spirit does he speak of the labors of a Bentley, a Porson, a Parr, or an Elmsley; of a Gessner, a Brunck, a Heyne, a Schweihäuser or a Wolffe. The anxious labors, for years, of such men as these go for nothing with him—they serve only to excite his scorn, or else afford him the favorite subjects of his ridicule. With the ingratitude of a malignant spirit, or the coarseness of ignorance, he reviles the self-denying students who may be truly said to have renounced the world in their enthusiastic search after the buried lore of antiquity—men who have paled before the midnight lamp in their ceaseless efforts to penetrate the obscurity of the past—lonely eremites, who feed the lamps that cast their dim light on the votive offerings which antiquity has laid upon the altar of knowledge—men who have dwelt apart from their race and denied themselves the common pleasures of life, that they might without distraction restore the decaying temple of ancient literature, and recover for the use of their own and future generations, treasures which else had been buried and forgotten; who have lived in the past until they have imbibed its spirit, and return like travellers full of the wisdom of unknown lands, and rich with the accumulated experience of past ages to shew their treasures and their blessings upon the ungrateful many who despise them for their labors and taunt them for their gifts, that they too may learn what a thing it is to cast pearls before swine; and who, superior to the unmerited scorn of this world, and to all the temptations of its grovelling pleasures, meekly bear their ill treatment with no other emotion than the fear that the benefits thus painfully acquired and freely bestowed, may turn out to be coals of fire which they have been heaping upon unthankful heads. And are men who labor for such objects as these to be ridiculed as looking to things too small, because they sojourned so long in the gloom of past ages, that their optics have been enlarged to discern not only the mouldering monument, but the smallest eft that crawls upon it? Shall they be taunted because they have learned to live in mute companionship with their books, and like the lonely prisoner, love objects which to others may seem inconsiderable, but are endeared to them by all the force of a long association, whose chain is interwoven link by link with the memory of their past? And if, like Old Mortality, they love to restore each mouldering monument, and retrace every time-worn inscription that may serve to renew their silent communion with the hallowed and dreamy past, surely the occupation may be pardoned, if not for its uses to others, at least for the quiet affection and sweet enthusiasm of the dream which it serves to awaken in the mind which is busy in the employment. But the utilitarian spirit of the present age is ever ready to measure the value of these pursuits by that pecuniary standard which alone it uses. What are their fruits? Will they move spinning jennies or propel boats? are they known on 'Change? how do they stand in the prices current, and in what way will they put money in the purse? Strangely as this may sound in the ears of those who love knowledge for itself and its spiritual uses, and absurd as these things would have appeared to the literary world a century ago, we much fear that we must return answers to them

satisfactory, in part, at least, before we can even obtain an attentive hearing to what we shall say of their higher excellences. It is true that classical attainments are in few instances the objects of pecuniary speculation, nor is it our purpose to hold out temptations to literary simony to those who, insensible of the peace which the love of knowledge sheds abroad in the human heart, would hope to sell or purchase that precious gift, for mere money. If this were the only end which the student had in view, we should regret to see him perverting to unworthy purposes the sacred means to higher ends. To such a man learning has no temptations to offer, for its best rewards he can never obtain without a change of heart. We can no more unite the love of knowledge and of Mammon than serve the two masters spoken of in Scripture. It is the rare excellency of this holy taste that it releases us from servitude to the unworthy desires which are too apt to fill the minds of those who have never known what it was to thirst after the waters of truth. It is indeed the redeeming spirit of the human mind, which casts out the evil passions by which it had been possessed and torn. But there is a class of students burning for distinction and ambitious of eminence rather than wisdom, to whom we would appeal under the hope that in the pursuit of their own lesser ends they will cultivate tastes which may serve to awaken them to the more precious uses of knowledge. If then we can show these that the study of the ancient languages affords not only an admirable, but perhaps the best exercise for training tender minds into healthful habits of thought and reflection, that in looking to an economy of the time which measures the little span of human life, it is the pursuit in which the youthful mind can do most in acquiring human knowledge, we shall at least hold out strong temptations to these studies, even to those hasty and incautious inquirers who reject every thing for which they have no present use. But if we go farther, and demonstrate that the man who would thoroughly understand modern literature, must seek its foundations in that of the ancients,—that the poet and philosopher, the orator and statesman, who would train his mind to a successful pursuit of his favorite object, must look to the great masters of antiquity for the best models of his art, surely we shall persuade him to apply the means which a knowledge of the dead languages affords him, to the study of the literature which they embody. And shall he pause here in his career? is it to be supposed that he will still look to knowledge only for the earthly honors which it will enable him to obtain when he has in view the higher rewards which the love of truth has within itself? Will he be content with the narrow horizon which first bounded his prospect when he has taken a more elevated view of creation? Feeling that every sensible addition which his knowledge makes to his wisdom is another link by which he mounts in the chain of spiritual existence, he will lose the original ends for which he was laboring in the nobler objects which unfold themselves to his mind. He learns to disregard what men may say of him, sustained by the proud consciousness of what he is. And like the mariner who has become weary of coasting adventures, he boldly puts forth to sea in quest of that unknown land which his spirit has seen in its dreams. These are the higher uses of the pursuit of knowledge, and although we are far from asserting that classical

studies are the only pursuits that are thus rewarded, yet we will hazard the assertion, that there are none more eminently fitted for strengthening the human mind and elevating its character.

But to return to the first position which we have taken as to the peculiar fitness of this pursuit for the early employment of the human mind. It is something in its favor, that for centuries past, until of late, there has been nearly a common assent amongst literary men that the study of the ancient languages affords the best exercise for the youthful mind,—an opinion so old and so prevalent, must have had at least some foundation in truth. Indeed, when we come to look at the nature of the system of training necessary for the youthful mind, we cannot long doubt the fitness of these pursuits for that end. There is no period, but boyhood, of a man's life at which he would submit to the drudgery necessary for training his memory in the exercises by which it is most strengthened. It would be difficult to induce him to submit to such tasks when he had arrived at a more advanced period of life, and taken even a superficial view of the more agreeable walks of knowledge. With a boy who stands upon the threshold of science, it is far different. Taught that the end in view is worthy of all his pains, and that his commencement of the pursuit of knowledge must of necessity be difficult, he is as willing to seek science through that pass as any other, and the more especially as he perceives that the exercises are not beyond his strength. In the study of the ancient languages, (the Greek especially, because it is more regular than any other) he not only finds an improvement in the powers of simple suggestion or mere memory, but he is insensibly led to processes of generalization from the great saving of labor which he discovers in classification, thus burthening his memory with a rule only, instead of the mass of facts which the rule serves to recall and connect—an advantage which the study of none of the modern languages will afford to the same extent. In the difficulties of translation, which occasionally present themselves, he is not only forced to reason upon the rules which regulated their forms of construction, but often finds it necessary, by an examination of the context and subject matter, to ascertain the meaning of the author; and thus early learns to consider the logical arrangement of propositions and sentences. How often do we find boys thus eagerly and earnestly engaged, in inquiring into the customs and history of the people whose language they are studying, and reasoning upon the motives of action and the characters of men, without being conscious of the high nature of their speculations, or that they are doing more than translating the meaning of a difficult sentence—thus without weariness gradually storing their minds with a knowledge of allusions necessary for their future reading, and which in the mass would never be acquired by the youthful intellect from the fatiguing nature of a study directed to them exclusively. How often do we find a lad profitably engaged in metaphysical inquiries and nice calculations of human motives at a time when works exclusively devoted to these subjects would only serve to weary and disgust him. The youthful mind is thus trained to the capacity of undergoing the severest processes of thought and reasoning by a system of occasional and gentle exercise which amuses without wearying or breaking its spirit. There are certain advantages

peculiar to the study of that most wonderful of all languages, the Greek, in the culture of the youthful mind. They are to be found in the regular forms of compounding their words, and in the almost invariable applicability of rules to its modes of expression. In tracing a compound word to its root, the mind is insensibly forced to trace the compound emotions of the human mind to their source through the seemingly hidden links of the chain of association which are almost pointed out one by one in the varying terminations of the radical as it branches out into its many different shades of signification. What boy of tolerable capacity could turn to a root in Scapula's Lexicon, with a view of its various compounds, without tracing (often unconsciously it is true) the simple to the compound emotions of the human mind through that chain of association which may be deemed necessary and invariable, since not only the simple, but also the compound emotions and perceptions are to be found in every human mind? How could he fail to acquire a knowledge of the cognate ideas of the mind with this ocular reference to their connexion before him? He thus learns the kindred ideas which the expression of certain given ideas will call up, he begins to know how to marshal the host under their leader, he perceives the true force of expression which belongs to words, and traces much of the progress of human thought by means of the land-marks which this regularly formed language indicates to the inquirer. He perceives the modes by which the ancient masters of style in this language learned to express with precision the most abstract of ideas, and as it were, to transfer to paper almost every shadow which flits through the human mind. Penetrating to the truth, through the metaphysical and logical construction of this language, that style consists more in the arrangement of ideas than words, he acquires rules which he may transfer to his own language, and thus increase its capacities of expression, at the same time that he may often improve the beauty of its form without impairing its strength. No man ever acquired a thorough knowledge of the Greek without having in the course of his progress penetrated often and far into the walks of philology and metaphysics. As no philologist has ever arrived at eminence without an attentive study of this language, so perhaps it will not be going too far to say that without it, none ever will. They were thus trained—the great masters of the English language who have improved its construction and added so much to its beauty and strength. The greatest and most sudden improvement which has ever been wrought at any one period in the English language, certainly took place in the reign of Elizabeth, and yet every page, nay, almost every line of the great authors of that day, betrays a constant and studied reference to the models of antiquity. Next to them, and pre-eminent as a reformer in our language, stands Milton, who was trained in the same studies, and whose marvellous power over language has never been sufficiently considered in the attention which is bestowed upon his genius. Perhaps no other man ever effected such a change in the construction of a language, or did so much to reform it. It has been well said that his construction was essentially Greek. He only possessed the wonderful power of transferring the construction of one language to another, dissimilar in its origin and forms, and of transfusing as

it were an old spirit into a new body. Profoundly versed in written and spoken languages, he was yet more a master of the language of thought and feeling, and was thus able to improve the arrangement of the groups and to touch with a more natural coloring and living expression the forms by which we had sought to embody our ideas. And what was the chosen model of that mighty genius, whose language may be said to mirror thought, if that of any other English author can be said to paint it? The Greek! the immortal Greek! which surviving the institutions and national existence of its people, stands forth like the Parthenon itself, and defies the genius of all other nations in all succeeding ages to produce a structure which shall equal its combinations of strength and elegance—a language which even yet justifies the proud boast of its creators, that in comparison with them, all other nations are barbarous. It is evident from the whole spirit of the writings of this immortal man, that he believes in no other Helicon but the Greek. If we were called upon to recommend to the reader of English literature only the writings which would afford him the best substitute for the study of the classics in the improvement of his style, we should undoubtedly recommend him to the works of Milton. There are several authors since his day, who, trained in the same studies, have labored with less effect, it is true, for the same end; and indeed it would be difficult to point out a single author who has improved the strength and beauty of the English language, without a knowledge of the structure and literature of the Greek. There have been many who, without this knowledge, have well used the language as they found it. But Temple, Tillotson, Addison, Bolingbroke, Warburton and Johnson, who have all contributed sensible additions and changes to its structure, formed their styles upon ancient models.

We have already adverted to the knowledge of the allusions to the ancient mythology acquired by the study of the Greek and Latin authors, a knowledge which can only be fully acquired in this mode, and which is of inestimable use to the student, not only in understanding the writings even of modern times, but in learning to write himself. The ardent imagination of the East has produced nothing more beautiful than the splendid mythology of the Greeks—a mythology which abounds in powerful imagery and poetic conception. Perhaps there is nothing so little various as fiction, notwithstanding the numerous and repeated efforts at such creations. Indeed it would be curious to ascertain how much of the fiction now in possession of the human race is of ancient origin, and thus to perceive how little would be left if we were to abstract the creations of the mythic ages of ancient Greece. Nothing could illustrate more strongly the fact that the history of the human heart is always the same. We find powerfully portrayed even in the fictions of that early day, the intrigues of love and ambition, the vanity of earthly hopes, and the warfare of contending passions. There is scarcely a feeling which is not pictured in some poetic personification which develops its tendencies and nature, and there is not a moral of general use in the conduct of life which is not illustrated by some well designed and beautiful allegory. It seems to have been an early practice with the eastern sages to address the reasons of their people through the medium of their ardent and susceptible fan-

cies. The Hebrew, the Egyptian and Grecian lawgivers and sages, all resorted to it, and truth presented in this attractive form has never failed to take a lasting hold upon the public mind. Addressing itself in this form most powerfully to the young, because their fancies are most susceptible, it cannot fail to make an impression at that age when it sinks most deeply in the human mind. It is thus that principles of action are instilled into the human mind at an age when reason is scarcely yet capable of eliminating the true from the false, and the youthful imagination receives an early and wholesome excitement from the contemplations of poetic conceptions whose simplicity fits them to be received, and whose beauty commends them to be loved, by the youthful mind. The most powerful, the most beautiful and concise modes of expressing much of human feeling and passion, are to be found in the Grecian mythology. The true value of an image consists in the conciseness with which it expresses the idea that it represents. An image is misplaced and useless, no matter how beautiful in itself, if it presents your idea in a more tedious and cumbersome form than that in which a few simple words would have explained your meaning as well. It is then obviously unnecessary, and presents itself to the reader as a mere attempt at beauty, which at once recalls him from the subject to the author,—an effect which is always unfortunate for the latter. Good imagery, on the contrary, offers a glowing picture which at once makes a vivid impression upon the mind, accurately representing your meaning, and calling up ideas through the force of a necessary and natural association, which would not have been otherwise awakened except by the use of many more words. Such in an eminent degree is the imagery of the mythology of which we have been speaking. Where is the course of power without knowledge to guide it, so briefly yet so forcibly depicted as in the mad career of Phaeton misguiding the steeds of the sun? And what picture so descriptive of the writhings of disappointed ambition as that of Prometheus on his rock with the vulture at his liver? Tantalus in the stream is an ever living fiction, because it borrows the form of Truth when it points to the punishment of him who rashly essays to satisfy his thirst for happiness by the gratification of unhallowed lusts; and Sisyphus toiling at his stone, is the faithful picture of man who vainly confident in his unassisted strength seeks to roll the ball of fortune up the slippery eminence. What can be more beautiful than that picture of fraternal affection which we find in the fable of the sons of Leda—a union of spirit so pure that it was typified in the two bright stars which still maintain alternate sway in heaven as an everlasting memorial of that undying love which married the mortal to the immortal in one common destiny. In what other language could Byron have described fallen Rome, "the Niobe of nations," than that which he used, the language of truth and feeling which is now common to the whole of the civilized world, and must be as universally used as known, since it embodies the pictured thought and feeling of the human heart. The man who neglects this mythic and most beautiful of languages, must be content to see himself excelled by those who have studied it, both in strength and beauty of expression. Perhaps we do not hazard too much in asserting that a knowledge of this mythic language

alone (if we may call it so),—a knowledge only to be obtained by reading the Greek and Latin authors—would compensate the student for the labor bestowed in acquiring those languages. So far we have looked only to the advantages to be derived from a mere study of these languages, without any reference to the literature which they embody. And if we have shown so far that these studies of themselves afford a reward for our labors, how much more important will they seem when we consider the learning which we shall find in them. But it may be said that we promised to show that these studies were not only profitable, but the most profitable in which the youthful mind could be engaged; and so far we have not redeemed the pledge. To this we reply, that the study of natural philosophy by which we comprehend physics and morals, and that of languages, afford the only subjects to which the mind is directed in books. Now, in relation to the first, we assume in common with most of the best thinkers on the subject of education, that such studies would serve to weaken the youthful mind by its premature exertions under a load as yet beyond its capacity; and with regard to the study of other languages than the Greek and Latin, that all the advantages to be derived from the mere study of language, which the others afford, are also to be had by the classical student, whilst the more regular formation and peculiar structure of these two ancient languages promise benefits to the youthful mind which are peculiar to themselves, or at any rate, much greater in them than in any others.

We come now to the second proposition which we laid down, and that is, that out of his own language, there are no other two languages whose literature holds out as many inducements to the student for acquiring them, as that of the Greek and Latin languages, since independently of their own worth, these studies are absolutely essential to the proper understanding of modern literature as it now exists. Surely there could exist no opinion more unfortunate for the progress of science, than that which supposes, that a view of science as it now exists, is all that is necessary for its thorough investigation; indeed, we believe the assertion may be safely hazarded, that no one can ever qualify himself for the race of discovery who looks alone to what men now think without a reference to what they have formerly believed and written upon the subjects of his inquiry. Strange as it may seem, the man who would ascertain truth, must not confine himself to the simple inquiry of what it is. He must also see what men have thought about it. He must look to the history of human opinion and the modes of reasoning by which men have arrived at their conclusions. He must not only be able to understand the results of right reason, but he must learn also to reason for himself. It was a perception of this necessity which induced the immortal Bacon to turn his attention to the mode of investigating truth, rather than to the discovery of truth itself. He perceived that it was the most important benefit which could be conferred by any man of that day, and the *Novum Organon*, the most wonderful of mere human conceptions, was the result. A view of the different modes of reasoning to truth which had been employed before him, a comparison of the methods which the most successful philosophers had pursued, soon taught him that there was as much in the method used

as in the genius of the investigator. He who would pursue the path of truth, would do well to prepare himself with a guide book made up from the experience of former travellers; he will thus learn the various roads which intersect his true path, and might be likely to put him out, each of which some former pilgrim has taken before him, from whose recorded experience he may take warning; or sometimes it may happen that whilst the crowd of philosophers have been wandering for centuries through a mazy error, the account given by some long gone traveller of a partially explored route may lead the happy investigator into the true way, and thus forward him on his journey. In the progress of truth, which of necessity must be slow and cautious, it is important to weigh every step, and every chart should be preserved. It was thus that Copernicus, retracing the steps of philosophers for two-thousand years, discovered in the almost forgotten accounts of the writings of Nicetas, Heraclides and Ecphantus, traces of a route into which he struck off and was conducted to the most brilliant discoveries. It was thus that Galileo was conducted to some of his discoveries in hydrostatics by the hints of Archimedes. Indeed, how many of the most important discoveries of science have thus originated? Had Archimedes and Pappus never written, or had they been neglected, the method of tangential lines of Fermat and Barrow, approximating so closely as they do to the discovery of the differential calculus, had perhaps never existed, and to these we must attribute the subsequent important discovery of Newton and Leibnitz. Indeed, the whole history of scientific discovery is the history of a chain whose links have been forged by different men, and fitted at different times. If such be the most fortunate mode of scientific discovery, how much do we increase the importance of the study of the ancient literature, when we come to reflect that the termination of their scientific labors during the night of the middle ages, is the point of departure from which all modern scientific discovery has emanated. It will at once be recollected that at the revival of letters, the only sources of information were derived from the study of the ancients revived chiefly by Boccaccio and the philosophers of the Medici school and from the Arabians, whose knowledge was drawn chiefly though at an early period from the same source. Notwithstanding the elegant rivalry between the Abbasides and Ommoiades, which so much fostered the spirit of learned inquiry, notwithstanding the resort of the Arabian philosophers to the Indian school, and the polite and elevated spirit of the Saracen conquerors who offered peace to the modern and degenerate Greeks in exchange for their philosophy, it is still evident that with the exception of some few discoveries in the science of medicine, they were yet far behind the ancients at the period of the decay of letters. Ancient science became the text upon which modern writings were for ages the commentary, one of its languages became the medium of communication between the learned and polite of all nations, and no book of science was published for a long time except in the Latin. The writings of mathematicians as far down as Euler, those in medicine in England as far down as Hunter, the writings of Blumenback, of Grotius and Spinoza, the *Novum Organon* of Bacon, and indeed those of nearly all the modern philosophers, until the middle of the seventeenth century,

were in Latin. In *Belles Lettres*, criticism and rhetoric, in history, physics and morals, the models of the moderns were all chosen from antiquity. In addition to this too, the progress of Roman arms, and afterwards the advance of Roman letters, had incorporated much of the Latin language and idiom in all of the polite modern languages except the German. The Italian and Spanish in particular have been well called "bastard Latin." How then can any student of modern literature only, hope to understand the genius of his own language, or even the spirit of that literature to which he has devoted himself? What scientific inquirer can hope, in any great degree, to forward the march of discovery no matter what may be his genius and spirit, if he be without this learning? Independently then of the intrinsic value of ancient learning, we humbly think that the reasons enumerated by us, suffice to prove not only the importance but the absolute necessity of these studies to the accomplished scholar and man of science. But we are prepared to go further, and maintain that on certain subjects of mental inquiry, it still affords the best models extant. In poetry, the best models are confessedly ancient. In rhetoric, Aristotle, Quintilian and Horace, have left nothing for modern investigation to add upon that subject. But it is in history, oratory, the philosophy of government, law and psychology, that the pre-eminence of ancient literature is most important to be noticed. We are perfectly aware that the history of remote antiquity has for every mind a charm which does not belong to the genius or the taste of the historian. Ideas of events remote in point of time, whether past or future, always fill the mind with a certain degree of awe and uncertainty. A feeling of mystery always attends our ideas of what is remote in point of time or place. It is on the tale of the traveller from far distant lands that we hang with most delight and wonder. Had Columbus discovered America within two days voyage of Europe, the tale of his genius had been yet untold. So too the mind looks to events long past with an awe and wonder akin to those feelings which fill it in its eager gaze into futurity. It is this power of association which attaches the antiquarian so devotedly to his peculiar study, and so soon converts it into a pursuit of feeling rather than of reason. It is the same mysterious link which binds the poet to the early customs and history of his country, and which lends a charm to the simplest ballad if it be ancient, and connects his contemplations with the past. It was the same feeling so strong in the human heart which swelled in the breast of the indignant old lawgiver when in despite of his formal pursuits and fancy-killing studies, he pronounced his rebuke on those who ignorantly maligned "that code which has grown grey in the hoar of innumerable ages." It is a mighty journey which the human mind takes when it is transported from the present to the past. When the mind awakes to realize these long-gone scenes, feelings of mingled awe and pleasure insensibly possess it. A thousand associations of gloomy grandeur attend us as we seem to walk amid the mighty monuments of the dead in the silent twilight of past ages. We feel as if we were treading the lonely streets of the city of the dead, and lifting the pall of ages. We start to find that the mouldering records of man's pursuits then told as now, that still eternal tale of empty vanity and misbegotten hopes.

The ashes of buried cities on which we tread, the time-worn records of fallen empires and past greatness, the monuments of events yet more remote and faintly discernible in the dim distance, seem the too visible memorials of "what shadows we are, and what shadows we pursue," and like *Crusoe* we recoil with wonder and fear from *that trace* of man on the desert shore. The earlier the records to which we refer, the more deeply are we struck with the wonderful power of our minds which enables us to use the hoarded experience of ages and enter into silent communion with the dead, and the more sensibly are we impressed by the comparison of the imperishable creations of our spiritual nature, with the fading glories of our mortal state. We ascend the stream of time as the traveller of the Nile in quest of its mysterious sources, and the farther we proceed the more wonderful is the view adown that vale of ages through which it flows. Behind us, in the dim distance arise the dark and impenetrable barriers, whose cloud-capt summits seem to point to the heavens as the source of the mysterious river, whilst before us flow the dark rolling waves of that wide stream which is to bear us too to the mysteries of that land of shadows where we are taught to expect an eternal, perhaps an awful home. Fair cities and mighty empires arise in momentary show along its shores, and then pass away upon its rolling waters. In swift succession the generations of man chase each other upon its heaving billows in shadowy hosts,—the dim phantasmagoria of our mortal state! And yet like shades that wander along the *Styx*, some memories still live upon its silent shore to tell the tale of wrecks and ruins which stud the wave-worn banks. Lo! yonder rocky headland around which sweeps the swift stream as it stretches into the dark bay where the waters lie in momentary repose. How many were the marble palaces, how smiling were the gardens which gladdened that once lovely spot. Yon mouldering fane that yet clings to the wave-worn rock, was once the least amongst ten thousand, and where are they?—Lost in these dark waters in whose deep womb are buried the long forgotten glories of our mortal race.

From the charm of such associations we do not pretend to be exempt, nor do we envy the man who could claim such an exemption. But we are free to confess that this circumstance is too apt to disturb the judgment in a comparison of the merits of ancient and modern history. To a certain extent it may fairly be estimated amongst the advantages of the former, for if it gives a greater interest to early history it holds out a greater temptation to the ardent prosecution of that study. But we do not fear the comparison without such adventitious aid, for we maintain that as historians the ancients are still unequalled. Of all their histories which have descended to the present time, there are none which have not many of the higher excellences of historical composition; but it is for *Thucydides*, *Tacitus* and *Plutarchus*, the great masters in their respective styles, that we challenge modern history to produce the parallels. The definition which *Diodorus* has given of history, "that it is philosophy teaching by example," may truly be applied to the writings of the two first named historians. Indeed, we have never taken up the works of the first without wonder at the rare and philosophical temperament which enabled him to conduct his eager search after truth without disturbance from those feel-

ings which personal injuries and the spirit of party would so naturally have awakened in others under the same circumstances. Himself a principal actor in the scenes which his page commemorates, his situation and temper alike fitted him for conducting his researches in a spirit of truth, a task which he accomplished in a manner as yet unrivalled. How deep is the devotion to the austere majesty of truth which he displays in his masterly preface when he offers up the favorite fictions of his nation as a sacrifice upon its altars, and stripping his subject of its stolen ornaments, presents it to the world in naked simplicity. If historical criticism has become a science in the hands of the accomplished Niebuhr, surely its origin and chief ornament are to be found in that noble monument of antiquity. It was no small evidence of future greatness which the young Demosthenes gave, in the choice of this history as his model. For where could he find the springs of government touched with so true a knowledge of their nature, or in what book are the actions of man in masses traced to their motives and causes with an analysis so searching? If we would trace society through the first forms of republican government, and witness its agitations under the opposition of those ever living and opposing forces the democratic and aristocratic principles, we must look to Thucydides. A living witness and a profound observer of the unbalanced democracies of ancient Greece, his deep sagacity always enabled him to resolve their line of action into the two elementary and diverging forces according to their true proportions. As the modern astronomer is able to detect even in the course of the most erratic comet the resultant of the two opposing forces of the solar system, so this profound observer of the human heart was able to trace in the madness of revolution, the contests of a more pacific policy, and even in the horrors of anarchy, the direction given by the two elementary and opposing forces of the social system. Would we trace society still further as another combination of these elementary forces in different proportions gives its direction in the line of despotism, we must turn to the Roman Thucydides—to Tacitus, for a true knowledge of the internal machinery which regulates it under this form of government. Do we wish to obtain an accurate view of the motives which move masses to action? would we investigate man, not as an individual, but according to those common qualities of the human mind by which we may classify his species and genera, and by which only we must consider him if we would rightly estimate the effects of circumstances upon masses? Turn to either or to both of these historians, whose profound and searching analysis so rarely fails of detecting the motives to human action. In both we shall find the same deep philosophy, the same careful study of the human heart, and the same eagerness to utter truth when clearly conceived, without regard to the forms of expression; the great and distinctive difference is in the difference of temperament arising perhaps out of a difference of situation. The more fiery Roman gives you glowing sketches, not pictures—they flow from him with that careless haste so indicative of boundless wealth. Each sketch bears within itself the evidence of lofty conception, and shows in every line the traces of a master's hand whose rapid touch is too busy in embodying the forms with which his brain is teeming to waste its energies in those

minuter cares so necessary for filling out a perfect picture. With rapid pencil he leaves perhaps a simple line, but it is the line of Apelles—the hand of the master was there. The conceptions of the rival Greek, like his, are lofty but more matured, and the same careless ease with a somewhat superior elegance, mark his execution. His coloring however is milder, and you are never struck with those startling contrasts of light and shade so peculiar to the Roman.

The inquirer who would train his mind in those pursuits most necessary for the statesman, and, for that reason, seeks an intimate knowledge of human nature, would arise from an attentive study of the works of these great historians with feelings of pleasure and self gratulation. Conscious that he had acquired much knowledge of man as a mere instrument in the hands of the politician, he already begins to perceive the rules by which men of sagacity have reckoned with much of probability if not of certainty, upon the future actions of their fellow beings. But not being yet fully aware of the uses to which this knowledge may be applied in directing the affairs of society, he is now anxious to inquire into the results of those attempts which the great masters of the human race have made, to regulate the movements of masses and mould them to their peculiar views. He must now turn to Plutarch's superb gallery of portraits of the distinguished men of antiquity; he must open that book, which oftener than any other, has afforded the favorite subject of the early studies of the distinguished statesmen and warriors of all the countries to which modern civilization has extended. He will here perceive the modes by which his models are trained to greatness, and learn to know and estimate the distinctive qualities which have elevated their possessors so far above the common mass. His studies which heretofore were directed to his fellows will be now turned to himself, and a course of self reflection will teach him to exercise and improve his strength, and to measure the proportions in which it must be applied to the levers which move the ball of public opinion. To show that we do not place too high an estimate upon this wonderful book, we might simply refer to the internal evidences of its rare excellences. But we cannot refrain from offering further proofs, more striking at least, if not as strong. It is no small evidence of its excellence that it is a book of more general interest than any other biography or history extant; that it is amongst the first and the last books which we like; its interest taking an early hold upon the youthful mind, and continuing through our after life. And the fact is not to be forgotten, in choosing the books for such a course of study as the one just referred to, that most of the great modern statesmen and generals, have bestowed much of their early attention and study on this work; for this is some evidence that its pages serve to awaken an early love of heroic virtue, and contribute to form the habits necessary for its growth and continued existence. In our reference to the works of the three authors which we should choose in preference to all others of human origin, for the study of human nature we have not adverted to the true order in which they should be read. The book of biography should precede as well as succeed the study of the two historians. We challenge all modern history and biography for the production of three parallels to our chosen mo-

dels, whose works can contribute so much to the attainment of this particular end. Davila, the favorite of Hampden,—and Guicciardini, whom St. John preferred to all modern historians,—have some of the excellences of which we have been speaking, but will any one compare them to the first? In the English language, Clarendon is the only history worthy of the attention of the student in search of an author who illustrates the science of human nature by a reference to the recorded experience of past generations. The works of Gibbon, Hume and Robertson, are admirable for their style and general interest, but they take no true views of man (*epistula non erubescit*) as the instrument of legislation; they do not present us with that impersonation of the common qualities and motives of our nature, which alone can be the subject of laws, and whose character only can be moulded by the general institutions of society,—in short, with that man who is the true subject of the politician's study. Indeed we doubt if the historical works of these gentlemen ever were or ever will be the favorites of any great and practical statesman,—a test which we ask shall be applied to the models which we have chosen. We are perfectly aware of what we hazard by such assertions, but safe behind our mask, we feel secure from danger.

In the view of the course of study which we have just been surveying, we paused at the point where the inquirer having learnt the strength and the temper of the various great springs which chiefly influence human action, had turned aside to ascertain the best modes of handling them by a reference to the experience of those who had successfully regulated the machinery of society and effected in its movements the particular objects which they had in view. From this point, the transition is easy from the history and biography of antiquity to its oratory. For where shall we find the springs of human action so dexterously handled? It must be remembered that the orators of antiquity approached their subjects under circumstances very different from those which attend our modern debates. They practised upon the societies in which they lived, under the same penalties which attend the eastern physician who undertakes the Sultan's cure. The gift of this splendid but fatal talisman of the heart was always attended with the most unhappy consequences to its possessor. Exile and death were the penalties, in case of failure, in the measures which they recommended, or even in case of the loss of popular affection. And so deep were the distresses of those gifted but unhappy children of genius, that one of their most sincere admirers was forced to exclaim

"Ridenda poemata malo
Quam te conspicuas divina Philippica fame,
Volveris a prima quæ proxima."

It is not to be supposed, that under such circumstances they would ever approach their subject without a most careful consideration of its nature and consequences, or that they would fail to study the means of recommending themselves and their plans to popular favor. Indeed it would naturally be expected that in the effort to persuade the will of those upon whom they were operating, into a concurrence with their own, they would scarcely place in competition with that object the desire to write an oration to be admired by posterity. We should look to find then a more attentive observance of the modes

of influencing the human heart and reason, than amongst the modern speakers who were moved by none of their fears. A comparison of the ancient with the modern orators would fully prove the fact, but as we cannot of course enter into that comparison here, and deserve no thanks from the reader for inviting his attention to it, we would advert to the fact that these are the only real statesmen whose orations have had an interest for a remote posterity. From which the conclusion is fair, that of all speeches accessible to the reader, these are the most valuable for acquiring the means of influencing men, since no other orations of successful orators remain in an agreeable form. Who reads the speeches of any of the modern orators who have been statesmen at the same time, and who succeeded in impressing their views upon the public mind. No one reads the speeches of Walpole, Chatham, and Fox, the real orator statesmen of England, whilst Burke's orations, which invariably dispersed his audience, are familiar to almost every reader of the English language. The most distinguished orator and statesman that France has produced was Mirabeau; the most successful in America were Henry and Randolph. Yet what orations have they left behind them which are indicative of the real genius of those master minds? The modern speeches which are held up as models, are those which failed to effect the end of their delivery, and even if pleasing in point of style and composition, they must have been very feeble as orations.

But the admirers of modern oratory, the readers of Sheridan, Curran and Philips, will perhaps demand that definition of oratory which thus excludes their favorites from all competition with the orators of antiquity. We define it to be, the means of attaining, by the persuasion either of the feelings or reasons of men, an end which of ourselves, we cannot effect. This is the only point of view in which a statesman would use rhetoric as an instrument. The display of learning and the exhibition of the graces of composition and style, he leaves to the author in his closet who has time to bestow upon pursuits less exalted than his. The real orator, if he be the subject of a despot, will study the character of the man whom he sues, and mould his address in the form most persuasive to him who holds the power of which he would avail himself. If on the other hand the power which he seeks resides with the people, he will appeal to that temper and those dispositions which are common to the mass, and having selected the arguments and sentiments most persuasive to them, would never think of sacrificing one tittle of them to secure the reputation of an orator with the future generations who might read his effusions. Ridiculous as it may seem to the lovers of the gaudy imagery and polished periods of the Irish orators, we maintain that the speeches of Cromwell and of Vane, which seem so absurd to us now, in effecting their ends, accomplished the true object of rhetoric. They suited the temper of the times, they served to mould the progress of public opinion, and proved powerful instruments in directing the revolution. Profound observers of those times, they were too sagacious as statesmen to think of sacrificing the means of securing great public ends for the sake of pleasing the taste of posterity and acquiring the reputation of turning polished periods—a task in which, after all, the wretched Waller had excelled them.

Who believes that such oratory as Sheridan's or Curran's, aye, or even as Burke's, would have produced a tithe of the influence upon the sturdy old roundheads which the cant of the day exercised over them. These effusions would have been treated with scorn, or would perhaps have called down punishment upon the heads of their authors as holding out temptations to the carnal man. Any attempt, in the temper of those times, to deliver orations fitted for the taste of posterity, would have been as ridiculous and misplaced as Petit Jean's apostrophes to the sun, moon and stars, in his defence of the dog. Indeed, it is the prevailing sin of modern taste to suppose that the making of a "fine speech," can be a sufficient inducement for speaking. Plato has defined rhetoric to be "the art of ruling men's minds," and the moment it ceases to look to that end, it is vain and ridiculous. This is the besetting sin of American oratory. Adams, Everett, or even Webster, will seize any occasion, the death of Lafayette, the erection of a monument, or any thing which may serve as a text for a speech, to deliver orations which can have no possible influence except to convince the few who read them, that their authors have not only read, but learned to round a period. Polished sentences, brilliant imagery, and even the ancient forms of attestation are profusely displayed, and all the orator's most showy wares are studiously arrayed, for effect, so as to tempt the public to what?—to any useful end which they have in view? No, simply to an admiration of their authors. It was the practice of antiquity, it is true, to deliver funeral orations—but they are miserably mistaken if they expect to shelter themselves under those usages in their unmeaning and personal displays. They pursue the form, but neglect the substance. Do they suppose that when Pericles delivered his funeral oration over his countrymen who had fallen in the expedition to Samos, he had no other object than that of making a speech? Do they believe for a moment that he whose rhetoric procured him the surname of Olympius, that the master orator of antiquity, (if we may judge his oratory by its effects,) that he who never addressed an assembly without first praying the Gods "that no word might fall from him unawares which was unsuitable to the occasion," would have spoken from such a motive as that only? Could they have supposed that such was the motive of Demosthenes in his funeral oration over those who fell at Cheronæa?

Higher ends were in the view of these orators upon these occasions. They were subjects connected with the public policy of the times and with measures which they themselves had directed. Upon the success of these depended their popularity, and on that hung their fortunes, their homes, nay, their lives. They afforded happy occasions for defending their policy, for pushing their claims upon public favor, and for weaving by a thousand plies the cord which bound them to popular sympathy, in those moments of deep feeling when the people were too much absorbed in their own emotions, to examine into the personal motives of their orators. No such consequences depend upon the popularity of our orators. Their popularity can scarcely be really affected, by any orations which they could deliver on the battle of Lexington, the Bunker Hill monument, or the death of La Fayette. The public measures of the present day have but a remote connection with them.

What worthy motive then could have influenced them, we were going to say, in the perpetration of such folly? In such men of the closet as the younger Adams and Everett, it is not surprising; but in Webster, who is capable of real and effective oratory, it can only be viewed as a weak compliance with the morbid taste of the clique around him.

Of the importance of the study of the ancient laws, particularly the Roman or civil, we shall say but little, as in the first place, a view of that subject in all its relations with modern government and civilization, would far exceed the limits of this essay; and because, secondly, no one can be found who will deny the uses of this pursuit to the lawyer. To the general reader we would only remark, that instead of abandoning this useful study to the lawyers, as a pursuit proper only to that profession, he would do well to remember that the revival of letters has always been mainly ascribed to the discovery of the pandects at Amalphi; that since that time professorships of civil law have been attached to every learned University in Europe, and no scholar for many centuries afterwards was reckoned accomplished without some knowledge of this subject. He should remember too, that since the revival of letters, this law has formed an essential, nay, the chief ingredient of the jurisprudence of Spain, Holland, France, and all Italy, with the exception of Venice;—whilst, notwithstanding all that has been suggested by the idle casuistry of national pride, it is the most important portion of the law of Germany, Hungary, Poland and Scotland. And much as we boast of the common law in England and what was English America, yet in both countries, the civil code is the law of courts of admiralty, the basis of most of our chancery law, and even on the common law side of our judiciary it is freely used on the subject of contracts, and has furnished the groundwork, nay, almost the entire system of our legal pleadings. Should this reader be a divine, we would beg leave to remind him that the canon law itself is so intimately associated with the civil code, that no good canonist has yet existed who neglected the study of this last. Indeed, the canon law is at last but a compound of the christian system of ethics and the civil code of municipal law. Need we say more in support of the claims of this study upon the attention of the general scholar and reader? Can the statesman or scholar expect to understand the history of nations and governments without a knowledge of their laws and judicial systems, those alimentary canals, which distribute the food that supports the moral being of society? As well might the anatomist expect to derive a knowledge of his science by a view of the external structure of the human frame, whilst the internal organization and the whole circulating system were concealed from his observation. And quite as absurd are the investigations of the historical inquirer, who, content with a knowledge of the form of government, looks no farther into the internal structure of a society. We would fain pursue the interesting inquiries which this subject suggests, in connection with the history of modern governments and the progress of civil liberty, did our limits permit. But our purpose is accomplished, in having recurred to facts, which of themselves demonstrate the necessity of this highly important study.

We come now to the psychological view of ancient

literature, which subject is so intimately connected with the inquiry into the tendencies of this study, towards elevating and extending the spiritual capacity of man, that we shall embrace it under that head. As no man would engage in any laborious pursuit without having some object in view, so perhaps no one would ever enter into the pursuit after knowledge if it offered no rewards. It is coveted by many, because it sometimes brings to its possessor wealth, and almost always secures him reputation, whilst a few only desire it for its spiritual uses—and yet these last constitute its highest reward. Let the practical man of the world who doubts it, and who would laugh at any arguments adapted to his reason upon this subject as a mere idle thing, look to the history of literary men. Let him behold such a man as Bayle, for example, who having secured in his taste for knowledge a consolation and a happiness of which the world could not rob him, only thought of his persecutions to laugh at them, and found but amusement in what the world deems misfortunes. Poverty, exile, disease, all in their turns assailed him, and yet no one who reads his history can doubt but that he was the happiest man of his day. Resigned to all human events, he found his pleasure in the one noble taste which absorbed his mind, and he succeeded in elevating his spirit to such a distance above the misfortunes and persecutions of this world, that they dwindled into utter insignificance in his estimation. A dismissal from an office of honor and profit, under circumstances which would have excited murmurs and anger in the minds of most other men, was scarcely noticed by him, or noticed in a spirit of cheerful content. "The sweetness and repose" (said he upon this occasion) "I find in the studies in which I have engaged myself and which are my delight, will induce me to remain in this city, if I am allowed to continue in it, at least until the printing of my dictionary is finished; for my presence is absolutely necessary in the place where it is printed. I am no lover of money nor of honors, and would not accept of any invitation should it be made to me; nor am I fond of the disputes and cabals which reign in all academies: *Conam mihi et musis.*" Car. Lit. vol. i, p. 22. These were not mere professions; his life, nay, his very death illustrated their truth and sincerity. The very hour of his death was soothed and solaced by this taste, which subdued even the sense of the last mortal agony. This, and instances similar in nature, if not in degree, which abound in the lives of literary men, afford conclusive evidence of the rewards which knowledge brings to the human mind itself. What can elevate the dignity of our nature more in our view than the contemplation of such spectacles as these? What terms expressive enough should we find, to convey our sense of gratitude to the genius who would offer us a gift that would enable us to defy the persecutions of this world and laugh at its misfortunes! a gift, which, for our enjoyments, would render us independent of every other being in existence, save ourselves and him who created us—a gift which would endow us with a taste and the means of gratifying a taste which age cannot dull, and gratification cannot satiate. And yet to a great degree, the mind which is imbued with the love of knowledge enjoys these blessings. When this becomes the absorbing taste of our minds, it not only endures—but man cannot take it from us. Whilst sensual pleasures die,

and the tastes which they gratify decay with time, this is the immortal desire of our being which survives when all others fade away. It is the charmed gift which we bear within ourselves, and whose spells can call up a thousand forms of beauty and light even in the depths of the dungeon, and surround the couch of disease with bright visions and pleasant hopes. As those who ate of the fabled lotus were said to forget their country and kindred in their enjoyments, when they had tasted of its flowers, so those who have once fed upon the immortal fruit of the tree of knowledge, cease to regard those temporal cares and pleasures which bind man to this earth, and lead through a maze of uncertainty to disappointment at last. They look into nature—and each link which they discover in the great chain of truth, seems, in the enthusiasm of the vision, another step on that ladder by which man mounts from earth to heaven. Each hidden harmony which they discover in nature is another thought of the divine mind which they have conceived and understood, and serves to bind them still more closely in that communion into which the Creator permits them to enter with him. The consideration of man, the pleasures merely earthly which he controls and which belong to him, always temporal and always alloyed with pain, they can consent to relinquish, in the consciousness that they are entering into closer communion with him who is pure, perfect, and unchangeable. And their pleasures as much exceed those which they renounce, as the Creator is superior to the created. They have tasted the living stream of truth, whose waters refresh the more, the more they are drunk—they find themselves on the borders of that eternal spring whose course is infinite in extent. Whilst they follow its trace they secure immortality,—for none who drink of its waters shall ever die.

See the student who dwells alone in his hermitage, or who perhaps nightly cribs his worn frame in some almost forgotten attic;—he is surrounded by circumstances which to the eye of the common observer denote the extremity of wretchedness and misery! Those who are more elevated by the pride of place and by the possession of those things which the world calls good, often look upon him with pity and contempt; and yet how rashly do they judge. Do they know whether he regards their pleasures or whither his aspirations would lead him. He looks out upon the stars, "those isles of light," which repose in the liquid blue of the vaulted heavens, and they speak to him of wisdom and love, of beauty and peace. He walks abroad amid the works of nature, and traces in all her hidden harmonies a beauty and a unity of design which speak but of one spirit, and that the infinite and eternal spirit of the universe. He begins indeed "to mingle with the universe;" and, like the mystic Egeria, a spirit of beauty pure and undefiled arises from the silent memorials of creative design, to commune with him in his morning walks and evening meditations. He compares the soul, which guides and animates the physical universe, with the vain and contentious spirit of his fellow man; he compares the order and beauty of the physical universe, which submits all its motions to the divine will, with the moral government of man,—at once the sport and the victim of his own caprices; and learns to despise what most men value, and to prize those pleasures

which they neglect. He has learnt to feel that He who rules all events, has considered him also, in his Providence; and willing to put his trust in that being, without whose knowledge "not a sparrow falleth to the ground," he stands forth the most self-humbled, and yet the most elevated of God's creatures.

If knowledge hath these spiritual uses,—and what reflecting man can doubt the fact, how mortifying is it to see many wasting their strength and throwing away the means by which they could attain these ends, for the sake of wealth and earthly honors. As the alchemist who, in his eager search after the grand magisterium, neglects many discoveries really useful which were within his reach, so these men put their frail trust in the world and waste their lives in the vain pursuit of its phantoms. But we do not expect these men to take this view of the subject unless they have trained their minds to it, either through the christian philosophy, or what is second to that system only, the school of the Platonist writers. It is for this reason chiefly, that we have ventured to recommend the study of the writings of the genius so nearly divine, of that author whose psychological system presaged the christian revelation, as the morning twilight betokens the coming sun. It was his, that beautiful conception of the spirit of the universe, at once so poetical and sublime;—an idea which Abraham Tucker only of modern English writers, seems to have fully comprehended and explained. This sublime and philosophical poet perceived that by an attentive study of nature, the human mind was capable of entering into communion with the divine mind through its works; he felt that he was capable of conceiving more and more of the ideas which existed in the creative mind, as he understood more of the system of the universe; he meditated upon the harmony which extended through the greatest and the least of nature's operations; his soul took in forms of beauty and filled with lofty conceptions until it became enamored of its contemplations, and in the spirit of true poetry he endowed the universe with a soul which governed it and with which the mind of man may commune. But to return to our original proposition; we asserted that the writings of ancient philosophers afforded the best views of psychology to which we have access. By psychology, we mean what relates to our spiritual being. To maintain this proposition it will be necessary to recur, for a moment, to the subject of inquiry which engaged their attention, and to the spirit of those times.

The most important and natural inquiry which would present itself to a being of limited powers of knowledge and enjoyment, and whose existence at most is brief, is as to the best pursuit which can engage his time and energies. The vanity of human wishes, the transitory nature of earthly enjoyments, must have been as apparent to the first man as to us. The necessity of discriminating between the various ends of our actions, and objects of our desires, in the brief space which is allotted us for action, must have impressed itself at an early period upon the human mind. And as happiness is the proposed end of all our actions, the most important inquiry which can engage the human mind, is as to the best means of attaining it. Accordingly, we find the "TO KALON" engaging the attention of all ancient philosophers; and however differently they might conduct their reasoning, all of them who were respected

arrived at the same conclusion, viz: that he whose conduct was most strictly regulated by the rules of virtue, would enjoy the greatest degree of happiness. It was thus, according to Plato, that we were to restore the immaculate qualities of the pre-existent soul. The sterner Zeno maintained that nothing was pleasant but virtue, and nothing painful but vice; whilst the gentle and more persuasive Epicurus, reversing the rule, (and in a certain sense the doctrines were identical,) taught that nothing was virtuous but what was pleasant, or vicious if it were not painful—because virtue is at last but the rule which shall conduct us to happiness. At that time the light of Christian revelation had not burst upon the world; the flickering and uncertain rays of human reason afforded the only light to guide them in the search for the path of truth, and "shadows, clouds, and darkness rested on it." The bright hopes and the awful fears by which the Christian revelation would prompt man to virtue, were then either unknown or but little heeded. To tempt his disciples then to a virtuous life, and to fortify them against the seductions of vicious temptation, the ancient philosopher was forced to hold forth the rewards which virtue offers to us in this life. The persuasions of oratory, the allurements of poetry, the demonstrations of philosophy, were all used to entice the youthful mind to the pursuit of virtue; and more, the masters practised their creed in the view of their disciples. But so far as external appearances bear testimony on the subject, happiness does not always attend the practice of virtue in this world. It was necessary, then, to refer the doubtful to some other source of enjoyment. The philosopher referred the pupil to a source which was within—the pleasant consciousness of well-doing;—the enlargement of the spiritual capacity under a virtuous discipline, were the exalted and noble inducements which they presented to their view. Their theories of the universe, their social customs, their daily habits, were all made subsidiary to the end of impressing these grand truths upon their disciples. These conceptions stood forth in severe and sublime simplicity, as they were formed by the cold and cautious inductions of philosophy; but the master mind of antiquity, not content with their unspeaking beauty, seized fire from heaven, and breathing into them the warm spirit of his eloquence, sent them forth to the world radiant and impressive forms, which appealed not only to the reason, but to the sensibility of the beholder. Every argument was used which could exalt our spiritual being, and every illustration which could explain its nature, so far at least as they understood it. The pursuit of virtue became a matter of feeling—self-denial was an enthusiasm, and the world often beheld the disciples of these great masters acting upon the abstract maxims of mere human reason, and pursuing virtue with that unflinching trust in the hopes which it excites, which would shame many disciples of a more certain faith, and those who have the guidance of a clearer light. It is not surprising, then, that the nature of our spiritual being, and the invigorating and regenerating influences of the pursuit of knowledge and virtue, should be more often the theme of ancient than of modern philosophers. And yet the moralist, the philosopher and the poet, would each derive both assistance and delight from the too much neglected works of these noble old masters. We have seen the wonderful revi-

val of letters in Germany in modern times ascribed to the study of the Platonists,—with what truth our knowledge of German literature will not permit us to say. But we do not doubt that the ascribed cause is adequate to that end. Certain it is, that Bulwer has derived from these sources much of that which is worth any thing in his writings. His views of our spiritual being, and of the spiritual uses of knowledge, are evidently clothed in light reflected from the Platonists. Indeed, the finest portion of all his writings, that in which he describes the change wrought on Devereux's mind by a course of solitary meditation, or, to use a shorter phrase, the metempsychosis of his hero, is but a paraphrase of the finest of all moral fables, the *Asinus Aureus* of Apuleius, and one which at last fails to do justice to the splendid original. Should any reader think it worth the time to examine into the truth of our remarks upon the spirit of ancient philosophy, we would crave his attention to this most beautiful allegory, as affording a complete and interesting illustration of their general correctness. The fable, founded upon a Milesian story, opens with the description of a young man who has debased his soul with debauchery until he is transformed to an ass; he falls gradually from one vice to another, and under the dominion of all he suffers under the degrading and debasing penalties appropriate to each. He was at last on the eve of perpetrating a crime so monstrous that nature suddenly revolted, and horror-stricken, he broke from his keeper and flies to the seashore. With solitude comes reflection, and reflection brings remorse. Despair is the natural consequence; and feeling that without assistance he is lost, he turns to heaven for succor. The moon is in full splendor, just rising from the waves; the awful silence of the night deepens his sense of solitude;—"Video præ micantis lunæ candore nimis completum orbem, commodum marinis emergentem fluctibus, nactusque opacæ noctis silentiosa secreta, certus etiam summam Deam præcipua majestate pollere resque prorsus humanas ipsius regi providentia," &c. p. 375. Relief is vouchsafed to him, a change passes over his spirit, and nature wears towards him a different aspect—her countenance is clothed in smiles, and all things seem to rejoice with him. "Tanta hilaritudine præter peculiarem meam, gestire mihi cuncta videbantur; ut pecua etiam cujusmodi et totas domos et ipsam diem serena facie gaudere sentirem." The entire conception is not only highly poetical, but eminently philosophical; the progress of the human mind in its transition through the range of vices, the sentiments of remorse and despair, that yearning after better things which ever and anon returns like a guardian angel to rescue man from his most fallen estate, the change of heart, and the influence of nature, are depicted in the spirit of truth and beauty.

But we fear that we are trespassing too far upon the patience of the reader, and especially when our subject is not one of general interest. And yet we are so deeply impressed with the fact that an attention to this study is the great want of American literature, that we could not forbear suggesting briefly the various points of view from which its importance may be seen—even at the risk of being tedious. Under the sanction, then, of past experience, and under the higher authority of reason, we would crave the attention of the rising genera-

tion to these studies, that they may prepare themselves to do something worthy of their hopes and useful to their country. And of this at least we can safely assure them that the exercises which we recommend are those in which were trained all the best models in science and general literature, whom they most revere and admire.

A LOAN TO THE MESSENGER.

NO. I.

When I said I would die a bachelor,
I did not think I should live to be married.—*Benedict.*

The day I was married, my dear Editor, I was greeted by a valued crony of mine with the following *Jeu d'esprit*, as Mrs. Malaprop might call a *jeu d'esprit*. The occasion which gave this trifle birth having now been some years a matter of history, I am disposed to lend it to your good readers for a month, and beg them to be very careful of it, as it is really one of the neatest things of the kind I or they have ever seen. It is by a poet of no low order of genius, I can assure you, whose fault alone it is that his name, albeit not insignificant, is not yet higher on the rolls of poetic fame. It has never been in print. J. F. O.

LIFE.

A BRIEF HISTORY, IN THREE PARTS, WITH A SEQUEL:

Dedicated to my friend on his Wedding Day, November 1, 18—.

Part I.—LOVE.

A glance,—a thought,—a blow,—
It stings him to the core.
A question—will it lay him low?
Or will time heal it o'er?

He kindles at the name,—
He sits, and thinks apart;
Time blows and blows it to a flame,—
Burning within his heart.

He loves it though it burns,
And nurses it with care:
He feeds the blissful pain, by turns,
With hope, and with despair!

Part II.—COURTSHIP.

Sonnets and serenades,
Sighs, glances, tears and vows,
Gifts, tokens, souvenirs, parades,
And courtesies and bows.

A purpose, and a prayer:
The stars are in the sky,—
He wonders how e'en hope should dare
To let him aim so high!

Still hope allures and flatters,
And doubt just makes him bold:
And so, with passion all in tatters,
The trembling tale is told!

Apologies and blushes,
Soft looks, averted eyes,
Each heart into the other rushes,
Each yields, and wins, a prize.

Part III.—MARRIAGE.

A gathering of fond friends,—
Brief, solemn words, and prayer,—
A trembling to the fingers' ends,
As hand in hand they swear.

Sweet cake, sweet wine, sweet kisses,—
And so the deed is done :
Now for life's woes and blisses,—
The wedded two are one.

And down the shining stream
They launch their buoyant skiff,
Bless'd, if they may but trust Hope's dream,—
But ah ! Truth echoes—*If !*

THE SEQUEL.—*If.*

If health be firm,—if friends be true,—
If self be well controlled,—
If tastes be pure,—if wants be few,—
And not too often told,—

If reason always rule the heart,—
And passions own its sway,—
If love for aye to life impart
The zest it does to day,—

If Providence with parent care
Metes out the varying lot,—
While meek Contentment bows to share
The palace or the cot,—

And oh ! if Faith, sublime and clear,
The spirit upward guide,—
Then bless'd indeed, and bless'd fore'er,
The Bridegroom, and the Bride !

P——d. WILLIAM CUTLER.

READINGS WITH MY PENCIL.

NO. II.

Legere sine calamo est dormire.—*Quintilian.*

8. "A drayman is probably born with as good organs as Milton, Locke, or Newton : but by culture they are as much above him, almost, as he is above his horse."—*Chesterfield.*

Chesterfield, it would seem, was a Phrenologist, in fact.

9. "In matters of consequence, have nothing to do with secondary people : deal always with principals."—*Edgeworth.*

Good advice. In matters of state, deal never with a clerk,—he has no discretion. In matters of trade deal never with an agent, if you can come near the principal, for the same cause,—he lacks the discretion that the latter has. But for a different cause than this, in matters of love, deal never with parents, but with the child : it is true, she has less discretion, but in this matter she is still the principal.

10. "Women may have their wills while they live, for they may make none when they die."—*Anon.*

The author of that, whoever he be, was a kind soul : he found an apology for that which husbands, lovers, and fathers are apt to think a grievous fault in the sex. But the thought that strikes me most forcibly upon reading that passage is, the injustice of the law's treat-

ment of women in this regard. Why should a woman's property, upon her marriage, become, *ipso facto*, another's ? I take it that is a question which neither casuists nor gowmsmen can answer. I knew an old woman who could give the true reply, and it was one that she gave as a reason for every query, puzzling or plain,—and that was "*Cause !*"

11. "A soul conversant with virtue resembles a fountain : for it is clear, and gentle, and sweet, and communicative, and rich, and harmless and innocent."—*Epictetus.*

Beautiful because true. Such a soul is *clear* ; one can see deeply into its crystal purity : it is *gentle*, and no waves disturb the spectator as he gazes : it is *sweet*, and he who drinks of it is refreshed and renovated in mental and intellectual health. *Communicative* is it, and throws out its jets in affluent profusion, making the atmosphere delicious to those who come within its reach. *Rich*, too, abundantly, overflowing *rich*, full of jewels beyond price, ready for those who will gather them up from the inexhaustible bed of that fountain : *harmless*, moreover, and *innocent*, diffusing influences of a healthful and inspiring force, which turns mere sense to soul, mere mortality to immortality !

12. "The suspicion of Dean Swift's irreligion proceeded, in a great measure, from his dread of hypocrisy : instead of wishing to seem better, he delighted in seeming worse than he was."—*Dr. Johnson.*

That is a queer apology for a great Moralist to make for a Dean of the Church ! It makes out Swift to be the worst of rascals : for it makes him more regardful of other men's opinions than of his own. It exhibits him as contravening conscience with *seeming*. Now, to my mind, the mere suspicion of hypocrisy is a far less evil than the positive conviction of it. He was, according to Johnson, afraid of being thought a hypocrite, and so he actually became one !

13. "As much company as I have kept, and as much as I love it, I love reading better ; and would rather be employed in reading, than in the most agreeable company."—*Pope.*

It is but a choice of company after all. For my part I verily believe the poet loved both well enough, although the world of books he most affected. He never wrote the "Essay on Man" or the "Dunciad" from the experience of the study, however : men's hearts were the 'books' he read from when he gave those splendid poems birth. The "world of books"—reminds me of

14. "Booke are a real world, both pure and good,
Round which, with tendrils strong as flesh and blood,
Our pastime and our happiness may grow."—*Wordsworth.*

15. "Oh ! who shall tell the glory of the good man's course, when, as his mortal organs are closing upon the world, he is looking forward to the opening brightness of that sun which never sets, shining from out the sapphire gates of Heaven ! What earthly simile can your poet or your rhapsodist furnish, to carry to the spirit so rapturous a conception ?"—*Chalmers.*

The simplest similes for such purposes are the best. And it is a beautiful order of our nature, that it furnishes them abundantly for the improvement of the reflective mind. And thus would I assimilate an earthly scene to the rapturous conception of the eloquent divine whom I have quoted. A most beautiful autumn day, free from clouds,—when the varied colored leaves *seem willing to fade*, with so bright, so warm, so cheerful a sun upon them,—is to me an emblem of the beaming of the sun of

righteousness, which, growing brighter as their bodies decay, makes the happiest and holiest spirits *willing to die*, under an influence so benign.

16. "I walked, I rode, I hunted, I played, I read, I wrote, I did every thing but think. I could not, or rather I would not think. Thinking kept me too long to one point. I could not bear that turning my face to a dead wall. In self defence, to keep me from my thoughts, I fitted from one occupation to another in which my mind could not, if it would, find the least employment or permanent satisfaction. But the world called me a very happy man!"—*Bulwer*, (I believe.)

Every man has those moments, I imagine, of struggling with his own mind, endeavoring, yet almost impossibly, to fix it upon a single object for any length of time: when it is like a bird in a storm, attempting to alight upon a waving, trembling spray.

17. "But Thomas Moore, albeit but an indifferent biographer, is one of the greatest masters of versification the world has ever known, while in song-writing he is perfectly unrivalled."

Quarterly Review.

Perhaps in a peculiar, refined style of song-writing he may be: but while his are the music of the fancy, Burns speaks the melodies of the soul.

18. "The Creator has so constituted the human intellect, that it can grow only by its own action, and by its own action it will most certainly and necessarily grow. Every man must, therefore, in an important sense, educate himself. His books and teachers are but aids, the work is his."—*Daniel Webster*.

The great statesman spoke this from the lessons of his own experience, and it is true. Yet how many moments there are in a scholar's life, when his progress seems so slow that he languishes over every task; and, because he cannot attain every thing at once, forgets, that every thing worth gaining is obtained after many struggles: and, if one foot slips back a little, yet, if he gain *at all* on his way, that it is better to persevere! Besides, it is not only the *ends* of study which are delightful—for so also are its *ways*: and, if we are not advancing rapidly, there is yet a pleasure in exercise, even when much of it fails.

19. "The preacher, raising his withered hands as if imparting a benediction with the words, closed his discourse with the text he had been enforcing,—'It is good that a man bear the yoke in his youth.'"—*Lights and Shadows*.

I do believe that text most implicitly. I myself feel that it is true: for I am one of those who are best when most afflicted. While the weight hangs heavily, I keep time and measure, like a clock; but remove it, and all the springs and wheels move irregularly, and I am but a mere useless thing.

20. "Fair and bright to day, but windy and cold."

My Old Journal.

—like a satirical beauty!

J. F. O.

HALLEY'S COMET.

And who art thou amid the starry host,
Shedding thy pale and misty light,
Like some lone pearl, unseen and lost,
Amid the diamonds of a gala night.

Thou comest from the measureless abyss,
Where God hath made his glory known;
Is it with mystic cord, to this
To bind some system yet unseen, unknown.

Art thou the ship of heaven, laden with light,
From the eternal glory sent,
To feed the glowing suns, that might
In ceaseless radiance but for thee be spent?

Or art thou rolling on thy way, a car,
Bearing from God some angel band,
Sent forth from world to world afar,
To regulate the fabric of his hand?

Oh! if thou art on some such errand sent,
Forth from the throne of Him we love,
May not thy homeward path be bent
By our poor earth, to bear our souls above?
Prince Edward.

EPIMANES.

BY E. A. POE.

Chacun a ses vertus.—Cæcillon's Xerxes.

Antiochus Epiphanes is very generally looked upon as the Gog of the prophet Ezekiel. This honor is, however, more properly attributable to Cambyses, the son of Cyrus. And, indeed, the character of the Syrian monarch does by no means stand in need of any adventitious embellishment. His accession to the throne, or rather his usurpation of the sovereignty, a hundred and seventy-one years before the coming of Christ—his attempt to plunder the temple of Diana at Ephesus—his implacable hostility to the Jews—his pollution of the Holy of Holies, and his miserable death at Taba, after a tumultuous reign of eleven years, are circumstances of a prominent kind, and therefore more generally noticed by the historians of his time than the impious, dastardly, cruel, silly, and whimsical achievements which make up the sum total of his private life and reputation.

Let us suppose, gentle reader, that it is now the year of the world three thousand eight hundred and thirty, and let us, for a few minutes, imagine ourselves at that most grotesque habitation of man, the remarkable city of Antioch. To be sure there were, in Syria and other countries, sixteen cities of that name besides the one to which I more particularly allude. But *ours* is that which went by the name of Antiochia Epidaphne, from its vicinity to the little village Daphne, where stood a temple to that divinity. It was built (although about this matter there is some dispute) by Seleucus Nicanor, the first king of the country after Alexander the Great, in memory of his father Antiochus, and became immediately the residence of the Syrian monarchy. In the flourishing times of the Roman empire, it was the ordinary station of the Prefect of the eastern provinces; and many of the emperors of the queen city, among whom may be mentioned, most especially, Verus and Valens, spent here the greater part of their time. But I perceive we have arrived at the city itself. Let us ascend this battlement, and throw our eyes around upon the town and neighboring country.

What broad and rapid river is that which forces its way with innumerable falls, through the mountainous wilderness, and finally through the wilderness of buildings?

"That is the Orontes, and the only water in sight,

with the exception of the Mediterranean, which stretches, like a broad mirror, about twelve miles off to the southward. Every one has beheld the Mediterranean; but, let me tell you, there are few who have had a peep at Antioch. By few, I mean few who, like you and I, have had, at the same time, the advantages of a modern education. Therefore cease to regard that sea, and give your whole attention to the mass of houses that lie beneath us. You will remember that it is now the year of the world three thousand eight hundred and thirty. Were it later—for example, were it unfortunately the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and thirty-six, we should be deprived of this extraordinary spectacle. In the nineteenth century Antioch is—that is, Antioch *will be* in a lamentable state of decay. It will have been, by that time, totally destroyed, at three different periods, by three successive earthquakes. Indeed, to say the truth, what little of its former self may then remain, will be found in so desolate and ruinous a state, that the patriarch will remove his residence to Damascus. This is well. I see you profit by my advice, and are making the most of your time in inspecting the premises—in

——satisfying your eyes
With the memorials and the things of fame
That most renown this city.

I beg pardon—I had forgotten that Shakspeare will not flourish for nearly seventeen hundred and fifty years to come. But does not the appearance of Epidaphne justify me in calling it *grotesque*?

It is well fortified—and in this respect is as much indebted to nature as to art.

Very true.

There are a prodigious number of stately palaces.

There are.

And the numerous temples, sumptuous and magnificent, may bear comparison with the most lauded of antiquity.

All this I must acknowledge. Still there is an infinity of mud huts and abominable hovels. We cannot help perceiving abundance of filth in every kennel, and, were it not for the overpowering fumes of idolatrous incense, I have no doubt we should find a most intolerable stench. Did you ever behold streets so insufferably narrow, or houses so miraculously tall? What a gloom their shadows cast upon the ground! It is well the swinging lamps in those endless colonnades are kept burning throughout the day—we should otherwise have the darkness of Egypt in the time of her desolation.

It is certainly a strange place! What is the meaning of yonder singular building? See!—it towers above all the others, and lies to the eastward of what I take to be the royal palace.

That is the new Temple of the Sun, who is adored in Syria under the title of Elah Gabalah. Hereafter a very notorious Roman Emperor will institute this worship in Rome, and thence derive a cognomen Heliogabalus. I dare say you would like a peep at the divinity of the temple. You need not look up at the Heavens, his Sunship is not there—at least not the Sunship adored by the Syrians. That Deity will be found in the interior of yonder building. He is worshipped under the figure of a large stone pillar terminating at the summit in a cone or *pyramid*, whereby is denoted Fire.

Hark!—behold!—who are those ridiculous beings

be—half naked—with their faces painted—shouting and gesticulating to the rabble?

Some few are mountebanks. Others more particularly belong to the race of philosophers. The greatest portion, however—those especially who belabor the populace with clubs, are the principal courtiers of the palace, executing, as in duty bound, some laudable comicality of the king's.

But what have we here? Heavens!—the town is swarming with wild beasts! What a terrible spectacle!—what a dangerous peculiarity!

Terrible, if you please; but not in the least degree dangerous. Each animal, if you will take the pains to observe, is following, very quietly, in the wake of its master. Some few, to be sure, are led with a rope about the neck, but these are chiefly the lesser or more timid species. The lion, the tiger, and the leopard are entirely without restraint. They have been trained without difficulty to their present profession, and attend upon their respective owners in the capacity of *valets-de-chambre*. It is true, there are occasions when Nature asserts her violated dominion—but then the devouring of a man-at-arms, or the throttling of a consecrated bull, are circumstances of too little moment to be more than hinted at in Epidaphne.

But what extraordinary tumult do I hear? Surely this is a loud noise even for Antioch! It argues some commotion of unusual interest.

Yes—undoubtedly. The king has ordered some novel spectacle—some gladiatorial exhibition at the Hippodrome—or perhaps the massacre of the Scythian prisoners—or the conflagration of his new palace—or the tearing down of a handsome temple—or, indeed, a bonfire of a few Jews. The uproar increases. Shouts of laughter ascend the skies. The air becomes dissonant with wind instruments, and horrible with the clamor of a million throats. Let us descend, for the love of fun, and see what is going on. This way—be careful. Here we are in the principal street, which is called the street of Timarchus. The sea of people is coming this way, and we shall find a difficulty in stemming the tide. They are pouring through the alley of Heraclides, which leads directly from the palace—therefore the king is most probably among the rioters. Yes—I hear the shouts of the herald proclaiming his approach in the pompous phraseology of the East. We shall have a glimpse of his person as he passes by the temple of Ashimah. Let us enaconce ourselves in the vestibule of the Sanctuary—he will be here anon. In the meantime let us survey this image. What is it? Oh, it is the God Ashimah in proper person. You perceive, however, that he is neither a lamb, nor a goat, nor a Satyr—neither has he much resemblance to the Pan of the Arcadians. Yet all these appearances have been given—I beg pardon—*will be* given by the learned of future ages to the Ashimah of the Syrians. Put on your spectacles, and tell me what it is. What is it?

Bless me, it is an ape!

True—a baboon; but by no means the less a Deity. His name is a derivation of the Greek *Simia*—what great fools are antiquarians! But see!—see!—yonder scampers a ragged little urchin. Where is he going? What is he bawling about? What does he say? Oh!—he says the king is coming in triumph—that he is dressed in state—and that he has just finished putting

to death with his own hand a thousand chained Israelitish prisoners. For this exploit the ragamuffin is lauding him to the skies. Hark!—here come a troop of a similar description. They have made a Latin hymn upon the valor of the king, and are singing it as they go.

Mille, mille, mille,
Mille, mille, mille,
Decollavimus, unus homo!
Mille, mille, mille, mille, decollavimus!
Mille, mille, mille!
Vivat qui mille mille occidit!
Tantum vini habet nemo
Quantum sanguinis effudit!*

which may be thus paraphrased.

A thousand, a thousand, a thousand,
A thousand, a thousand, a thousand,
We, with one warrior, have slain!
A thousand, a thousand, a thousand, a thousand,
Sing a thousand over again!
Soho!—let us sing
Long life to our king,
Who knocked over a thousand so fine!
Soho!—let us roar,
He has given us more
Red gallons of gore
Than all Syria can furnish of wine!

Do you hear that flourish of trumpets?

Yes—the king is coming! See!—the people are aghast with admiration, and lift up their eyes to the heavens in reverence. He comes—he is coming—there he is!

Who?—where?—the king?—do not behold him—cannot say that I perceive him.

Then you must be blind.

Very possible. Still I see nothing but a tumultuous mob of idiots and madmen, who are busy in prostrating themselves before a gigantic cameleopard, and endeavoring to obtain a kiss of the animal's hoofs. See! the beast has very justly kicked one of the rabble over—and another—and another—and another. Indeed, I cannot help admiring the animal for the excellent use he is making of his feet.

Rabble, indeed!—why these are the noble and free citizens of Epidaphne! Beast, did you say?—take care that you are not overheard. Do you not perceive that the animal has the visage of a man? Why, my dear sir, that cameleopard is no other than Antiochus Epiphanes, Antiochus the Illustrious, King of Syria, and the most potent of the Autocrats of the East! It is true that he is entitled, at times, Antiochus Epimanes, Antiochus the madman—but that is because all people have not the capacity to appreciate his merits. It is also certain that he is at present ensconced in the hide of a beast, and is doing his best to play the part of a cameleopard—but this is done for the better sustaining his dignity as king. Besides, the monarch is of a gigantic stature, and the dress is therefore neither unbecoming nor over large. We may, however, presume he would not have adopted it but for some occasion of especial state. Such you will allow is the massacre of a thousand Jews. With what a superior dignity the monarch perambulates upon all fours. His tail, you

perceive, is held aloft by his two principal concubines, Elline and Argelais; and his whole appearance would be infinitely prepossessing, were it not for the protuberance of his eyes, which will certainly start out of his head, and the queer color of his face, which has become nondescript from the quantity of wine he has swallowed. Let us follow to the Hippodrome, whither he is proceeding, and listen to the song of triumph which he is commencing.

Who is king but Epiphanes?
Say—do you know?
Who is king but Epiphanes?
Bravo—bravo!
There is none but Epiphanes,
No—there is none:
So tear down the temples,
And put out the sun!
Who is king but Epiphanes?
Say—do you know?
Who is king but Epiphanes?
Bravo—bravo!

Well and strenuously sung! The populace are hailing him 'Prince of Poets,' as well as 'Glory of the East,' 'Delight of the Universe,' and 'most remarkable of Cameleopards.' They have *encored* his effusion—and, do you hear?—he is singing it over again. When he arrives at the Hippodrome he will be crowned with the Poetic Wreath in anticipation of his victory at the approaching Olympics.

But, good Jupiter!—what is the matter in the crowd behind us?

Behind us did you say?—oh!—ah!—I perceive. My friend, it is well that you spoke in time. Let us get into a place of safety as soon as possible. Here!—let us conceal ourselves in the arch of this aqueduct, and I will inform you presently of the origin of this commotion. It has turned out as I have been anticipating. The singular appearance of the Cameleopard with the head of a man, has, it seems, given offence to the notions of propriety entertained in general by the wild animals domesticated in the city. A mutiny has been the result, and as is usual upon such occasions, all human efforts will be of no avail in quelling the mob. Several of the Syrians have already been devoured—but the general voice of the four-footed patriots seems to be for eating up the Cameleopard. 'The Prince of Poets,' therefore, is upon his hinder legs, and running for his life. His courtiers have left him in the lurch, and his concubines have let fall his tail. 'Delight of the Universe,' thou art in a sad predicament! 'Glory of the East,' thou art in danger of mastication! Therefore never regard so piteously thy tail—it will undoubtedly be dragged in the mud, and for this there is no help. Look not behind thee then at its unavoidable degradation—but take courage—ply thy legs with vigor—and scud for the Hippodrome! Remember that the beasts are at thy heels! Remember that thou art Antiochus Epiphanes, Antiochus, the Illustrious!—also 'Prince of Poets,' 'Glory of the East,' 'Delight of the Universe,' and 'most remarkable of Cameleopards!' Heavens! what a power of speed thou art displaying! What a capacity for leg-bail thou art developing! Run, Prince! Bravo, Epiphanes! Well done, Cameleopard! Glorious Antiochus! He runs!—he moves!—he flies! Like a shell from a catapult he approaches the Hippodrome! He leaps!—he shrieks!—he is there! This is

*Flavius Vopiscus says that the Hymn which is here introduced, was sung by the rabble upon the occasion of Aurelian, in the Sarmatic war, having slain with his own hand nine hundred and fifty of the enemy.

well—for hadst thou, 'Glory of the East,' been half a second longer in reaching the gates of the Amphitheatre, there is not a bear's cub in Epidaphne who would not have had a nibble at thy carcase. Let us be off—let us take our departure!—for we shall find our delicate modern ears unable to endure the vast uproar which is about to commence in celebration of the king's escape! Listen! it has already commenced. See!—the whole town is topsy-turvy.

Surely this is the most populous city of the East! What a wilderness of people! What a jumble of all ranks and ages! What a multiplicity of sects and nations! What a variety of costumes! What a Babel of languages! What a screaming of beasts! What a tinkling of instruments! What a parcel of philosophers!

Come let us be off!

Stay a moment! I see a vast hubbub in the Hippodrome. What is the meaning of it I beseech you?

That? Oh nothing! The noble and free citizens of Epidaphne being, as they declare, well satisfied of the faith, valor, wisdom, and divinity of their king, and having, moreover, been eye witnesses of his late superhuman agility, do think it no more than their duty to invest his brows (in addition to the Poetic Crown) with the wreath of victory in the foot race—a wreath which it is evident he *must* obtain at the celebration of the next Olympiad.

TO HELEN.

Helen, thy beauty is to me
Like those Nicean barks of yore,
That gently, o'er a perfum'd sea,
The weary wayworn wanderer bore
To his own native shore.

On desperate seas long wont to roam,
Thy hyacinth hair, thy classic face,
Thy Naiad airs have brought me home
To the beauty of fair Greece,
And the grandeur of old Rome.

Do! in that little window-niche
How statue-like I see thee stand!
The folded scroll within thy hand—
Ah! Psyche from the regions which
Are Holy land!

E. A. P.

ON THE POETRY OF BURNS.*

BY JAMES F. OTIS.

If we take the different definitions of the term "Poetry," that have been given this beautiful and magical art by the various writers upon its nature and properties, as *each* supported by reason and fact, we shall hardly arrive at any degree of certainty as to its *real* meaning. It has been called "the art of imitation," or

* This paper was written at the request of a literary society of which the author was a member, and the facts are gathered principally from Currie. Some extracts from the poet's own letters, and from an eloquent review of Lockhart's Burns, which appeared a few years since in the Edinburgh Review, are interwoven, and the whole made up as an essay to be "read not printed."

mimicry. Aristotle and Plato characterize it as "the expression of thoughts by fictions;" and there are innumerable other definitions, none of which are more satisfactory to the student than is that of the celebrated "Blair." He says, "it is the language of Passion,—or enlivened Imagination, formed, most commonly, into regular numbers. The primary object of a poet is to *please*, and to *move*; and therefore it is to imagination and the passions that he speaks. He may, and he ought to have it in his view to *instruct* and *reform*; but it is *indirectly*, and by *pleasing*, and *moving*, that he accomplishes this end. His mind is supposed to be animated by some interesting object which fires his imagination or engages his passions: and which, of course, communicates to his style a peculiar elevation, suited to his ideas, very different from that mode of expression which is natural to the mind in its calm, ordinary state." And this definition will allow of being yet more particularly and minutely understood: it is susceptible of being analyzed still farther, and described as "a language, in which fiction and imagination may, with propriety, be indulged beyond the strict limits of truth and reality."

Who is there that has not felt the power of Poetry? For it is not essential that it be embodied in regular and finely wrought periods, and conveyed to the ear in alternate rhyme, and made to harmonize in nicely-toned successions of sounds. Who is there that has not felt its power? It originated with the very nature of man; and is confined to no nation, age, or situation. This is proved by the well-attested fact, that Poetry ever diminishes in strength of thought, boldness of conception, and power of embodying striking images, in proportion as it becomes polished and cultivated. The uncivilized tenant of our forests is, *by nature*, a Poet! Whether he would lead his brethren to the field of warfare, or conclude with the white man a treaty of peace and future amity, still his style evinces the same grand characteristic,—the *spirit of true Poetry*. The barbarous Celt, the benighted Iclander, and the earliest and most unenlightened nations of the world, as described on the page of history, are proofs of the principle we have been considering; and it was not, indeed, until society became settled and civilized, that poetical composition ceased to embrace *every* impulse of which the human soul is susceptible. It was not till *then*, that, in the language of a distinguished writer, "Poetry became a separate art, calculated, chiefly, to *please*; and confined, generally, to such subjects as related to the imagination and the passions." Then was it that there arose, naturally, divisions in the classes or schools of Poetry,—as Lyric, Elegiac, Pastoral, Didactic, Descriptive, and Dramatic. A consideration of *each* of these classes might furnish us with *material* for an interesting examination of their individual peculiarities: but time will not permit so wide a range.

ROBERT BURNS was born on the 25th of January, 1759, in the town of Ayr, in Scotland. His pretensions by birth, were a descent from poor and humble, but honest and intelligent parents; and a title to inherit all their intelligence and virtue, as well as all their poverty. Upon the nature of these pretensions, Burns, in a letter to a friend, dated many years after, takes occasion to say: "I have not the most distant pretensions to assume that character, which the pye-coated guardians

of conscious call a gentleman. When at Edinburgh last winter, I got acquainted in the Herald's Office; and looking through that granary of honors, I there found almost every name in the kingdom: but for me,—

"My ancient but ignoble blood
Has crept thro' scoundrels ever since the flood."

His father was a native of the north of Scotland, but he was driven by various misfortunes to Edinburgh, and thence still farther south to Ayrshire, where he was first employed as a gardener in one of the families in that vicinity, and afterwards, being desirous of settling in life, took a lease of a little farm of seven acres, on which he reared a clay cottage with his own hands, and soon after married a wife. The first fruit of this union was our poet, whose birth took place two years thereafter. Robert, during his early days, was by no means a favorite with any body. He was remarkable, however, for a retentive memory, and a thoughtful turn of mind. His ear was dull, and his voice harsh and dissonant, and he evinced no musical talent or poetical genius until his fifteenth or sixteenth year. It is pretended by his biographers, (of whom there have been several, and who all agree in this opinion,) that the seeds of Poetry were very early implanted in his mind, and that the recitations and fireside chaunts of an old crone, who was familiar in his father's family, served to cherish their growth, and strengthen their hold upon his memory. This "auld gudewife" is said to have had the largest collection in the country of tales and songs concerning fairies, witches, warlocks, apparitions, giants, dragons, and other agents of romantic fiction. Speaking of these tales and songs, he says, in his later years, "so strong an effect had they upon my imagination, that even to this hour, in my nocturnal rambles, I am fain to keep a sharp look out in suspicious places; and, though nobody can feel more sceptical than I have ever done in such matters, yet it often requires an effort of Philosophy to shake off these idle terrors."

When Robert was in his seventh year, his father quitted the birth-place of the poet, and took a lease of a small farm on the estate of Mr. Fergusson, called Mount Oliphant. He had been, for a year or two previous to this event, a pupil of Dr. Murdoch, who is represented as being a very worthy and acute man, and who took much pains with the education of the future poet. In fact, his father had previously taught him arithmetic, and whatever of lore could be gathered from the "big ha' bible," as they sat by their solitary candle; and he had been sent, alternately with his brother, a week at a time during a summer's quarter, to a writing master at the parish school at Dalrymple. But Dr. Murdoch, his faithful friend in youth and age, instructed him in English Grammar, and aided him in the acquisition of a little French. After a fortnight's instruction in the latter language, he was able to translate it into English prose, but, farther than this, his new attainment was never of much advantage to him. Indeed, his attempts to speak the language were ridiculously futile at times. On one occasion, when he called in Edinburgh at the house of an accomplished friend, a lady who had been educated in France, he found her conversing with a French lady, to whom he was introduced. The French woman understood English; but Burns must need try his powers. His first sentence

was intended to compliment the lady on her apparent eloquence in conversation; but by mistaking some idiom, he made the lady understand that she was too fond of hearing herself speak. The French woman, highly incensed, replied, that there were more instances of vain poets than of talkative women; and Burns was obliged to use his own language in appeasing her. He attempted the Latin, but his success did not encourage him to persevere. And, in fine, with the addition of a quarter's attendance to Geometry and Surveying, at the age of nineteen, and a few lessons at a country dancing school, I have now mentioned all his opportunities of acquiring a scholastic education. He says of himself, in allusion to his boyish days, "though it cost the schoolmaster many *thrashings*, I made an excellent English scholar; and by the time I was ten or eleven years of age, I was a critic in substantives, verbs and particles."

As soon as young Burns had strength to work, he was employed as a laborer upon his father's farm. At twelve he was a good ploughman; a year later he assisted at the threshing-floor; and was his father's main dependance at fifteen, there being no hired laborers, male or female, in the family at the time. In one of his letters, (and it is by extracting copiously from them, that I propose chiefly to narrate his history,) he remarks upon this subject—"I saw my father's situation entailed on me perpetual labor: the only two openings by which I could enter the temple of fortune, were the gate of niggardly economy, or the path of little, chicaning bargain-making. The *first* is so contracted an aperture, I never could squeeze myself into it; the *last* I *always* hated—there was contamination in the very entrance!" And it was this kind of life,—the cheerless gloom of a hermit, with the unceasing toil of a galley-slave, that brought him to his sixteenth year, at about which period he first perpetrated the sin of rhyming. Of this you shall have an account in the author's own language.

"You know our country custom of coupling a man and woman together as partners in the labors of harvest. In my *fifteenth* autumn my partner was a bewitching creature, a year younger than myself. My scarcity of English denies me the power of doing her justice in that language; but you know the Scottish idiom,—*she was a bonnie, sweet, some lass*. In short, she altogether, unwittingly to herself, initiated me in that delicious passion, which, in spite of acid disappointment, rigid prudence, and book-worm philosophy, I hold to be the first of human joys, our dearest blessing here below! How she caught the contagion I cannot tell. You medical people—(he was addressing the celebrated Dr. Moore) you medical people talk much of infection from breathing the same air, the touch, &c.; but I never expressly said I loved her. Indeed, I did not know myself why I liked so much to loiter behind with her, when returning in the evening from our labors; why the tones of her voice made my heart-strings thrill like an Eolian harp; and particularly why my pulse beat such a furious ratan, when I plucked the cruel nettle-stings and thistles from her little white hand. Among her other love-inspiring qualities, she sung sweetly; and it was her favorite reel, to which I attempted giving an embodied vehicle in rhyme. I was not so presumptuous as to imagine that I could make verses like printed ones, composed by men who had Greek and Latin: but my girl sung a song, which was said to have been composed by a country laird's son upon a neighboring maiden with whom he was in love! and I saw no reason why I might not rhyme as well as *he*; for, excepting that he could shear sheep and cast peats, (his father living in the moorlands,) he had no more *scholar* craft than myself."

Thus, with Burns, began Love and Poetry. This, his first effort, is valuable, more from the promise it

gave of his future excellence as a poet, than for any intrinsic merit which it possessed as a performance of so gifted a genius. I have been the more particular in describing the circumstances attending the composition of these, his earliest verses, for the proof they afford of the truth of the general remark, that of all the poetical compositions of Burns, his love-songs, and amatory poetry are far the best. His feelings predominated over his fancy, and whenever the latter is introduced we are forced to deem it an intrusion for the strong contrast it presents with the native and characteristic simplicity of his more natural and heartfelt effusions.

Referring to the predilections which I have said gave a character to so large a portion of his poetical writings, he says,—“My heart was completely tinder, and was eternally lighted up by some goddess or other: and, as in every other warfare in this world, my fortune was various; sometimes I was received with favor, and sometimes I was mortified with a repulse.” And in another letter he says farther, “Another circumstance in my life which made some alterations in my mind and manners, was, that I spent my nineteenth summer on a smuggling coast, a good distance from home, at a noted school, to learn mensuration, surveying, dialling, &c. in which I made a pretty good progress. But I made a greater progress in the knowledge of mankind. Scenes of riot and roaring dissipation were, till now, new to me; but I was no enemy to social life. For all that, I went on with a high hand in my geometry till the sun entered *Virgo*, (a month, which is always a carnival in my bosom,) when a charming fair one, who lived next door to the school, overset my trigonometry, and set me off at a tangent from the sphere of my duties. I, however, struggled on with my *sines* and *co-sines* for a few days more, but stepping into the garden one charming noon to take the sun’s altitude, there I met my angel,

“Like Proserpine, gathering flowers,
Herself, a fairer flower.”

It was in vain to think of doing any more good at school. The remaining weeks I staid I did nothing but craze the faculties of my soul about her, or steal out to meet her. And the two last nights of my stay in the country, had sleep been a mortal sin, the image of this modest and innocent girl had kept me guiltless.”

This brings us to a period, which the poet calls an important era in his life—his twenty-third year; and he explains this in the following naïve and characteristic style. “Partly through whim, and partly that I wished to set about doing something in life, I joined a flax-dresser in the neighboring town of Irvine to learn his trade. This was an unlucky affair; as we were welcoming in the new year with a carousal, our shop took fire and burnt to ashes, and I was left like a true poet, not worth a sixpence.” About this time the clouds of misfortune thickened around his father’s head, who, indeed, was already far gone in a consumption; and to crown the distresses incident to his situation, a girl, to whom he was engaged to be married, jilted him with peculiar circumstances of mortification.

During his residence at Irvine, our poet was miserably poor and dispirited. His food consisted chiefly of oat meal, and this was sent to him from his father’s family; and so small was, of necessity, his allowance, that he was obliged to borrow often of a neighbor, until

he should again be supplied. He was very melancholy with the idea, that the dreams of future eminence and distinction which his imagination had presented to his mind, were *only* dreams; and to dissipate this melancholy his resource was society with its enjoyments. The incidents to which I have alluded took place some years before the publication of his poems. About this time William Burns removed from Mount Oliphant to Lochlea, and later still, to the parish of Tarbolton, where, as we are informed by a letter from Dr. Murdoch, written in 1799, that “Robert wrote most of his poems.” It was in Tarbolton that Burns established a debating club, which consisted of the poet, his brother Gilbert, and five or six other young peasants of the neighborhood—the laws and regulations for which were furnished by the former. Among these members was David Sillar, to whom the two beautiful poems, entitled “Epistles to Davie, a brother poet,” were addressed. Some of the rules and regulations of this club are so peculiar, and bespeak so forcibly the character of their author, that I cannot resist the temptation to transcribe some of them. The eighth is in the following words:

“Every member shall attend at the meetings, without he can give a proper excuse for not attending. And it is desired, that every one who cannot attend will send his excuse with some other member: and he who shall be absent three meetings without sending such excuse, shall be summoned to the club night, when if he fail to appear, or send an excuse, he shall be excluded.”

And the tenth and last rule is worthy of particular notice, and a part of it of incorporation into the code even of more extensive and more pretending societies: it is as follows:

“Every man proper for a member of this club, must have a frank, honest, open heart—above any thing low or mean, and must be a professed lover of the female sex. No haughty, self-conceited person, who looks upon himself as superior to the rest of the club—and especially no mean spirited, worldly mortal, whose only will is to heap up money, shall, upon any pretence whatever, be admitted. In short, the proper person for this society, is a cheerful, honest-hearted lad—who, if he has a friend that is true, a mistress that is kind, and as much wealth as genteely to make both ends meet, is just as happy as this world can make him.”

But I must, however reluctantly, omit many interesting particulars in the earlier, and more private life of our poet, and hasten to his visit to Edinburgh in the winter of 1796. The celebrated Dugald Stewart, Professor of Philosophy in the University of Edinburgh, in a letter to Dr. Currie, alludes to several of Burns’s early poems, and avers, that it was upon *his* showing a volume of them to Henry McKenzie, (the celebrated author of “The Man of Feeling,”) that this gentleman introduced the rustic bard to the notice of the public, in the xcvi No. of *The Lounger*, which justly famous periodical paper was then in the course of publication, and had long been a favorite work with the young poet.

Depressed by poverty, and chagrined with the contrasts which fate seemed malignantly bent upon opposing to his ambitious aspirations, his only object, at last, had been to accumulate the petty sum of nine guineas, (which he did by the publication of a few of his poems,) and to take passage in the steerage of a ship bound to the West Indies, determined to become a negro driver, or any thing else, so that he could escape the fangs of that merciless pack, the bailiffs; for, said he,

“Hungry ruin had me in the wind.”

He had taken leave of his friends—had despatched his

single chest to the vessel—had written his Farewell Song, which he sang to the beautiful air of "Roslin Castle," and which closes with,

"Adieu, my friends!—Adieu, my foes!
My peace with these, my love with those:
The bursting tears my heart declare,
Farewell, the bonnie banks of Ayr!"

when a letter from Dr. Blacklock, elicited by a perusal of the volume to which I have just now alluded, opened for him new prospects to his poetic ambition, by inviting him to Edinburgh. Thither, then, he went—and his reception by all classes, ages and ranks, was as flattering as, in his most sanguine aspirations, he could have desired. Dr. Robertson, the celebrated historian, Dr. Blair, Dr. Gregory, Professor Stewart, Mr. McKenzie, and many more men of letters were particularly interested in his reception, and in the cultivation of his genius. He became, from his first entrance into Edinburgh, the object of universal attention, and it seemed as if there was no possibility of rewarding his merits too highly. Mr. Lockhart, the latest and most eloquent of the numerous biographers of Burns, has a note, containing an extract from a letter of Sir Walter Scott, and furnished by the latter for his work, which is too interesting to be passed over. It relates to a personal interview of Sir Walter with our poet, during his first visit to Edinburgh.

"As for Burns," writes he, "I may truly say, 'Virgilium vidi tantum.' I was a lad of fifteen in 1786-7, when he came first to Edinburgh, but had sense and feeling enough to be much interested in his poetry, and would have given the world to know him: but I had very little acquaintance with any literary people, and still less with the gentry of the west country, the two sets that he most frequented." "As it was, I saw him one day at the late venerable Professor Fergusson's, where there were several gentlemen of literary reputation, among whom I remember the celebrated Mr. Dugald Stewart. Of course, we youngsters sat silent, looked, and listened. The only thing I remember, which was remarkable in Burns's manner, was the effect produced upon him by a print, with the ideas suggested to his mind upon reading the story whereof, (written under it) he was moved even to tears. He asked whose the lines were? and it chanced that nobody but myself remembered that they occur in a half forgotten poem of Langhorne's. I passed this information to Burns by a friend, and I was rewarded with a look and a word, which, though of mere civility, I then received, and still recollect, with very great pleasure." "His person," continues Sir Walter, "was strong and robust: his manners rustic, not clownish, a sort of dignified plainness and simplicity. There was a strong expression of sense and shrewdness in all his lineaments: the eye, alone, I think, indicated the poetical character and temperament. It was large, and of a dark cast, which glowed, (I say literally *glowed*), when he spoke with feeling or interest." "I never saw another such eye in a human head, though I have seen the most distinguished men of my time. His conversation expressed perfect self-confidence, without the slightest presumption."

After making a few more observations with relation to the poet's conversation and manner, the writer I have been quoting concludes his reminiscence as follows:

"This is all I can tell you about Burns. I never saw him again, except in the street, where he did not recognise me, as I could not expect he should. I have only to add, that his dress corresponded with his manner. He was like a farmer, dressed in his best, to dine with the laird. I was told, but did not observe it, that his address to females was extremely deferential, and always with a turn to the pathetic or humorous, which engaged their attention particularly. I do not know that I can add any thing to these recollections of forty years since."

These are extracts, that, one day or other, will be looked upon as curiosities in literature, and will be inestimably precious: at present, I fear me, an apology should follow their introduction, at such length: but I shall only say in the language of another, in excuse for dwelling so long on this incident in the life of Burns, that it forms "the most remarkable phenomenon in the history of modern literature."

But if this, his first winter in Edinburgh, produced a favorable effect upon the future fame of Robert Burns, as a poet, it was also the source of vast unhappiness to him, during his after life. Not only was he admitted to the company of men of letters and virtue, but he was pressed into the society of those, whose social habits, and love of the pleasures of life were their chief attractions. When among his superiors in rank and intelligence, his carriage was decorous and diffident: but among others, his boon companions, he, in his turn, was lord of the ascendant: and thus commenced a career, which, had its outset been a more prudent one, would probably not have closed until a later period, nor without a much greater measure of glory and honor to him, who was thus unfortunately misguided.

During the residence of Burns at Edinburgh, he published a new and enlarged edition of his poems, and was thus enabled to visit other parts of his native country, and some parts of England beside. Having done this, he returned, and during most of the following winter, we find him again in the gay and literary metropolis, much less an object of novelty, and, of course, of general attention and interest, than before. Unable to find employment or occupation of a literary nature, he quitted Edinburgh in the spring of 1788, and took the farm of Ellisland, near Dumfries: besides advancing 200*l.* for the liberation of his brother Gilbert from some difficulties into which certain agricultural misfortunes had involved him. He was, soon after, united to his "bonnie Jean," the theme of so much of his delightful verse, and employed himself in stocking and cultivating his farm, and rebuilding the dwelling house upon it. There is an anecdote of him in the history furnished by Dr. Currie, the truth of which Mr. Lockhart seems disposed to question: his doubts originate from a consideration of the absurd costume in which the older biographer has seen fit to invest the poet in his narration. As this is the only exception taken to it, and as it is certainly illustrative of Burns's character and manners in other respects, and as it is related, too, upon so good authority, I shall venture to introduce it in this, its proper place, in point of time.

"In the summer of 1791, two English gentlemen, who had before met Burns at Edinburgh, paid a visit to him in Ellisland. On calling at his house, they were informed that he had walked out on the banks of the river; and, dismounting from their horses, they proceeded in search of him. On a rock that projected into the stream, they saw a man employed in angling, of a singular appearance. He had a cap, made of a fox's skin, on his head, a loose great coat fixed round him by a belt, from which depend-

ed an enormous Highland broadsword. It was Burns. He received them with great cordiality, and asked them to share his humble dinner; an invitation which they accepted. On the table they found boiled beef with vegetables and barley-broth, after the manner of Scotland, of which they partook heartily. After dinner, the bard told them ingenuously that he had no wine to offer them—nothing better than Highland whiskey, a bottle of which Mrs. Burns set on the board. He produced, at the same time, his punch-bowl, made of Inverary marble; and mixing the spirit with water and sugar, filled their glasses, and invited them to drink. The travellers were in haste, and besides, the flavor of the whiskey to their *southern* palates was scarcely tolerable: but the generous poet offered them his best, and his ardent hospitality they found it impossible to resist. Burns was in his happiest mood, and the charms of his conversation were altogether fascinating. He ranged over a great variety of topics, illuminating whatever he touched. He related the tales of his infancy and his youth; he recited some of the gayest, and some of the tenderest of his poems: in the wildest of his strains of mirth he threw in some touches of melancholy, and spread around him the electric emotions of his powerful mind. The Highland whiskey improved in his flavor; the bowl was more than once emptied, and as often replenished: the guests of our poet forgot the flight of time and the dictates of prudence; at the hour of midnight they lost their way in returning to Dumfries, and could scarcely distinguish it, when assisted by the morning's dawn."

On his farm at Ellisland, Burns continued some few years; but the novelty of his situation soon wore off, and then returned the irregularities, to which, from his warm imagination, and his love of society, and his independent turn of mind, he was so strongly predisposed. Fearing that his farm alone would be insufficient to procure for him that independence, which he had hoped one day or other to attain, he applied for and obtained the office of exciseman, or as it was vulgarly called *guager*, for the district in which he lived. About the year 1792, he was solicited to contribute to a collection of Scottish songs, to be published by Mr. Thompson, of Edinburgh. Abandoning his farm, which, from neglect and mismanagement was by no means productive, and receiving from the Board of Excise an appointment to a new district, with a salary of 70*l.* per annum, he removed to a small house in Dumfries, and commenced the fulfilment of his literary engagement with Mr. Thompson. His principal songs were written during this time, and day after day was adding height and durability to the towering and imperishable monument, which will hand down his name and fame to many generations.

But now commences his rapid and melancholy decay, the fast withering consumption of his mental and physical faculties. His had been a short but brilliant course in literature—a short and melancholy one indeed, in other respects. Defeated in his hopes, mortified in the discovery that of the two classes of friends who offered him their society and their example in the outset of his career, he had chosen the least improving and efficient as his guides and counsellors—he fast declined into that common receptacle of dust which covers alike the remains of the gifted and the simple, the prudent and the weak. He was worn with toil and poverty, and disappointed hope.

"Can the laborer rest from his labor too soon?

He had toiled all the morning, and slumbered at noon."

* * * * *

Imprudent in the declaration of his political sentiments, Burns lost the path to preferment in the line of his political duties; easily enticed beyond the sway of his sober and virtuous resolutions, he became broken in

health, and destitute of resources; too proud to beg and too proud to complain, his temper became irritable and gloomy, and at length a fever, attended with delirium and debility, terminated his life in the thirty-eighth year of his age. Leaving a widow, who is still living in the house where he died,* and four sons, of whom three are also at present living. Thus died Robert Burns, "poor, but not in debt, and bequeathing to posterity a name, the fame of which will not soon be eclipsed."

Burns, though he sometimes forgot his homage to the purer and brighter and more enduring orbs of heaven, in chasing the ignis fatuus lights of earth, must ever interest us as a poet and a man. A great many considerations may be properly urged in answer to the too common, and far from just charges upon his moral character. I am of opinion, that his own declaration, made not many months previous to his death, is capable of full and complete support and proof, by a reference to all the circumstances of his life. When accused of disloyalty to his government, he says, in a letter to a distinguished friend—

"In your hands, sir, permit me to lodge my strong disavowal, and defiance of such slanderous falsehoods. Be assured—and tell the world, that Burns was a poor man from his birth, and an exciseman from necessity; but—I will say it! the sterling of his honesty, poverty could not debase, and his independent British spirit, oppression might bend, but could not subdue!"

I have advanced the opinion that the crisis of Burns's fate was his visit, his *first* visit to Edinburgh. From that event may be dated the complete establishment of his character during his after life; and with those who received him there, and undertook the task of doing what they, in their wisdom, thought expedient for the cultivation of his genius, and for his advancement or settlement in life, must, I think, rest the credit or the blame of much—of almost *all* his future excellence or failure. Burns went into the midst of that gay and literary circle, ready and liable to receive the most striking impressions, as the guides of his opinions and the regulators of his actions. It was another world! It had all the freshness of a new existence in the eyes, and to the mind of the rustic Ayrshire bard. Strong-minded and high-hearted as he was, he could not but look up to his new friends and patrons, as exemplars for his own imitation: and although he was not *ridiculously* perplexed with the flashings of these new and unaccustomed lights, yet he was, at heart, led astray by them. They were like the fabled corpse-fires, which danced merrily before the wildered eyes of the traveller, luring him onward to his doom—a grave! He had left the "bonnie banks of Ayr," a young plant, shooting luxuriantly up into a tall and rugged, but healthful tree; and it was upon the new soil, into which it had been transplanted, that this beautiful exotic received an inclination which was destined to be a final one. And yet I would not throw upon the fame of such men as Stewart, and Blair, and Robertson, and McKenzie, the imputation of design, or even of imprudence, in thus being accessory to the melancholy ruin, which followed the victim's acceptance of their kind, and really benevolent patronage. It is only to be lamented that upon his arrival at Edinburgh, he was not introduced at *once, and alone*, into that circle, which might reasonably have been designated as the only one, in which such a genius and

* Since deceased.

character as Burns's could be duly appreciated and cultivated. But the secret is, he was regarded by them, not as a being for their *sympathy*, but a thing for the indulgence of their *curiosity*. In the language of another, "By the great he was treated in the customary fashion; entertained at their tables and dismissed: certain modica of pudding and praise are, from time to time, gladly exchanged for the fascination of his presence; which exchange once effected, the bargain is finished, and each party goes his several way."

Instead of treating with him, as a man, whose genius entitled him to a stand upon their own proud and distinguished level, all uncultivated and unpolished as that genius was—they universally spoke to him, and of him, as an object of patronage—as something that was to become valuable to the world, only through *their* instrumentality. This feeling, this mode of treatment, are not to be objected to, in themselves considered: their existence was natural, and, rightly conducted, might have been made productive of much good, and lasting happiness to him, who was their subject. But Burns was not the man to rest quietly under the most oppressive burthen that a proud man can ever feel—*Patronage*. And thus his relative situation to his literary friends could not be viewed by a mind so sensitive as his own, in its true character. And we find (as soon as the novelty of a "ploughman-poet" had worn off—as every fashionable novelty will wear off in time,) that our poet began to remember that "a life of pleasure and praise would not support his family," and having experienced a portion of these reverses, which they, who depend on popular favor and flattery, must ever find inseparable therefrom—we see him stocking his little farm, and soon after adding the emoluments of the office of exciseman for the district of Ayr, to his scanty income. And here he might have been

"Content to breathe his native air,
On his own ground,"

but for his kind yet misjudging friends, "the patrons," as they were called, "of his genius." Unfortunately for his future peace, each new arrival at his little home of Ellisland, of those who had known him at Edinburgh, furnished proof that his old habits of conviviality were only interrupted, but by no means broken: And it was only by the frequency of these opportunities of good cheer in the society of the gay companions of his city life, that he became inattentive to his agricultural concerns, and that he finally lost the composure and happiness, which were the attendants of his new situation, and with these was lost his inclination to temperate and assiduous exertion.

I would not be understood as denying, in this argument, a previous, perhaps a *natural* tendency in the character of Burns, to undue and intemperate excitement: but the impression upon my own mind is strong, that this bias might have been checked and regulated, and turned to good account by the noble and learned patrons of his genius. Tried by the statutes of strict morality, a man like Burns has many things to plead in his own defence, which those of less mind and dimmer intellect cannot justly claim as their own: and it is in the unwillingness to make this distinction, that the world are, too often, unfair judges in cases of character. A distinguished writer thus elegantly remarks, upon a similar subject.

"The world is habitually unjust in its judgments: It is not the few inches of deflection from the mathematical orbit, which are so *easily* measured, but the *ratio* of these to the *whole* diameter, which constitutes the *real* aberration. With the world, this orbit may be a planet's, its diameter the breadth of the solar system: or it may be a city hippodrome, nay, the circle of a mill-course, its diameter a score of feet or paces—but the inches of *deflection*, *only*, are measured; and it is assumed that the diameter of the mill-course, and that of the planet, will yield the same ratio when compared with them. Here, then, lies the root of the blind, cruel condemnation of such men as Robert Burns, which one never listens to with approval. Granted—the ship comes into harbor with her shrouds and tackle damaged, and is the pilot therefore blame-worthy, because he has not been *all-wise* and *all-powerful*? For us to know *how* blame-worthy he is, tell us how long and how arduous his voyage has been."

But, after all, it is chiefly with Burns as a *poet* that we have to do—it is in *this* light that *posterity* will regard him, and it is into the hands of this tribunal that he must, finally, be resigned. I would that time had allowed me to refer more particularly to the works of this delightful bard, than I have been enabled to do on the present occasion. They began with his earliest, and were continued until his latest years. Scattered along his devious, and often *gloomy* path, they seem like beautiful wild flowers, which he threw there to cheer and animate the passer-by, with their undying bloom and sweet fragrance. "In the changes of language his songs may, no doubt, suffer change—but the associated strain of sentiment and of music will perhaps survive, while the clear stream sweeps down the Vale of Yarrow, or the yellow broom waves on the Cowdenknowes."

I have had occasion, in the course of this essay, to remark, that the *songs* of Burns are, by far, the most finished productions of his muse: and his admirers may safely rest his fame upon them alone, even if his longer and more elaborate poems should fail to secure him the immortality he deserves. The celebrated Fletcher somewhere says, "Give me the making of a people's *songs*, and let who will make their laws!" And Burns has, in the composition of *his* songs, placed himself on an equality with the legislators of the *world*! for where, in the cottage or the palace, are they unsung? Whose blood has not thrilled, and whose lip has not been compressed, as the noble air of "Scots! wha hae wi' Wallace bled!" has swelled upon his ear? Who cannot join in the touching and beautiful chorus of his "Auld lang syne?" Who has not laughed over his "Willie brewed a peck o' maut," nor felt the rising tear of sympathetic sadness whilst listening to his "Farewell to Ayr!" and his celebrated "Mary in Heaven?" In all these, and many more, which are familiar as *very* *proverbs* in our mouths, the poet has shown such a versatility, and yet such an entireness of talent—such tenderness and delicacy in his sorrow—yet withal, so pure and delightful a rapture in his mirth; he weeps with so true and feeling a heart, and laughs with such loud, and at the same time such unaffected mirth, that he finds sympathy wherever his harp is strung. The subjects he chose, and the free, natural style in which he treated them, have won him this praise—and it shall endure, the constant and lasting tribute of generation after generation.

But it has been beautifully said, (and who will not agree in the sentiment?) that "in the hearts of men of right feelings, there exists no consciousness of need to plead for Burns. In pitying admiration, he lies en-

shrined in all our hearts, in a far nobler mausoleum than one of marble: neither will his works, even as they are, pass away from the memory of men. While the Shakespeares and Miltons roll on like mighty rivers through the country of thought, bearing fleets of traffickers and assiduous pearl-fishers on their waves, this little Vauclusa Fountain will also arrest the eye: For this also is of nature's own and most cunning workmanship, and bursts from the depths of the earth with a full, gushing current, into the light of day. And often will the traveller turn aside to drink of its clear waters, and muse among its rocks and pines."

For Heaven, sweet bard! on thee bestowed
A boon, beyond all name:
And, bounteous, lighted up thy soul
With its own native flame.

Soft may thy gentle spirit rest,
Sweet poet of the plain!
Light lay the green turf on thy breast,
Till it's illum'd again!

CHANGE.

If by my childhood's humble home
I chance to wander now,
Or through the grove with brambles grown,
Where cedars used to bow,
In search of something that I loved—
Some little trifling thing
To mind me of my early days,
When life was in its spring,—
I find on every thing I see
A something new and strange;
Time's iron hand on them and me
Hath plainly written—*Change*.

My pulse beats slower than it did
When childhood's glow was on
My cheek, and colder, calmer now
Doth life's red current run.

The stars I gaz'd with rapture on,
When youthful hopes were high,
With sterner years have seem'd to change
Their places in the sky.

And moonlit nights are plenty now—
How few they used to be!
When, with my little urchin crew,
I shouted o'er the lea.

I've sought the places where we play'd
Our boyish "*hide and call*;"
Alas! the tyrant *Change* has made
A common stock of all—
And bartered for a place of graves
That lea and all its bloom:
O, how upon the walls I wept,
To think of *Change* and *Doom*!

The lovely lawn where roses grew,
Is strewn with gravestones o'er;
And half my little playmate crew
Have slept to wake no more

Till *Change* itself shall cease to be,
And one successive scene
Of steadfastness immutable
Remain where *Change* hath been.

It may sometimes make old men glad
To see the young at play;
But always doth my soul grow sad
When thoughts of their decay
Come rushing with the memories
Of what my own hopes were—
When Hudson's waters and my youth
Did mutual friendship share.

MANUAL LABOR SCHOOLS.

[Their importance as connected with Literary Institutions.*]

The proper connection of physical, moral, and intellectual culture, in a course of education, is a subject which, judging from the defective systems that have almost universally prevailed, has hitherto been but imperfectly understood, and whose importance has been but superficially estimated. Man is a being possessed of a compound nature, which consists of body, mind and spirit. In other words, he has animal, intellectual, and moral powers. He is destined for existence and action in two worlds—in this, and in that *which is to come*. He is formed for an earthly, and an immortal state. Any system of education, therefore, which restricts attention to either of these constituent portions of his nature, is necessarily and essentially defective. It is the cultivation which assigns to each its appropriate share, that constitutes the perfection of education. But few appear to admit, at least *practically*, the importance of improving the mind to any great extent by the aids which Literature and Science bestow. Fewer still are in favor of making religious instruction a distinct and indispensable part of their plan. Yet smaller is the number of those who would allow any suitable prominence to be given to the cultivation of the physical powers: and probably by far the most diminutive of all is the proportion of those who would contend for a just and equable combination in the improvement of *the whole man*, body, mind, and spirit.

The monitory experience of past ages, which, if duly heeded, might prevent a recurrence of serious disasters that have befallen other generations, is overlooked or disregarded, as the devotees of a worldly pleasure discredit the assurance of the sage, that "all is vanity and vexation of spirit," and each in its turn, and for itself, must try the experiment which wisdom had beforehand decided to be folly. Vanity seeks the preferment arising from novel discoveries; and inflated with an apprehension of superior knowledge, disdains to receive the instructions of former ages, and in spite of experience, gives an unrestrained indulgence to wild and hurtful extravagances. Enough has long since been disclosed in the history of mankind, if they were sufficiently docile and apt, to have demonstrated, to the satisfaction of all, that on the early and assiduous incul-

* This Address was delivered by the Rev. E. F. Stanton, before the "Literary Institute" of Hampden Sidney College, at its annual commencement in September last, and is now published, for the first time, at the request of the Institute.

cation of religious principle, depend the temporal, to say nothing of the eternal welfare of individuals, and the peace and prosperity of nations. The world, by this time, ought to have known, even if Revelation had not proclaimed it, that *righteousness*, by which I mean religion, is the stability and safeguard of nations—that it cannot be dispensed with—that no substitute can be made for it—and that no government can be prosperous or lasting without it. Devoid of religious principle, the educated are but madmen; and the more extensive and brilliant their talents, whether natural or acquired, the more completely are they accounted for the work of mischief. Within the recollection of the present generation, South America, and Greece, and France, where Romish corruptions and infidel perfidy have obtained the ascendancy, and rooted out a pure Christianity, have alternately struggled for the establishment of freedom. Our own nation, so deeply enamored of the “fair goddess,” have looked on with an intensity of interest that bordered on inebriation, and have hailed them as brethren of the *republican fraternity*. But how soon have our hopes been disappointed, and our exultation proved to be premature. The despotism which has been thrown off, has been speedily succeeded by another which was scarcely less odious and intolerable. Their temple of freedom was not reared on the *rock of religious principle*, but on the *sand*. The tempest of ungoverned passions, which righteousness only has the power to allay, *beat vehemently upon it, and it fell*; and great has been the fall of it. Better that a population deficient in virtue, (the virtue which a pure religion only can impart,) be also deficient in knowledge. There is no regenerating or transforming influence in literature and science. The reverse of this, however, is the practical creed of most politicians. Religion with them, if not an odious and obsolete affair, is regarded as of secondary or inconsiderable importance; and all the attention which, in their estimation, it deserves, is to leave it for a spontaneous development. But the issue of such an experiment is sure to result in an absence of the fear of God, and an exuberant growth of noxious and destructive passions. If no plan can be devised, which in its operation shall secure an inseparable connection between literature and religion in our American academies and colleges, their demolition were devoutly to be desired, and our youth might better be reared in ignorance and barbarism.

These observations are made in passing, to anticipate an impression which might arise in the minds of some who may accompany us in the sequel of this discussion, that we are for giving to the *physical* an importance over every other department of education. So far from admitting that this is the position which we intend to assume, we would here be distinctly understood to allow, if you please, that it is the least important of all, and sinks as far in comparison with the cultivation of the mind and the heart, as the body is inferior to the soul, or as the interests of time are transcended by those of eternity. But the body, though comparatively insignificant, is still deserving of special regard. The corporeal is a part of the nature which the infinite Creator has bestowed on us—a piece of mechanism “curiously wrought,” and “fearfully and wonderfully made.” The body is the casement of the mind—the tenement in which the soul resides—the “outer” in which dwells

the “inner man.” With the nature of this union we are mostly unacquainted. We know, however, that it is close, and that the influences which body and mind exert on each other are reciprocal and powerful.

A gentleman of our own country, who has been at great pains to investigate this subject himself, and to collect the opinions of others on it, has embodied in a pamphlet, which has been published, a mass of information of the most valuable kind; but the production to which I refer has been only partially circulated in this region, and therefore has probably attracted less notice here than almost any where else in the Union. And since I have ample evidence to believe that his observations, and those of others which accompany them, are better suited to subserve the purpose which I have in view, than any of my own which I might hope to offer, I shall indulge myself on this occasion in the liberty of making somewhat copious extracts from his labors.

The individual to whom I allude, was appointed the General Agent of “the Society for promoting Manual Labor in Literary Institutions,” which was formed in the city of New York in July of 1831, “under the conviction,” as their committee remark, “that a reform in our seminaries of learning was greatly needed, both for the preservation of health, and for giving energy to the character by habits of useful and vigorous exercise.” Shortly after entering upon the prosecution of his object, in an extensive tour of observation in the northern and western states, the journey of the agent,* as his employers relate, was interrupted by serious accidents which befel him, one of which (and we notice the narrative as an apt and striking illustration of the excellency of that system of training to which he had been accustomed, and which it was the design of his agency to recommend,) was the carrying away of the stage in Alum Creek, near Columbus, in the state of Ohio. “The creek,” as they inform us, “being swollen by the great flood, in crossing, at midnight, the swiftness of the current forced the whole down the stream, till the stage-wagon came to pieces, and the Agent was thrown directly among the horses. After being repeatedly struck down by their struggles, he became entangled in the harness, and hurried with them along the current. At length, released from this peril, he reached the shore, and grasped a root in the bank; but it broke, and again the stream bore him on to the middle of the channel. At length he espied a tree which had fallen so that its top lay in the water, and by the most desperate efforts, all encumbered as he was with his travelling garments, he succeeded in reaching a branch; but his benumbed hands refused their grasp, and slipped, and then he was swept among some bushes in an eddy, where his feet rested on the ground. Here in the dead of night, in the forest, ignorant whether there was a house or a human being within many miles, bruised and chilled in the wintry stream, he seems calmly to have made up his mind to die, sustained by the hopes of the religion which he professed. But Providence had determined otherwise, and reserved him for farther usefulness. His cries were heard by a kind hearted woman on the opposite side of the stream, who wakened her husband; and, after a few days detention, he pro-

*Mr. Weld.

ceeded on his journey. From the accounts (the committee continue,) which are already before the public, it seems plain that *nothing but a constitution invigorated by manual labor*, and a soul sustained by the grace of God, could have survived the hardships of that night."

There are probably but few who will dissent from this decision; and we will add, that in our opinion, a preservation so extraordinary, exclusive of a Providential interposition which some will think they discern in it, affords an argument for manual labor schools, or physical education, more pointed, and perhaps conclusive, than all which this indefatigable agent has said himself, or gleaned from the testimony of others, although this composes an amount of evidence of the most convincing kind.

In the report alluded to, the Agent himself observes that "God has revealed his will to man upon the subject of education. It is written in the language of nature, and can be understood without a commentary. This revelation consists in the universal consciousness of those influences which body and mind exert upon each other—influences innumerable, incessant, and all-controlling; the body continually modifying the state of the mind, and the mind ever varying the condition of the body.

"Every man who has marked the reciprocal action of body and mind, surely need not be told that mental and physical training should go together. Even the slightest change in the condition of the body often produces an effect upon the mind so sudden and universal, as to seem almost miraculous. The body is the mind's palace; but darken its windows, and it is a prison. It is the mind's instrument; sharpened, it cuts keenly—blunted, it can only bruise and disfigure. It is the mind's reflector; if bright, it flashes day—if dull, it diffuses twilight. It is the mind's servant; if robust, it moves with swift pace upon its errands—if a cripple, it hobbles on crutches. We attach infinite value to the mind, and justly; but in this world, it is good for nothing without the body. Can a man think without the brain?—can he feel without nerves?—can he move without muscles? The ancients were right in the supposition that an unsound body is incompatible with a sound mind. [They looked only for the *mens sana in corpore sano*.] He who attempts mental effort during a fit of indigestion, will cease to wonder that Plato located the soul in the stomach. A few drops of water upon the face, or a feather burnt under the nostril of one in a swoon, awakens the mind from its deep sleep of unconsciousness. A slight impression made upon a nerve often breaks the chain of thought, and the mind tosses in tumult. Let a peculiar vibration quiver upon the nerve of hearing, and a tide of wild emotion rushes over the soul. The man who can think with a gnat in his eye, or reason while the nerve of a tooth is twinging, or when his stomach is nauseated, or when his lungs are oppressed and laboring; he who can give wing to his imagination when shivering with cold, or fainting with heat, or worn down with toil, can claim exemption from the common lot of humanity.

"In different periods of life, the mind waxes and wanes with the body; in youth, cheerful, full of daring, quick to see, and keen to feel; in old age, desponding, timid, perception dim, and emotion languid. When the blood circulates with unusual energy, the coward rises into a

hero; when it creeps feebly, the hero sinks into a coward. The effects produced by the different states of the mind upon the body, are equally sudden and powerful. Plato used to say that all the diseases of the body proceed from the soul. [With more of propriety, we think, it may be said, that at least three-fourths of the diseases that afflict humanity, arise from an injudicious treatment of the body. But be this as it may, the fact is too obvious to be disputed, that the mind acts powerfully upon the animal frame.] The expression of the countenance is *mind visible*. *Bad news* weaken the action of the heart, oppress the lungs, destroy appetite, stop digestion, and partially suspend all the functions of the animal system. An emotion of shame flushes the face; fear blanches it; joy illuminates it; and an instant thrill electrifies a million of nerves. Powerful emotion often kills the body at a stroke. Chilo, Diagoras, and Sophocles died of joy at the Elean games. The news of a defeat killed Philip V. One of the Popes died of an emotion of the ludicrous, on seeing his pet monkey robed in pontificals, and occupying the chair of state. The door-keeper of Congress expired upon hearing of the surrender of Cornwallis. Pinckney, Emmet, and Webster are recent instances of individuals who have died either in the midst of an impassioned burst of eloquence, or when the deep emotion that had produced it had suddenly subsided. Indeed, the experience of every day demonstrates that the body and mind are endowed with such mutual susceptibilities, that each is alive to the slightest influence of the other. What is the common-sense inference from this fact? Manifestly this—that the body and the mind *should be educated together*.

"The states of the body are infinitely various. All these different states differently affect the mind. They are causes, and their effects have all the variety which mark the causes that produce them. If then different conditions of the body differently affect the mind, some electrifying, and others paralyzing its energies, what duty can be plainer than to *preserve the body in that condition which will most favorably affect the mind*? If the Maker of both was infinitely wise, then the highest permanent perfection of the mind can be found only in connection with the most healthful state of the body. Has infinite wisdom established laws by which the best condition of the mind is *permanently* connected with any other than the best condition of the body? When all the bodily functions are perfectly performed, the mind must be in a better state than when these functions are imperfectly performed. And now I ask, is not that system of education fundamentally defective, which makes no provision for putting the body in its best condition, and for keeping it in that condition? A system which expends its energies upon the mind alone, and surrenders the body either to the irregular promptings of perverted instinct, or to the hap-hazard impulses of chance or necessity? A system which aims solely at the development of mind, and yet overlooks those very principles which are indispensable to produce that development, and transgresses those very laws which constitute the only ground-work of rational education? Such a system sunders what God has joined together, and impeaches the wisdom which pronounced that union good. It destroys the symmetry of human proportion, and makes man a monster. It reverses the

order of the constitution; commits outrage upon its principles; breaks up its reciprocities; makes war alike upon physical health and intellectual energy, dividing man against himself; arming body and mind in mutual hostility, and prolonging the conflict until each falls a prey to the other, and both surrender to ruin.

"The system of education which is generally pursued in the United States, is unphilosophical in its elementary principles; ill adapted to the condition of man; practically mocks his necessities, and is intrinsically absurd. The high excellences of the system in other respects are readily admitted and fully appreciated. Modern education has indeed achieved wonders. But what has been done meanwhile for the body? [Nothing—comparatively nothing.] The prevailing neglect of the body in the present system of education, is a defect for which no excellence can atone. Nor is this a recent discovery. Two centuries ago Milton wrote a pamphlet upon this subject, in which he eloquently urged the connection of physical with mental education in literary institutions. Locke inveighs against it in no measured terms. Since that time, Jahn, Ackerman, Salzman, and Franck, in Germany; Tissot, Rousseau, and Londe, in France; and Fellenberg, in Switzerland, have all written largely upon the subject."

In addition to what this individual has himself said, he has exhibited in the pamphlet referred to, an amount of testimony derived from a number of the most distinguished literary men in our country, to the imperfections of the existing system of education which is truly overwhelming, and enough, we should think, could it be universally disseminated, to arouse and restore to reason the whole civilized world. Indeed, we indulge the hope that it has planted the seeds of a revolution in our literary institutions; and our only surprise is, that it should advance with no greater celerity. The following important positions, however, in regard to the subject, may now be considered as established. Constant habits of exercise are indispensable to a healthful state of the body. A healthful state of body is essential to a vigorous and active state of mind. The habit of exercise should commence with the ability to take it, and should be continued with that ability through life. Of the different kinds of exercise, as a general rule, agricultural, being the most natural, and to which the human constitution is best adapted, is the most unobjectionable; *mechanical* is the next; and walking and riding are the employments which follow in the rear. The exercise most profitable, for the most part will be that which is most useful. The neglect of exercise, with sedentary men, has occasioned fearful havoc of health and life; and the wilful neglect of it, with those who have had an opportunity to be enlightened with respect to its necessity and value, is a species of suicide, and, therefore, an *immorality*. The connection of *manual labor establishments with literary institutions*, has been found to be greatly conducive to health and morals, as also to proficiency in the various departments of human learning; and as far as experience has gone, the promise which they give of success is all that their most sanguine projectors had anticipated.

On the subject of *manual labor schools*, a deep interest has within a few years been excited in various parts of the Union. Like all other enterprises which aim at the accomplishment of extensive good, it has met with

opposition and discouragements; but originating in the principles of true wisdom, and supported by arguments and facts which none can gainsay or resist, its ultimate triumph may safely be predicted, and confidently anticipated.

Whether the system of physical education shall receive the countenance, or is suited to the peculiar circumstances of the southern country, may with some be made a question; but we are ready to hazard the assertion, that whatever obstacles of a peculiar nature may here lie in the way of reducing it to practice, if properly considered, they must be seen to be in truth the most powerful inducements that can be urged for its adoption.

The country in which physical education cannot prevail, in the onward march of improvements for which the present age is distinguished, must necessarily be destined to be outstripped in the pursuit of those objects which constitute the felicity and the glory of a people. That this country is to fall behind, and to be contented to remain there, is to suppose an event too disreputable for tolerance, and too much opposed to a laudable spirit of emulation to be cheerfully acquiesced in. The south needs men of vigorous constitutions for professional avocations and other purposes, as well as the rest of the world, and if she has them, must obtain them by the same process. Trained on a different plan, her sons, in comparison with others, will be effeminate and inefficient. Many of them, as has happened with others in past times, would become the prey of incurable disease, or fall the victims of an untimely grave. According to the most accurate investigations that have been made, at least *one-fourth* of the individuals who, for several years past, have been educated in our American colleges, have been completely prostrated in their course, or have survived only to drag out an existence rendered burdensome to themselves and unprofitable to others. The voice of warning on this topic, while mournful and alarming, is as "*the voice of many waters.*"

Distinguished intellectual excellence depends, we believe, to a greater extent than almost any have imagined, on a robust frame of the body; and in farther corroboration of the views that have already been expressed on this subject, I would request the privilege of subjoining a few passages of striking originality, from the pen of the powerful and popular author of the essay "On Decision of Character."

"As a previous observation," he remarks, "it is beyond all doubt that very much of the principles that appear to produce, or to constitute this commanding distinction, (of decision of character) depends on the constitution of the body. It is for physiologists to explain the *manner* in which corporeal organization affects the mind; I only assert the fact, that there is in the material construction of some persons, much more than of others, some quality which augments, if it does not create, both the stability of their resolution, and the energy of their active tendencies. There is something that, like the ligatures which one class of Olympic combatants bound on their hands and wrists, braces round, if I may so describe it, and compresses the powers of the mind, giving them a steady and forcible spring and reaction, which they would presently lose, if they could be transferred into a constitution of soft, yielding, treacherous debility. The action of strong

character seems to demand something firm in its corporeal basis, as massive engines require for their weight and for their working, to be fixed on a solid foundation. Accordingly I believe it would be found, that a majority of the persons most remarkable for decisive character, have possessed great constitutional firmness. I do not mean an exemption from disease and pain, nor any certain measure of mechanical strength, but a tone of vigor, the opposite to lassitude, and adapted to great exertion and endurance. This is clearly evinced in respect to many of them, by the prodigious labors and deprivations which they have borne in prosecuting their designs. The physical nature has seemed a proud ally of the moral one, and with a hardness that would never shrink, has sustained the energy that could never remit.

"A view of the disparities between the different races of animals inferior to man, will show the effect of organization on disposition. Compare, for instance, a lion with the common beasts of our fields, many of them composed of a larger bulk of animated substance. What a vast superiority of courage, impetuous movement, and determined action; and we attribute this difference to some great dissimilarity of modification in the composition of the animated material. Now it is probable that some difference, partly analogous, subsists between human bodies, and that this is no small part of the cause of the striking inequalities in respect of decisive character. A very decisive man has probably more of the physical quality of a lion in his composition than other men.

"It is observable that women in general have less inflexibility of character than men; and though many moral influences contribute to this difference, the principal cause is, probably, something less firm in the corporeal texture. Now, one may have in his constitution a firmness of texture, exceeding that of other men, in a much greater degree than that by which men in general exceed women.

"If there have been found some resolute spirits powerfully asserting themselves in feeble vehicles, it is so much the better; since this would authorize a hope, that if all other grand requisites can be combined, they may form a strong character, in spite of the counteraction of an unadapted constitution. And on the other hand, no constitutional hardness will form the true character without those grand principles; though it may produce that false and contemptible kind of decision which we term *obstinacy*; a mere stubbornness of temper, which can assign no reason but its will, for a constancy which acts in the nature of dead weight rather than of strength; resembling less the reaction of a powerful spring than the gravitation of a big stone."

In opposition to the system of education which we would defend, a voice of objection has been raised, to which it may not be improper to pay a passing regard.

It has been preferred as an objection to manual labor schools, which we shall assume, are, on the whole, the most unexceptionably expedient that has been proposed for connecting exercise with a course of literary training,* that *youth who have been unaccustomed to manual labor, and who have been permitted to indulge in idleness and sportive amusements for the purpose of recreation, will feel an insuperable aversion to the toils and restraints which*

such a revolution in their habits, as the one contemplated, will impose on them.

The process of *taming*, though quite essential to the unruly, to "flesh and blood" is never "joyous, but rather grievous." The objection started is something like that which the celebrated Rush, in some of his original effusions, has observed - met with in the case of certain morbid patients, whose *weak stomachs refuse milk as a diet*. The food itself, in the judgment of the acute physician, is of the most simple, inoffensive, and invigorating character; and *the fact that it is rejected is the proof that it is needed*. The intemperate can ill brook the privation of *alcohol*; the epicure and debauché will not relinquish with good will the gratification of inordinate appetites; nor will the *slothful, who turns himself in his bed as the door on the hinges*, give up with cheerfulness *the luxury of laziness*. But the true and proper question for determination is, would it not be doing to loungers and profligates themselves, as well as to others, a kindness, to put them upon a course of *regimen*, (provided it can be done without too great an exertion of violence,) which should bring them back to nature, and constrain them to a just and proper observance of the salutary laws of industry, sobriety, and temperance? With such an authority we think that the parents and guardians of youth every where should be invested; and those who should manifest a spirit of insubordination against its exercise, if that spirit could not be quelled by a temporary firm resistance, would exhibit the proof of a temper that ought to be regarded in a young man as a *positive disqualification for receiving an education*.

In our apprehension it is by no means among the most trivial considerations that recommend the manual labor feature in a system of education, that it furnishes an admirable *test* by which to try the spirit of a pupil, as well as a choice expedient to invigorate his health and inure him to habits of diligence and sobriety. A young man whose aversion to a manual labor school is so strong that it cannot be overcome, when the subject has been fairly presented to his mind, it may safely be taken for granted, is not worth educating. The community would lose nothing by the operation of a system which should exclude him from the ranks of its *literati*. Especially would the test in question operate favorably in the education of the *beneficiaries* of the church, whom she is at present somewhat extensively engaged in patronizing and preparing for her future ministry. Great as we conceive it, and great as the history of past ages has proved it to be, is the hazard which the church runs of rearing an impure priesthood, by proposing the *gratuitous education* of all the professedly "indigent and pious" who will apply for her bounty. The temptation to insincerity which is thus held out is too powerful to be resisted by depraved human nature. The church for safety in this respect must raise munitions and throw up her ramparts, to guard against the admission of unhallowed intruders. And what better defence, we would ask, could the ingenuity of man have devised for the prevention of the evils adverted to, than that *the entire amount of contributions which are made for the education of candidates for the ministry, should flow to them exclusively through the manual labor channel*? An inspired Apostle has said, that *if any man will not work, neither shall he eat*: and in perfect accordance, as we think,

* Gymnastic exercises are both dangerous and frivolous.

with the spirit of this declaration, we would unhesitatingly affirm, that if any man, who has the ministry in view, when the opportunity is fully presented, will not enter a manual labor school, *and labor, working with his own hands*, for at least a part of his support, *neither should he eat the bread of the church*, nor be fostered by her charities to minister at her altars.

To say that students for their recreation need something more amusing and sportive than the useful and sober exercises of agricultural and mechanical employment, is to say that the propensity of young men to levity and frivolity is so powerful that it cannot be, and ought not to be, controlled; that to aim to instil into them the habits and sentiments of gravity and sobriety is an unnatural and impracticable undertaking; and that it is more advisable to treat them as *merry Andrews* than as possessing the dignity of rational, immortal and accountable creatures.

Let a system of education make provision for nothing but what is elevated and useful, and still space enough will be left for all the frivolity and sporting which any can deem to be absolutely essential. These things will take care of themselves, and will inevitably come in, on any plan that may be adopted, to secure all the advantages which they are capable of affording.

Another objection which has been preferred to manual labor schools is, *that they contribute but little or nothing to the support of the student.*

The truth on this subject, as could be satisfactorily shown is, that, as might naturally be expected, manual labor schools, being a novel experiment in this country, have had to struggle, as do all similar enterprises of benevolence at the outset, with formidable obstacles; and in some instances, through injudiciousness in their location, or mismanagement in their arrangements, have either been abandoned, or have failed to fulfil the expectations of their projectors. Mercantile and other adventurers often fail in their plans. At the same time it is undeniable, that some institutions of this sort have succeeded beyond all previous calculations, and the students that composed them have not only enjoyed better health than others, and made more rapid advances in knowledge, but a portion of them have, by the avails of their labors, defrayed *the whole* of their expenses; a few have done *more*; and a majority have diminished them about *one-half*. Manual labor establishments, therefore, will do *something* (we ought not to expect them to do *every thing*;) towards *cheapening* education, even in the infancy of their existence; and the thought can hardly fail to be cheering to American republicans and patriots, that in the full tide of successful operation which we believe will attend their maturer age, "full many a flower" which but for them would be "born to bloom and blush unseen," will shed its "sweetness on" Columbia's "air."

But admit for a moment that manual labor schools are an utter failure as regards the *pecuniary advantages which they afford*. Admit, if you please, that the manual labor feature is an expensive part of education, and that to comply with it an education will cost more than on any other plan. The argument for their utility remains alike unanswered and unshaken. Is not the education thus obtained a more perfect one? Is it not immensely more valuable? Are health, morals, useful habits, vigorous intellects, and life, worth nothing? Is money ex-

pendent for the improvement and preservation of these thrown away?

If manual labor schools increased the expenses of education *fourfold*, they would still deserve the warm patronage of the public, and all who have the ability should send their sons to them to be educated, in preference to any other institutions, even should they have as many of them as the Patriarch, or be endowed with the riches of Cressus.

It is an ill-judged economy which saves money at the sacrifice of life, health, and morals. Let this subject be *understood* by an intelligent and Christian community, and manual labor schools will not be left to languish and die without endowments, while on other institutions of less substantial claims, they are lavished with a princely munificence.

In this place, it may not be amiss to attend for a short time, to the testimony of some of the pupils and superintendants of manual labor schools, who have detailed the results of their observation and experience, and which is strong and decided in their favor.

In one instance the pupils say, that "believing the results of experiment weightier than theory, we beg leave respectfully to express those convictions respecting the plan of our institution, which have been created solely by our own experience in its details. 1. We are convinced that the general plan is practicable. 2. That the amount of labor required (three hours per day) does not exceed the actual demands of the human system. 3. That this amount of labor does not retard the progress of the student, but by preserving and augmenting his physical energies, does eventually facilitate it. 4. That the legitimate effect of such a system upon body and mind, is calculated to make men hardy, enterprising and independent; and to wake up within them a spirit perseveringly to do, and endure, and dare. 5. Though the experiment at every step of its progress has been seriously embarrassed with difficulties, neither few in number nor inconsiderable in magnitude, as those know full well who have experienced them, yet it has held on its way till the entire practicability of the plan stands embodied in actual demonstration. In conclusion, (they add,) we deem it a privilege, while tendering this testimony of our experience, to enter upon the record our unwavering conviction, that the principle which has been settled by this experiment involves in its practical developments an immense amount of good to our world; it is demanded by the exigences of this age of action, when ardor is breathing for higher attempt, and energy wakes to mightier accomplishment."

On a subsequent occasion another set of pupils belonging to the same institution, express their convictions in a similar tone of approbation.

"The influence of the system," they say, "on health, is decidedly beneficial, as all of us can testify who have pursued it for any length of time. We can pursue our studies not only without injury, but with essential advantage. Not only is our bodily power increased instead of being diminished on this plan, but the powers of the mind are augmented, while moral sensibility is not blunted by hours of idleness and dissipation. We suffer no loss of time, as no more is spent in labor than is usually spent by students in recreation; and we are taught to improve every hour. Our opinion is, that intellectual progress is accelerated rather than retarded

by this system. In its success, we are convinced, is deeply involved the prosperity of education, and the great work of evangelizing the world."

The students of Cumberland College in the State of Kentucky, say, "we beg leave to state the results of our own experience. Having been for a considerable time, members of a manual labor institution, we have had an exhibition of its principles and efficacy continually before us; and we are convinced that labor, for two hours or more each day, is essential to the health of all close students, and equally necessary for the development of the mind."

The young men in the theological institution at Hamilton, in the State of New York, say, "we feel the fullest conviction that every student who neglects systematic exercise, is effecting the ruin of his physical and moral powers. Nor is the influence of this unpardonable neglect less perceptible or deleterious, as it regards his moral feelings. Without it, however pure his motives, or ardent his desire to do good, we have but faint hopes of his success. Such habits as he would inevitably form, we believe, would ruin all the nobler energies of his nature. We think three hours appropriate exercise each day will not eventually retard progress in study. We must say, from five or six years experience in the institution, we have not learned that any close student has ever completed an entire course of study without serious detriment to health. We hope, however, our present system of exercise will soon enable us to exhibit a different statement. In the preservation and improvement of health, we have found an unspeakable benefit arising from systematic exercise. Without it, we deem it impossible for the close student to preserve his health."

The superintendants of a kindred institution, in a document which they have laid before the public, declare, that they "have great satisfaction in being able to state that a strong conviction pervades the minds of the young men generally, as well as their own, that laborious exercise for three hours per day does not occupy more time than is necessary for the highest corporeal and mental energy; that so far from retarding literary progress, it greatly accelerates it; that instead of finding labor to encroach upon their regular hours of study, they find themselves able, with a vigorous mind, to devote from eight to ten hours per day to intellectual pursuits; that under the influence of this system, mental lassitude is seldom if ever known; that good health and a good constitution are rarely if ever injured; that constitutions rendered delicate, and prostrated by hard study without exercise, have been built up and established; that this system with temperance is a sovereign antidote against dyspepsia and hypochondria, with all their innumerable and indescribable woes; that it annihilates the dread of future toil, self-denial, and dependence; secures to them the practical knowledge and benefits of agricultural and mechanical employments; gives them familiar access to, and important influence over that great class of business men, of which the world is principally composed; equalizes and extends the advantages of education; and lays deep and broad the foundations of republicanism; promotes the advancement of consistent piety, by connecting *diligence in business* with *fergency of spirit*, and will bless the church with such increasing numbers

of ministers of such spirit and physical energy, as will fit them to *endure hardness as good soldiers of Jesus Christ*."

We are every day more and more impressed with the importance and practicability of the manual labor system, as the only one by which the increasing hundreds and thousands of the pious and talented sons of the church can be raised up with the enterprise, and activity, and power of endurance, which are indispensable for the conversion of the world to God.

To these statements the individual who has collected them, adds his own testimony in the following language: "I have been for three years and a half a member of a manual labor school. The whole number of my fellow students during that period was about two hundred. I was personally acquainted with every individual, and merely "speak what I know," and "testify what I have seen," when I state that every student who acquired a reputation for sound scholarship during this time, was a *fast friend* of the manual labor system. The most intelligent, without a single exception, were not only thoroughly convinced of the importance of the system, but they *loved it with all their hearts*. They counted it a privilege and a delight to give their testimony in its favor, and they *did it* in good earnest. Their approval of the system rose into an intelligent and abiding passion; and it is no marvel that it was so; for they had within them a permanent, living consciousness of its benefits and blessings. They felt it in their *bodies*, knitting their muscles into firmness, compacting their limbs, consolidating their frame work, and thrilling with fresh life the very marrow of their bones. They felt it in their *minds*, giving tenacity to memory, stability to judgment, acuteness to discrimination, multiform analogy to the suggestive faculty, and daylight to perception. They felt it in their *hearts*, renovating every susceptibility, and swelling the tide of emotion. It is true, with a few, a very few of the students, the system was unpopular, and so were languages and mathematics, philosophy and rhetoric, and every thing else in the daily routine, *save the bed and the dinner table*. Such students were snails in the field, drones in the workshop, dumb in debate, pigmies in the recitation room, and cyphers at the black board.

"In every manual labor school which I visited in my tour," he continues, "it was the invariable testimony of trustees and teachers, that the talent, the scholarship, the manliness, the high promise of all such institutions, were found among the pupils who gave the manual labor system their hearty approval; whereas if there were among the students brainless coxcombs, sighing sentimentalists, languishing effeminate, and other nameless things of equivocal gender; to prostitute *their* delicate persons to the vile outrage of manual labor, was indeed a *sore affliction*!"

We shall close these selections by adding to them the testimony of an individual* of distinguished literary attainments, whose advantages for obtaining correct information on this topic, as well as many others, have been of the most favorable kind.

"The God of nature," he observes, "has designed the body for action; and all efforts to counteract this design, end of course in disappointment, sooner or later. The same God has designed that men should cultivate

* Professor Stuart.

their minds; and I never can believe that this is deleterious in itself; it is so only when we neglect what he has bidden us to observe, i. e. daily discipline and effort to preserve health.

"Students want vacations, journeys, remission from employment, &c. &c. and this at a great expense of time and money. Why? Because they will not be faithful, *every day*, to watch over their health, and to use all the requisite means for its preservation. Why should the farmer, the mechanic, the merchant, the physician, the lawyer, support a never ceasing round of employment, and the student not? Is there any curse laid by heaven upon study? No; it is inaction—laziness—that makes all the mischief, and occasions all the expense. This is my full persuasion from thirty years experience, and somewhat extensive observation."

To these selections others of similar interest and importance might be added from the *Report* from which they have been derived, particularly the numerous and harmonious opinions of literary men, *on the necessity and utility of regular systematic exercise to the student*; but our time forbids the indulgence, and the maxim of *Festine ad finem* admonishes us to cut short this address.

From the view that has been taken, we perceive then, with a clearness which cannot be mistaken, that the manual labor system of education is applauded by "a cloud of witnesses," and commended to our patronage and attention by arguments and facts innumerable, palpable, and unanswerable. Will the inquiry be misplaced, when we ask, Shall it *here*, (on this consecrated ground, this literary *high place*, which is destined to send forth a mighty stream of influence for good or ill, to an extent which no arithmetic can calculate,) shall it *here* receive the countenance and patronage which it so richly deserves? Manual labor schools are already in successful operation in this southern country, and the prosperity that has attended them has been such as to silence the cavils of opposers, and remove the apprehensions of the distrustful. With all enlightened and candid persons there can be but *one mind* respecting their practicability and their *peculiar* importance in this southern region. It is the very section perhaps, of all others, within the limits of our republic, that is best adapted to their growth, both on account of its soil and climate, and in which, from its peculiar situation, their influence is most imperiously demanded.

Again, then, I ask, will "the ancient and honorable Dominion" consent to be outstripped by her neighbors in an enterprise of so much grandeur and promise? Will parents, instructors, and pupils, repose in inglorious ease, and cry *a little more sleep, a little more folding of the hands to sleep*, while others in the race of competition press forward and bear off the prize? Will the young men of Hampden Sidney and Union Seminary sit still; or will they "awake, arise, and put on their strength?" Interests that are dear as honor and life, are suspended on the *practical* reply which this inquiry receives.

It is stated, as is probable on good authority, that in years that have gone by, "some of the Virginian philanthropists offered to educate some of the Indians, and that they received from the shrewd savages the following reply." (He that hath ears to hear, let him hear what the *savages* have said to the *civilized*!)

"Brothers of the white skin! You must know that

all people do not have the same ideas upon the same subjects; and you must not take it ill that our manner of thinking in regard to the kind of education which you offer us does not agree with yours. We have had in this particular some experience. Several of our young men were some time since educated at the Northern Colleges, and learned there all the sciences. But when they returned to us, we found they were spoiled. They were *miserable runners*. They did not know how to live in the woods. They could not bear hunger and cold. They could not build a cabin, nor kill a deer, nor conquer an enemy. They had even forgotten our language; so that not being able to serve us as warriors, or hunters, or counsellors, they were absolutely good for nothing."

The calamities which are here set forth in such graphic terms have by no means been confined to the fathers and the sons of the forest. The *white* young men of Virginia, in great numbers, have since been educated in like manner "at Northern Colleges," or nearer home: and when restored to their parents and guardians have been found, for the most part, like the sons of the *red men*, to be "*absolutely good for nothing*." They have proved to be "*miserable runners*." Not one in twenty of them has risen to eminence in professional life. They could "bear neither hunger nor cold." They were practically ignorant of mechanical and agricultural employments, and strongly averse to them; too high minded and indolent to labor, and too weak and effeminate to "serve as warriors, and hunters, and counsellors." Will Virginian parents learn a lesson from their own past experience and that of their savage predecessors? The corrective which we propose for the evil complained of, (and it is too serious for merriment,) is the immediate introduction of the manual labor system into all our institutions of learning. If this feature is introduced and kept up in them, with a prominence proportioned to its importance, our youth, who are educated in them, if not fitted for usefulness and distinction in the departments of law, medicine and theology, will not be utterly "spoiled" as the sons of the *red men* were; but will be good "*runners*," useful and respectable laborers, mechanics, planters, and farmers. This, after all, is the population, of which, more than any other, Virginia needs an increase. The low state of mechanic arts and of agriculture among us, or rather the prevailing vice of *indolence*, is the true source of the present disasters which are so often made the theme of popular declamation by stump orators and upstart politicians. It is *indolence*, more than any or every thing else, that checks the spirit of enterprise; that covers this fairest portion of our continent with *sackcloth*, and spreads over it the sable shroud of desolation. Let then a revolution be effected in our system of education. Let our youth be trained for the duties of practical life. Let them be instructed in what is useful, as well as ornamental; and let them bring minds stored with the riches of learning and science, to bear and act on the *subject of most absorbing temporal interest to the American people*, I mean the neglected subject of *agriculture*, and all will yet be well. The citizens of the South will then be independent indeed, and not in boast. Labor, like "marriage," will be "honorable in all." The work which misguided abolitionists are laboring, with a zeal that would be becoming in a better cause, to perform

by a meddlesome and violent interference, will be effected by the gradual and voluntary agency of her own inhabitants. Her population will multiply. Commerce will thrive. Barren fields will be clothed with verdure. The productions of the earth will be increased. Crowded cities and smiling villages will spring up. The halls of legislation will be occupied by the hardy and virtuous cultivators of the soil, the men of all others the most safe to be entrusted with the enactment and administration of laws. Colleges, academies, and schools, will prove the nurseries of enlightened, healthful, industrious, and happy freemen; and Christianity, untrammelled by the obstacles that now so powerfully impede its progress, with a field wide and waving with a luxuriant harvest open and inviting before her, will send abroad her genial and regenerating influences, and render this the Paradise of lands.

We will conclude this, perhaps too protracted performance, in the language of an Indian Cazique.

"Would you know," he asked, "how I would have my children instructed in the ways of men? Look at this handful of dust gathered from the golden bed of the silver-flowing Aracara. What an infinite number of particles—yet how few the grains of ore which we prize; how great the toil which is necessary to sift out and separate them from the worthless heap in which they are concealed; even so it is with the history of the generations of men, from the creation downwards. Events have passed which no tongue can number; but the events which mark the character of human nature, and which are worthy of being treasured up in our memories, are but few, and only by the eye of wisdom to be distinguished.

"Let my children then be taught what these few events are; let them be spared the life's labor of turning over the mountain of dross which time has heaped up, in search of the scattered gems which are to lighten their path through the world; conduct them at once into the only treasury of true knowledge—that treasury which Philosophy has gleaned from the experience of thousands of generations."

SONG OF LEE'S LEGION.

Our chargers are plunging and pawing the ground,
And champing and tossing the white foam around—
So fleet to pursue, and so mighty to crush,
No foe will remain in the path where they rush.

Away, then, my heroes—away, then, away!

Let "Freedom or Death!" be the watchword to-day.

Remember the burnings we witnessed last night;
The fair and the feeble we passed in their flight;
The wail of the wounded, the red blood that flowed,
Still warm in the path, where by moonlight we rode.

Away, then, &c.

The marauder is nigh—he is hurrying back;
The sand, as we gallop, still falls in his track.
On! on! then, our swords for the battle are rife,
And soon they shall drink at the fountain of life.

Away, then, &c.

Prince Edward.

NATURAL BRIDGE OF PANDI, IN COLOMBIA, SOUTH AMERICA.

The Bridge of Pandi is distant two days journey from Bogotá. We made it less toilsome by remaining several days at Fusugazugá—an intermediate village, which possesses the advantage of a fine climate and refreshing verdure, unknown to the plain upon which this city stands. The bridge is situated considerably lower—almost in the *tierra caliente* hot country—where the thermometer rose to 86°, but still the heat was not very oppressive.

Our first view of the bridge was just at the moment when such a scene is most impressive. The sun had sunk behind the mountains. We were without a guide, nor did we need one. We had merely to follow the high road—a mule path—down into a deep ravine, near the bottom of which we heard the sound of rushing waters. On reaching the bridge, this sound and the dismal shrieks of numerous birds of night—the sole occupants of this gloomy region—called our attention to the scene below us. We then first knew we were upon the bridge of Pandi. Three hundred and fifty-eight feet beneath, rushes a stream, called Suma Paz, which fills the entire chasm—being, if we can trust our sight under circumstances so deceptive, about thirty or forty feet wide. We could see the deep chasm and the dark waters of the stream—but where was the bridge which Nature built? We were standing upon a rude structure of logs with railings so frail as almost to dismay the most daring; but upon closer examination we discovered that it rested upon several huge fragments which had fallen and lodged so as to form the bridge for which we were searching. The edges of the largest rock rest upon other rocks on one side, and on the other upon the sloping face of the severed mountain. Upon this we descended, and enjoyed a better view of what the imagination is so readily inclined to paint as infernal regions. The cries of the birds echo from the depths below, like the shrieks of troubled souls destined to the sad fate of never leaving the abodes to which their sins had driven them. Night was rapidly approaching; and with the feelings which the scene had inspired, we retraced our steps to the little village of Pandi or *El Mercadillo*, to which we had to clamber nearly half a league. Our hammocks welcomed us to rest, and after the fatigues of the day, sleep soon robbed us of our wandering thoughts.

On the following morning, we repeated our visit to the bridge, and reviewed the whole more leisurely. Although the awe of the preceding evening had subsided, our admiration was undiminished. The same Great Being which had ruptured the mountain asunder and opened a fearful fissure, had thrown down the loose fragments, and so lodged them as to contribute to the convenience as well as to arouse the astonishment and wonder of all who crossed. The natives of the country have destroyed much of the effect by the rude logs which they have laid upon the rocks across the chasm. It is also remarkable, that this fissure could not be passed elsewhere for many leagues in either direction.

How will the Natural Bridge of Pandi compare with that of Rockbridge County in Virginia? The beauty of this must sink before the awful and grand sublimity of the other. In that you would look in vain for the

well turned arch of this, while the latter is deficient in the almost unfathomable abyss and in the surrounding scenery and in the roaring waters of that of Pandí. I should have observed, that no means exist of reaching the bottom—nor is it desirable, as the bridge in itself, seen from below, cannot be imposing.

The birds which occupy the ledges and caverns formed by the ruptured rock, are called "*Pajaros del Puente*"—Birds of the Bridge—and are not known elsewhere. They are birds of night, and sally out only after it is dark into the neighboring dense forests, in search of the fruit with which they maintain themselves. If perchance the light of day overtake them before they regain their dark abodes, it is so noxious to them that they cannot survive it. Thus say the natives—and that this is shown by their being many times found dead in the paths of the mountains. They are equal in size to a pheasant—their color is a reddish brown, and their beaks square and very hard.

LINES

On the Statue of Washington in the Capitol.

It is our WASHINGTON that you behold,
Whom Nature fashioned in her grandest mould,
To be the leader of a noble band,
The friends of freedom, and their native land :
A perfect hero, free from all excess ;
Above Napoleon, though he dazzled less :
Not quite so great for what he did, 'tis true,
But greater far for what he did not do :
And, nought he ought not, all he ought, to be,
He made his country, and he left her, free.

EPIGRAM.

"A party, you tell me," says Dick, not invited,
But who would not believe such a beau could be slighted ;
"A party at Modeley's?—can't possibly be ;
For how could he have such a thing *without me*?"

FALL OF TEQUENDAMA, IN COLOMBIA, SOUTH AMERICA.

The *Salto de Tequendama*, a remarkable cascade, of which we had heard much, and which has been described in most glowing language, is distant to the southwest of Bogotá about fifteen miles. We had made arrangements to visit it a fortnight ago, but the illness of one of our party caused us to defer it. We now determined to see the fall, and return to the city on the same day. To accomplish our design, we set out before day (about 5 o'clock) this morning. A rapid ride of an hour and a half brought us to the small village of Suárez, situated upon the plain of Bogotá, near its southern border. The last earthquake, from which Bogotá suffered so severely, was felt with the utmost violence at Suárez, and prostrated entirely the church, which is again rising from its ruins. Our route continued a league further over the plain, and we crossed the river Funza, whose course has been very circuitous through the plain, but is particularly devious where we passed over it, upon an uncouth and not very safe bridge, to

the Hacienda de Canoas. The river winds sluggishly to our left towards the fall. Our path led over the high hills which appear to have been once the banks of the great lake which must have covered the plain which the view from these heights embraces. To eminences which are wholly devoid of trees succeed others which are well wooded, where we enter a more picturesque region, worthy of the fine scene which we were now eager to witness. We were convinced that we were near it, and listened for the deafening roar which we expected would betray the rush of the waters into the tremendous gulf that receives them. The path was steep, and shortly before we arrived at the spot where it was necessary to alight from our horses, the sounds of the fall reached us; but we were distant from it a few hundred yards only. My first sensation was disappointment, when I stood upon the brink of the chasm into which a stream whose greatest width is estimated at forty feet, is precipitated to a depth which did not seem to exceed three hundred feet, but which is estimated to be more than six hundred. The river being now uncommonly low, a sheet of water about fourteen or fifteen feet in width, is tossed about thirty feet upon a ledge of rocks, from which it dashes in foam to the bottom of the deep abyss, a large proportion of it dissipating in spray. The foot of man has never trodden the bottom of this chasm. Its sides are perpendicular to a considerable distance below, and the strata of rock are exactly horizontal, so that no means of descending have yet been discovered within the curvilinear aperture, where the mountain seems to have parted and given passage to the Funza.

Attempts have been made repeatedly to reach the foot of the cataract by ascending the bed of the river, into which it is easy to enter at some distance below. A fall of about twenty feet had resisted heretofore the efforts of every adventurer. A party of Americans preceded us to-day, provided with ladders and ropes, with a determination to surmount this obstacle. In this they succeeded, but another yet more difficult presented itself—this they also surmounted with the strengthened hope of having then overcome every obstruction which resisted the accomplishment of their wishes. They were too sanguine. On ascending further, a fall of about forty feet now stared them in the face, and resisted all their efforts. Perpendicular rocks enclosed the narrow chasm. The only possible ascent was through the dashing torrent—with this they struggled nobly, but they had not the means of resisting it. The abode of innumerable parrots, whose screams, heard faintly at the height on which we stood, warned us of the exertions made to encroach upon their domain, that continues unmolested and untrodden by man. We spent more than two hours at the fall, hoping to witness the success of the enterprising adventurers. Although disappointed in this respect, we were amply compensated by the increased admiration with which we viewed this beautiful fall, notwithstanding it is seen so imperfectly. There are two spots from which good views may be obtained. We must leave to the fancy to imagine the grand effect of a sight from beneath it. It is to be hoped that ladders will be placed or that some means will be discovered to gratify the ardent desire one naturally feels of seeing to the best advantage this admirable work of nature.

The Fall of Tequendáma has been compared with the cataract of Niagara. Such a comparison cannot be instituted fairly. In the one, nature has been most lavish with her grandeur and sublimity: the other she has endowed liberally with the beautiful and the picturesque. The height of Tequendáma may be four times greater than that of Niagara; its width not the thirtieth part: and to judge the comparative volume of the waters of both, it suffices to reflect, that Tequendáma drains the river Funza; Niagara the waters of four inland seas, which united, are not exceeded in size by the Gulf of Mexico.

LIONEL GRANBY.

CHAP. IX.

The proudest land of all,
That circling seas admire—
The Land where Power delights to dwell,
And War his mightiest feats can tell,
And Poesy to sweetest swell,
Attunes her voice and lyre.

Aristophanes.

The ship in which I had embarked soon fell down the river, and, aided by a favorable breeze, we quickly shot by the massy and motionless scenery of the majestic Rappahannock. Changing our course we entered one of the beautiful and tributary waters of the Chesapeake, and dropped anchor directly in front of an antique mansion, the stately residence of a proud and well known name. An extensive garden, which declared the taste and pedantry of its owner, for its chaste and beautiful model was drawn from the pages of the Odyssey, stretched its broad walks to the margin of the river. A throng of merry girls and romping boys poured down from the porch of the house, welcoming with glad voices that, happiest of all Virginian visitors, an importing ship. Disguising myself I leaped into the boat which left the vessel, and ere its keel had grated on the sand, many negroes had rushed into the water, and were dragging it to the shore with songs of triumph and congratulation. An elderly gentleman, grave, dignified and thoughtful—peace to his fair-top boots and glittering buckles!—now appeared and commenced the usual ledger conversation with Captain Z. about the quality and price of his tobacco, and in a whisper he told him on no account to sacrifice his “new ground sweet scented.” Holding a paper in his hand he called aloud to his family to enter their wishes on that magic tablet, which he was about to send home. No commercial newspaper ever declared a more incongruous catalogue of the comforts of life and the luxuries of opulence: lace and iron, silk and spades, wine and jesuit's bark, all figured in the same column; and when the negroes were called on to declare what they wanted, they filled the mystic page with calico, fiddle strings and bottles. Many a bronzed and ebon colored child was led up to old massa by its mother, and each lisping petition for a hat or a fishing hook, was sacredly entered on the list.

I returned to the ship, and dropping a hasty line to my uncle, informing him of the reasons which compelled me to leave Virginia, despatched it by the last canoe which quitted our side, and retiring to sleep I did not awake until the ship was dancing gaily over the broad waters of the Atlantic. I looked on the furrowed track behind me—and, far in the amber west, the laming

glory of the Virginian coast was sinking in the wilderness of waters. With a fixed and quenchless eye I watched its expiring outline, and when it had sunk down into a wavy and shadowy mist, I felt as the exile whose pulseless heart has heard the requiem of hope and the knell of love. Young, inexperienced, and ignorant of the world, I was launched like a rotten barque in the tempestuous ocean of man, while home, love, hope and all the primal sympathies of the human heart, were to me, sealed, buried, and forever annihilated. I had fled!—leaving a name associated with the scorn of honor and the vengeance of society. Who that heard of me would believe me innocent in the duel with Ludwell, or who would believe that self-defence prompted my attack on the life of Pilton? God in his goodness gave us tears! I had them not, and from a tearless eye I became sullen and satisfied, with no human passion but an increased affection for Ellen Pilton, which streamed through my heart like phosphoric words on the dark walls of a cavern. I was proud to be the victim of wayward and adverse circumstances, and yielding to their mystic control, I found that destiny weaves an argument which philosophy cannot unravel.

On the second day of our voyage, Scipio presented himself, telling me that he was sent from Chalgrave with letters for the ship, that he had discovered me through my disguise, that he had secreted himself on board of the vessel, and that he was determined to follow me to the end of the world. I soon settled the manner and purpose of his appearance with the captain, and found in the priceless fidelity of my servant, a green spot on which my heart might rest from its storm of revenge and misanthropy.

Cheered by the balmy spirit of the western gale our gallant ship sped her onward course, and the glad cry of land which echoed through the vessel as we approached the beetling coast of England fell on my ear like words of mercy to the prisoned captive. Standing on the quarter deck, I saw before me the bustle, hurry and turmoil of commerce. The surface of the water was chequered with a dense throng of vessels, while, broadly floating in the breeze, appeared that proud flag on whose glory the sun rises, and over whose empire he sets. As a Virginian! as one whom early education and childish associations had inspired, I gazed with a hallowed enthusiasm on that rugged land, which looked down from its iron-bound eyre, the eagle of the deep—that land which my boyish feelings had made the seat of intellect and the dwelling place of genius. The early colonists had called it by the tender name of Home; and the mellow tales of its glory, which had been poured into my infant ear, were now started into life and freshness. It was the land of Sir Philip Sydney, Hampden and Pope, and on each spot of its classic earth Poetry had raised her hallowed memorials, and Patriotism its stirring examples. From the frozen sea to the burning tropics her name is respected, her influence felt, her example imitated, her kindness cherished, her resentment dreaded; while a radiant wake of glory streams behind the path of her march. Far in the forests of the western world, the names of her gifted sons who have asserted the triumphs of virtue or the dignity of man, are heard, and are re-echoed back from the Thames to the Ganges, and from the Volga to the Mississippi. In the solitude of power she stands alone,

a massy trunk, resisting anarchy and bending to every storm of revolution, yet rising from each assault in more verdant and luxuriant foliage. Philosophy may claim the gigantic birth of Printing—Religion the Reformation, and Science the discovery of Gunpowder, as the great engines which opened the path of civilization. The mind of England seized these mighty levers, her hand perfected them, and achieved for herself that towering fame which pours its lustre from the table-land of the world. This picture was the dream of ignorance. Alas! how soon was its frost-work melted before the light of truth! Unconscious of the hideous vice which lurked beneath the gorgeous fabric, I saw only its glowing outline—I was ignorant of its rapine, fraud and avarice—its selfishness of motive and act—its singleness of empire and power, and of that universal corruption which yields power to wealth, and honors to knavery. The demon of gain is abroad throughout England—a pestilence which walketh in the darkness of the human heart, expanding its ravenous arms in her cities, or secretly hugging its penny in her lowliest cottages. Her metropolis is the shamble of the universe—a capacious reservoir, where vice elbows virtue, and where selfishness feasters itself into the loathsome obesity of the toad. Every thing is on sale, and in the “mixed assortment” of her merchandise, even learning, genius and wit, succumb to the secret spirit of her ledger.

“E’en the learned pate
Ducks to the golden fool.”

Without her Christianity, which often blooms in guileless and untainted simplicity, her blood-stained empire would tumble to the earth. It is the influence of this holy faith which neutralizes the excess of profligacy, and stimulates her expanded philanthropy. Excited by its spirit, benevolence becomes religion, patriotism springs into virtue, and in the remotest corners of the earth we see the charity of the Christian opening the purse and heart of the Englishman.

I leave the narrative of sights and curiosities to the guide book. Born in the wilderness, my mind was as rugged as the grandeur of the forest, and like the native Indian I had naught to admire but the still and noiseless majesty of my own beautiful land. The stately palaces—the lofty towers and all the fantastic pageantry which opulence engenders, were but the moral to the fine sarcasm which antiquity has fabled in the bridge of Salmoneus. Man’s “brief authority” decorates folly with a pyramid or a cathedral, and succeeding ages call it glory. What son of Virginia would barter her broad rivers—her sunny sky—her fertile plains, and her snow-capped mountains, for the crumbling monuments of tyranny and superstition, or the fetid marts of gain? Who would exchange the infant purity of the western world for the hoary vice and aged rottenness of Europe? Uncontaminated by the example of England, we have yet seized from her the sacred flame of freedom—her *habeas corpus* without the act of impressment—her *bill of rights* without a borough representation, and the rose of civil liberty transplanted to the west has bloomed without a thorn.

I was soon in London, and received many marks of attention and kindness from the representatives of an old commercial house, which for years had sold every hogshead of tobacco from the Granby plantations. My

bills were honored, and at the instance of Scipio I took a suite of rooms in the most fashionable street of the city. Without letters of introduction, and too proud to search for my many noble relatives, (my uncle had drugged me with their amors, duels and honors!) I succumbed in silence to that cheerless solitude which flaps its funeral wing around the indurated selfishness of a crowded city. At the Virginia Coffee House, I frequently found many of my own countrymen, who were making the tour of Europe only because their fathers had done it. An utter contempt of money—a carelessness of air and manner—a generous and open hearted confidence in every one—a familiarity with the Doncaster and Epsom turf—an anxious zeal in attending the courts of Westminster, and the gallery of the House of Commons, with a thorough knowledge of the literary history of England, and the places hallowed by Shakspeare and the Spectator, were their striking and changeless characteristics.

Shortly after my permanent and fixed residence had been made, I was lounging, as was my wont, in the crowded walks of the Exchange—the only idle being in that heated and feverish walk of gain, when a loud cry broke through the multitude and a horse dashed near me, the foot of his rider hanging in the stirrup. I instantly sprang forward, caught the bridle, leaped on his back, and leaning down I rescued the unfortunate rider from his perilous situation. From this event an intimacy commenced between Col. R—and myself. His history was brief. High birth and fortune smiled on his cradle. Entering into manhood he had purchased a commission in the army, and had lived out Swift’s spirited description of the man of fashion, “in dancing, fighting, gaming, making the circle of Italy, riding the great horse and speaking French.” Satiated with the world, he had left it without being either a churl or a misanthrope. He resided in a costly villa near London, which his taste had decorated with elegance and refinement. The massy richness of an aged grove, soothed, without chilling the fancy, and through its broad vista the glimmering light lent itself to diversify uniformity without diminishing grandeur. Consistency towered above vanity, for there were no glades rolled into gravelled plains, nor trees sheared into fantastic foliage—that sickly taste which finds honor in the sacrifice of simplicity, and pride in its outrage on nature. The walls of his house were hung with rare and deeply mellowed paintings, and his capacious library was stocked with the heavy tomes of ancient lore. Gone are those good old books!—their spirit has been turned into a tincture!—their life and soul have been abridged—the stern Clitus has been disgraced by a Persian dress—the march of mind cannot brook a folio! The education of Col. R— was deeply tainted with the forgotten glory of his library—a wild flower blooming amid the silence of a neglected ruin. He had literature without pedantry, learning without arrogance; and being neither author nor compiler, he yet mingled on equal terms of compliment and civility with the gifted names of his land. Proud pre-eminence of genius! respected even in its slumbers. Though its possessor be unknown to print, though his pen sleep in idleness, like the prophet, the sacred flame plays around his brow and lightens up his onward course.

In his society I drank from a deep stream of intel-

lect pure and unalloyed happiness—yet dashed into bitterness by the remembrance that under his protection I had first visited a gaming table—though he had carried me thither more for the purpose of portraying human character than of making me either the proselyte or victim of its insidious vice.

Come Lionel! said he, gently touching my shoulder, as I was deeply absorbed in the unhallowed rites of the blind goddess—leave this dangerous place! Your warm blood and ardent temperament cannot withstand its harlotry. Crush in its infancy that juggling fiend, which martyrs the pride of mind—the dignities of virtue, the immunities of education, and the consolations of religion.

His warning voice fell on a sodden ear. Seated at a long table, in a magnificent saloon blazing with lights and ornamented with costly curtains of damask, whose billowy drapery dropped over grotesque and luxurious furniture, I bowed with prostrate devotion to the idol of Chance. I was in the temple of suicide—the hell of earth; and inebriated with its deadly vapor, I saw not the thronging crowd, whose passion-stricken countenances alternately displayed the rapid transitions from joy to sadness, from successful cupidity to luckless despair. I went through the usual vicissitudes of the game. I won. Success made me bold, failure excited me to more and more dangerous enterprise. I had drawn on our tobacco merchant until my bills were protested, nor could I ask from Col. R—the wages of humanity. I paid a heavy premium to one of the loungers of the table, to teach me a system by which I might always win. Duped by its deceitful sophistry, I risked my all—my watch, breast-pin, and all the jewelry of my dress were successively staked and lost. My hand was on the golden locket consecrated as the gift of *Isa Gordon*. With a painful struggle I preserved it from the gripe of despair, and quitted the accursed table a bankrupt and a beggar!

When I reached my lodgings, Scipio met me with his usual kindness, which I repelled with a severity and harshness that called a tear to his eye. Go! cried I, leave me, I am a broken man and a friendless beggar, I give you your freedom. Go! and for God's sake do not longer tempt my avarice! An unusual cheerfulness spread itself over his countenance—the convincing indication of my fallen fortune. The idea was no sooner conceived, than my despair gave it certainty, and rising I drove my servant from the room with a blow and a curse.

I sold all the furniture with which I had supplied my rooms, and again rushed to the gaming table. The fickle goddess had forever deserted me, and, lost to all sense of shame, I hung around the table, a silent spectator of the deep, passionate, and thrilling drama.

About a week after Scipio's departure, a gentleman accosted me at the table, and delivered a letter which he informed me he had brought from Liverpool. It was written in the sententious style of a merchant, and enclosed a draft in my favor on an eminent banker for fifty pounds.

The writer informed me that Scipio had sold himself for this sum to a Liverpool trader—that he had requested that the money should be sent to me, and that on the day after the purchase he had shipped the servant, with his own free consent, to the West Indies.

I waited on the banker, received the sacrifice of my slave's short-lived freedom; and as I looked on the tear-stained money, I learned from that generous and affectionate fidelity, a lesson which made me loathe with horror the moral prostitution of the gaming table.

THE PATRIARCH'S INHERITANCE.

The following is an extract from an unfinished MS. and occurs at the close of an interview between the Almighty and Abraham, in the course of which is introduced the promise thus stated in Genesis: "And the Lord said unto Abram, after that Lot was separated from him, Lift up now thine eyes, and look from the place where thou art, northward, and southward, and eastward, and westward: For all the land which thou seest, to thee will I give it, and to thy seed forever," &c.

—This pronounced,
The Radiant Form withdraws. And now return
Sunshine and shade, and cool, delicious airs,
Restoring common joys. The saintly chief,
Reviving, stands erect; and still his robes,
With lingering glory, make the moon-beams pale.
Soon all his senses feel the flowing soul,
Quick with new life and thrilling power intense.
His eyes, undazzled, drink the pouring sun,
And sweep entranced the swelling scene below—
Mountains, and hills, and plains, and lakes, and streams.

O, blest, enchanting vision! All around,
Enrich'd with purest green, and all remote
Adorn'd with deepest blue; the bending sky
And farthest summits mingling fainter hues,
Walling the world with sapphire. All he sees,
He hails his own; and burns with lordly flame.
His the down-rushing torrents; his the brooks,
Flashing from every vale; and his the lakes,
Wide sparkling bright, as though a shower of gems
On silver falling scattered countless lights.
His too the rolling woods, the laughing meads,
And rocks of waving grapes—his every wind,
Stirring the world with life and breathing far
Fragrance and music—his the silent cloud,
That fleetly glides along the soft mid-air,
Reflecting, moon-like, from its upper plain
Of snowy beauty, every ray from heaven;
And o'er the under landscape leading on
Its shadowy darkness, running up and down
The ever-changing mountains. Who may tell
The many sources of his gushing joy?
Not only Jordan, and its palmy plains;
Lot's Citied Garden; and the orient heights
Of fruitful Gilead, sweeping to the marge
Of Bashan's mellow pastures: not alone
The visual charms delight his ardent soul,
Around, though fair, and fairer still remote;
But wider regions—lost in distant haze,
Or shut from sight by intercepting bounds—
Fairest of all. Far flies his circling thought
From Edom's southern plains to Hermon's brow,
Frost-wreath'd, and lowlands steep'd in streaming dew;
And on to snow-crown'd Lebanon, with slopes
Of fadeless verdure nursed by living founts,
And glorious cedars swayed by balmy winds,
In whose high boughs the eagle builds her nest,
And on whose roots the fearful lion sleeps;
And thence to Tabor's central cone, and fields

Of Eden, like Esdrelon; and the oaks
 Of flowery Carmel, waving o'er the sea;
 And Sharon's rosy bloom; and Eschol's vale,
 Purple with vines from Hebron to the coast.
 O'er all the range his ravished mind expands,
 Warm with high hopes of wondrous days to come.
 The promise—like a meteor—how it lights
 The gloom of future ages! Lonely there
 The childless stranger stands—sublime in faith:
 Sure that the ten throned nations reigning round,
 In stately power, with pomp of idol shrines,
 Shall yield to his descendants; shall behold
 His mightier seed—thick as the seashore sands—
 Countless as stars that crowd the clearest sky,—
 Pouring their myriads over hill and dale,
 Casting the champion pride of princes down,
 Dashing the templed monsters in the dust,
 Sounding the trump of triumph through the land,
 Thronging the scene with holier, happier homes,
 And rearing high, to flame with heavenly fire,
 Earth's only altars to the Only God!

Washington, March 17, 1836.

T. H. S.

AMERICANISMS.

The *Americanisms* of our language have been a prolific source of ridicule and reproach for the British critics. When a word in an American publication has fallen upon the eyes of these literary lynxes, which they have thought an innovation, they have fiercely denounced it as Yankee slang—as a proof of our uneducated ignorance; they have even denied that we understand the English language, or can speak or write it intelligibly. In most of the cases it turned out and was demonstrated, that the poor words thus assailed were true and genuine English, used by their best writers and speakers; found in their best dictionaries; but unhappily for the poor things, unknown to these erudite and conceited knights of the pen, either too careless to turn to their books for information, or having none to turn to. In a few instances in which we have taken a little license with the language, we have seen that after overloading us with abuse for the birth of the child, they have taken it to themselves, and put it into the service of writers and orators of the highest rank. Such was the fate of our Americanisms—to *advocate*, *influential*, in the sense in which we use it, and several others. They found the brats really not such deformities as they supposed, and were willing to adopt and use them; but this did not abate their contempt of the parents. Englishmen residing in England, seem to claim an exclusive right in the invention of English words. In Bulwer's character of *Rienzi*, this hero is said to have been *avid* of personal power. This is the coinage of the ingenious author; at least I find no authority for it even in the latest dictionaries, nor in any other writer of reputation. Now I have no objection to the introduction of a new word into our language by Mr. Bulwer or any body else, provided that it be done with due discretion, and subject to some just regulation and principle. In the first place, it should be necessary, supplying a want, or at least obviously convenient in the expression of some idea with more precision than it can be done by any existing word. In the second

place, it should be in full consistence and harmony with the idiom of the language. Lord Kames, on using a word of his own making, gives this note. "This word, hitherto not in use, seems to fulfil all that is required by Demetrius Phalereus in coining a new word—first, that it be perspicuous; and next, that it be in the tone of the language."

I find no fault with Mr. Bulwer for the production of his mint, but I will not acknowledge that he, or any other English author, has a better right than an American to take this license. We understand the language as well as they do; we derive our knowledge from the same sources, and we shall use the liberty with as much caution, propriety and discrimination. If this monopolizing, exclusive people, could have their way, they would not suffer us to spin a pound of cotton, or hammer out a bar of iron; and now, forsooth, we must not presume to turn a noun into a verb, or add a monosyllable to the stock of English words.

H.

TO RANDOLPH OF ROANOKE.*

Start not, great spirit of the mighty dead!
 No sneering cynic comes with fiendish tread,
 To mock the laurels of thy honored brow,
 And ask,—where lies thy strength or glory now?

No snarling critic, jackal-like, to brave
 The fearful lion, nerveless in his grave,
 Whose living look had shrunk his trembling form,
 As craven creatures crouch before the storm:

No saintly, sinning bigot vents his spite
 For crimes exposed, or horrors brought to light;
 No puppy-patriot, peculator bold,
 Would bark at thee, for sneering at his gold:

No spaniel dog, to gain a master's smile,
 Would crunch thy bones, thy hallowed grave defile;
 No smiling sycophant, or grovelling hind,
 Whose soul succumbs beneath a master mind:

No little gatherer of great men's words,
 No album-filling fool of flowers and birds,
 Or autographic-maniac now weeps
 In sickly sympathy, where Randolph sleeps.

Bereaved Virginia's voice majestic calls
 In mournful wailings from her fun'ral halls,
 "Whose strength shall terror strike? Whose voice shall
 charm?"

Who wound, or win, the wretch who wields me harm?

Since thy great soul hath left its feeble frame,
 My only pride is thy undying name;
 My sun hath set in parting glory bright,
 My Randolph's dead, my shores are wrapt in night.

Oh choose,—great spirit, from my blood alone,
 Some worthy one, with genius like thine own;
 Lest prophets false, my gallant-sons deceive,—
 To him, Elisha-like, thy mantle leave."

HERSPERUS.

* Written soon after his death.

ADDRESS

Delivered by the Hon. Henry St. George Tucker, before the Virginia Historical and Philosophical Society.*

Gentlemen,—In accepting, with the profoundest sense of my own unworthiness, the station you have been pleased to confer upon me, my mind very naturally reverts to the distinguished individual who has heretofore presided over your deliberations, and has added to the interest of your proceedings by the lustre of his own reputation, and the mild dignity of his exalted character. Since the days of General Washington, no man has lived more beloved and respected, or died more universally regretted, than the late venerable Chief Justice. Throughout this widely extended republic, our fellow citizens have vied in the distin-

* The anniversary meeting of this Society was held at the Capitol in Richmond, on the second of March, in presence of a numerous auditory of both sexes. There was much disappointment at the absence of Professor Dew, who was expected to deliver the annual Address, but whose attendance was prevented by ill health. The Hon. Henry St. Geo. Tucker was unanimously appointed President in the room of Chief Justice Marshall, and the address which we now have the pleasure of publishing was delivered by the new President upon taking the chair. It was listened to with profound attention and pleasure. So, also, was a speech to be found on page 260 of Mr. Maxwell on presenting a resolution commemorative of the services and virtues of the late Chief Justice.

During the meeting, Mr. Winder, the Clerk of Northampton, presented a collection of MSS. found in some of the dark corners of the clerk's office of that ancient county. These papers, we are informed, are highly valuable, and shed new and interesting light upon an early period of Virginia History. They were the papers, it appears, of a Mr. Godfrey Poole, who early in the eighteenth century, was the clerk of Northampton court—was also a lawyer of considerable practice, and for many years clerk of the committee of Propositions and Grievances, an office, we suppose, of much higher relative grade than at present. The MSS. are various in their character—consisting for the most part, of addresses by the then governors Spotswood and Dugdale to the House of Burgesses—answers to those addresses, by the House, and copies of various acts of Assembly and Reports of Committees, not found in any printed record extant. There is also an undoubted copy of the Colonial Charter which received the signet of King Charles, and was stopped in the Hamper office upon that monarch's receiving intelligence of Bacon's rebellion. This charter, we believe, is not to be found in any of the printed collections of State papers or Historical Records in this country, having eluded the researches of Mr. Burke, and of the indefatigable Mr. Hening, the compiler of the Statutes at Large.

It appears also that Mr. Poole contrived to enliven the barren paths of Law and Legislation by an occasional intercourse with the Muses. We find among his papers two Poems—one is brief, of an amatory character, and addressed to Chloe—that much besonnetted name. The other, containing about one hundred and ninety lines is thus entitled

The Expedition o'er the mountain's:
Being Mr. Blackmore's Latin Poem, entitled,
Expediit Ultra-Montana:

Rendered into English verse and inscribed

To the Honourable the Governour. (A. O. Spotswood.)

The "Expedition &c" is remarkable for three things—its antiquity (Virginian antiquity)—its mediocrity—and for one or two lines in which (singularly enough) direct reference is made to the discovery of a gold region in Virginia. The lines run thus—

Here taught to dig by his auspicious hand,
They prov'd the growing Pregnancy of the land;
For, being search'd, the sterile earth gave signs
That her womb teem'd with gold and silver mines.
This ground, if faithful, may in time outdo
The soils of Mexico, and of fam'd Peru.

guished honors which have been paid to his memory. Those honors have not been confined to the state which gave him birth, to the city in which he dwelt, to the supreme tribunal of his native state, which owes so much of its former reputation to the efficient aid he brought to their deliberations in the flower of his age. They have not been confined to any political party, or denied by those who have honestly and widely differed from him in their views of the construction of the great charter of our government. No, gentlemen, his character and life have been the themes of universal eulogy. The meditations of the wise have dwelt upon his virtues, and the lips of the eloquent have poured forth his praises throughout the Union. It is right that it should be so. As Chief Justice of the United States, his fame was the common property of that Union, which he so truly loved, and which he so long and so faithfully has served. For five and thirty years he presided over the first judicial tribunal of the United States; a tribunal which he elevated by his dignity, which he illustrated by his abilities, and instructed by his wisdom; a tribunal which was not only enlightened by the splendor of his meridian greatness, but was illumined by the last rays of his departing genius, and beheld with admiration its broad and spotless disc as it descended to the horizon. Even the hand of time seems to have dealt gently with his noble mind; and, like Mansfield and Pendleton, he too sunk into the grave full indeed of years as well as honors, but with unfading powers: thus affording another illustrious instance of the preservation of the undying intellect amid the ruins of a decaying frame.

*Orbis illabatur ævo, vires hominumque tabescent,
Mens sola cœlestis in ævum intacta manebit.*

But, gentlemen, it has been the good fortune of some among us to have known our venerated countryman, not only in the elevated station to which his abilities had exalted him, but also in the not less interesting relations of private life.

Seen him we have, and in the happier hour,
Of social ease but ill exchanged for power;

And in that delightful intercourse who has not remarked how beautifully the amiable urbanity and simplicity of his manners, commingled with the unpretending dignity which was inseparable from the elevation of his character and his station? Who has not witnessed the purity of his feelings, the warmth of his benevolence, and the fervor of his zeal, in lending the support and countenance of his great name and influence to every enterprise which was calculated to promote the public good; to every scheme which promised to assist the march of intellect; to every association which had for its object the advancement of his countrymen in wisdom and virtue, and to every plan which philanthropy could plausibly suggest, for the amelioration of the condition of the humblest of our species? His heart and his hand were equally open, and his purse and his services were always freely commanded where they were called for by any object of public utility or private beneficence. It is not then surprising, gentlemen, that such a man should have been found at the head of this Society; that you should have selected him to grace your laudable enterprise, or that he should have lent his ready aid to an institution, which, however humble in its beginnings, gives the promise of important aid to the knowl-

edge and literature of our country. But it is a matter of the most painful regret, that the light of his countenance will shine no more upon us here, and that the influence of his counsels and the inspiration of his wisdom are withdrawn from us forever. Those cannot be replaced; and we may say of him as was said of the great father of his country more than forty years ago,

Successors we may find, but tell us where,
Of all thy virtues we shall find the heir.

For myself, gentlemen, I can bring to the discharge of the duties of this station nothing but the most earnest wishes for the success of your institution; an institution, whose laudable design is to save from oblivion whatever is interesting in the natural, civil and literary history of our country; to rescue from unmerited obscurity the many interesting papers which may throw light upon our annals; and to concentrate in its "transactions" the materials now scattered through the land, which at some future day may assist the researches of the historian or the speculations of the philosopher. It is neither my purpose nor my province here to dilate upon the benefits of such an institution. That duty was performed on a former occasion, by one who is now no more, with distinguished ability. Yet I trust I may be excused for a very cursory allusion to this interesting topic. It is not required to whet your purpose or to stimulate your exertions. But it is not amiss that we should occasionally advert to the powerful motives which impel us to sustain this infant institution. Do we look to the reputation of our ancient and beloved commonwealth; to her progress in the arts and in the cultivation of that literature which softens the manners and gives its finest polish to society? How then can we hear unmoved the taunts of others at her supineness? How can we listen without an ingenuous blush, to the reproaches of those who are ever ready to cast into our teeth our inglorious neglect of the noble cause of literature? Throughout the civilized world, the lovers of learning and of science are on the alert. Academies and societies for their promotion are no longer confined to Europe. They have long since found their way across the Atlantic, and have been growing and extending in our sister states for half a century. Some of them have grown to maturity and no longer totter in a state of infantile weakness. Those of Pennsylvania and Massachusetts particularly rest upon a basis stable and enduring, and have attained a noble elevation that does honor to their founders. And what has Virginia done? Absolutely nothing, until the spirited efforts of a few individuals first gave existence to this institution. She has aroused indeed from her slumbers at the voice of internal improvements, and has caught the enthusiasm with which they seem to have inspired the world. Her canals and her rail roads are sustained with all the zeal of patriotic feeling, backed by the less meritorious, but more steady influences of pecuniary profit. In every direction those arts and enterprises which promise to pour their rapid returns of wealth into the lap of the adventurer, are pursued with an eye that never winks, and a step that never tires. Their progress is as rapid as the speed of a locomotive. But literature—neglected literature, still lags at a sightless distance behind. While companies spring up in a day for the excavation of a canal or the construction of a rail road, for the

working of a coal mine or the search after gold. Behold what a little band has associated here, to redeem our state from the disgrace of a Bæotian neglect of literature—and to pluck up drowning honor by the locks, without other reward than the participation with our great corivals in all the dignities of science. But let us not despair because we are but a handful. Our little society is but the germ of better things. This little seedling will, if properly nourished, become like a spreading and majestic oak. Then indeed, will it be an enduring monument to your memory, and posterity will look upon the noble object which has been planted by your hands and watered by your care, with respect and veneration for the authors of so great a benefaction. But remember it will wither when so young, unless sedulously fostered. An annual meeting at the seat of government and a discourse from a learned academician once a year, however interesting, will effect but little without the zealous and personal co-operation of us all. Wherever we go, we may be of use to the institution. The sagacious and observing will every where meet with interesting matter to be communicated and collected into this common reservoir. In the library of almost every man of ordinary diligence in the collection of what is curious and interesting, there are materials which by themselves are of little worth, but united with others here would become valuable and important—like the jewel, which shows to little advantage until it is surrounded by other brilliants, and is set by the hands of a master workman. So too, in our intercourse with society, we daily meet with the men of other days—those living depositaries of the transactions of early times; of transactions which live only in tradition and must be buried in the grave with the venerable patriarch or interesting matron, unless rescued from oblivion by the present generation. These evanescent fragments of our history should be gathered together with the most diligent care, like the flowers of an herbarium on the minerals of a geologist, and prepared for the historical department in this cabinet of literature. In short, gentlemen, go where we will, the most humble among us may still advance the great cause in which we are engaged. And while the learning and ability of some may contribute the rich treasures of their own minds, and the valuable results of their own profound lucubrations, there is not one among us who cannot in some way or other add his mite to the general stock. This is indeed no small consolation to myself; for I would not be a drone in such a hive; and yet my professional pursuits have been too exclusive to permit me to hope that I can ever be of other service than as a humble gleaner in the great field which lies before us.

It now only remains for me, gentlemen, to offer my most respectful acknowledgments for the honor you have conferred upon me, accompanied by the assurance that I shall discharge the duties assigned me with alacrity, and contribute to the success of your laudable views, as far as my humble abilities and my very limited acquirements in these walks of literature will permit.

AUTHORS.

Adam Smith has decided that authors are "manufacturers of certain wares for a very paltry recompense."

MR. MAXWELL'S SPEECH,

Before the Virginia Historical and Philosophical Society, at its late annual meeting, held in the Hall of the House of Delegates, on the evening of the 2d March, on moving the following resolution :

Resolved, That the Society most truly laments the loss which it has sustained in the common calamity, the death of its illustrious President, the late John Marshall, Chief Justice of the United States, whose name, associated with our Institution in its origin, will grace its annals, while his life and character shall adorn the history of our State and country to the end of time.

Mr. President,—In the report of the Executive Committee, which has just been read, we are officially informed of what we knew but too well before, the loss which our Society has sustained in the death of our late venerable and illustrious President. Yes, Sir, the man whom Virginia—whom his country—whom all his fellow-citizens in all parts of the United States, admired, and loved, and delighted to honor—the man whom we, Sir, who knew him, fondly and affectionately called “THE CHIEF,” (as he was indeed in almost every sense of the word,) our MARSHALL is no more. We shall see him no more in the midst of us—we shall see him no more in this very Hall, where his wisdom and eloquence have so often enlightened and convinced the listening assemblies of the State—we shall see his face, we shall hear his voice no more, forever. But we do not, we cannot forget him; but the remembrance of his transcendent abilities, his spotless integrity, his pure patriotism, his eminent public services, and his most amiable private virtues, is embalmed in all our hearts.

With these sentiments, Sir, which I am persuaded are the sentiments of all our members, I have felt it to be a duty which I owe not only to the memory of the deceased, but to the honor of our Society, to offer the resolution which the announcement suggests. In doing so, however, I shall not deem it either necessary or proper to detain you with many words, when I feel, most unaffectedly, that any which I could use would be entirely inadequate, and almost injurious, to the fame of such a man. I will not, therefore, Sir, enlarge upon the particulars of his life, which are already familiar to you. I will not tell you of the brilliancy of his first entrance upon the stage of action, when the voice of our Commonwealth, rising in arms to defend her constitutional rights against the tyranny of Britain, called him from his native forest, and from the studies in which he had just engaged, to join her army hurrying to the rescue of my own native town from the grasp of her insolent invader: nor of his following campaigns under Washington himself, and his gallant bearing on the memorable plains of Brandywine, Germantown, and Monmouth: nor of his subsequent stand at the bar of this city, (then, as it is now, one of the most distinguished in the country,) where he was *primus inter pares*, the first amongst his fellows—the brightest star in the constellation which shed its radiance over our state: nor of his appearances in the House of Delegates, and in the Convention for the ratification of the constitution: nor of his conduct at the court of revolutionary France, where (with his worthy associates) he baffled all the arts and stratagems of the wily Proteus of Politics himself, and maintained the honor of his country to the admiration of all her citizens: nor of his reappearance

in this place: nor of his translation to the floor of the House of Representatives, where he stood, spoke, and conquered: nor of his short but substantial service as Secretary of State: nor, above all, of his crowning elevation to that chair of judicial supremacy for which he seemed to have been made; and where he sat for so many years, like incarnate Justice—not blind, indeed, like that fabled divinity, but seeing all things with that quick, clear, and penetrating eye, which pierced at once through all the intricacies and involutions of law and fact, to discover the latent truth, or detect the lurking fallacy, as by the glance of intuition. No wonder, Sir, that with such admirable faculties, combined with such perfect pureness of purpose, such entire singleness and simplicity of heart, he shed a lustre around that seat which it never had before, and which I greatly fear it will never have again. No wonder, Sir, that he appeared to the eyes of many in all parts of our land, and even of some who could not exactly agree with him in all his views of our federal compact, as the very Atlas of the Constitution, supporting the starry firmament of our Union upon his single shoulder, which bowed not, bent not beneath its weight; and that when he died, there was something like a feeling of apprehension (for an instant at least) as if the fabric which he had so long sustained must fall along with him to the dust, and become the fit monument of the man.

But I will not dwell, nor even touch any longer, Sir, on these things, which indeed hardly belong to us, or belong to us only in common with all our fellow-citizens. *Vix ea nostra voco*. I can hardly call them our own. But I must just glance for a single moment, Sir, at the connection of the illustrious deceased with our Society. Sir, when we were about to form our institution, conscious as we were of the mortifying fact, that from the unfortunate passion of our people for politics, so called, (mere party politics) the more calm and rational pursuits of science and letters to which we were about to invite their attention, could hardly hope to find favor in their eyes, we were naturally desirous to call some person to that chair whose character, whose very name, might give the public an assurance of the utility of our labors; and we turned instinctively to him. We saw him, Sir, with all the honors of a long, laborious, and useful life clustered upon him; enjoying the respect and confidence of honorable men of all parties alike; maintaining his official neutrality with a meek and modest dignity that nothing could disturb, or ruffle for a moment; and soothing his old age with Christian philosophy, and polite letters, and the “sweetly-uttered wisdom” of poesy, which he had always loved from his youth—and we tendered him the office. He accepted it, Sir, at once, with that gracious condescension which belonged to him—expressed his cordial concurrence in our views—presented us with his own immortal work, the *Life of the Father of his Country*—and stamped our enterprise with the seal of his decisive approbation.

After this, Sir, we naturally felt a new interest in him; and you remember Sir, I dare say, how our hearts flowed out to him with a sort of filial reverence and affection, as he came about amongst us, like a father amongst his children, like a patriarch amongst his people—like that patriarch whom the sacred Scriptures have canonized for our admiration—“when the eye saw him, it blessed him: when the ear heard him, it gave witness to him;

and after his words men spake not again." For his words, indeed, even in his most familiar conversation, fell upon us with a sort of judicial weight; and from his private opinions, as from his public decisions, there was no appeal. Happy, thrice happy old man! How we wished and prayed for the continuance of his days, and of all the happiness and honor which he had so fairly won, and which he seemed to enjoy still more for our sakes than for his own! We gazed upon him indeed, Sir, as upon the setting sun, whilst, his long circuit of glory almost finished, he sank slowly to his rest; admiring the increased grandeur of his orb, and the graciousness with which he suffered us to view the softened splendors of his face; but with a mournful interest, too, which sprang from the reflection that we should soon lose his light. And we have lost it indeed. He has left us now—and we mourn for his departure. But we are consoled, Sir, by the transporting assurance which we feel, that the splendid luminary which the beneficent Creator had kindled up for the blessing and ornament of our native land, and of the world, is not gone out in darkness, but shines still with inextinguishable lustre in the firmament of Heaven.

AN ADDRESS,

ON THE INFLUENCE OF THE FEDERATIVE REPUBLICAN
SYSTEM OF GOVERNMENT UPON LITERATURE AND
THE DEVELOPMENT OF CHARACTER.

Prepared to be delivered before the Historical and Philosophical Society of Virginia, at their annual meeting in 1836, by THOMAS R. DEW, Professor of History, Metaphysics and Political Law, in the College of William and Mary. Published by request of the Society, * March 20, 1836.

Mr. President and Gentlemen of the Society,

I have consented to appear before you this evening with feelings of the deepest solicitude—a solicitude which has been increased by my knowledge of the ability and eloquence of the gentleman who was first chosen by you to perform this task, and by the fact that this is the first time that circumstances have permitted my attendance on your sessions, though early admitted by the kindness of your body to the honor of membership.

The subject upon which I propose to address you is one which I hope will not be considered as inappropriate to the occasion. I shall endeavor to present to your view some of the most important effects which the Federative Republican System of government is calculated to produce on the progress of literature and on the development of individual and national character.

When we cast a glance at the nations of the earth and contemplate their character, and that of the individuals who compose them, we are amazed at the almost endless variety which such a prospect presents to

* It being understood that Professor Dew has been prevented by delicate health and the inclemency of the season, from attending the present meeting—

"Resolved, That he be requested to furnish the Recording Secretary of this Society with a copy of his intended address, for insertion in the Southern Literary Messenger."

Extract from the minutes.

G. A. MYERS, Recording Secretary
Of the Virginia Historical and Philosophical Society.

our view. We perceive the most marked differences, not only between the savage and civilized nations, but between the civilized themselves—not only between different races of different physical organization, but between the same races—not only between nations situated at immense distances from each other, but among those enjoying the same climate, and inhabiting the same region. How marked the difference, for example, between the nations of India and those of Europe—how different the citizen who merely vegetates under the still silent crushing despotisms of the East, from that restless, bustling, energetic being who lives under the limited monarchies and republics of the West! And again, what great differences do we find among the latter themselves! What differences do we observe between the French and the English, the Germans and the Spaniards, the Swiss and the Italians! How often does the whole moral nature of man seem to change, by crossing a range of mountains, passing a frontier stream, or even an imaginary line! "The Languedocians and Gascons," says Humboldt, "are the gayest people in France; but whenever you pass the Pyrenees you are among Spaniards." "Athens and Thebes were but a short day's journey from each other; though the Athenians were as remarkable for ingenuity, politeness and gaiety, as the Thebans for dulness, rusticity, and a phlegmatic temper."

There is no subject more worthy the attention of the philosopher and the historian, than a consideration of the causes which thus influence the moral destiny, and determine the character of nations and individuals. Among the generating causes of national differences, none exert so powerful, so irresistible an influence as Religion and Government; and of these two potent engines in the formation of character, it may be affirmed, that if the former be sometimes, under the operation of peculiar circumstances, more powerful and overwhelming, directing for a season the spirit of the age and overcoming every resistance to its progress, the latter is much more constant and universal in its action, and mainly contributes to the formation of that permanent national character which lasts through ages.

Of all the governments which have ever been established, it may perhaps be affirmed, that ours, if the most complicate in structure, is certainly the most beautiful in theory, correcting by the principle of representation, and a proper system of responsibility, the wild extravagances and the capricious levities of the unbalanced democracies of antiquity. Ours is surely the system, which, if administered in the pure spirit of that patriotism and freedom which erected it, holds out to the philanthropists and the friends of liberty throughout the world, the fairest promise of a successful solution of the great problem of free government. Ours is indeed the great experiment of the eighteenth century—to it the eyes of all, friends and foes, are now directed, and upon its result depends perhaps the cause of liberty throughout the civilized world. In the meantime it well behooves us all to hope for the best, and never to despair of the republic. Let me then proceed to inquire into some of the most marked effects which our peculiar system of government is likely to produce, in the progress of time, upon literature and the development of character.

Some have maintained the opinion that the monarchi-

cal form of government is better calculated to foster and encourage every species of literature than the republican, and consequently that the institutions of the United States would prove unfavorable to the growth and progress of literature. This opinion seems to be based upon the supposition that a king and aristocracy are necessary for the support and patronage of a literary class. I will briefly explain my views on this point, and then proceed to the consideration of that peculiar influence which our state or federative system of government will, in all probability, exert over the character and literature of our inhabitants. It is this latter view which I wish mainly to present this evening—it is this view which has been neglected or misunderstood in almost all the speculations which I have seen upon the character and influence of our institutions.

In the first place, it has been affirmed that republics are too economical—too niggardly in their expenditures, to afford that salutary and efficient patronage necessary to the growth of literature. To this I would answer, first, that this argument takes for granted that the literature of a nation advances or recedes in proportion to the pecuniary wages which it earns. Now, although I do not say with Dr. Goksmith, that the man who draws his pen to take a purse, no more deserves to have it, than the man who draws his pistol for the same purpose, yet I may safely assert, that of the motives which operate on the literary man—the love of fame, the desire to be useful, and the love of money—the former, in the great majority of cases, exerts an infinitely more powerful influence than the latter. And if I shall be able to show, as I hope to do in the sequel, that the republican form of government is the one which is best calculated to stimulate these great passions of our nature and throw into action all the energies of man, then must we acknowledge its superiority, even in a literary point of view.

But even supposing that the progress of literature depends directly upon the amount of pecuniary patronage which it can command, it by no means follows that it will flourish most under a monarchical government. For granting that this kind of government may have the ability to patronise, it is by no means certain that it will always possess the will to do so. Augustus and his Mæcenas may lavish to day the imperial treasures upon literature, but Tiberius and Sejanus may starve and proscribe it to-morrow. That which depends upon the will of one man must ever be unsteady and uncertain. It is much easier to predict the conduct of a multitude—of a whole nation—than of one individual. The support then which monarchs can be expected to yield to learning, must necessarily be extremely capricious and fluctuating. It is not however by sudden starts and violent impulses, that a sound, solid, wholesome literature can be created. Ages must conspire to the formation of such a literature. Constantine the Great, seated on the throne of the Eastern Empire, with all the resources of the Roman world at his command, could not awaken the slumbering genius of a degenerate race, nor revive the decaying arts of the ancient empire. The literature of his reign, with all the patronage he could bestow upon it, did but too nearly resemble those gorgeous piles, which his pride and vanity caused to be erected in his own imperial city, composed of the ruins of so many of the splendid monuments of antiquity.

Not only, however, is the support a capricious and uncertain one which a monarchy is calculated to yield to literature, but there are only certain departments of learning, and those by no means the most important, which such a government can ever be expected cordially to foster. Monarchs may patronise the fine arts and light literature—they may encourage the mathematical and physical sciences, but they can rarely feel a deep interest in the promotion of correct and orthodox moral, political and theological knowledge; which is, at the same time, much the most important and most difficult department of literature. The great law of self-preservation prompts us to war on every thing which threatens our interest and happiness. Moral and political philosophy has too often aimed its logic at the throne, and questioned the title of the monarch, ever to be a favorite with rulers. Hence, while even the absolute despot may encourage the arts, light literature and the physical and mathematical sciences, he dares not unbind the fetters of the mind in the region of politics, morals and religion. He can but tremble at that bold spirit of inquiry which may be aroused on those subjects—which dares to advance to the throne itself and loosen even the foundations on which it is erected. Napoleon Bonaparte, in the plenitude of his power, could give the utmost encouragement to all those departments of learning, whose principles could not be arrayed against despotism. In these departments he delighted to behold the genius and talent of the country. In the provinces and in the capital he called to the physical and mathematical chairs of his colleges, his universities and his polytechnic schools, some of the most splendid lecturers of the age; but selfishness forbade him to tolerate a free and manly spirit of inquiry in morals and politics, and he whose armies had deluged Europe with blood, whose name was a terror and whose word was a law unto nations, could not feel secure upon his throne while such men as Cousin were illustrating the nineteenth century by the splendor of their professorial eloquence, before the youth of France, or such writers as De Stael were making their animated appeals to the nation, in behalf of liberty of thought, and freedom of action. It is impossible, without full freedom of thought, and a single eye to truth and usefulness, that the scientific investigator, no matter how great his genius may be, can unravel the difficulties of moral and political philosophy. The very patronage of the throne enthralls his intellect, and his fears or his avarice tempt him to desert the cause of truth and humanity.

"Thus trammell'd, thus condemn'd to flattery's troubles,
He toils through all, still trembling to be wrong;
For fear some noble thoughts like heavenly rebels
Should rise up in high treason to his brain,
He sings as the Athenian spoke, with pebbles
In 's mouth, lest truth should stammer through his strain."

If we look even to those epochs under monarchical governments, which have been designated by the high sounding title of the golden ages of literature, we shall observe a full exemplification of the remarks which I have made on this subject. Let us take the Augustan age itself. Under the patronage of the first of the Roman Emperors we find, it is true, the arts and light literature rising to a pitch which perhaps they had not reached under the republic. After the death of Brutus the world of letters experienced a revolution almost as

great as that of the political world. The literature of the Augustan age is distinguished by that tone and spirit which mark the downfall of liberty, and the consequent thralldom of the mind. The bold and manly voice of eloquence was hushed. The high and lofty spirit of the republic was tamed down to a sickly and disgusting servility. The age of poetry came when that of eloquence and philosophy was past; and Virgil and Horace and Propertius, flattered, courted and enriched by an artful prince and an elegant courtier, could consent to sing the sycophantic praises of the monarch who had signed the proscriptions of the triumvirate, and riveted a despotism on his country.

But the men who most adorned the various departments of learning during the long reign of Augustus, were born in the last days of the republic. They saw what the glory of the commonwealth had been—they beheld with their own eyes the greatness of their country, and they had inhaled in their youth the breath of freedom. No Roman writer, for example, excels the Lyric Bard in true feeling and sympathy for heroic greatness. We ever behold through the medium of his writings—even the gayest—a deep rooted sorrow locked up in his bosom, for the subversion of the liberties of the commonwealth. "On every occasion we can see the inspiring flame of patriotism and freedom breaking through that mist of levity in which his poetry is involved." "He constrained his inclinations," says Schlegel, "and endeavored to write like a royalist, but in spite of himself he is still manifestly a republican and a Roman."*

"In the last years of Augustus," says the same writer, "the younger generation who were born, or at least grew up to manhood, after the commencement of the monarchy, were altogether different. We can already perceive the symptoms of declining taste—in Ovid particularly, who is overrun with an unhealthy superfluity of fancy, and a sentimental effeminacy of expression." Even History itself, in which the Romans so far excelled, yielded to the corrupting influence of the Cæsars. Tacitus concluded the long series of splendid and vigorous writers, and he grew up and was educated under the comparatively happy reigns of Vespasian and Titus, and wrote under the mild government of Nerva. Unnatural pomp and extravagance of expression seem, strange as it may appear, to be the necessary results of social and political degradation. And it is curious indeed to behold among the writers under the first Cæsars, the extraordinary compounds which genius can produce, when impelled on the one hand by the all-powerful and stimulating love of liberty, and vivid glimpses of the real dignity of human nature, while checked and subdued on the other by the fear of arbitrary power. Take Lucan for an example. "In him we find the most outrageously republican feelings making their chosen abode in the breast of a wealthy and luxurious courtier of Nero. It excites surprise and even disgust, to observe how he stoops to flatter that disgusting tyrant, in expressions the meanness of

which amounts to a crime, and then in the next page, exalts Cato above the Gods themselves, and speaks of all the enemies of the first Cæsar with an admiration that approaches to idolatry."

Let us now look for an exemplification of the same great truths, to the reign of Louis the fourteenth, a reign which has been celebrated as the zenith of warlike and literary splendor—and here I borrow the language of Macintosh. "Talent seemed robbed of the conscious elevation, of the erect and manly port, which is its noblest associate and its surest indication. The mild purity of Fenelon, the lofty spirit of Bossuet, the masculine mind of Boileau, the sublime fervor of Corneille, were confounded by the contagion of ignominious and indiscriminate servility." Purity, propriety and beauty of style, were indeed carried during this reign to a high pitch of perfection. The literature of this period was "the highest attainment of the imagination." An aristocratic society, such as that which adorned the court of Louis XIV, is particularly favorable to the delicacy and polish of style, the fascinations of wit and gaiety, and to all the decorations of an elegant imagination. No one has ever surpassed Racine, Fenelon, and Bossuet, in purity of style and elegance of language.

The literature of this age, however, as well asserted by Madame de Stael, was not a "philosophic power." "Sometimes indeed, authors were seen, like Achilles, to take up warlike weapons in the midst of frivolous employments, but, in general, books at that time did not treat upon subjects of real importance. Literary men retired to a distance from the active interests of life. An analysis of the principles of government, an examination into religious opinions, a just appreciation of men in power, every thing in short that could lead to any applicable result, was strictly forbidden them." Hence, however perfect the compositions of this age in mere style and ornament, we find them sadly deficient in profundity of reflection and utility of purpose. The human mind during this period had not yet reached its proper elevation, because it was enthralled by arbitrary power. The succeeding, was one of more grandeur of thought, and consequently of a more bold, daring, and profound philosophy. In vain would we look over the annals of the age of Louis XIV, to find a parallel to Voltaire, Montesquieu, Rousseau and Raynal. And what, let me ask, had so soon produced this mighty difference in the philosophy of France? It surely could not be the patronage of that base, profligate, licentious libertine, who during the period of his unfortunate regency, loosened the very foundation of human virtue, polluted the morals of his country, and weakened or destroyed those dearest of ties which bind together in harmony, in happiness and in love, the whole social fabric. It could not surely be the patronage of a monarch who had been reared and educated in such a school as this. No! it was the new spirit which animated the age—the spirit of liberty—the spirit of free inquiry—the spirit of utility. It was this spirit which quickened and aroused the stagnant genius of the nation, and filled the soul with the "*aliquid immensum infinitumque*," which had in the days of antiquity inspired the eloquence of a Tully and the sublime vehemence of Demosthenes. It was this new spirit, and not the puny patronage of a monarch, that called forth

* Horace fought under Brutus and Cassius, on the side of the Republic, at the battle of Philippi, and he was after the battle saved from the wreck of the republican army, and treated with great respect and kindness by Augustus and his minister Mecenas.

those intellectual giants of their age, Voltaire, Montesquieu and Rousseau, who have traced out three different periods in the progress of reflection—and if I may borrow the language of De Stael, like the Gods of Olympus, have gone over the ground in three steps. It was this new spirit in fine, which in spite of the influence of the monarch and his nobility, sapped the foundation of the throne and hastened on the awful crisis of revolution in that devoted country.

Thus do we see that it is only the lighter kinds of literature, and the physical and mathematical sciences, which the patronage of a monarch can be expected to foster. In those nobler and more useful branches of knowledge—moral, mental, religious, and political,—the patronage of the throne clips the wings of philosophy and arrests the growth of science and the progress of truth.*

So far from this particular species of literature flourishing most under the bounty and patronage of a monarch, we find, in almost every monarchy, the party arrayed against the government, at the same time the most talented and the most philosophical party. The remark is susceptible of still greater generalization. I may, perhaps, with truth assert that in every age and in every nation, the men who have arrayed themselves against the usurpations of government, whether monarchical or republican—the men who have arrayed themselves on the side of liberty, who have led on the forlorn hope against the aggressions of despotism, have been the men who against the patronage of power and wealth, have reared up those systems of philosophy that time cannot destroy—they are the men who have performed those noble achievements which most illustrate their country, and weave for it the chaplet of its glory—these are the men whose eloquence has shaken senates and animated nations. These are the men, who, whatever may be their destiny whilst they live, will ever be remembered and honored by a grateful posterity. Where now are those writings which contend for *jure divino* rights and patriarchal power?—past and gone! The Filmer are forgotten, the Hobbes are despised—while the writings of Locke will live forever, and the memory of Sidney and Russell and Hampden will be cherished through all ages. What were the Grenvilles and the Norths in more recent times, when compared with Chatham, Burke, Fox and Sheridan, in England, or with the Washingtons, Franklins, Henrys, Jeffersons and Adamsses of our own revolutionary crisis. And thus would a review of the history of the world bear me out in the assertion, that in almost every age and country since the annals of history have become authentic, the opposition literature, in moral, political and religious philosophy has been purer, deeper, more vivifying and useful, than that sickly literature which has grown up under the shadow of the throne, though encouraged and stimulated by the smiles of power, and sustained and fostered by the lavish expenditure of exhaustless treasures.

* In the great Austrian University established at Vienna, the Professor of Statistics is strictly forbidden to present to the view of his class any other Statistics than those of Austria, lest this country should suffer by comparison with others. How limited must be the range of intellect on political subjects under such fatal restrictions as this, imposed by the narrow jealousy of arbitrary power!

The only additional remark which I shall make upon the general question of the relative influences exerted upon the progress of literature and the development of character, by the monarchical and republican forms of government is, that in the former the aspirants to office and honors look upwards to the throne and the nobility, in the latter they look downwards to the people. This simple difference between the two governments is calculated to produce the most extensive and material consequences. In the first place, the kind of talent requisite for success under the two governments, is very different. Even Mr. Hume himself acknowledges, that, to be successful with the people, it is generally necessary for a man to make himself useful by his industry, capacity, or knowledge; to be prosperous under a monarchy, it is requisite to render himself agreeable by his wit, complaisance, or civility. "A strong genius succeeds best in republics: a refined taste in monarchies. And consequently the sciences are the more natural growth of the one, and the polite arts of the other." We are told, that in France under the old monarchy, men did not expect to reach the elevated offices of government either by hard labor, close study, or real efficiency of character. A *bon mot*, some peculiar gracefulness, was frequently the occasion of the most rapid promotions; and these frequent examples, we are told, inspired a sort of careless philosophy, a confidence in fortune, and a contempt for studious exertions, which could only end in a sacrifice of utility to mere pleasure and elegance.

The fate of individuals under those circumstances is determined, not by their intrinsic worth or real talents, but by their capacity to please the monarch and his court. Poor Racine, we are told by St. Simon, was banished forever from the royal sunshine in which he had so long basked, because in a moment of that absence of mind for which he was remarkable, he made an unlucky observation upon the writings of Scarron in presence of the king and Madame de Maintenon, which could never be forgotten or forgiven. We all know that the Raleighs, Leicesters, Essexes, &c. under the energetic reign of Elizabeth, were much more indebted to their personal accomplishments and devoted and adulatory gallantries, for their rapid promotions, than to any real services which they had rendered, or extraordinary talents which they had displayed. And in the time of Queen Anne, it has been said that the scale was turned in favor of passive obedience and non-resistance, by the Duchess of Marlborough's gloves; and the ill humor of the Duchess caused the recall of Marlborough, which alone could have saved the kingdom of France from almost certain conquest at that eventful crisis.

Another consequence which almost necessarily follows from the difference just pointed out between the monarchical and republican forms of government, is, that the stimulus furnished by the former, both to thought and action, is much less universal in its operation than that furnished by the latter. In the republican form of government, the sovereignty of the people is the mainspring—the moving power of the whole political engine. This sovereignty pervades the whole nation, like the very atmosphere we breathe—it reaches to the farthest, and binds the most distant together. In a well administered and well balanced republic, it mat-

ters not where our lot may be cast, whether in the north or the south, at the centre or on the confines, the action of the political machine is still made to reach us—to stimulate our energies and waken up our ambition. The people under this system become more enlightened and more energetic, because the exercise of sovereignty leads to reflection, and creates a demand for knowledge. Aspirants to office must study to become useful, intelligent and efficient, for by these attributes they will be the better enabled to win that popularity which may ensure the suffrages of those around them, so necessary to their attainment of political elevation—and thus does the republican system operate on all, and call into action the latent talent and energy of the country, no matter where they may exist.

In the monarchy, on the contrary, the moving spring of the whole machinery lies at the centre—the virtual sovereignty of the nation reposes in the capital. The want of political rights and powers sinks the dignity of the people, stagnates the public mind, and torpifies all the energies of man. In such a body politic you may have action and life, and even greatness at the centre, whilst you have the torpor and lethargy of death itself at the extremities. The man who is born at a distance from the capital has no chance for elevation there. If he aspires to political distinction he must make a pilgrimage to the seat of government. He must travel up to court, where alone he can bask in the beams of the royal sunshine. How partial is the operation of such a system as this! How many noble intellects may pass undiscovered and undeveloped under its sway! How many noble achievements may be lost, for the want of a proper opportunity to display them! And all this may happen while the monarch and his court are disposed to foster literature, to encourage talent, and to stimulate into action all the energies of the nation.*

But how debasing does this form of government become, when the monarch, either from policy or inclination, shuns the talent and virtue of the country, addresses himself to the lowest, the most vulgar and most selfish passions of man, and draws around him into the high places of the government men taken from the lowest and most despised functions of life. "Kings," says Burke, "are naturally lovers of low company; they are so elevated above all the rest of mankind that they must look upon all their subjects as on a level." They are apt, unless they be wise men, to hate the talent and virtue of the country, and attach themselves to those vile instruments who will consent to flatter their caprices, pander to their low and grovelling pleasures, and offer up to them the disgusting incense of sycophantic fawning adulation. Every man of talent and virtue is an obstacle in the path of such a monarch as this—he holds up to his view a most hateful mirror. When such monarchs as these are on the throne, the government exercises the most withering influence on the intellect and virtue of the country. Science is dishonored and persecuted because she is

virtuous, because she will consent to flatter neither the monarch on his throne nor his sycophantic courtier—she will consent to mingle in no degrading strife, nor does she bring up any reserve to the dishonest minister, either to swell his triumph or to break his fall. When men of rank thus sacrifice all ideas of dignity to an ambition without a useful and noble object, and work with low instruments and for low ends, the whole composition becomes low and base. Whilst Tiberius surrenders himself into the keeping of so vile a being as Sejanus—whilst Nero is fiddling and dancing, and Commodus in the arena with the gladiators—all that is noble and great in the empire must retire into the shade and seek for safety in solitude and obscurity.

When Louis XI dismissed from the court those faithful nobles and distinguished citizens, who had stood by his father and saved the monarch and his throne in the hour of adversity, and filled their places with men taken from the lowest and meanest condition of life, with no other merit than that possessed by the eunuch guard of the Medio-Persian monarch, of adhering to the king, because despised by all the world besides, he conquered, for the time at least, the virtue, the chivalry, the real greatness of France. Well, then, may we say, in the emphatic language of England's most philosophic statesman, "Woe to the country which would madly and impiously reject the service of the talents and virtues, civil, military or religious, that are given to grace and to serve it; and would condemn to obscurity every thing formed to diffuse lustre and glory around a state. Woe to that country too, that considers a low education, a mean contracted view of things, a sordid, mercenary occupation, as a preferable title to command."

But it may be asked, may not some of the effects which I have just described as flowing from monarchy, be produced under the republican form of government? To this I answer that almost all of them may be expected to be the result of one homogeneous republic, stretching over a great extent of territory, including a numerous population and a great diversity of interest; but, as such a government as this has been wisely provided against in our country at least, by a system of confederated republics, I will now proceed to the main object of my discourse this evening—to point out the peculiar influence which our federative system of government is calculated to produce upon literature and character.

And in the first place, supposing our system to continue as perfect in practice as it undoubtedly is in theory, a mere statistical exposé of its future condition in regard to numbers and wealth at no very distant period, is of itself sufficient to present to our view prospects of the most cheering and animating character. We have a territory extending over three millions of square miles, composed of soils of every variety and every degree of fertility, stretching almost from the tropics to the poles in one direction, and from the Atlantic to the Pacific in the other. We have spread sparsely over a portion of this immense territorial expanse, a population of fifteen millions, principally descended from that nation in Europe, which is at the same time the most wealthy, the most powerful, the most enterprising, the most free, the most civilized, and perhaps the most moral, purely religious and intellectual nation, among all the great powers of Europe. This population, which has, so far,

* Hence we see at once the error committed by the great author of the *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*, in the assertion, that the absolute monarchy would be the most desirable form of government in the world, if such men as Nerva, Trajan, and the Antonines could always be upon the throne.

shown itself worthy of the immortal stock of ancestors from which it is descended, is rapidly advancing in numbers and in wealth. Our censuses have hitherto shown a duplication of our population, in periods of less time than twenty-five years. We will assume, however, this period in our calculation, and we shall find this elastic spring of population, (if we can only bind down the movements of the governments of our system within their prescribed orbits,) of itself, like the magic wand of the enchanter, or the marvellous lamp of Aladdin, capable of achieving all which may confer glory and power and distinction on nations. In a period of seventy-five years, which is but a short time in a nation's history, we shall have a population of one hundred and twenty millions of souls, and yet not so dense as the population of many of the states of Europe. We shall then have an empire, formed by mere internal development, as populous as that of Rome and much more wealthy, speaking all the same language, and living under the same or similar institutions.

Let us then for a moment contemplate the inspiring influence which the mere grandeur of such a theatre is calculated to produce on literature and character. Whether the author write for wealth or for fame, or for usefulness, he will have the most unbounded field open to his exertions. The law which secures the property in his productions throughout such an immense empire, will ensure the most unlimited pecuniary patronage to all that is valuable and great, a patronage beyond what kings and princes can furnish. And the most powerful stimulus will be applied to every noble and generous principle of his nature, by the simple reflection that complete success in his literary efforts will introduce him to the knowledge of millions, all of whom may be edified by his instruction, or made more happy by the enjoyment of that literary repast which he may spread before them.

Do we not read of the mighty influence produced upon mind and body in ancient Greece, by the assemblages at the Olympic games? It was the hope of winning the prizes before these assemblages which called forth energy and awakened genius. It was under the thrilling applauses of these bodies that Herodotus recited his prose, and Pindar his poetry. And what, let me ask, was the great idea which animated every Roman writer? It was the idea of *Rome* herself—of Rome so wonderful in her ancient manners and laws—so great even in her errors and crimes. It was this idea which was breathed from the lips of her orators and embalmed in her literature—it is this idea which stamps the character of independent dignity and grandeur on the page of her philosophy, her history and her poetry.

But what were the multitudes that could be assembled together in Elis, or the heterogeneous half civilized polyglot people of the Roman Empire, bound together by the strong arm of power and overawed by the presence of the legions, in comparison with the millions that will ere long spring up within the limits of our wide spread territory,—speaking the same language,—formed under similar institutions,—and impelled by the same inspiring spirit of independence?

Another advantage which it is proper to present, as growing out of that condition of our people, which a mere statistical exposé will exhibit, is the security furnished by the magnitude and resources of our country,

and by the immense distance of all bodies politic of great power and ambition, from our borders, against foreign invasion, or foreign interference in domestic concerns. I shall not here dwell upon the consequent exemption of our country from those mighty engines of despotism, overgrown navies and armies, and the deleterious influence which these essentially anti-literary establishments exercise over the genius and energy of man. I shall merely briefly advert to some of the effects which this security of individuals and states against foreign aggression is calculated to produce on individual enterprise and state exertion.

Since the governments of the world have become more regular and stable, and the great expense of war has made even victory and conquest ruinous to nations, rulers are beginning to look to the development of the internal resources of their countries, more than to foreign conquest and national spoiliations. The great system of internal improvement in all its branches, is without doubt one of the most powerfully efficient means which can be devised to hurry forward the accumulation of wealth, and speed on the progress of civilization. The canal and the rail road, the steam boat and the steam car, the water power and steam power, constitute in fact the great and characteristic powers of the nineteenth century—they are the mighty civilizers of the age in which we live. They bind together in harmony and concord the discordant interests of nations, and like the vascular system of the human frame, they produce a wholesome circulation, and a vivifying and stimulating action throughout the whole body politic.

These great improvements in our own country, with but few exceptions, and those well defined, ought to be executed solely by states and individuals. But neither states nor individuals would execute those necessary works, without security from interruption and invasion, and consequent security in the enjoyment of the profits which they might yield. What wealthy individual in our own state, for example, would erect a costly bridge across one of our rivers, or embark his capital in the construction of a canal or rail road, if foe or friend might blow up his bridge during the next year, or a war might interrupt trade, and perhaps a treaty of peace might cede the canal or rail way to a different state?

Of all the nations in Europe, England is the one which has been most exempt from foreign invasion, and we find in that country that individual enterprise has achieved more in the cause of internal improvement than in any other nation in Europe; and the prosperity and real greatness of England are no doubt due in a great measure to the energy and enterprise of her citizens. In the continental nations we find this constant liability to invasion every where paralyzing the enterprise of both individuals and states. One of the most skilful engineers of France tells us that in passing through some of the frontier provinces of that country, he every where beheld the most mournful evidences of the want of both national and individual enterprise, in miserable roads, in decayed or fallen bridges, in the absence of canals and turnpikes, of manufactures, commerce, and even of agriculture itself, in many almost deserted regions. Paris, the second city in Europe in point of numbers and wealth, and the capital of the nation hitherto most powerful on the continent, has not

yet in this age of ardor and enterprise, constructed either a canal or rail road to the ocean, or even to any intermediate point. If our federative system contained within its borders a city thus wealthy and populous, and so well situated, can there be a doubt that it would long ere this have sent its rail roads and canals not only to the ocean, but in all probability to the Rhine and the Danube, to the Rhone, the Garonne, and the Mediterranean.

This spirit of improvement, under the hitherto benign protection of our government, is already abroad in the land. New York and Pennsylvania have already executed works which rival in splendor and grandeur the boasted monuments of Egypt, Rome or China, and far excel them in usefulness and profit. The states of the south and west too are moving on in the same noble career. And our own Virginia, the *Old Dominion*, has at last awakened from her inglorious repose, and is pushing forward with vigor her great central improvement, destined soon to pass the Blue Ridge and Alleghany ranges of mountains, and thus to realize the fable of antiquity, which represented the sea-gods as driving their herds to pasture on the mountains.

"Omne cum Proteus pecus egit altos
Visera montes."

One certain effect of our great systems of improvement must be the rearing up of large towns throughout our country. I know full well that great cities are cursed with great vices. The worst specimens of the human character, squalid poverty, gorgeous, thoughtless luxury, misery and anxiety, are all to be found in them. But we find, at the same time, the noblest and most virtuous specimens of our race on the same busy, bustling theatre. Mind is here brought into collision with mind—intellect whets up intellect—the energy of one stimulates the energy of another—and thus we find all the great improvements originate here. It is the cities which constitute the great moving power of society; the country population is much more tardy in its action, and thus becomes the regulator to the machinery. It is the cities which have hurried forward the great revolutions of modern times, "whether for weal or woe." It is the cities which have made the great improvements and inventions in mechanics and the arts. It is the great cities which have pushed every department of literature to the highest pitch of perfection. It is the great cities alone which can build up and sustain hospitals, asylums, dispensaries—which can gather together large and splendid libraries, form literary and philosophical associations, assemble together bands of literati, who stimulate and encourage each other. In fine, it is the large cities alone which can rear up and sustain a mere literary class. When there shall arise in this country, as there surely will, some eight or ten cities of the first magnitude, we shall then find the opprobrium which now attaches to us, of having no national literature, wiped away; and there are no doubt some branches of science which we are destined to carry to a pitch of perfection which can be reached no where else. Where, for example, can the great moral, political, and economical sciences be studied so successfully as here? And this leads me at once to the consideration of the operation of the state or federative system of government, which I regard as the most beautiful feature in our

political system, and that which is calculated to produce the most beneficial influence both on the progress of science, and on the development of character.

It has been observed, under all great governments acting over wide spread empires, that both the arts and literature quickly come to a stand, and most generally begin to decline afterwards. In fact, Mr. Hume makes the bold assertion in his *Essays*, "that when the arts and sciences come to perfection in any state, from that moment they naturally or rather necessarily decline, and seldom or never revive in that nation where they formerly flourished." His remark is certainly much more applicable to large monarchical governments than to such a system as ours. In large countries, with great national governments, there will be quickly formed in literature as perfect a despotism as exists in politics. Some few great geniuses will arise, explore certain departments of literature, earn an imperishable reputation, die, and bequeath to posterity in their writings a model ever after to be imitated, and for that very reason never to be excelled. And thus it is that certain standard authors establish their dominion in the world of letters, and impose a binding law on their successors, who, it has been well said, do nothing more than transpose the incidents, new-name the characters, and paraphrase the sentiments of their great prototypes. It is known that under the Roman emperors, even as late as the time of Justinian, Virgil was called *the poet*, by way of distinction, throughout the western empire, while Homer received the same appellation in the eastern empire. These two poets were of undisputed authority to all their successors in epic poetry.

We are told that in the vast empire of China, speaking but one language, governed by one law, and consequently moulded into one dull homogeneous character, this literary despotism is still more marked. When the authority of a great teacher, like that of Confucius, is once established, the doctrine of passive obedience to such authority is just as certainly enforced upon succeeding literati as the same doctrine towards the monarch is enforced on the subject. Now all this has a tendency to cramp genius, and paralyze literary effort.

The developing genius of the modern world was arrested in the career of invention at least, and the imagination was tamed down by the servile imitation of the ancients immediately after the revival of letters. And perhaps one of the greatest benefits conferred on learning by the reformation, consisted of the new impulse that was suddenly communicated to the human mind—an impulse that at once broke asunder the bonds which the literature of the ancient world had rivetted—set free the mind after directing it into a new career of inquiry and investigation, unshackled even by the Latin language, which had so long robbed the vernacular tongues of Europe of the honors justly due to them from the literati of the age.*

*I would not by any means be understood as advancing the opinion that the language and literature of the ancients have been always an impediment to the progress of modern literature. On the contrary, at the revival of letters, the moderns were an almost immeasurable distance in the rear of the ancients. Ancient literature then became a power, by which the moderns were at once elevated to the literary level of antiquity; but when once we had reached that point, all farther exclusive devotion to the learning and the language of antiquity became hurtful to the mind by the trammels which it imposed. The study

But not only do great writers in large nations establish their authority over their successors, and thus set bounds to the progress of literature, but they repress the genius of the country by discouraging those first intellectual efforts of young aspirants for fame, which appear insignificant by comparison with established models. Now in literature, as well as in the accumulation of wealth, the proverb is strictly true, that it is the first step which is the most difficult, "*c'est le premier pas qui coûte*." The timid and the modest, (and real genius is always modest,) are frequently deterred from appearing in a particular department of literature, because of the great distance at which their first efforts must fall in the rear of the standard authors who have preceded them. They are overawed and alarmed at the first step which it is necessary to take, and frequently recoil from the task, sinking back into the quiet obscurity of listlessness and mental inactivity—whereas, if a proper encouragement could have been furnished to their incipient labors, it would have cheered and animated them in their literary career, and finally conducted them to proud and exalted rank in the world of letters.

The splendor, profundity, and irresistible fascination of Shakespeare's plays, have perhaps deterred many a genius in England from writing plays. So Corneille and Racine have no doubt produced similar effects in France. Even the great names which I have mentioned, would have been overawed, if in the commencement of their career, they had been obliged to contend with their own more splendid productions. "If Moliere and Corneille," said Hume, "were to bring upon the stage at present their early productions which were formerly so well received, it would discourage the young poets to see the indifference and disdain of the public. The ignorance of the age alone could have given admission to the '*Prince of Tyre*;' but it is to that we owe '*The Moor*.' Had '*Every Man in his Humor*' been rejected, we had never seen '*Volpone*.'"

Now there is no system of government which has ever been devised by man, better calculated to remove the withering and blighting influence of great names in literature, and at the same time to insure the full possession of all the great benefits which their labors can confer, than the federal system of republics—a system which, at the same time that it binds the states together in peace and harmony, leaves each one in the possession of a government of its own, with its sovereignty and liberty unimpaired. In such a condition as this, there is a wholesome circulation of literature from one state to another, without establishing, however, any thing like a dictatorship in the republic of letters. A salutary rivalry is generated; and a true and genuine patriotism, I must be allowed to assert, will always lead us to foster and stimulate genius, wherever we may perceive symptoms of its development, throughout the limits of that commonwealth to which we are attached. The soldier in the field may love the marshal, and feel an attachment to the grand army which

of the classics will forever be useful and interesting to him who aspires to be a scholar. But it becomes injurious when we make it our exclusive study, and substitute the undefined and loose system of morality—the high sounding and empty philosophy of the ancients, for the purer morals and deeper learning of the moderns.

has been so often led to conquest and glory; but I must confess that I admire more that warm, generous, and sympathetic attachment, which his heart feels for that small division and its officer with which he has been connected—for that little platoon in which his own name has been enrolled, and where his own little share of glory has been won.

The history of antiquity, and the history of the modern world, alike show that small independent contiguous states, speaking the same language, living under similar governments, actuated by similar impulses, and bound together by the ties of cordial sympathy and mutual welfare, are the most favorable for the promotion of literature and science—in fine, for the development of every thing that is great, noble, and useful. On such a theatre, the candidate for literary honor is not overawed by the fame of those who have won trophies in adjoining states. He looks to the commonwealth to which he is attached, for support and applause; and when his name begins to be known abroad, and his fame to spread, his horizon expands with the increasing elevation of his station, until it comprehends the whole system of homogeneous republics. In such a system as this, the literature of each state will be aided and stimulated by that of all the rest—it will draw from all the pure fountains in every quarter of the world, without being manacled and stifled by the absolute authority of any. In such a system as this, there is no *jure divino* right in science—there is no national prejudice fostered in a national literature; respect, and even veneration, will be paid in such a system to all true learning, wherever it may be found; but there will be no worship, no abject submission to literary dictators. And if such a people may fail to form a regular homogeneous national literature, they will perhaps for that very reason be enabled to carry each art and science, in the end, to a higher pitch of perfection than it could reach if trammelled by the binding laws imposed by an organized national literature.

Among the nations of the earth which have made any progress in civilization, we find from the operation of causes which it would be foreign from my object to explain, that Asia most abounds in great and populous empires. And it is precisely in this quarter of the globe that we find a most irresistible despotism in both government and literature. Europe is divided into smaller states, and in them we find more popular governments, and more profound literature. Of all the portions of Europe, Greece was anciently the most divided; but as long as those little states could preserve their freedom, they were by far the most successful cultivators, in the ancient world, of every art and every science. The literature of the little republics of Italy, during the middle ages, illustrates the same great principles; and the rapid progress of the little states of Germany, since the general pacification of Europe in 1815, in literary and philosophical research of every kind, proves likewise the truth of the remarks made above.

Germany was accused by Madame de Stael of having no national literature: but the German state system of government, though by no means equal to ours, bids fair to carry German literature beyond that of any other nation in Europe. Although the literati of these small states are not trammelled either by their own or foreign literature, yet there is no body of learned men

in the world who profit more by all that is really good and great in the learning of their neighbors. Without any narrow prejudices, they go with eagerness in search of truth and beauty wherever they are to be found. Every literature in the world has been cultivated by the Germans. We are told that "Shakspeare and Homer occupy the loftiest station in the poetical Olympus, but there is space in it for all true singers out of every age and clime. Ferdusi, and the primeval mythologists of Hindostan, live in brotherly union with the troubadours and ancient story-tellers of the west. The wayward, mystic gloom of Calderon—the lurid fire of Dante—the auroral light of Tasso—the clear, icy glitter of Racine, all are acknowledged and revered."

Of all modern literature, the German has the best, as well as the most translations. In 1827, there were three entire versions of Shakspeare, all admitted to be good, besides many that were partial, or considered inferior. How soon, let me ask, would the literature of Germany wane away, if all her little independent states were moulded into one consolidated empire, with a great central government in the capital?

But the most beneficial influence produced upon literature and character under the federative system of government, springs from the operation of the state governments themselves. We have seen that the monarchical government, in a large state, fails to stimulate learning and elicit great activity of character, because its influence does not pervade the whole body politic—while the centre may be properly acted on, the confines are in a state of inextricable languor. A great consolidated republican government, if such an one could exist, would be little better than a monarchy. The aspirants for the high offices in such a nation, would all look up to the government as the centre for promotion, and not to the people. The talent and ambition of the country would have to make the same weary pilgrimage here as in the monarchies—to travel up to court—to fawn upon and flatter the men whom fortune had thrown into the high places of the government. The stimulus which such a government could afford, must necessarily be of the most partial and capricious character. A system of state governments preserves the sovereignty unimpaired in every portion of the country; it carries the beneficial stimulus, which government itself is capable of applying to literature and character, to every division of the people. Under such governments as these, if properly regulated, and not overawed or corrupted by central power—it matters very little where a man's destiny may place him, whether he may be born on the borders of the Lakes, on the banks of the Mississippi, or even in future times on the distant shores of the Pacific—the sovereignty is with him—the action of the state and federal governments reaches him in his distant home as effectually as if he had been born in the federal metropolis, or on the banks of the Potomac, or the waters of the Chesapeake.

Under such a system as this, there is no one part more favored than the rest; but all are subjected to similar governments, and operated on by similar stimulants. In all other countries the term province is a term of reproach. Neibuhr tells us that in France the best book published in Marseilles or Bordeaux is hardly

mentioned. *C'est public dans la province* is enough to consign the book at once to oblivion—so complete is the literary dictatorship of Paris over all France. In such a system as ours, we have no provinces; if the governments shall only move in their prescribed orbits, all will be principals, all will be heads—each member of the confederacy will stand on the same summit level with every other. While this condition of things exists, the institutions of one state will not be disparaged or overshadowed by those of another—not even by those of the central department. A great and flourishing university for example, established in one state, will but encourage the establishment of another in an adjoining state. The literary efforts of one will not damp or impede those of another, but will stimulate it to enter on the same career.

Where, in all Europe for example, can be found so large a number of good universities for the same amount of population as in the states of Germany. The number, it is said, has reached thirty-six—nineteen Protestant, and seventeen Catholic; and nearly all of them, particularly the Protestant, are in a flourishing condition. Even as early as 1826 there were twenty-two universities in Germany, not one of which numbered less than two hundred students. And Villers tells us that there is more real knowledge in one single university, as that of Gottingen, Halle, or Jena, than in all the eight universities of San Jago de Compostella, Alcalá, Orihuela, &c. of the consolidated monarchy of Spain.*

If we look to that period of greatest glory in the history of modern Italy, when her little states with all their bustle and faction were still free—still unawed by the great powers of Europe, we shall behold in her universities a beautiful exemplification of the truth of the same principles. Almost every independent state had its university or its college; and no matter how limited its territory, or small its population, the spirit of the state system—the spirit of liberty itself, breathed into these institutions the breath of life, and made them the nurseries of genius and independence, of science and literature.

How soon was the whole character of Holland

* The literature of Spain has never revived since the consolidation of her government under Charles and Philip. It flourished most, strange as it may appear, when the Spanish peninsula was divided among several independent governments, and when the spirit of independence and individuality was excited to the highest pitch by that spirit of honor, love of adventure, and of individual notoriety, infused into the nations of Europe by the Institution of Chivalry. "The literature of Spain," says Sismondi, (Literature of South Europe) "has, strictly speaking, only one period, that of Chivalry. Its sole riches consist in its ancient honor and frankness of character. The poem of the Cid first presented itself to us among the Spanish works, as the Cid himself among the heroes of Spain; and after him, we find nothing in any degree equalling either the noble simplicity of his real character, or the charm of the brilliant fictions of which he is the subject. Nothing that has since appeared can justly demand our unqualified admiration. In the midst of the most brilliant efforts of Spanish genius, our taste has been continually wounded by extravagance and affectation, or our reason has been offended by an eccentricity often bordering on folly." Spain then furnishes a most convincing illustration of the melancholy influence of great consolidated governments on mind and literature. The poem of the Cid, so highly eulogized by Sismondi, is supposed to have been written about the middle of the twelfth century.

changed by the benign operation of the federative system, after she had thrown off the odious yoke of the Spanish monarchy! Soon did the spirit of freedom give rise to five universities in this small but interesting country. "When the city of Leyden, in common with all the lower countries, had fought through the bloodiest and perhaps the noblest struggle for liberty on record, the great and good William of Orange offered her immunities from taxes, that she might recover from her bitter sufferings, and be rewarded for the important services which she had rendered to the sacred cause. Leyden however declined the offer, and asked for nothing but the privilege of erecting a university within her walls, as the best reward for more than human endurance and perseverance." This simple fact, says the writer from whom I have obtained this anecdote, is a precious gem to the student of history; for if the protection of the arts and sciences reflects great honor upon a monarch, though it be for vanity's sake, the fostering care with which communities or republics watch over the cultivation of knowledge, and the other ennobling pursuits of man, sheds a still greater lustre upon themselves.

In our own country, it is true that we have not yet passed into the gristle and bone of literary manhood. But we have already established more colleges and universities than exist perhaps in any other country on the face of the globe. We have already about seventy-six in operation, and some of them even now, whether we consider the munificence of their endowments, or the learning which they can boast of, would do credit to any age or country. If the time shall ever come when our state governments shall be broken down, and the power shall be concentrated in one great national system, then will the era of state universities be past, and a few bloated, corrupt, *jure divino* establishments will be reared in their stead, more interested in the support of absolute power, and the suppression of truth, than in the cause of liberty and freedom of investigation.*

But it is said by some that the state system tinges all literature with a political hue—that under this system politics becomes the great, the engrossing study of the mind—that the lighter kinds of literature and the fine arts will be neglected—that the mathematical and physical sciences will be uncultivated—in fine, that the literature of such a people will be purely utilitarian. This objection is perhaps, founded principally upon too exclusive a view of the past literary history of our own country. Up to this time there has, if I may use the phraseology of political economy, been a greater demand for political knowledge in this country than for any other species of literature. The new political con-

dition into which we entered at the revolution—the formation of our state and federal governments—the jarring and grating almost necessarily incident to new political machinery just started into action—severely tested too as ours has been, and is still, by the inharmonious and too often selfish action of heterogeneous interests on each other—the formation of new states, and the rapid development of new interests and unforeseen powers, together with the great sparseness of our population, have all contributed to turn the public mind of this country principally to the field of politics and morals—and surely we have arrived at an eminency on these subjects not surpassed in any other country.

One of the most distinguished writers on the continent of Europe, even before the close of the eighteenth century, says most justly, "the American literature, indeed, is not yet formed, but when their magistrates are called upon to address themselves on any subject to the public opinion, they are eminently gifted with the power of touching all the affections of the heart, by expressing simple truths and pure sentiments; and to do this, is already to be acquainted with the most useful secret of elegant style." The Declaration of American Independence, the Constitution of the United States, the speeches delivered on it in the conventions of the states, particularly in Virginia—the collection of essays known by the name of *The Federalist*—the resolutions on the Alien and Sedition Laws, and the report thereon in the Virginia Legislature of '98 and '99—with the messages of our Presidents, documents from the Cabinets, speeches of our congressmen,* and political expo-

* There is no species of talent which republican institutions are better calculated to foster and perfect than that of public speaking. Wherever the sovereignty resides with the people, this talent becomes an engine of real power, and one of the surest means of political advancement to the individual who possesses it. Mr. Dunlop remarks, in his *Roman Literature*, that Cicero's treatise *De Claris Oratoribus*, makes mention of scarcely one single orator of any distinction in the Roman Republic, who did not rise to the highest dignities of the state. We may certainly expect then, in the progress of time, if our institutions shall endure, that the great art of oratory will be carried to perhaps greater perfection here than in any other country. Our federal system is particularly favorable to the encouragement of this art. Had we but one great legislature in this country, very few could ever be expected to figure in it, and those would be the more elderly and sober. Under these circumstances, the more ardent eloquence of the youthful aspirant might fail to be developed, in consequence of the want of a proper stimulus. The state governments now supply that stimulus in full force, and furnish the first preparatory theatres for oratorical display. When in addition to all this, we take into consideration the training which our public men receive during the canvasses, at the elections, in public meetings, and even at the festive board, we must acknowledge that our system is admirably calculated for the development of the talent for public speaking. Perhaps I would not go beyond the truth in making the assertion, that we have now in this country more and better trained public speakers than are to be found in any other. Judging from our own legislature and congress, I would say, without hesitation, that our public men are generally the most efficient speakers in the world, in comparison with their general ability and the learning which they possess. In the latter, unfortunately, they are too often very deficient.

It is very true that our style of speaking is too diffusive. Our orators too often seem to be speaking against time, and to be utterly incapable of condensation. It has been observed, that it would take three or four of the great speeches of Demosthenes to equal in length a speech which a second rate member of Congress would deliver *de Leone Caprina*. I am well aware that this style is frequently the result of confused ideas, and an indis-

* Perhaps in our country we have multiplied colleges to too great an extent, and consequently have lessened their usefulness by too great a division of the funds destined for their support. The spirit of sectarianism co-operating with the system of state governments, has produced this result. The college and university ought, to some extent, to partake of the nature of a monopoly. There should be some concentration of funds, or you will fail to obtain adequate talents for your professorships. In our country particularly, professors should be paid high, or they cannot be induced to relinquish the more brilliant prospects which the learned professions hold out to them. But the evil of too great a number of colleges and universities, is one which will correct itself in the course of time, by the ultimate failure of those not properly endowed.

sions of our distinguished statesmen, form altogether a mass of political learning not to be surpassed in any other country. We are not to wonder then that a German writer of much celebrity, and a defender too of the Holy Alliance, in full view of the nascent literature of our country, should have proclaimed the 4th of July, 76, as the commencement of a new era in the history of the world; nor that that eloquent royalist of France, the *Vicomte de Chateaubriand*, should assert that the representative republic, which has been first reduced to practice in the United States, is the most splendid discovery of modern times.

May we not then, judging even from the past, form the most brilliant conceptions of the future? When our wide spread territory shall be filled up with a denser population—when larger cities shall be erected within our borders, the necessary nurseries of a literary class—when physical and mental labor shall be more subdivided, then will the intellectual level of our country begin to rise; the increasing competition in every department of industry will call for greater labor, greater energy, and more learning on the part of the successful candidates for distinction. And then may we expect that every branch of literature will be cultivated, and every art be practiced by the matured and invigorated genius of the country.

But although in the progress of time we may expect that literature in all its forms and varieties will be successfully cultivated here, yet we must still acknowledge that the character of our political system will give a most decided bias towards moral and political science. Under a system of republics like ours, where the sovereignty resides *de jure* and *de facto* in the people, the business of politics is the business of every man. Men in power, in every age and country, are disposed to

distinct conception of the subject under discussion. But it arises in part from the nature of our republican institutions. Most of the speeches delivered in Congress are really intended for the constituency of those who deliver them, and not to produce an effect in Washington. They are consequently of an elementary character, long and labored too, to suit the pleasure and the capacity of the people. From this cause, combined with others, it has happened that the division of labor in our deliberative bodies has never been so complete as in the British Parliament. When particular subjects are brought up in that body, particular men are immediately looked to for information, and for the discussion of them. Men who are not supposed to be qualified on them, are coughed down when they interrupt the body with their crude remarks. But in our own country, particular subjects have not been thus appropriated to particular individuals; and when a matter of importance is brought up for discussion, all are anxious to speak on it, and it is not to be wondered at that the clouded intellect of some of the speakers, together with the great courtesy of the body, should sometimes lead on to long-winded and tiresome effusions.

No body in ancient times displayed so much patience and courtesy towards its speakers as the Senate of Rome, and we are told that the speeches delivered before the Roman Senate were much longer than those delivered before the *Comitia*.—There is no body in modern times which displays more impatience than the French Chambers, and accordingly you find generally that the speeches delivered before them are very short. But whatever may be the cause of this tendency to prolixity in many of our speakers, we may console ourselves with the reflection that it is not the fault of all—that there are some now in the United States who can compare with any in the world—that the eloquence of our country is decidedly advancing, and will no doubt shed a much brighter lustre over our future history, if we can only preserve our federal system in all its original purity and perfection.

grasp at more than has been confided to them; they have always developed wolfish propensities. To guard against these dangerous propensities in a republic, it is necessary that the people in whom the sovereignty resides, should always be on the watch-tower; they should never be caught slumbering at their posts; they should take the alarm not only against the palpable and open usurpations of power, but against those gradual, secret, imperceptible changes, which silently dig away the very foundations of our constitution, and create no alarm until they are ready to shake down the whole fabric of our liberties. Under these circumstances, it is the business of every man—it is more, it is the duty of every man—to think, to reflect, to instruct himself, that he may be prepared to perform that part at least which must necessarily devolve on each freeman in the great political drama of our country. He must recollect that the great experiment of a free government depends upon the intelligence and the virtue of the people. It is this knowledge and this virtue which constitute at once their power and their safety. It is in the reliance on this power, resulting from the intelligence and virtue of the people alone, that the honest patriot may well exclaim in the glowing language of Sheridan on a different subject, "I will give to the minister a venal house of peers—I will give him a corrupt and servile house of commons—I will give him the full swing of the patronage of his office—I will give him all the power that place can confer, to overawe resistance and purchase up submission; and yet armed, with this mighty power of the people, I will shake down from its height corruption, and bury it beneath the ruins of the abuse it was meant to shelter."

Surely then it can be no disadvantage to a country to direct the virtue and talents of its citizens principally to that science whose principles, when well understood and practiced on, will secure the liberty and happiness of the people, but when mistaken by ignorance, or perverted by corruption, will subvert the one, and dissipate the other. Look to the past history of the world, from the days of the Patriarchs to the days of our Presidents, and we are at a loss, after the review, to determine whether the world has been injured more by the unwise and unskilful efforts of statesmen and philanthropists to benefit, or by the nefarious attempts of wicked men and tyrants to injure it. We shall find from this review, that where a Hampden, a Sidney, and a Russell have been crushed by the tyrannous exercise of power, and been wept over by posterity after they had fallen, thousands have been reduced to misery, or sent untimely out of the world, unpitied and unmourned, by the stupid legislation of ignorant statesmen. Of such bodies of functionaries, we may well exclaim, in the language of England's bard,

"How much more happy were good Æsop's frogs
Than we?—for ours are animated logs,
With ponderous malice swaying to and fro,
And crushing nations with a stupid blow."

The statistics of the densely populated countries of Europe and Asia inform us, that there are large masses of population in those countries constantly vacillating, if I may use the expression, between life and death; a feather may decide the preponderance of the scales, in favor of one or the other. In view of such a pregnant fact as this, how awfully responsible becomes the duty

of the legislator! Suppose, whilst he is endeavoring to organize the labor and capital of the country, he should unfortunately tamper with the sources of production, and, if I may use the beautiful simile of Fenelon, like him who endeavors to enlarge the native springs of the rock, should suddenly find that his labors had but served to dry them up,—what calamities would not such legislative blunders at once inflict upon that lowest and most destitute class, which is already holding on upon life, with so frail a tenure! How many would be hastened prematurely out of existence! And these are the melancholy every-day consequences, too often misunderstood or unnoticed, of ignorant legislation. How vastly different is the benign influence of that wise legislator, whose laws, in the language of Bacon, “are deep, not vulgar; not made on the spur of a particular occasion for the present, but out of Providence for the future, to make the estate of the people still more and more happy!”

But not only should political science be a prominent study in every republic, in consequence of its immense importance and universal application, but it demands the most assiduous cultivation, because of the intrinsic difficulties which belong to it. There is no science in which we are more likely to ascribe effects to wrong causes than in politics—there is none which demands a more constant exercise of reason and observation, and in which first impressions are so likely to be false. The moral and political sciences, particularly the latter, are much more difficult than the physical and mathematical. There is scarcely any intellect, no matter how common, which may not, by severe study and close application, be brought at last to master mere physical and mathematical science. Eminence here is rather a proof of labor than of genius.*

But in matters of morals and politics how many must turn their attention to them, and how few become eminent! Suppose that the exalted talents which have been turned into a political career in this country, had been employed with the same assiduity in physics or mathematics—to what perfection might they not have attained in those sciences? If the genius and study which have been expended upon one great subject in political economy, the Banks for example, could have been directed with equal ardor to mathematics and physics, with what complete success would they have been crowned? And yet this whole subject of Banking is far, very far from being thoroughly comprehended by the most expanded intellects of the age. Thus do we find the moral and political departments of literature the most useful,* and at the same time much the most difficult to

cultivate with success. They require too a concurrence of every other species of knowledge to their perfection, and hence the literature of that country may always be expected to be most perfect and most useful, in which these branches are made the centre, the great nucleus around which the others are formed.*

But again, the state system of government, in all its details, awakens the genius and elicits the energies of the citizens, by the high inducement to exertion held out to all,—from the stimulating hope of influencing the

these subjects, and as it is perfectly coincident with my own, I cannot forbear to add it in a note. “The truth is,” says the Doctor, “that the knowledge of external nature and the sciences which that knowledge requires or includes, are not the great nor frequent business of the human mind. Whether we provide for action or conversation—whether we wish to be useful or pleasing, the first requisite is the religious and moral knowledge of right and wrong; the next is an acquaintance with the history of mankind, and with those examples which may be said to embody truth, and prove by events the reasonableness of opinions. Prudence and justice are virtues and excellences of all times and of all places. We are perpetually moralists, but we are geometricians only by chance. Our intercourse with intellectual nature is necessary; our speculations upon matter are voluntary, and at leisure. Physical learning is of such rare emergence, that one may know another half his life, without being able to estimate his skill in hydrostatics or astronomy; but his moral and prudential character immediately appears. Those authors, therefore, are to be read at schools that supply most axioms of prudence, most principles of moral truth, and most materials for conversation.”

*Although our political institutions have the effect of directing the matured minds of the country into the field of politics and morals, yet we are not to suppose, on that account, that the mathematical and physical sciences will be neglected here. In almost all our colleges, particular attention is paid to these latter branches. In fact, so far as I have been enabled to examine into the condition of our colleges and universities, I would say the moral and political sciences are almost always too much neglected. It is easy generally to fill the mathematical and physical departments with able professors, because those who are well qualified to fill those departments, can find no other employments so lucrative and honorable. But those who would make eminent moral and political lecturers, would be generally well qualified, with but little additional study, to enter into the learned professions, or into the still more enticing field of politics, with the most unlimited prospects before them. Hence, whilst in many of our colleges the physical and mathematical chairs are most ably filled, you find the moral and political professors but second rate men. Now talent and real comprehension of mind are particularly required on the subjects of morals and politics. In the mathematics and physics, the merest dunce, if he teaches at all, must teach correctly. He may not give the most concise, or the most beautiful, or the most recent demonstration; but if he gives any demonstration at all, his reasoning is irrefutable, and his conclusions undeniably true. How vastly different are our speculations in politics and morals! What fatal principles may ignorance or dishonesty inculcate here! In our colleges, then the fixed sciences do now, and are likely in future to receive most attention; and consequently, we need not fear that they will be neglected. On the contrary, the danger seems to be, that they may be studied too exclusively.

Again, the wide extent of our country, the variety of our soils, our immense mineralogical resources, our mountains and rivers, our diversified geological phenomena, our canals, our rail roads, our immense improvements of all descriptions, open a wide and unlimited range for the research and practical skill of the physical and mathematical student, which will always stimulate the talent of the country sufficiently in this direction. Our past history too, confirms my remarks; and the great names in mathematics and physics, and the great and useful inventions in the arts, which have already shed a halo of glory around our infant institutions, point us to that brilliant prospect in the vista of the future, when our mathematical and natural philosophers, if not the very first, will certainly rank among the greatest of the world.

*A very able reviewer in Blackwood, of Allison's History of the French Revolution, says of Napoleon, in attempting to disprove his precocious greatness, “even his faculty for mathematics, which has been frequently adduced as one of the most sufficient proofs of his future fame as a soldier, fails; perhaps no faculty of the human mind is less successful in promoting those enlarged views, or that rapid and vigorous comprehension of the necessities of the moment, which form the essentials of the great statesman or soldier. The mathematician is generally the last man equal to the sudden difficulties of situation, or even to the ordinary problems of human life. Skill in the science of equations might draw up a clear system of tactics on paper. But it must be a mental operation, not merely of a more active, but of a totally different kind, which constructed the recovery of the battle at Marengo, or led the march to Ulm.”

†Dr. Johnson in his Life of Milton, has given us his opinion on

destinies of others, and becoming useful to mankind and an ornament to our country. Under the benign operation of the federative system, the hope of rising to some distinction in the commonwealth, is breathed into us all. From the highest to the lowest, we stand ready and anxious to step forth into the service of our country. This universal desire to be useful—this constant hope of rising to distinction—this longing after immortality, arouses the spirit of emulation, excites all the powers of reflection, calls forth all the energies of mind and body, and makes man a greater, nobler, and more efficient being, than when he moves on sluggishly in the dull routine of life, through the unvarying, noiseless calm of despotism. All the rewards, all the distinctions of arbitrary power, can never inspire that energy which arises from the patriotic hope of being useful, and weaving our name with the history of our country.

Philosophy is the most frivolous and shallow of employments in a country where it dares not penetrate into the institutions which surround it. When reflection durst not attempt to amend or soften the lot of mankind, it becomes unmanly and puerile. Look to the literature of those deluded beings, who immured within the walls of their monasteries, separated themselves from the great society of their country, and vainly imagined that they were doing service to their God, by running counter to those great laws which he has impressed upon his creatures, and by violating those principles which he has breathed into us all. What a melancholy picture is presented to our view—what waste of time, of intellect, and of labor, on subjects which true philosophy is almost ashamed to name! What endless discussions, what pointless wit, what inconsequential conclusions—in fine, what empty, useless nonsense, do we find in that absurd philosophy reared up in seclusion, and entirely unconnected with man and the institutions by which he is governed!

Nothing so much animates and cheers the literary

man in his intellectual labors, as the hope of being able to promote the happiness of the human race. Hence the custom among the ancients of blending together military, legislative, and philosophic pursuits, contributed greatly to the progress of mental activity and improvement. When thought may be the forerunner of action—when a happy reflection may be instantaneously transformed into a beneficent institution, then do the contemplations and reflections of a man of genius ennobles and exalt philosophy. He no longer fears that the torch of his reason will be extinguished without shedding a light along the path of active life. He no longer experiences that embarrassing timidity, that crushing shame, which genius, condemned to mere speculation, must ever feel in the presence of even an inferior being, when that being is invested with a power which may influence the destiny of those around him—which may enable him to render the smallest service to his country, or even to wipe away one tear from affliction's cheek.

I am not now dealing in vague conjecture; the history of the past will bear me out in the assertions which I have made. In casting a glance over the nations of antiquity, our attention is arrested by none so forcibly as by the little Democracies of Greece. I will not occupy the attention of this society by the details of that history which is graven upon the memory of us all. I will not stop here to relate the warlike achievements of that extraordinary system of governments which, covering an extent of territory not greater than that of our own state, even with division among themselves, was yet enabled to meet, with their small but devoted bands, the countless hosts of Persia, led on by their proud and vain-glorious monarch, and to roll back in disgrace and defeat, the mighty tide upon the East. Nor will I recount the trophies which they won in philosophy, or describe their beautiful and sublime productions in the arts, which they at once created and perfected. Nor will I detain you with an account of that matchless eloquence displayed in their popular assemblies, which the historian tells us drew together eager, gazing, listening crowds from all Greece, as if about to behold the most splendid spectacle which the imagination of man could conceive, or even the universe could present. The history of Greece is too well known to us all to require these details. A people with such historians as Herodotus, Thucydides, and Xenophon, acquires a strange pre-eminence—a wonderful notoriety among the nations of the earth. The extraordinary power of this cluster of little states, the superiority of their literature, the restless energy of the minds and bodies of their citizens, whether for weal or woe—in short, their real greatness, are acknowledged by all.

What then, we may well be permitted to ask, could have generated so much greatness of mind, so much energy and loftiness of character in this apparently secluded corner of Europe, scarcely visible on the world's map? It was not the superiority of her climate and soil. Spain—worn out and degenerate Spain, enjoys the genial climate of the Athenian, and possesses a soil more fertile. It was not the superior protection which her governments afforded to persons and property, which generated this wonderful character. Property was almost as unsafe amid the turbulent factions of Greece, as under the despotisms of the East; and the stroke of tyranny was as often inflicted upon pat-

* As a specimen, let us take the work of the celebrated St. Thomas Aquinas, with the lofty title of *Summa Totius Theologie*, 1350 pages folio. In this work there are 108 articles on Love, 356 on Angels, 300 on the Soul, 85 on Demons, 131 on Intellect, 134 on Law, 3 on the Catamenia, 237 on Sins, and 17 on Virginity. He treats of Angels, says D'Israeli, their substances, orders, offices, natures, habits, &c. as if he himself had been an old experienced Angel. When men are thus cut off from the active pursuits of life, it is curious to contemplate the very trifling character of their discussions and labors. D'Israeli tells us that the following question was a favorite topic for discussion, and thousands of the acutest logicians through more than one century, never resolved it. "When a hog is carried to market with a rope tied about its neck, which is held at the other end by a man, whether is the hog carried to market by the rope or the man?" The same writer too, tells us of a monk who was sedulously employed through a long life, in discovering more than 30,000 new questions concerning the Virgin Mary, with appropriate answers. And it was the same useless industry which induced the monks often to employ their time in writing very minutely, until they brought this worthless art to such perfection, as to write down the whole *Iliad* on parchment that might be enclosed in a nutshell. In the Imperial Library of Vienna, there is still preserved an extraordinary specimen of chirography by a Jew, who had no doubt imbibed the in-utilitarian spirit of the monks. On a single page, eight inches long by six and a half broad, are written without abbreviations and very legible to the naked eye, the Pentateuch and book of Ruth in German; Ecclesiasticus in Hebrew; the Canticles in Latin; Esther in Syriac; and Deuteronomy in French.

riots and statesmen, by the ungrateful hand of a capricious and unbalanced democracy, as by the great monarchs of Persia, or by the barbarian kings of Scythia. No!—it was the system of independent state governments, which, badly organized as they were, without a proper system of representation and responsibility, and often shaken by faction and torn to pieces by discord, nevertheless extended their inspiring, animating influence over all, and drew forth from the shade of retirement or solitude the talent and energy of the people, wherever they existed. It was this system of state government which so completely identified each citizen of Greece with that little body politic with which his destiny was connected—which breathed into his soul that ardent patriotism which can sacrifice self upon the altar of our country's happiness, and which could make even an Alcibiades, or a Themistocles, whilst laboring under the bitter curse of their country, stop short in their vindictive career, amid their meditations of mischief and vengeance, and cast many a longing, lingering, pitying look back upon the distresses of that ungrateful city that had driven them forth from its walls.

The great moral which may be drawn from the history of Greece, is one which the patriot in no age or clime should ever forget. In looking over this little system of states, we find uniformly that each displayed genius, energy, and patriotism, while really free and independent; but the moment one was overawed and conquered by its neighbor, it lost its greatness, its patriotism—even its virtue. And when, at last, a great state arose in the north of Greece, and placed a monarch upon its throne, who substituted the obedient spirit of the mercenary soldier and crouching courtier, for the independent genius of liberty and patriotism—who overawed Greece by his armies, and silenced the Council of Amphictyon by his presence—then was it found that the days of Grecian greatness had been numbered, and that the glory of these republics was destroyed forever; then was it seen that the Spartan lost his patriotism, and the Athenian that energy of mind almost creative, which could lead armies and navies to battle and to victory, adorn and enrich the stores of philosophy and literature, agitate the public assemblies from the *Bema*, or make the marble and the canvass breathe. The battle of Cheronæa overthrew at the same time the state governments, the liberties, the prosperity, and, worst of all, the virtue and the towering intellect of Greece.

With the destruction of the governments of her independent states, Greece lost the great animating principle of her system. Forming but an insignificant subject province of the great Macedonian kingdom, and afterwards of the still greater empire of Rome, her sons preserved for a time the books and the mere learning of their renowned ancestors; but the spirit, the energy, the principle of thought and reflection,—the mind,—were all gone. "For more than ten centuries, (says an eloquent historian) the Greeks of Byzantium possessed models of every kind, yet they did not suggest to them one original idea; they did not give birth to a copy worthy of coming after these masterpieces. Thirty millions of Greeks, the surviving depositaries of ancient wisdom, made not a single step, during twelve centuries, in any one of the social sciences. There was not a citizen of free Athens who was not better skilled

in the science of politics than the most erudite scholar of Byzantium; their morality was far inferior to that of Socrates—their philosophy to that of Plato and Aristotle, upon whom they were continually commenting. They made not a single discovery in any one of the physical sciences, unless we except the lucky accident which produced the Greek fire. They loaded the ancient poets with annotations, but they were incapable of treading in their footsteps; not a comedy or a tragedy was written at the foot of the ruins of the theatres of Greece; no epic poem was produced by the worshippers of Homer; not an ode by those of Pindar. Their highest literary efforts do not go beyond a few epigrams collected in the Greek Anthology, and a few romances. Such is the unworthy use which the depositaries of every treasure of human wit and genius make of their wealth, during an uninterrupted course of transmission for more than a thousand years." And such will always be the destiny of states as soon as they are moulded into one consolidated empire, with a controlling despotism at the centre.

But while the states of Greece were thus sinking into insignificance, under the crushing weight of one great consolidated government,—in another part of Europe, almost as small and secluded as Greece, little confederacies or associations of independent states were rapidly developing a literature and a character equal to those of the ancient Greek, and affording perhaps a still more striking and beautiful illustration of the truth of the principles for which I have contended this night. It was Italy that first restored intellectual light to Europe, after the long and gloomy night of ignorance and barbarism, which the Goth, the Vandal and the Hun had shed over the western half of the Roman world. It was Italy which recalled youth to the study of laws and philosophy—created the taste for poetry and the fine arts—revived the science and literature of antiquity, and gave prosperity to commerce, manufactures and agriculture. And what was it, let me ask, which made this small peninsula the cradle of commerce, of the arts, sciences and literature—in one word, of the civilization of modern Europe? It was because the whole of this beautiful and interesting country was dotted over with little republics or democracies, which, like those of Greece, applied their stimulating power to every portion of the soil of Italy. These little states, it is true, were factious, turbulent and revolutionary, but they awakened the genius and stimulated the energies of the whole people.

The exertions of this people were truly wonderful. No nation in any age of the world has ever raised up in its cities, and even in its villages, so many magnificent temples,—which even now attract the stranger from every country and clime to the classic soil of Italy. We find throughout this land, whether on the extensive plains of Lombardy, or on the fertile hills of Tuscany and Romagna, or on the now deserted *campagna* of the Patrimony of St. Peter, towns of the most splendid character, reared during the palmy days of modern Italy; and in those cities we find long lines of once stately palaces now tumbling into ruins. Their gates, their columns, their architraves, says the eloquent historian of Italy, remain, but the wood is worm-eaten and decayed, the crystal glasses have been broken, the lead has been taken from the roofs, and the stranger from one end to the

other of this monumental land, asks in mournful sadness in each town through which he passes.—Where now is the population which could have required so many habitations? Where is the commerce which could have filled so many magazines? Where are those opulent citizens who could have lived in so many palaces? Where now are those numerous crowds that bowed in reverential awe and devotion before the altars of Christ, of the Virgin and the Saints? Where now are the grandeur and magnificence of the living, which should have replaced that grandeur and magnificence of the dead, of which their monuments so eloquently tell? All are gone. While other nations have been growing in importance and multiplying the materials of their history as they approach the age in which we live, how different has been the mournful destiny of Italy! The present has well been called the epoch of death in that lovely land. When we observe, says the historian, the whole of Italy, whether we examine the physiognomy of the soil, or the works of man, or man himself, we always regard ourselves as being in the land of the dead; every where we are struck by the feebleness and degeneracy of the race that now is, compared with that which has been. The sun of Italy now sheds as warm and vivifying rays over the land as before—the earth remains as fertile—the Appenines present to our view the same variant smiling aspect—the fields are as abundantly watered by the genial showers of heaven, and all the lower animals of nature preserve here their pristine beauty and habits. Man too, at birth, seems in this delightful climate, to be endowed still with the same quick creative imagination, with the same susceptibility of deep, passionate feeling—with the same wonderful aptitude of mind—and yet man alone has changed here! In contrast with his fathers—

“As the slime,
The dull green ooze of the receding deep,
Is with the dashing of the spring-tide foam,
That drives the sailor shipless to his home.”

It is the change in government—the fatal change in the political destiny of the Italian, which has wrought this melancholy change in his whole nature. When this beautiful land was covered with leagues of independent states, inspired with the genius of liberty and political independence,—the stimulating influence of the government was felt every where—it animated and aroused all—it communicated the spirit of activity and enterprise, the love of home and the ardent love of country to all the citizens alike—from the proud lord of Venice, whose stately palace was lashed by the wave of the Adriatic, to the poor peasant whose thatched and humble cottage lay in some secluded solitary hollow of the Alps or the Appenines. Under this system of government there was no favored spot upon which the treasures of the nation were expended; there was no Thebes, no Babylon, no imperial Rome built up, adorned and beautified by the degradation and utter prostration of all the rest. We might almost say of Italy what has been affirmed of Omnipotence itself—its centre was every where, its circumference no where. Every little independent state, no matter how limited its area or small its population, had its great men, its thriving cities, its noble monuments. The little Florentine democracy with but eighty thousand souls, had more great men within its limits than any of the great king-

doms of Europe; and all were animated with the spirit of patriotism, of industry,* of learning.

No wonder then that the citizens of Italy should have prospered amid their domestic broils, their factions, their revolutions—even amid the sanguinary conflicts of the Guelph and the Ghibeline. If the energy and elasticity of the mind be not destroyed by the pressure of despotism, it is curious to contemplate the wonderfully recuperative powers of man, and to behold the appalling difficulties which he can surmount, undismayed and unscathed. You may prostrate him to day, but the energy and vitality that is within him will raise him up on the morrow.† Of all sorts of destruction, of every kind of death, that is the worst, because the most productive of melancholy consequences, which reaches the mind itself. That system of government which slays the mind, is the system which, at the same time reaches the sanctuary of the heart, overthrows the purity of morals, and forges the fetters for the slave. And such a government as this have the Spaniard the Frenchman and the German rivetted but too fatally upon Italy. The day that saw those modern Goths and Vandals pouring their mercenary hordes over the Alps to rob and plunder, was a black day for Italy, and well might the friend of that lovely land have then exclaimed in the language of the poet,

“Oh! Rome, the spoiler or the spoil of France,
From Brennus to the Bourbon, never, never
Shall foreign standard to thy walls advance,
But Tiber shall become a mournful river.”

The independence of the little states of Italy is now gone, and with it all the real greatness of that country. The power that now sways the Italian, emanates from a nation situated afar off on the banks of the Danube. And can we wonder while the Austrian soldier stands sentinel in the Italian cities, that their citizens should

“Creep,
Crouching and crab-like, through their sapping streets.”
But enough of a spectacle so sad as this!‡

* “The habit of industry,” says Sismondi, “was the distinctive characteristic of the Italians even to the middle of the 13th century. The first rank at Florence, Venice, and Genoa, was occupied by merchants; and the families who possessed the offices of the state, of the church or the army, did not for that reason give up their business. Philip Strozzi, brother-in-law of Leo X, the father of Mareschal Strozzi, and the grandfather of Capua, the friend of several sovereigns, and the first citizen of Italy, remained even to the end of his life chief of a banking house. He had seven sons, but in spite of his immense fortune, he suffered none of them to be brought up in idleness.”

† Whilst Italy was free, there was no country which could repair its losses with so much despatch; the town that was sacked and burnt to-day, would be built up and stored with wealth on the morrow, and the losses of one excited the sympathies and support of all those engaged in the same cause. When the Emperor Frederic carried fire and sword through the Milanese territory, and left the treasury of that state completely exhausted, we are told that the rich citizens soon replenished it from their private purses, contenting themselves in the mean time with coarse bread, and cloaks of black stuff. And at the command of their consuls they left Milan to join their fellow citizens in rebuilding with their own hands the walls and houses of Tortona, Rosata, Tricate, Gallate, and other towns, which had suffered in the contest for the common cause.

‡ Small states, if truly independent, are very favorable to the production of great characters, and even great virtues. “The regeneration of liberty in Italy,” says Sismondi, “was signalized still more, if it were possible, by the development of the moral, than by that of the intellectual character of the Ital-

Did the limits which I have prescribed to myself in this address allow it, I could easily adduce the history of the Swiss Cantons, the Netherlands and Holland, the Hanseatic League, the little states formerly around the Baltic, and even the Germanic Confederation, as confirmation strong of the truth of the positions which I have taken in favor of the federative system. Indeed I might go farther than this, and show that the feudal aristocracy of the middle ages, horrible as was its oppression, calamitous as were its petty wars, and feuds, and dissensions, intolerable as was that anarchical confusion which it generated in Europe towards the close of the tenth century, was nevertheless the instrument which kept alive the mind of man in the great nations of Christendom, by splitting up the powers of government among the Baronial Lords, and thereby preventing that fatal tendency to centralism and consolidation, which would inevitably have shrouded the mind of Europe in inextricable darkness. Far be from me that vain presumption which would dare to scan the mysterious plans of Providence; but I have always thought that the regeneration of the mind of Europe required that the barbarian should come from the North and the East—that an Alaric, a Genserik and an Attila, should pour out the vials of their wrath upon the Roman's head—that the monstrous, corrupt and gigantic fabric of his power might be broken to pieces by barbarian hordes, who had not the genius and political skill requisite to establish another great military despotism on its ruins.

After this review I turn with pleasure again to our own system of government. We have seen how stimulating were the little republics of Greece and of Italy, to the genius of those countries. But their systems were not made for peaceable endurance—they were too disunited, too turbulent, too prone to civil wars; hence they either fell a prey to some ambitious state in their own system, or invited by their reckless internal dissensions the foreigner into their land, who broke down their institutions, overthrew their liberty, and imposed upon their submissive necks the galling yoke of military despotism. But those venerated fathers of our republics, who framed the federal constitution, came forward to their task in full view of the history of the republics of the ancient and modern world, with that almost holy spirit of freedom and patriotism which gave them that undaunted courage and unremitting perseverance that

ians. The sympathy existing among fellow-citizens, from the habit of living for each other, and by each other—of connecting every thing with the good of all, produced in those republics virtues which despotic states cannot even imagine." But the moment the independence of the small states is destroyed by the overshadowing and overawing influence of larger ones, then does the system work the most disastrous consequences upon the political, moral, and literary character of the citizens. A little state overawed by a large one, instantly has recourse to cunning, intrigue, and duplicity, to accomplish its ends. Cæsar Borgia in Italy, says Mr. Hume, had recourse to more villainy, hypocrisy, and meanness, to get possession of a few miles of territory, than was practised by Julius Cæsar, Zenghis, or Tamerlane for the conquest of a large portion of the world. Hence we are not to wonder that Italy should become the most infamous of all schools, in the production of subtle, intriguing, hypocritical politicians, and that the literature should soon become as corrupt as the political morals of the country. The Marini, the Achillini in poetry, and the Bernini in the arts, had a reputation similar to that of Concini, Mazarini, Catherine, and Mary di Medici in politics.

enabled them to wade through the blood and turmoil of the revolution. They completed their task, and the wisdom and virtue of our confederacy did sanction their work, and long may that work endure if administered in that spirit of purity and virtue which inspired those who framed it.

Our states are much larger than the little democracies of ancient Greece or of modern Italy—the new and improved principle of representation, combined with the modern improvements in the whole machinery of government, have rendered the republican form much better suited to large states than formerly. Some of our states may perhaps be too large, and others too small. But our ancestors very wisely avoided that geometrical policy, which would have divided our country into equal squares, like France in the dark days of her revolution. "No man ever was attached," says Burke, "by a sense of pride, partiality, or real affection, to a description of square measurement. He never will glory in belonging to the chequer No. 71, or to any other badge ticket. We begin our public affections in our families. No cold relation is a zealous citizen. We pass on to our neighborhoods and our habitual provincial connections;" and these ties and habits were respected by our forefathers. No sovereign state, no matter how small, was disfranchised—the giant and the dwarf had their rights and liberties alike respected and secured in this new system, and all were bound together by a wise and beneficent plan of government, based upon the mutual interests and sympathies of all the members of the confederacy—a plan which was wisely framed to give lasting peace to our country, and to demonstrate the inapplicability to our portion of the western hemisphere at least, of the gloomy philosophy of the European statesman, that the natural condition of man is war. Thus organized, our system was calculated to apply the beneficial stimulus of government to every portion of our soil and every division of our population, and at the same time in the midst of profound peace and freedom of intercourse, both social and commercial, among the states, to secure that enlarged and extended theatre for action, which may stimulate and reward the exalted genius and talent of the country, and crown the pyramid of our greatness.

But I must turn from this view of my subject, which has ever been so delightful to my mind, to the contemplation always gloomy, of the dangerous evils which may beset us in our progress onwards. It is too true that there can be nothing pure in this world; good and evil are always intertwined. It has well been said that the wave which wafts to our shore the genial seed that may spring up and gladden our land with luxuriant vegetation, may unfold the deadly crocodile.

One of the most fatal evils with which the republican system of government is liable to be assailed, is the diffusion of a spirit of agrarianism among the indigent classes of society. This spirit is now abroad in the world—it is fearfully developing itself in the insurrectionary heavings and tumults of continental Europe, which, however ineffectual now, do nevertheless mark the great internal conflagration—"the march of that mighty burning, which however intangible by human vigilance, is yet hollowing the ground under every community of the civilized world." England's most eloquent and learned divine, tells us but too truly that

"there now sits an unnatural scowl on the aspect of the population, a resolved sturdiness in their attitude and gait; and whether we look to the profane recklessness of their habits, or to the deep and settled hatred which rankles in their hearts, we cannot but read in these moral characteristics of this land, the omens of some great and impending overthrow."

In our own more happy country, the almost unlimited extension of suffrage in the most populous states, the frequent appeals made to the indigent and the destitute by demagogues for the purpose of inflaming their passions, and of exciting that most blighting and deadly hostility of all, the hostility of the poor against the rich—the tumults and riots at the elections in our great cities—the lawless mobs of the north which have already set the civil authority at defiance, and have pulled down and destroyed the property of the citizen—all are but premonitory symptoms of the approaching calamity—they are but the rumbling sound which precedes the mighty shock of the terrible earthquake. If these things happen now, what may we not expect hereafter? At present the great territorial resources of our country offer the most stimulating reward to labor and enterprise. The laborer of to-day looks forward, and hopes, yes, knows, that by his industry he is to be the capitalist of to-morrow. He feels a prospective interest in the defence of property. The little German farmer with a hundred acres of poor land in the Key Stone State, clad in the coarsest raiment, contented with the simplest food, and saving from his hard earnings the small sum of one hundred dollars a year, would not wish the property of the country to be thrown in jeopardy—he would shudder at the idea of a general scramble, lest he might lose that little patrimony around which the very affections of his heart have been twined.

But the time must come when the powerfully elastic spring of our rapidly increasing numbers shall fill up our wide spread territory with a dense population—when the great safety valve of the west will be closed against us—when millions shall be crowded into our manufactories and commercial cities—then will come the great and fearful pressure upon the engine—then will the line of demarkation stand most palpably drawn between the rich and the poor, the capitalist and the laborer—then will thousands, yea, millions arise, whose hard lot it may be to labor from morn till eve through a long life, without the cheering hope of passing from that toilsome condition in which the first years of their manhood found them, or even of accumulating in advance that small fund which may release the old and infirm from labor and toil, and mitigate the sorrows of declining years. Many there will be even, who may go to and fro and be able to say in the melancholy language of Holy Writ, "the foxes have holes, and the birds of the air their nest, but the son of man has not where to lay his head." When these things shall come—when the millions, who are always under the pressure of poverty, and sometimes on the verge of starvation, shall form your numerical majority, (as is the case now in the old countries of the world) and universal suffrage shall throw the political power into their hands, can you expect that they will regard as sacred the tenure by which you hold your property? I almost fear the frailties and weakness of human nature too much, to

anticipate confidently such justice. When hunger is in the land, we can scarcely expect, by any species of legerdemain, to turn the eyes and thoughts of the sufferers from the flesh pots of Egypt. The old Roman populace demanded a regular distribution of corn from the public granaries; the Grecian populace received bribes, fined and imprisoned their wealthy men, or made them build galleys, equip soldiers, give public feasts, and furnish the victims for the sacrifices at their own expense.* The mode of action in modern times may be changed, but the result will be the same if the spirit of agrarianism shall once get abroad in our land. France has already furnished us with the great moral. First comes disorganization and legislative plunder, then the struggle of factions and civil war, and lastly a military despotism, into whose arms all will be driven by the intolerable evils of anarchy and rapine. I fondly hope that the future may bring along with it a sovereign remedy for these evils, but what that remedy may be, it is past perhaps the sagacity of man now to determine. We can only say in the language of Kepler upon a far different subject,—*"Hæc et cetera hujusmodi latent in pandectis ævi sequentis, non antea discenda, quam librum hunc deus arbiter seculorum reclusit mortalibus."*

In the mean time I may boldly assert that the frame work of our southern society is better calculated to ward off the evils of this agrarian spirit, which is so destructive to morals, to mind and to liberty, than any other mentioned in the annals of history. Domestic slavery, such as ours, is the only institution which I know of, that can secure that spirit of equality among freemen, so necessary to the true and genuine feeling of republicanism, without propelling the body politic at the same time into the dangerous vices of agrarianism, and legislative intermeddling between the laborer and the capitalist. The occupations which we follow, necessarily and unavoidably create distinctions in society. It is

* When an individual was tried before an Athenian tribunal, his wealth was generally a serious disadvantage to his cause, and there was nothing which the defence labored harder to establish than the poverty of the accused. "I know," says the orator Lysias, in his defence of Nicophemus, "how difficult it will be effectually to refute the report of the great riches of Nicophemus. The present scarcity of money in the city, and the wants of the treasury which the forfeiture has been calculated upon to supply, will operate against me." In the celebrated dialogue of Xenophon, called the Banquet, he makes a rich man who has suddenly become poor, congratulate himself upon his poverty; "inasmuch," he says, "as cheerfulness and confidence are preferable to constant apprehension, freedom to slavery, being waited upon, to waiting upon others. When I was a rich man in this city, I was under the necessity of courting the sycophants, knowing it was in their power to do me mischief which I could little return. Nevertheless, I was continually receiving orders from the people, to undertake some expenses for the commonwealth, and I was not allowed to go any where out of Attica. But now I have lost all my foreign property, and nothing accrues from my Attic estate, and all my goods are sold, I sleep any where fearless; I am considered as faithful to the government; I am never threatened with prosecutions, but I have it in my power to make others fear; as a freeman I may stay in the country or go out of it as I please; the rich rise from their seats for me as I approach, and make way for me as I walk; I am now like a tyrant, whereas I was before an absolute slave; and whereas before I paid tribute to the people, now a tribute from the public maintains me." This picture, though perhaps overwrought, marks still but too conclusively the agrarian spirit in Greece.

said that all occupations are honorable. This is certainly true, if you mean that no honest employment is disgraceful. But to say that all confer equal honor, if well followed even, is not true. Such an assertion militates alike against the whole nature of man and the voice of reason. But whatever may be the vain deductions of mere theorists upon this subject, one thing is certain—Reason informed me of its truth long before experience had shown it to me in actual life—The hirelings who perform all the menial offices of life, will not and cannot be treated as equals by their employers. And those who stand ready to execute all our commands, no matter what they may be, for mere pecuniary reward, cannot feel themselves equal to us in reality, however much their reason may be bewildered by the voice of sophistry.

Now, let us see what is likely to be the effect of universal suffrage in a state where there are no slaves. Either the dependant classes, the laborers and menial servants, will be driven forward by the dictation of their employers and the bribery of the man of property, thus giving the government a proclivity towards an aristocracy of wealth;* or they become discontented with their condition, and ask why these differences among beings pronounced equal—they look with eyes of cupidity upon the fortunes of the rich. The demagogue perceives their ominous sullenness, and marks the hatred which is ranking in their hearts—then the parties of the rich and the poor are formed—then come the legislative plunder and the dark train of evils consequent on the spirit of equality, which is in fact, in such a community, the spirit of agrarianism.

But in our slaveholding country the case is far different. Our laboring classes and menials are all slaves of a different color from their masters—the source of greatest distinction among the freemen is taken away; and the spirit of equality, the true spirit of genuine republicanism may exist here,—without leading on to corruption on the one side or agrarianism on the other.†

* Men whose impulses are all communicated by the expectation of small pecuniary rewards, quickly acquire that suppleness of conscience, which renders them peculiarly liable to bribery. Take, for example, the waiter in an hotel—it is the hope of little gains that moves him in any direction which you may dictate, and which makes him a ready tool for the execution of any project whatever. His motto is, *I take the money and my employer the responsibility*. Bring this man to the polls, and offer him money for his vote, and the probability is that he would not refuse that which the whole education and training of his life would impel him to receive.

† I will take leave here to introduce a short extract from my *Essay on Slavery*, in corroboration of the assertions which I have made. "The citizen of the north will not shake hands familiarly with his servant, and converse, and laugh, and dine with him, no matter how honest and respectable he may be. But go to the south, and you will find that no white man feels such inferiority of rank as to be unworthy of association with those around him. Color alone is here the badge of distinction, the true mark of aristocracy; and all who are white are equal, in spite of the variety of occupation. The same thing is observed in the West Indies. 'Of the character common to the white resident of the West Indies,' says B. Edwards, 'it appears to me that the leading feature is an independent spirit, and a display of conscious equality throughout all ranks and conditions. The poorest white person seems to consider himself nearly on a level with the condition of the richest; and emboldened by this idea, he approaches his employer with extended hand, and a freedom which, in the countries of Europe, is seldom displayed by men in the lower orders of life towards their superiors.'"

Political power is thus taken from the hands of those who might abuse it, and placed in the hands of those who are most interested in its judicious exercise. Our law most wisely ordains that the slaves "shall not be sought for in public council, nor sit high in the congregation: they shall not sit high on the judges' seats nor understand the sentence of judgment; they cannot declare justice and judgment; and they shall not be found where parables are spoken. How can he get wisdom that holdeth the plough, that glorieth in the goad, that driveth oxen and is occupied in their labors, and whose talk is of bullocks?" Lycurgus, more than two thousand years ago, in his celebrated system of laws, was so well aware of the aristocratic feeling generated by diversity of occupation, that he decreed in order that a perfect spirit of equality might reign among the Spartans, that slaves alone should practice the most laborious arts, or fill the menial stations. And in this particular he showed perhaps as much sagacity as in any other law of the whole system. We want no legislation in the south to secure this effect—it flows spontaneously from our social system.

But whilst the political effects of our social system are so peculiarly beneficial, the moral effects are no less striking and advantageous. I have no hesitation in affirming that the relation between capitalist and laborer in the south is kinder, and more productive of genuine attachment, than exists between the same classes any where else on the face of the globe. The slave is happy and contented with his lot, unless indeed the very demons of Pandemonium shall be suffered to come among us and destroy his happiness by their calumnious falsehoods and hypocritical promises. He compares himself with his own race and his own color alone, and he sees that all are alike—he does not covet the wealth of the rich man, nor envy that happiness which liberty imparts to the patriot, but he identifies all his interests with those of his master—free from care—free from that constant feeling of insecurity which continually haunts the poor man of other countries, he moves on in the round of his existence, cheerful, contented and grateful.* We have no Manchester and Smithfield riots here—no breaking of machinery—no scowl of discontent or sullenness hovering over the brow—no midnight murders for the money which we have in our houses—no melancholy forebodings of that agrarian spirit which calls up the very demon of wrath to apply the torch to the political edifice. The statistics of the slaveholding population prove that it is the most quiet and secure population in the world—there are fewer great crimes and murders among them than in any other form in which society can exist. I defy the world too, to produce a parallel to the rapid improvement of the slave on our continent since the period of his landing from the shores of his forefathers. And when the philanthropist tells us to plant our colonies on the coast of that benighted region, that the tide of civilization may be rolled back on Africa, the very enthusiasm of his lan-

* Any one who has ever seen the negro at hard labor by the side of the white man, or who has noticed him while performing menial services along with his white associate, has marked no doubt the striking difference. The negro is all gaiety and cheerfulness—his occupation seems to ennoble him. His companion, on the contrary, whom the world calls a freeman, but really treats as a slave, is seen sullen and discontented, and feels himself degraded for the very reason that he is called a freeman.

guage marks the inappreciable improvement which slavery has here wrought upon the character of the negro. On the other hand the master is attached to his slaves by every tie of interest and sympathy, generated by a connection that sometimes lasts for life. He does not work them to-day for sixteen hours, reducing them to mere bread and water, and capriciously discharge them to-morrow from his employment, and turn them adrift without money or resource, upon a cold and inhospitable world. When their labor will not support themselves, the master is bound to consume his capital for their sustenance. There are evils, no doubt, incidental to this relation—but where is the relation of life exempt from them?*

I would say then, let us cherish this institution which has been built up by no sin of ours—let us cleave to it

* Whatever philanthropists may say upon the subject, I believe the history of the world will bear me out in the assertion that slavery is certainly the most efficient and perhaps the only means by which the contact of the civilized man with the barbarian can contribute to the advantage and civilization of the latter. The relation of master and slave is the only means which has ever yet been devised by the wisdom of man, capable of bringing the element of civilization into close union with that of barbarism, without either dragging down the civilized man to a level with the barbarian, or corrupting and then exterminating the latter in the attempt to elevate him. Every one who is acquainted with the condition of society in our southern country, will bear witness to the truth of the assertion, that whilst slavery by producing the closest and most constant intercourse between the whites and blacks, elevates the character, purifies the morals, and speeds on the civilization of the latter, it has not the slightest tendency to introduce their barbarism or their vices among the former. It is for this very reason, while virtue and knowledge may travel downwards, and vice and barbarism cannot move upwards, that the institution of such slavery as ours becomes the greatest security for virtue, and the most certain preservative of morals. It is this inestimable feature in this most slandered institution, which keeps the upper stratum of the social fabric in the healthiest and soundest state, which makes the character of the slaveholder so lofty, generous, chivalrous, and eternally incorruptible wherever we find him. It is this same feature too which contributes most to elevate and adorn the character of the mistress of slaves—which enshrines her heart in the very purity and constancy of the affections, and makes her the ornament and immaculate blessing of that delightful domestic sanctuary, which is never to be polluted by the vile and wicked arts of the base designing corruptor of the female heart.

What then, in presence of these facts, must we think of the slanderous tongues that would dare asperse the character of southern females—that would endeavor to blacken that almost spotless purity of heart, which I hope will forever remain the proud characteristic of southern women? Ignorance does not excuse such calumniators. The men who can attack, without having taken even the trouble to ascertain the facts, that class whose virtue constitutes their greatest ornament, and whom the usages and customs of the world have driven from the active bustling arena of life into the shade of retirement, there to be loved, honored, and protected by all who are noble and generous, show to the world the real hollowness of their hearts and the reckless impurity of their intentions. But when they cannot even plead such ignorance, their past lives should not be suffered to shield them from the imputation of crime, and the mantle of that pure and beautiful religion, preached by the meek Saviour of mankind, was never designed to cover the canting hypocrisy of the insidious calumnious slanderer. It is Sterne who says that the man who is capable of doing *one dirty trick* can do another—he thus at once unmasks his real character, and stands forth confessed in all his naked deformity before the world. And we may perhaps but too truly assert, that those whose minds are incapable of comprehending the purity, whilst they maliciously asperse the innocence of female character, are the beings who are most apt at last to be displayed as the true Tartuffes of the world.

as the ark of our safety. Expediency, morality and religion, alike demand its continuance; and perhaps I would not hazard too much in the prediction, that the day will come when the whole confederacy will regard it as the sheet anchor of our country's liberty.

I will now conclude my long address, by a brief notice of two results which may happen to our system of government, either of which would be fatal to the system—dismemberment on the one side, or consolidation on the other. The evils of dismemberment may be quickly told. Separate governments, or confederacies, would of course have rivalries and jealousies and wars. Our militia would be found inadequate to our defence; standing armies and navies would be established; and all history has shown that these will trample upon the civil authority. War with their concomitant establishments, navies and armies, entail the heaviest expense on nations.* These expenditures require taxation; and heavy taxation in an extensive range of country, whether levied on imports or on native productions, would be sure to lead on to partial and vicious legislation, to the intolerable oppression of one part for the benefit of another. And all the guards and checks which constitutional charters would impose on government, could not prevent the rapid concentration of power into the hands of the executive, in most of our independent states, amid wars, armies, navies, taxation, expenditures and increasing patronage of the governments. We should, I fear, exhibit the picture of Europe to the world, with governments perhaps less balanced† and more sanguinary in their wars. It is more than probable, then, that if ever disunion shall come, as has been said by a distinguished statesman,—we shall close the book of the republics, and open that of the kings, not in name perhaps—but in reality.

This would certainly be the result in the non-slaveholding states, where the agrarian spirit, co-operating

* It may perhaps be affirmed with truth, that there is scarcely a nation in Europe, with a population equal to that of the United States, whose army does not cost more than the whole expenses of our federal government. The military statistics of Europe are truly formidable. Great Britain keeps at home an army of 100,000 men, and 250,000 in India. France has a standing army of 290,000; Austria 271,000; Prussia 162,000; and Russia 500,000. The United States have 6,000, with a population more than the half of Austria, and greater than that of Prussia. Even the kingdom of Sardinia, with a population of a little more than one-fourth of ours, has an army more than seven times as great; and Spain, with a population not so great as ours, has an army fifteen times as great. Comment is unnecessary.

† If a nation must have monarchy, I have no hesitation in saying that it should not be isolated. It should be "buttressed by establishments." If we must have Kings, it would be better that the Lords and Commons should follow. Kings, Lords, and Commons are perhaps the nearest approach which the monarchical form of government can make towards liberty. When there is no intermediate power between the king and the people, every dispute between the parties, for want of a conciliatory compromise, brings the nation at once to blows; and the immediate issue is necessarily either a despotism established, or a dynasty overthrown. The chances against a perfect balance are infinite. But in our country we can never have a regular nobility. Antiquity is absolutely necessary to such an establishment. Bonaparte tried the experiment of a suddenly created nobility, and it entirely failed; although his nobles were much more talented and efficient than the ancient noblesse. Bonaparte's nobles besides were the most unprincipled, and the most remorselessly rapacious of modern Europe; and this perhaps is the almost necessary character of an upstart nobility.

with executive usurpation, would inevitably overthrow the balance of the government, and lead on eventually to military despotism. But such is my confidence in the influence of slavery on the slaveholder—so certain am I, judging from all fair reasoning on the subject, and from the past history of the world, that the spirit of liberty and of equality, glows with the most unqualified intensity in the bosoms of the masters of slaves, that I believe the slaveholding states, with all the horrors of disunion against them, would nevertheless, under the impulse of this spirit, so ineradicable among them, be enabled to preserve their liberties, and arrest their governments in their dangerous proclivity towards monarchy. It is true, circumstances might often even here concentrate too much power in the executive department; but the owners of slaves, with a spirit like that of the Barons at Runnmede, would embrace the first opportunity to take back the power that had slipped from their hands; and the absence of any thing like a formidable agrarian party, would deprive the executive of that infallible resource to which, under other circumstances, it might resort, to obtain the power necessary to break through the trammels of constitutions, and finally to entrench itself safely behind military power. Where has a greater love for liberty been shown, or a more noble struggle made for its preservation than in Poland? And in our own country, it is a matter of history, that in no portion of it has the spirit of freedom so fervently developed itself as in the Southern States, nor has any portion been found more constantly and effectually battling against power. Two administrations have been overthrown since the constitution went into operation, and it has been Southern talent, and Southern energy, which have accomplished it. Whenever the South shall present a solid unbroken phalanx against usurpation, I hazard little in the prediction, that it will generally accomplish its ends.

But disunion, with all its attendant evils, would not so completely prostrate the mind, and relax all the energies of man, as the other more dangerous result which may happen—I mean consolidation! A number of independent governments, no matter how bad, no matter how despotic, must to some extent at least, exert a stimulating influence, each over a portion of its own territory. The greater the number of governments therefore, the greater the number of stimulants, as long as each one remains independent. And the probability is, that a sort of political equilibrium would be formed very soon on our continent, which would, as in Europe, preserve the territorial integrity of the smaller states, and prevent the larger from a dangerous accumulation of power.*

* It is curious to look now to the condition of Europe, and compare it with the same quarter of the world three hundred years ago, and to see how small the change in the division of countries after all the wars, bloodshed, and expense which have been inflicted on it. And some of the greatest gainers too have been the small states. The Duke of Savoy, for example, now takes honorable rank among the second rate monarchs, under the more imposing title of King of Sardinia, and with a territory more than doubled in extent. The Marquis of Brandenburg now holds as King of Prussia, and takes his station among the great powers in Europe with a greatly augmented dominion. It is the system of the political equilibrium in Europe which has bridled the great nations, and prevented them from swallowing up the smaller. "Consider," says Sir James Macintosh, in one of his ablest speeches, "the Republic of Geneva—think of her

But if ever our state institutions shall be overthrown, and the concentration of all the powers into one great central government shall mould this system of republics into one grand consolidated empire, then will the last and greatest evil which can befall our country have arrived. The wide extent of our territory, and the numbers of our population, which under a system of confederated republics, would awaken the genius and patriotism of the country, and call forth an almost resistless energy and enterprise in our citizens, would then be a blighting curse—the bane of our land. All eyes would be turned to that great and fearful engine at the centre, whose oppressive action would paralyze all the parts, whilst it would bind them together in indissoluble union—in the numbness and torpor of death itself.

Could it be possible for our government, after such consolidation, to retain its democratic form, then would it become the most corrupt, the most demoralizing, the most intolerably oppressive government which the annals of history could furnish. That diversity of climate, of soil, of character, and of interest—that great difference of condition springing from the existence or non-existence of slavery, all of which, under a mild, federative system, would increase the general happiness and add to the blessings of union, by interlocking, in the harmony of free trade, all the interests of the parts, would then lead on to vicious combinations in our national legislature, for the purpose of robbing one portion of the union for the benefit of another—then would be formed our fixed and sectional majorities, who by their unprincipled and irresponsible legislation, would prostrate the rights and suck out the very substance from the minority. The history of past ages informs us that physical force has hitherto been the great engine which has distributed the wealth and overthrown the liberties of nations. But the system would be changed here. Governmental action and legislative jugglery would accomplish more effectually what the sword has done elsewhere. And to the oppressed there would be but one right left—the right that belongs to the worm when trodden on—the right of turning upon the oppressor and shaking off his iron grasp, if possible. This is the most valuable of all rights to the European citizen—because there the few, the units, are the oppressors, and the millions are the oppressed; and when tyranny has passed beyond the point of endurance, and the people are at last roused to a sense of the injustice and wrongs which they are suffering, they rise in their might and pull down the pillars of the political edifice.

But in our own country, if the state governments shall ever be broken down, and state marks obliterated, what will the right of resistance be worth to us? When the oppression comes from the greedy many, and is exerted over the proscribed few, is it not worse than

defenceless position, in the very jaws of France; but think also of her undisturbed security, of her profound quiet, of the brilliant success with which she applied herself to industry and literature, while Louis XIV was pouring his myriads into Italy before her gates. Call to mind that happy period, when we scarcely dreamed more of the subjugation of the feeblest republic of Europe, than of the conquest of her mightiest empire—and say, whether any spectacle can be imagined more beautiful to the moral eye, or which affords a more striking proof of progress in the noblest principles of true civilization."

mockery to tell them they may resist in the last resort—that the minority, enfeebled and impoverished by legislative plunder, without army, navy, or treasury, disorganized, unsteady, and vacillating in its plans, may rise against the many who possess the advantages of physical force, wealth, organization, together with the whole power of an energetic government, which can break the ranks of the minority, and sow the seeds of dissension among them, by the corrupting influence of its mighty patronage, or attack and conquer by its force those who shall first have the temerity to take the field against its oppression? Resistance is worth but little, when the strong man, armed and resolute, has pushed me, feeble and unarmed, to the wall.*

But let not the many console themselves with the vain belief that democracy would long survive the consolidation of our government—that very power which they would endeavor so sedulously to concentrate in the hands of one great central government, would be quickly made to recoil upon their own heads. The executive department, which would be built up and established by the dominant majority, the better to accomplish its own selfish purposes, would quickly become omnipotent; and when once safely entrenched in the impregnable bulwarks of its power, like Athens enclosed in the walls of Themistocles, it would bid defiance to all assaults, and all would then be ground down to the same ignominious common level. The Executive, in such a system, would be all—the People, nothing! We should then be reduced to the condition of the silent crushing despotisms of Asia—with every principle of improvement gone, and the whole elasticity of mind destroyed. Soon would we, then, hug the chains which bound us; and bend the knee in degrading servility before him who had rivetted them on us. Soon would we be ready to use the idolatrous language of the Roman bard,

"Erit ille mihi semper Deus: Illius aram
Sepe tener nostris ab ovilibus imbuet agnus."

A great empire speedily assimilates every thing to its own genius. No long season is requisite to generate the spirit of submission. The monarch that first mounts the throne is often the most worshipped. The first emperor of Rome had not descended to his grave before the servility of his subjects had become so disgusting as to call forth censure from even the monarch himself.†

*The principle of the *absolute majority* claimed by a great central government, would make the republican form of government more intolerable than any other, for the following reasons: 1st. The parties may be permanent, and consequently the oppression may be permanent likewise. 2d. An individual with power to oppress may or may not do it. Even Nero or Calligula may refrain from exactions—but a multitude being *always* governed by the selfish principle, will be *sure* to oppress if they have the power; the operation of the selfish principle on one man is a matter of chance,—on a *multitude*, it is a certainty. 3d. In such a government, the influence of the public opinion of the oppressed produces the *least possible* influence on the oppressors, first, because the majorities and minorities being almost always sectional, the opinions of the latter are not likely to be known to the former; and secondly, if they were known they would produce little effect, because the former have on their side the majority of public opinion, and therefore would generally disregard that of the minority. 4th. The rapacity of such a government would be increased, from the necessity of procuring a large dividend for so great a number of *divisors*.

† Augustus, at the expiration of his third term in the imperial

These great despotisms too, when once established, are likely long to endure. Great empires have an extraordinary vitality—a wonderful tenacity of existence; they but too closely resemble that fabled serpent whose parts when forced asunder were quickly drawn together again and united into a living body. There has always been something painfully revolting to my mind in the contemplation of the history of great empires. From our boyhood we contract a horror of eastern despotisms, with their great monarchs, their satraps and tyrants; and who that has read the *humorous page* of Gibbon and contemplated the imperial despot with his

Pretors, pro-consuls to their provinces
Hasting, or on return, in robes of state,
Lictors and rods the ensigns of their power,
Legions and cohorts, turns of horse and wings,

but sickens at the bare contemplation of such despotic machinery. And whilst we peruse the eloquent recital of these internal throes and convulsions, which to-day would seem to break the empire into fragments and scatter them to the very winds of heaven,—but would cease on the morrow, by the elevation to the throne of perhaps some barbarian military chieftain from the banks of the Rhine or the Danube, binding again together in the rude embrace of military power the conquered parts of the empire,—we cannot but weep over the fearful immortality with which such a nation seems almost to be endowed. It reminds us but too strongly of that persecuted being, gifted with a cursed immortality, whom the fables of antiquity reported to have been bound down upon the mountain, with a vulture forever lacerating his liver, which grew as fast as it was destroyed. When contemplating the horrors of such a government, we almost hail with pleasure the advent of the Goth and the Vandal, whose barbarian power alone could break it into fragments. The death of such an empire is always hard—painfully, fearfully hard! Unless its destruction is prepared from without, there are no elements within that can achieve it. The gravity of the parts too towards the centre, is so wonderfully great, that disunion can never be effected.

It is mournful to behold how the rights of man, and of nations, may be destroyed by the mere magnitude of empire. Humanity now weeps when wronged and injured Poland shows symptoms of a revolt,—we know that the blood of the patriotic Pole will be shed in vain, and that the Russian and the Cossack soldier will soon come to place the galling yoke again upon his neck; and yet if Poland were united to a nation no larger than herself—Poland would have rights, and what is better still, Poland would have the power to defend them. And when she should send her petitions to the throne and demand redress, the Autocrat would dare not answer her deputies by pointing them to his Marshal, and telling them that *he* had his orders and would execute them.

Let us then forever guard against the dangerous evil of consolidation. Let us foster and cherish and love our State institutions as the palladium of our liberties and the nursery of our real greatness. Let the motto

office, was accosted by the people at a public entertainment with the title of "Lord," or "Master," which so much disgusted him, that he published a serious edict on the following day, forbidding such a title, and saying,

"My name is *Cæsar*, and not *Master*."

inscribed upon the banner of each patriot, in regard to his state, be that which was placed upon the urn that enclosed the heart of the philosopher of Ferney, "*Mon cœur est ici, mon esprit est partout*;" and sure we may be, that this elementary training of the affections will not destroy a proper love for the whole, but is absolutely necessary, to keep the State and Federal governments moving, in those distinct orbits which have been prescribed to them by the wisdom of our ancestors.

But, whatever may be the course of other states,—I hope our own Virginia,—so rich in soil, but so much richer in her noble sons who have grown up on that soil and illustrated her history, will ever cherish with becoming affection her own institutions—for certain she may be, when a great consolidated central government shall have fixed its embrace on the Union—the sun of her glory will have set forever—certain she may be, that in the awful silence of central despotism, no such statesmen as Washington, Jefferson or Madison, will ever again arise upon her soil—no such men as Wythe, Pendleton and Roane, will grace her benches—nor will the thrilling eloquence of the Henrys, the Masons and the Randolphs, be ever again heard within her borders. The power that then reposes at the centre, may, after the example of the most wily and politic of Roman emperors, suffer the mere state forms to remain, but the spirit, the energetic life, the independence that once animated them, will all be gone. They will then obey an impulse that comes from without; and like the consuls, the senate, and the tribunes of imperial Rome, they will but speak the will and execute the commands of the Cæsar upon the throne. Then indeed may the passing stranger, when he beholds this capital, once the proud theatre for the exhibition of the conflicts of mind and talents, exclaim—Poor Virginia! how art thou fallen!

But I sincerely hope, that the patriotism and the intelligence of the people of this country, will be sufficient to keep our state and federal governments moving on harmoniously in their legitimate spheres,—avoiding at the same time dismemberment on the one side, or the more dangerous tendency of consolidation on the other. All, however, depends on the virtue, the intelligence, and the vigilance of the People. Power to be restrained must always be watched with Argus eyes—the people must always be on the alert—they must never slacken their vigilance. If they have succeeded to-day in stripping the usurper of his assumed powers—let them not remit their exertions on the morrow, but let them remember that power after "these gentle prunings" does sometimes vegetate but the more luxuriantly. If we shall wisely avoid the evils with which we are beset in our onward progress, then I would boldly assert, that never since the foundation of the world has the eye of the philanthropist rested on a country which has furnished so grand, so magnificent a theatre for the creation and the display of arts, science and literature, and for the production of all those virtues and high intellectual energies, which so ennoble and adorn the human being and render him the true image of his Maker, as our own most beautiful system of Confederated Republics will then present.

Mr. President, I have done. The great importance and interest of the topic I have so unworthily discussed, must be my apology for having detained you so long.

CRITICAL NOTICES.

EPISCOPAL CHURCH IN VIRGINIA.

Contributions to the Ecclesiastical History of the United States of America—Virginia. A Narrative of Events connected with the Rise and Progress of the Protestant Episcopal Church in Virginia. To which is added an Appendix, containing the Journals of the Conventions in Virginia, from the Commencement to the Present Time. By the Reverend Francis L. Hawks, D.D. Rector of St. Thomas's Church, New York. New York: Published by Harper and Brothers.

This is a large and handsome octavo of 620 pages. The very cursory examination which we have as yet been able to give it, will not warrant us in speaking of the work in other than general terms. A word or two, however, we may say in relation to the plan, the object, and circumstances of publication, with some few observations upon points which have attracted our especial attention.

From the Preface we learn that, more than five years ago, the author, in conjunction with the Rev. Edward Rutledge, of South Carolina, first conceived the idea of gathering together such materials for the History of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States, as might still exist either in tradition or in the manuscripts of the earlier clergy. That these materials were abundant might rationally be supposed—still they were to be collected, if collected at all, at the expense of much patience, time, and labor, from a wide diversity of sources. Dr. Hawks and his associate, however, were stimulated to exertion by many of the bishops and clergy of the church. The plan originally proposed was merely, if we understand it, the compilation of an annalistic journal—a record of naked facts, to be subsequently arranged and shaped into narrative by the pen of the historiographer. In the prosecution of the plan thus designed, our author and his coadjutor were successful beyond expectation, and a rich variety of matter was collected. Death, at this period, deprived Dr. Hawks of his friend's assistance, and left him to pursue his labor alone. He now, very properly, determined upon attempting, himself, the execution of the work for which his Annals were intended as material. He began with Virginia—selecting it as the oldest State. The present volume is simply an experiment. Should it succeed, of which there can be no doubt whatever, we shall have other volumes in turn—and that, we suppose, speedily, for there are already on hand sufficient data to furnish a history of "each of the older dioceses."

For the design of this work—if even not for the manner of its execution—Dr. Hawks is entitled to the thanks of the community at large. He has taken nearly the first step (a step, too, of great decision, interest and importance) in the field of American Ecclesiastical History. To that church, especially, of which he is so worthy a member, he has rendered a service not to be lightly appreciated in the extraordinary dearth of materials for its story. In regard to Protestant Episcopalianism in America it may be safely said that, prior to this publication of Dr. Hawks, there were no written memorials extant, with the exception of the Archives of

the General and Diocesan Meetings, and the Journal of Bishop White. For other religious denominations the material of history is more abundant, and it would be well, if following the suggestions and example of our author, Christians of all sects would exert themselves for the collection and preservation of what is so important to the cause of our National Ecclesiastical Literature.

The History of any Religion is necessarily a very large portion of the History of the people who profess it. And regarded in this point of view the "*Narrative*" of Dr. Hawks will prove of inestimable value to Virginia. It commences with the first settlement of the colony—with the days when the first church was erected in Virginia—that very church whose hoary ruins stand so tranquilly to-day in the briar-encumbered graveyard at Jamestown—with the memorable epoch when Smith, being received into the council, partook, with his rival, the President, of the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper, and Virginia "commenced its career of civilization" with the most impressive of Christian solemnities. Bringing down the affairs of the church to the appointment of the Reverend William Meade, D.D. as Assistant Bishop of Virginia, the narration concludes with a highly gratifying account of present prosperity. The diocese is said to possess more than one hundred churches, "some of them the fruit of reviving zeal in parishes which once flourished, but have long been almost dead." Above seventy clergymen are in actual service. There is a large missionary fund, a part of which lies idle, because missionaries are not to be had. Much reliance is placed, however, upon the Seminary at Alexandria. This institution has afforded instruction, during the last three years, to sixty candidates for orders, and has given no less than thirty-six ministers to the Episcopacy.

We will mention, briefly, a few of the most striking points of the History before us. At page 48, are some remarks in reply to Burk's insinuation of a persecuting and intolerant spirit in the early colonial religion of the State—an insinuation based on no better authority than a statement in "certain ancient records of the province" concerning the trial, condemnation, and execution by fire, of a woman, for the crime of witchcraft. Dr. Hawks very justly observes, that even if the supposed execution did actually take place, it cannot sanction the inferences which are deduced from it. Evidence is wanting that the judgment was rendered by an ecclesiastical power. Witchcraft was an offence cognizable by the common courts of law, having been made a felony, without benefit of clergy, by the twelfth chapter of the first statute of James I, enacted in 1603. So that, allowing the prisoner to have suffered, her death, says our author, cannot more properly be changed to the ecclesiastical, than to the civil, authority. But in point of fact, the trial alluded to by Burk, (see Appendix xxxi.) can be no other than that of the once notorious Grace Sherwood. And this trial, we are quite certain, took place before a civil tribunal. Besides, (what is most especially to the purpose) the accused though found guilty, and condemned, was never executed.

Some observations of our author upon a circumstance which History has connected with the secular feelings of the colony, will be read with pleasure by all men of liberal opinions. We allude to the fact that when one

of the colony's agents in England (George Sandys, we believe) took it upon himself to petition Parliament, in the name of his constituents, for the restoration of the old company, the colony formally disavowed the act and begged permission to remain under the royal government. Now, Burk insists that this disavowal was induced solely by attachment to the Church of England, for whose overthrow the Puritans were imagined to be particularly zealous. With Dr. Hawks we protest against the decision of the historian. It can be viewed in no other light than that of an effort (brought about, perhaps, by love of our political institutions, yet still exceedingly disingenuous) to apologise for the loyalty of Virginia—to apologise for our forefathers having felt what not to have felt would have required an apology indeed! By faith, by situation, by habits and by education they had been taught to be loyal—and with them, consequently, loyalty was a virtue. But if it was indeed a crime—if Virginia has committed an inextinguishable offence in resisting the encroachments of the Dictator, (we shall not say of the Commonwealth) let not the Church—in the name of every thing reasonable—let not the Church be saddled with her iniquity—let not political prejudices, always too readily excited, be now enlisted against the religion we cherish, by insinuations artfully introduced, that the loyalty of the State was involved in its creed—that through faith alone it remained a slave—and that its love of monarchy was a mere necessary consequence of its attachment to the Church of England.

While upon this subject we beg leave to refer our readers to some remarks, (from the pen of Judge Beverley Tucker) which appeared under the Critical head of our Messenger before the writer of this article assumed the Editorial duties. The remarks of which we speak, are in reply to the aspersions of Mr. George Bancroft, who, in his late History of the United States, with every intention of paying Virginia a compliment, accuses her of disloyalty, immediately before, and during the Protectorate. Of such an accusation, (for Hening's suggestions, upon pages 513 and 526, of the Statutes at Large cannot be considered as such) we had never seriously dreamed prior to the publication of Mr. Bancroft's work, and that Mr. Bancroft himself should never have dreamed of it, we were sufficiently convinced by the arguments of Judge Tucker. We allude to these arguments now, with the view of apprising such of our readers as may remember them, that the author of the History in question, in a late interview with Dr. Hawks, has "disclaimed the intention of representing Virginia as wanting in loyalty." All parties would have been better pleased with Mr. B. had he worded his disclaimer so as merely to assure us that in representing Virginia as disloyal he has found himself in error.

We will take the liberty of condensing here such of the leading points on both sides of the debated question as may either occur to us personally or be suggested by those who have written on the subject. In proof of Virginia's *disloyalty* it is said:

1. There is a deficiency of evidence to establish the fact, (a fact much insisted upon) that on the death of the governor, Matthews, in the beginning of 1659, a tumultuous assemblage resolved to throw off the government of the Protectorate, and repairing to the residence of Sir William Berkeley, then living in retirement, re-

quested him to resume the direction of the colony. If such had been the fact, existing records would have shown it—but they do not. Moreover, these records show that Berkeley was elected precisely as the other governors had been, in Virginia, during the Protectorate.

2. After the battle of Dunbar, and the fall of Montrose Virginia passed an act of surrender—she was therefore in favor of the Parliament.

3. The Colonial Legislature claimed the supreme power as residing within itself. In this it evinced a wish to copy the Parliament—to which it was therefore favorable.

4. Cromwell acted magnanimously towards Virginia. The terms of the article in the Treaty of Surrender by which Virginia stipulated for a trade free as that of England, were faithfully observed till the Restoration. The Protector's Navigation Act was not enforced in Virginia. Cromwell being thus lenient, Virginia must have been satisfied.

5. Virginia elected her own governors. Bennett, Digges, and Matthews, were commonwealth's men. Therefore Virginia was republican.

6. Virginia was infected with republicanism. She wished to set up for herself. Thus intent, she demands of Berkeley a distinct acknowledgement of her assembly's supremacy. His reply was "I am but the servant of the assembly." Berkeley, therefore, was republican, and his tumultuous election proves nothing but the republicanism of Virginia.

These arguments are answered in order, thus:

1. The fact of the "tumultuous assemblage," &c. might have existed without such fact appearing in the records spoken of. For these records are manifestly incomplete. Some whole documents are lost, and parts of many. Granting that Berkeley was elected precisely in the usual way, it does not disprove that a multitude urged him to resume his old office. The election is all of which these records would speak. But the call to office might have been a popular movement—the election quite as usual. This latter was left to go on in the old mode, probably because it was well known "that those who were to make it were cavaliers."

Moreover—Beverley, Burk, Chalmers and Holmes are all direct testimony in favor of the "tumultuous assemblage."

2. The act of surrender was in self-defence, when resistance would have availed nothing. Its terms evince no acknowledgment of authority, but mere submission to force. They contain not one word recognizing the rightful power of Parliament, nor impeaching that of the king.

3. The "claiming the supreme power," &c. proves any thing but the fealty of the Colonial Legislature to the Commonwealth. According to Mr. Bancroft himself, Virginians in 1619 "first set the world the example of equal representation." "From that time" (we here quote the words of Judge Tucker,) "they held that the supreme power was in the hands of the Colonial Parliament, then established, and of the king as king of Virginia. Now the authority of the king being at an end, and no successor being acknowledged, it followed, as a corollary from their principles, that no power remained but that of the assembly,"—and this is precisely what they mean by claiming the supreme power as residing in the Colonial Legislature.

4. Chalmers, Beverley, Holmes, Marshall and Robertson speak, positively, of great discontents occasioned by restrictions and oppressions upon Virginian commerce: and a Memorial in behalf of the trade of the State presented to the Protector, mentions "*the poor planters' general complaints that they are the merchant's slaves,*" as a consequence of "*that Act of Navigation.*"

5. It is probable that Bennett, Digges, and Matthews, (granting Bennett to have been disloyal) were forced upon the colony by Cromwell, whom Robertson (on the authority of Beverley and Chalmers,) asserts to have named the governors during the Protectorate. The election was possibly a mere form. The use of the equivocal word *named*, is, as Judge Tucker remarks, a proof that the historian was not speaking at random. He does not say *appointed*. They were *named*—with no possibility of their nomination being rejected—as the speaker of the House of Commons was frequently named in England. But Bennett was a staunch loyalist—a fact too well known in Virginia to need proof.

6. The reasoning here is reasoning in a circle. Virginia is first declared republican. From this assumed fact, deductions are made which prove Berkeley so—and Berkeley's republicanism, thus proved, is made to establish that of Virginia. But Berkeley's answer (from which Mr. Bancroft has extracted the words "I am but the servant of the Assembly") runs thus.

"You desire me to do that concerning your titles and claims to land in this northern part of America, which I am in no capacity to do; for I am but the servant of the Assembly: *neither do they arrogate to themselves any power farther than the miserable distractions in England force them to.* For when God shall be pleased to take away and dissipate the unnatural divisions of their native country, *they will immediately return to their professed obedience.*" Smith's New York. It will be seen that Mr. Bancroft has been disingenuous in quoting only a portion of this sentence. The whole proves incontestably that neither Berkeley nor the Assembly *arrogated to themselves any power beyond what they were forced to assume by circumstances*—in a word, it proves their loyalty. But Berkeley was loyal beyond dispute. Norwood, in his "Journal of a Voyage to Virginia," states that "Berkeley showed great respect to all the royal party who made that colony their refuge. His house and purse were open to all so qualified." The same journalist was "sent over, at Berkeley's expense, to find out the King in Holland, and have an interview with him."

To these arguments in favor of Virginia's loyalty may be added the following.

1. Contemporaries of Cromwell—men who were busy in the great actions of the day—have left descendants in Virginia—descendants in whose families the loyalty of Virginia is a cherished tradition.

2. The question, being one of fact, a mistake could hardly have been made originally—or, if so made, could not have been perpetuated. Now all the early historians call Virginia loyal.

3. The cavaliers in England (as we learn from British authorities) looked upon Virginia as a place of refuge.

4. Holmes' Annals make the population of the state, at the commencement of the civil wars in England, about 20,000. Of these let us suppose only 10,000 loyal. At the Restoration the same Annals make the population 30,000. Here is an increase of 10,000, which

increase consisted altogether, or nearly so, of loyalists, for few others had reason for coming over. The loyalists are now therefore double the republicans, and Virginia must be loyal.

5. Cromwell was always suspicious of Virginia. Of this there are many proofs. One of them may be found in the fact that when the state, sympathizing with the victims of Claiborne's oppression, (a felon employed by Cromwell to "root out popery in Maryland") afforded them a refuge, she was sternly reprimanded by the Protector, and admonished to keep a guard on her actions.

6. A pamphlet called "Virginia's Cure, an Advisive Narrative concerning Virginia," printed in 1661, speaks of the people as "men which generally bear a great love to the stated constitutions of the Church of England in her government and public worship; which gave us the advantage of liberty to use it constantly among them, after the naval force had reduced the colony under the power (but never to the obedience) of the usurpers."

7. John Hammond, in a book entitled "Leah and Rachel, or the two fruitful Sisters of Virginia and Maryland," printed in 1656, speaking of the State during the Protectorate, has the words "*Virginia being whole for monarchy.*"

8. Immediately after the fall of Charles I, Virginia passed an Act making it high treason to justify his murder, or to acknowledge the Parliament. The Act is not so much as the terms of the Act.

Lastly. The distinguishing features of Virginian character at present—features of a marked nature—not elsewhere to be met with in America—and evidently akin to that chivalry which denoted the Cavalier—can be in no manner so well accounted for as by considering them the debris of a devoted loyalty.

At page 122 of the work before us, Dr. Hawks has entered into a somewhat detailed statement (involving much information to us entirely new) concerning the celebrated "Parson's cause"—the church's controversy with the laity on the subject of payments in money substituted for payments in tobacco. It was this controversy which first elicited the oratorical powers of Patrick Henry, and our author dwells with much emphasis, and no little candor, upon the fascinating abilities which proved so unexpectedly fatal to the clerical interest.

On page 160 are some farther highly interesting reminiscences of Mr. Henry. The opinion of Wirt is considered unfounded, that the great orator was a believer in Christianity without having a preference for any of the forms in which it is presented. We are glad to find that Mr. Wirt was in error. The Christian religion, it has been justly remarked, must assume a distinct form of profession—or it is worth little. An avowal of a merely general Christianity is little better than an avowal of none at all. Patrick Henry, according to Dr. Hawks, was of the Episcopalian faith. That at any period of his life he was an unbeliever is explicitly denied, on the authority of a MS. letter, in possession of our author, containing information of Mr. H. derived from his widow and descendants.

It is with no little astonishment that we have seen Dr. Hawks accused of illiberality in his few remarks upon "that noble monument of liberty," the *Act for the*

Establishment of Religious Freedom. If there is any thing beyond simple justice in his observations we, for our own parts, cannot perceive it. No respect for the civil services, or the unquestionable mental powers of Jefferson, shall blind us to his iniquities. That our readers may judge for themselves we quote in full the sentences which have been considered as objectionable.

"We are informed by him (Jefferson) that an amendment was proposed to the Preamble, by the insertion of the name of our Saviour before the words 'The Holy Author of our Religion.' This could at most have had no other effect upon the enacting clause, but that of granting the utmost freedom to all denominations professing to own and worship Christ, without affording undue preference to any; and against this, it would be unreasonable to object. Certain it is, that more than this had never been asked by any religious denomination in Virginia, in any petition presented against the Church; the public, therefore, would have been satisfied with such an amendment. The proposed alteration, however, was rejected, and it is made the subject of triumph that the law was left, in the words of its author, 'to comprehend within the mantle of its protection the Jew and the Gentile, the Christian and Mohammedan, the Hindoo, and Infidel of every denomination.' That these various classes should have been protected both in person and property, is obviously the dictate of justice, of humanity, and of enlightened policy. But it surely was not necessary, in securing to them such protection, to degrade, not the establishment, but Christianity itself to a level with the voluptuousness of Mahomet, or the worship of Juggernaut; and if it be true that there is danger in an established alliance between Christianity and the civil power, let it be remembered that there is another alliance not less fatal to the happiness and subversive of the intellectual freedom of man—it is an alliance between the civil authority and infidelity; which, whether formally recognized or not, if permitted to exert its influence, direct or indirect, will be found to be equally ruinous in its results. On this subject, Revolutionary France has once read to the world an impressive lesson, which it is to be hoped will not speedily be forgotten."

In Chapter xii, the whole history of the Glebe Law of 1802—a law the question of whose constitutionality is still undetermined—is detailed with much candor, and in a spirit of calm inquiry. A vivid picture is exhibited of some desecrations which have been consequent upon the sale.

In Chapter xiii, is an exceedingly well-written memoir of our patriarchal bishop the Right Reverend Richard Channing Moore. From this memoir we must be permitted to extract a single passage of peculiar interest.

"It was at one of his stated lectures in the church, (St. Andrew's in Staten Island) that after the usual services had concluded, and the benediction been pronounced, he sat down in his pulpit waiting for the people to retire. To his great surprise, he soon observed that not an individual present seemed disposed to leave the Church; and after the interval of a few minutes, during which a perfect silence was maintained, one of the members of the congregation arose, and respectfully requested him to address those present a second time. After singing a hymn, the bishop delivered to them a second discourse, and once more dismissed the people with the blessing. But the same state of feeling which had before kept them in their seats, still existed, and once more did they solicit the preacher to address them. Accordingly he delivered to them a third sermon, and at its close, exhausted by the labor in which he had been engaged, he informed them of the impossibility of continuing the services on his part, once more blessed

them and affectionately entreated them to retire to their homes. It was within the space of six weeks, after the scene above described, that more than sixty members of the congregation became communicants; and in the course of the year more than one hundred knelt around the chancel of St. Andrew's who had never knelt there before as partakers of the sacrament of the Lord's Supper."

The historical portion of the work before us occupies about one half of its pages. The other half embraces "Journals of the Conventions of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the Diocese of Virginia—from 1795 to 1835, inclusive." It is, of course, unnecessary to dwell upon the great value to the church of such a compilation. Very few, if any, complete sets of diocesan Journals of Conventions are in existence. We will conclude our notice, by heartily recommending the entire volume, as an important addition to our Civil as well as Ecclesiastical History.

PHRENOLOGY.

Phrenology, and the Moral Influence of Phrenology: Arranged for General Study, and the Purposes of Education, from the first published works of Gall and Spurzheim, to the latest discoveries of the present period. By Mrs. L. Miles. Philadelphia: Carey, Lea, and Blanchard.

Phrenology is no longer to be laughed at. It is no longer laughed at by men of common understanding. It has assumed the majesty of a science; and, as a science, ranks among the most important which can engage the attention of thinking beings—this too, whether we consider it merely as an object of speculative inquiry, or as involving consequences of the highest practical magnitude. As a study it is very extensively accredited in Germany, in France, in Scotland, and in both Americas. Some of its earliest and most violent opposers have been converted to its doctrines. We may instance George Combe who wrote the "Phrenology." Nearly all Edinburgh has been brought over to belief—in spite of the Review and its ill sustained opinions. Yet these latter were considered of so great weight that Dr. Spurzheim was induced to visit Scotland for the purpose of refuting them. There, with the Edinburgh Review in one hand, and a brain in the other, he delivered a lecture before a numerous assembly, among whom was the author of the most virulent attack which perhaps the science has ever received. At this single lecture he is said to have gained five hundred converts to Phrenology, and the Northern Athens is now the strong hold of the faith.

In regard to the *uses* of Phrenology—its most direct, and, perhaps, most salutary, is that of *self-examination and self-knowledge*. It is contended that, with proper caution, and well-directed inquiry, individuals may obtain, through the science, a perfectly accurate estimate of their own moral capabilities—and, thus instructed, will be the better fitted for decision in regard to a choice of offices and duties in life. But there are other and scarcely less important uses too numerous to mention—at least here.

The beautiful little work now before us was originally printed in London in a manner sufficiently quaint. The publication consisted of forty cards contained in a box resembling a small pocket volume. An embossed head accompanied the cards, giving at a glance the relative

situations and proportions of each organ, and superadding altogether the necessity of a bust. This head served as an Index to the explanations of the system. The whole formed a lucid, compact, and portable compend of Phrenology. The present edition of the work, however, is preferable in many respects, and is indeed exceedingly neat and convenient—we presume that it pretends to be nothing more.

The Faculties are divided into *Instinctive Propensities and Sentiments* and *Intellectual Faculties*. The *Instinctive Propensities and Sentiments* are subdivided into *Domestic Affections*, embracing Amateness, Philoprogenitiveness, Inhabitiveness, and Attachment—*Preservative Faculties*, embracing Combativeness, Destructiveness, and Gustativeness—*Prudential Sentiments*, embracing Acquisitiveness, Secretiveness, and Cautionness—*Regulating Powers*, including Self-Esteem, Love of Approbation, Conscientiousness, and Firmness—*Imaginative Faculties*, containing Hope, Ideality, and Marvellousness—and *Moral Sentiments*, under which head come Benevolence, Veneration, and Imitation. The *Intellectual Faculties* are divided into *Observing Faculties*, viz: Individuality, Form, Size, Weight, Color, Order, and Number—*Scientific Faculties*, viz: Constructiveness, Locality, Time, and Tune—*Reflecting Faculties*, viz: Eventuality, Comparison, Casualty and Wit—and lastly, the *Subservient Faculty*, which is Language. This classification is arranged with sufficient clearness, but it would require no great degree of acumen to show that to mere perspicuity points of vital importance to the science have been sacrificed.

At page 17 is a brief chapter entitled a *Survey of Contour*, well conceived and well adapted to its purpose which is—to convey by a casual or superficial view of any head, an idea of what propensities, sentiments, or faculties, most distinguish the individual. It is here remarked that "any faculty may be possessed in perfection without showing itself in a prominence or bump," (a fact not often attended to) "it is only where one organ predominates above those nearest to it, that it becomes singly perceptible. Where a number of contiguous organs are large, there will be a general fulness of that part of the head."

Some passages in Mrs. Miles' little book have a very peculiar interest. At page 26 we find what follows.

"The cerebral organs are double, and inhabit both sides of the head, from the root of the nose to the middle of the neck at the nape. They act in unison, and produce a single impression, as from the double organs of sight and hearing. The loss of one eye does not destroy vision. The deafness of one ear does not wholly deprive us of hearing. In the same manner Tiedman reports the case of a madman, whose disease was confined to one side of his head, the patient having the power to perceive his own malady, with the unimpaired faculties of the other side. It is no uncommon thing to find persons acute on all subjects save one—thus proving the possibility of a partial injury of the brain, or the hypothesis of a plurality of organs."

In the chapter on *Combativeness*, we meet with the very sensible and necessary observation that we must not consider the possession of particular and instinctive propensities, as acquitting us of responsibility in the indulgence of culpable actions. On the contrary it is the perversion of our faculties which causes the greatest misery we endure, and for which (having the free exercise of *reason*) we are accountable to God.

The following is quoted from *Edinensis*, vol. iv.

"All the faculties are considered capable of producing actions which are good, and it is not to be admitted that any one of them is essentially, and in itself evil—but if given way to beyond a certain degree, all of them (with the sole exception of *Conscientiousness*) may lead to results which are improper, injurious, or culpable."

The words annexed occur at page 102.

"Anatomy decides that the brain, notwithstanding the softness of its consistence, gives shape to the cranium, as the crustaceous tenement of the crab is adjusted to the animal that inhabits it. An exception is made to this rule when disease or ill-treatment injure the skull."

And again at page 159.

"By appealing to Nature herself, it can scarcely be doubted that certain forms of the head denote particular talents or dispositions; and anatomists find that the surface of the brain presents the same appearance in shape which the skull exhibits during life. Idiocy is invariably the consequence of the brain being too small, while in such heads the animal propensities are generally very full."

To this may be added the opinion of Gall, that a skull which is large, which is elevated or high above the ears, and in which the head is well developed and thrown forward, so as to be nearly perpendicular with its base, may be presumed to lodge a brain of greater power (whatever may be its propensities) than a skull deficient in such proportion.

MAHMOUD.

Mahmoud. New-York. Published by Harper and Brothers.

Of this book—its parentage or birth-place—we know nothing beyond the scanty and equivocal information derivable from the title-page, and from the brief Advertisement prefixed to the narrative itself. From the title-page we learn, or rather we do not learn that Harper and Brothers are the publishers—for although we are informed, in so many direct words that such is the fact, still we are taught by experience that, in the bookselling vocabulary of the day, the word *published* has too expansive, too variable, and altogether too convenient a meaning to be worthy of very serious attention. The volumes before us are, we imagine, (although really without any good reason for so imagining,) a reprint from a London publication. It is quite possible, however, that the work is by an American writer, and now, as it professes to be, for the first time actually published. From the Advertisement we understand that the book is a combination of *facts* derived from private sources; or from personal observation. We are told that "with the exception of a few of the inferior characters, and the trifling accessories necessary to blend the materials, and impart a unity to the rather complex web of the narrative, the whole may be relied upon as perfectly true."

Be this as it may, we should have read "*Mahmoud*" with far greater pleasure had we never seen the Anastasius of Mr. Hope. That most excellent and vivid, (although somewhat immoral) series of Turkish paintings is still nearly as fresh within our memory as in the days of perusal. The work left nothing farther to be expected, or even to be desired, in rich, bold, vigorous, and accurate delineation of the scenery, characters, manners, and peculiarities of the region to which

its pages were devoted. Nothing less than the consciousness of superior power could have justified any one in treading in the steps of Mr. Hope. And, certainly, nothing at all, under any circumstances whatsoever, could have justified a direct and palpable copy of Anastasius. Yet Mahmoud is no better.

GEORGIA SCENES.

Georgia Scenes, Characters, Incidents, &c. in the First Half Century of the Republic. By a Native Georgian. Augusta, Georgia.

This book has reached us anonymously—not to say anomalously—yet it is most heartily welcome. The author, whoever he is, is a clever fellow, imbued with a spirit of the truest humor; and endowed, moreover, with an exquisitely discriminative and penetrating understanding of *character* in general, and of Southern character in particular. And we do not mean to speak of *human* character exclusively. To be sure, our Georgian is *en fait* here too—he is learned in all things appertaining to the biped without feathers. In regard, especially, to that class of southwestern mammalia who come under the generic appellation of "savagerous wild cats," he is a very Theophrastus in duodecimo. But he is not the less at home in other matters. Of geese and ganders he is the La Bruyere, and of good-for-nothing horses the Rochefoucault.

Seriously—if this book were printed in England it would make the fortune of its author. We positively mean what we say—and are quite sure of being sustained in our opinion by all proper judges who may be so fortunate as to obtain a copy of the "*Georgia Scenes*," and who will be at the trouble of sifting their peculiar merits from amid the *gaucheries* of a Southern publication. Seldom—perhaps never in our lives—have we laughed as immoderately over any book as over the one now before us. If these *scenes* have produced such effects upon our cachinnatory nerves—upon us who are not "of the merry mood," and, moreover, have not been unused to the perusal of somewhat similar things—we are at no loss to imagine what a hubbub they would occasion in the uninitiated regions of Cockaigne. And what would Christopher North say to them?—ah, what would Christopher North say? that is the question. Certainly not a word. But we can fancy the pursing up of his lips, and the long, loud, and jovial ressonation of his wicked, and uproarious ha! ha's!

From the Preface to the Sketches before us we learn that although they are, generally, nothing more than fanciful combinations of real incidents and characters, still, in some instances, the narratives are literally true. We are told also that the publication of these pieces was commenced, rather more than a year ago, in one of the Gazettes of the State, and that they were favorably received. "For the last six months," says the author, "I have been importuned by persons from all quarters of the State to give them to the public in the present form." This speaks well for the Georgian taste. But that the publication will *succeed*, in the bookselling sense of the word, is problematical. Thanks to the long indulged literary supineness of the South, her presses are not as apt in putting forth a *saleable* book as her sons are in concocting a wise one.

From a desire of concealing the author's name, two different signatures, Baldwin and Hall, were used in the original *Sketches*, and, to save trouble, are preserved in the present volume. With the exception, however, of one scene, "The Company Drill," all the book is the production of the same pen. The first article in the list is "Georgia Theatrics." Our friend *Hall*, in this piece, represents himself as ascending, about eleven o'clock in the forenoon of a June day, "a long and gentle slope in what was called the Dark Corner of Lincoln County, Georgia." Suddenly his ears are assailed by loud, profane, and boisterous voices, proceeding, apparently, from a large company of ragganuffins, concealed in a thick covert of undergrowth about a hundred yards from the road.

"You kin, kin you?"

"Yes I kin, and am able to do it! Boo-oo-oo-oo! Oh wake snakes and walk your chalks! Brimstone and fire! Dont hold me Nick Stoval! The fight's made up, and lets go at it—my soul if I dont jump down his throat, and gallop every chitterling out of him before you can say 'quit!'"

"Now Nick, dont hold him! Jist let the wild cat come, and I'll tame him. Ned 'll see me a fair fight—wont you Ned?"

"Oh yes; I'll see you a fair fight, my old shoes if I dont.

"That's sufficient, as Tom Haynes said when he saw the Elephant. Now let him come!" &c. &c. &c.

And now the sounds assume all the discordant intonations inseparable from a Georgia "rough and tumble" fight. Our traveller listens in dismay to the indications of a quick, violent, and deadly struggle. With the intention of acting as pacificator, he dismounts in haste, and hurries to the scene of action. Presently, through a gap in the thicket, he obtains a glimpse of one, at least, of the combatants. This one appears to have his antagonist beneath him on the ground, and to be dealing on the prostrate wretch the most unmerciful blows. Having overcome about half the space which separated him from the combatants, our friend *Hall* is horror-stricken at seeing "the uppermost make a heavy plunge with both his thumbs, and hearing, at the same instant, a cry in the accent of keenest torture, 'Enough! My eye's out!'"

Rushing to the rescue of the mutilated wretch the traveller is surprised at finding that all the accomplices in the hellish deed have fled at his approach—at least so he supposes, for none of them are to be seen.

"At this moment," says the narrator, "the victor saw me for the first time. He looked excessively embarrassed, and was moving off, when I called to him in a tone emboldened by the sacredness of my office, and the iniquity of his crime, 'come back, you brute! and assist me in relieving your fellow mortal, whom you have ruined forever!' My rudeness subdued his embarrassment in an instant; and with a taunting curl of the nose, he replied; you need'nt kick before you're spurred. There 'ant nobody there, nor ha'nt been nother. I was jist seein how I could 'a' fout! So saying, he bounded to his plow, which stood in the corner of the fence about fifty yards beyond the battle ground."

All that had been seen or heard was nothing more nor less than a Lincoln rehearsal; in which all the parts of all the characters, of a Georgian Court-House fight had been sustained by the youth of the plough *solus*. The whole anecdote is told with a raciness and vigor which would do honor to the pages of Blackwood.

The second Article is "The Dance, a Personal Adventure of the Author" in which the oddities of a back-wood reel are depicted with inimitable force, fidelity and picturesque effect. "The Horse-swap" is a vivid narration of an encounter between the wits of two Georgian horse-jockies. This is most excellent in every respect—but especially so in its delineations of Southern bravado, and the keen sense of the ludicrous evinced in the portraiture of the steeds. We think the following free and easy sketch of a *hoss* superior, in joint humor and verisimilitude, to any thing of the kind we have ever seen.

"During this harangue, little Bullet looked as if he understood it all, believed it, and was ready at any moment to verify it. He was a horse of goodly countenance, rather expressive of vigilance than fire; though an unnatural appearance of fierceness was thrown into it, by the loss of his ears, which had been cropped pretty close to his head. Nature had done but little for Bullet's head and neck, but he managed in a great measure to hide their defects by bowing perpetually. He had obviously suffered severely for corn; but if his ribs and hip bones had not disclosed the fact he never would have done it; for he was in all respects as cheerful and happy as if he commanded all the corn cribs and fodder stacks in Georgia. His height was about twelve hands; but as his shape partook somewhat of that of the giraffe his haunches stood much lower. They were short, straight, peaked, and concave. Bullet's tail, however, made amends for all his defects. All that the artist could do to beautify it had been done; and all that horse could do to compliment the artist, Bullet did. His tail was nicked in superior style, and exhibited the line of beauty in so many directions, that it could not fail to hit the most fastidious taste in some of them. From the root it dropped into a graceful festoon; then rose in a handsome curve; then resumed its first direction; and then mounted suddenly upwards like a cypress knee to a perpendicular of about two and a half inches. The whole had a careless and bewitching inclination to the right. Bullet obviously knew where his beauty lay, and took all occasions to display it to the best advantage. If a stick cracked, or if any one moved suddenly about him or coughed, or hawked, or spoke a little louder than common, up went Bullet's tail like lightning; and if the going up did not please, the coming down must of necessity, for it was as different from the other movement as was its direction. The first was a bold and rapid flight upwards usually to an angle of forty five degrees. In this position he kept his interesting appendage until he satisfied himself that nothing in particular was to be done; when he commenced dropping it by half inches, in second beats—then in triple time—then faster and shorter, and faster and shorter still, until it finally died away imperceptibly into its natural position. If I might compare sights to sounds, I should say its settling was more like the note of a locust than any thing else in nature."

"The character of a Native Georgian" is amusing, but not so good as the scenes which precede and succeed it. Moreover the character described (a practical humorist) is neither very original, nor appertaining exclusively to Georgia.

"The Fight" although involving some horrible and disgusting details of southern barbarity is a sketch unsurpassed in dramatic vigor, and in the vivid truth to nature of one or two of the personages introduced. *Uncle Tommy Loggins*, in particular, an oracle in "rough and tumbles," and Ransy Sniffle, a misshapen urchin "who in his earlier days had fed copiously upon red clay and blackberries," and all the pleasures of whose life centre in a love of fisticuffs—are both forcible,

accurate and original generic delineations of real existences to be found sparsely in Georgia, Mississippi and Louisiana, and very plentifully in our more remote settlements and territories. This article would positively make the fortune of any British periodical.

"The Song" is a burlesque somewhat overdone, but upon the whole a good caricature of Italian bravura singing. The following account of Miss Aurelia Emma Theodosia Augusta Crump's execution on the piano is inimitable.

"Miss Crump was educated at Philadelphia; she had been taught to sing by Madam Piggisqueaki, who was a pupil of Ma'm'selle Crokifroggiotta, who had sung with Madam Catalani; and she had taken lessons on the piano, from Signor Buzzifuzzi, who had played with Paganini.

"She seated herself at the piano, rocked to the right, then to the left,—leaned forward, then backward, and began. She placed her right hand about midway the keys, and her left about two octaves below it. She now put off the right in a brisk canter upon the treble notes, and the left after it. The left then led the way back, and the right pursued it in like manner. The right turned, and repeated its first movement; but the left outran it this time, hopt over it, and flung it entirely off the track. It came in again, however, behind the left on its return, and passed it in the same style. They now became highly incensed at each other, and met furiously on the middle ground. Here a most awful conflict ensued, for about the space of ten seconds, when the right whipped off, all of a sudden, as I thought, fairly vanquished. But I was in the error, against which Jack Randolph cautions us—"It had only fallen back to a stronger position." It mounted upon two black keys, and commenced the note of a rattle-snake. This had a wonderful effect upon the left, and placed the doctrine of snake charming beyond dispute. The left rushed furiously towards it repeatedly, but seemed invariably panic struck, when it came within six keys of it, and as invariably retired with a tremendous roaring down the bass keys. It continued its assaults, sometimes by the way of the naturals, sometimes by the way of the sharps, and sometimes by a zigzag, through both; but all its attempts to dislodge the right from its strong hold proving ineffectual, it came close up to its adversary and expired."

"The "Turn Out" is excellent—a second edition of Miss Edgeworth's "Barring Out," and full of fine touches of the truest humor. The scene is laid in Georgia, and in the good old days of *fescues*, *abbiselfs*, and *ampersants*—terms in very common use, but whose derivation we have always been at a loss to understand. Our author thus learnedly explains the riddle.

"The *fescue* was a sharpened wire, or other instrument, used by the preceptor, to point out the letters to the children. *Abbiselfa* is a contraction of the words 'a, by itself, a.' It was usual, when either of the vowels constituted a syllable of a word, to pronounce it, and denote its independent character, by the words just mentioned, thus: 'a by itself a, c-o-r-n corn, *acorn*'—e by itself e, v-i-l vil, evil. The character which stands for the word '&' (&) was probably pronounced with the same accompaniment, but in terms borrowed from the Latin language, thus: '& per se (by itself) &.' 'Hence *ampersant*.'"

This whole story forms an admirable picture of school-boy democracy in the woods. The master refuses his pupils an Easter holiday; and upon repairing, at the usual hour of the fatal day, to his school house, "a log pen about twenty feet square," finds every avenue to his ingress fortified and barricaded. He advances, and is assailed by a whole wilderness of sticks from the

cracks. Growing desperate, he seizes a fence rail, and finally succeeds in effecting an entrance by demolishing the door. He is soundly flogged however for his pains, and the triumphant urchins suffer him to escape with his life, solely upon condition of their being allowed to do what they please as long as they shall think proper.

"The *Charming Creature as a Wife*," is a very striking narrative of the evils attendant upon an ill-arranged marriage—but as it has nothing about it peculiarly Georgian, we pass it over without further comment.

"The *Gander Pulling*" is a gem worthy, in every respect, of the writer of "The Fight," and "The Horse Swap." What a "*Gander Pulling*" is, however, may probably not be known by a great majority of our readers. We will therefore tell them. It is a piece of unprincipled barbarity not unfrequently practised in the South and West. A circular horse path is formed of about forty or fifty yards in diameter. Over this path, and between two posts about ten feet apart, is extended a rope which, swinging loosely, vibrates in an arc of five or six feet. From the middle of this rope, lying directly over the middle of the path, a gander, whose neck and head are well greased, is suspended by the feet. The distance of the fowl from the ground is generally about ten feet—and its neck is consequently just within reach of a man on horseback. Matters being thus arranged, and the mob of vagabonds assembled, who are desirous of entering the chivalrous lists of the "*Gander Pulling*," a hat is handed round, into which a quarter or half dollar, as the case may be, is thrown by each competitor. The money thus collected is the prize of the victor in the game—and the game is thus conducted. The ragamuffins mounted on horseback, gallop round the circle in Indian file. At a word of command, given by the proprietor of the gander, the pulling, properly so called, commences. Each villain as he passes under the rope, makes a grab at the throat of the devoted bird—the end and object of the tourney being to pull off his head. This of course is an end not easily accomplished. The fowl is obstinately bent upon retaining his caput if possible—in which determination he finds a powerful adjunct in the grease. The rope, moreover, by the efforts of the human devils, is kept in a troublesome and tantalizing state of vibration, while two assistants of the proprietor, one at each pole, are provided with a tough cowhide, for the purpose of preventing any horse from making too long a sojourn beneath the gander. Many hours, therefore, not unfrequently elapse before the contest is decided.

"The *Ball*"—a Georgia ball—is done to the life. Some passages, in a certain species of sly humor, wherein intense observation of character is disguised by simplicity of relation, put us forcibly in mind of the Spectator. For example.

"When De Bathle and I reached the ball room, a large number of gentlemen had already assembled. They all seemed cheerful and happy. Some walked in couples up and down the ball room, and talked with great volubility; but none of them understood a word that himself or his companion said.

"Ah, sir, how do you know that?"

"Because the speakers showed plainly by their looks and actions, that their thoughts were running upon their own personal appearance, and upon the figure they would cut before the ladies, when they should arrive; and not upon the subject of the discourse. And furthermore, their conversation was like that of

one talking in his sleep—without order, sense, or connexion. The hearer always made the speaker repeat in sentences and half sentences; often interrupting him with 'what?' before he had proceeded three words in a remark; and then laughed affectedly, as though he saw in the senseless unfinished sentence, a most excellent joke. Then would come his reply, which could not be forced into connexion with a word that he had heard; and in the course of which he was treated with precisely the civility which he had received. And yet they kept up the conversation with lively interest as long as I listened to them."

"*The Mother and her Child*," we have seen before—but read it a second time with zest. It is a laughable burlesque of the baby 'gibberish' so frequently made use of by mothers in speaking to their children. This sketch evinces, like all the rest of the Georgia scenes—a fine dramatic talent.

"*The Debating Society*" is the best thing in the book—and indeed one among the best things of the kind we have ever read. It has all the force and freedom of some similar articles in the *Diary of a Physician*—without the evident straining for effect which so disfigures that otherwise admirable series. We will need no apology for copying *The Debating Society* entire.

About three and twenty years ago, at the celebrated school in W—, was formed a Debating Society, composed of young gentlemen between the ages of seventeen and twenty-two. Of the number were two, who, rather from an uncommon volubility, than from any superior gifts or acquirements, which they possessed over their associates, were by common consent, placed at the head of the fraternity.—At least this was true of one of them: the other certainly had higher claims to his distinction. He was a man of the highest order of intellect, who, though he has since been known throughout the Union, as one of the ablest speakers in the country, seems to me to have added but little to his powers in debate, since he passed his twenty-second year. The name of the first, was Longworth; and McDermot was the name of the last. They were congenial spirits, warm friends, and classmates, at the time of which I am speaking.

It was a rule of the Society, that every member should speak upon the subjects chosen for discussion, or pay a fine; and as all the members valued the little stock of change, with which they were furnished, more than they did their reputation for oratory, not a fine had been imposed for a breach of this rule, from the organization of the society to this time.

The subjects for discussion were proposed by the members, and selected by the President, whose prerogative it was also to arrange the speakers on either side, at his pleasure; though in selecting the subjects, he was influenced not a little by the members who gave their opinions freely of those which were offered.

It was just as the time was approaching, when most of the members were to leave the society, some for college, and some for the busy scenes of life, that McDermot went to share his classmate's bed for a night. In the course of the evening's conversation, the society came upon the tapis. "Mac," said Longworth, "wouldn't we have rare sport, if we could impose a subject upon the society, which has no sense in it, and hear the members speak upon it?"

"Zounds," said McDermot, "it would be the finest fun in the world. Let's try it at all events—we can lose nothing by the experiment."

A sheet of foolscap was immediately divided between them, and they industriously commenced the difficult task of framing sentences, which should possess the form of a debateable question, without a particle of the *substance*.—After an hour's toil, they at length exhibited the fruits of their labor, and after some reflection, and much laughing, they selected, from about thirty subjects proposed, the following, as most likely to be received by the society:

"*Whether at public elections, should the votes of faction predominate by internal suggestions or the bias of jurisprudence?*"

Longworth was to propose it to the society, and McDermot was to advocate its adoption.—As they had every reason to suppose, from the practice of the past, that they would be placed at the

head of the list of disputants, and on opposite sides, it was agreed between them, in case the experiment should succeed, that they would write off, and interchange their speeches, in order that each might quote literally from the other, and thus seem at least, to understand each other.

The day at length came for the triumph or defeat of the project; and several accidental circumstances conspired to crown it with success. The society had entirely exhausted their subjects; the discussion of the day had been protracted to an unusual length, and the horns of the several boarding-houses began to sound, just as it ended. It was at this auspicious moment, that Longworth rose, and proposed his subject. It was caught at with rapture by McDermot, as being decidedly the best that had ever been submitted; and he wondered that none of the members had ever thought of it before.

It was no sooner proposed, than several members exclaimed, that they did not understand it; and demanded an explanation from the mover. Longworth replied, that there was no time then for explanations, but that either himself or Mr. McDermot would explain it, at any other time.

Upon the credit of the *maker* and *endorser*, the subject was accepted; and under pretence of economising time, (but really to avoid a repetition of the question,) Longworth kindly offered to record it, for the Secretary. This labor ended, he announced that he was prepared for the arrangement of the disputants.

"Put yourself," said the President, "on the affirmative, and Mr. McDermot on the negative."

"The subject," said Longworth "cannot well be resolved into an affirmative and negative. It consists more properly, of two conflicting affirmatives: I have therefore drawn out the heads, under which the speakers are to be arranged thus:

Internal Suggestions.

Bias of Jurisprudence.

Then put yourself *Internal Suggestions*—Mr. McDermot the other side, Mr. Craig on your side—Mr. Fentigall the other side," and so on.

McDermot and Longworth now determined that they would not be seen by any other member of the society during the succeeding week, except at times when explanations could not be asked, or when they were too busy to give them. Consequently, the week passed away, without any explanations; and the members were summoned to dispose of the important subject, with no other lights upon it than those which they could collect from its terms. When they assembled, there was manifest alarm on the countenances of all but two of them.

The Society was opened in due form, and Mr. Longworth was called on to open the debate. He rose and proceeded as follows:

"*Mr. President*—The subject selected for this day's discussion, is one of vast importance, pervading the profound depths of psychology, and embracing within its comprehensive range, all that is interesting in morals, government, law and politics. But, sir, I shall not follow it through all its interesting and diversified ramifications; but endeavor to deduce from it those great and fundamental principles, which have direct bearing, upon the antagonist positions of the disputants; confining myself more immediately to its psychological influence when exerted, especially upon the *votes of faction*: for here is the point upon which the question mainly turns. In the next place, I shall consider the effects of those "suggestions" emphatically termed "*internal*" when applied to the same subject. And in the third place, I shall compare these effects, with "the bias of jurisprudence," considered as the only resort in times of popular excitement—for these are supposed to exist by the very terms of the question.

"The first head of this arrangement, and indeed the whole subject of dispute, has already been disposed of by this society. We have discussed the question: "are there any innate maxims? and with that subject and this, there is such an intimate affinity, that it is impossible to disentangle them, without prostrating the vital energies of both, and introducing the wildest disorder and confusion, where, by the very nature of things, there exist the most harmonious coincidences, and the most happy and euphonic congenialities. Here then might I rest, Mr. President, upon the decision of this society, with perfect confidence. But, sir, I am not forced to rely upon the inseparable affinities of the two questions, for success in this dispute, obvious as they must be to every reflecting mind. All history, ancient and modern, furnish examples corroborative of the views which I have taken of this deeply interesting subject. By what means did the renowned poets, philosophers, orators and statesmen of an-

equity, gain their immortality? Whence did Milton, Shakespeare, Newton, Locke, Watts, Paley, Burke, Chatham, Pitt, Fox, and a host of others whom I might name, pluck their never-fading laurels? I answer boldly, and without the fear of contradiction, that, though they all reached the temple of fame by different routes, they all passed through the broad vista of "*internal suggestions*." The same may be said of Jefferson, Madison, and many other distinguished personages of our own country.

"I challenge the gentlemen on the other side to produce examples like these in support of their cause."

Mr. Longworth pressed these profound and logical views to a length to which our limits will not permit us to follow him, and which the reader's patience would hardly bear, if they would. Perhaps, however, he will bear with us, while we give the conclusion of Mr. Longworth's remarks: as it was here, that he put forth all his strength:

"Mr. President,—Let the bias of jurisprudence predominate, and how is it possible, (considering it merely as extending to those impulses which may with propriety be termed a *bias*,) how is it possible, for a government to exist, whose object is the public good? The marble hearted marauder might seize the throne of civil authority and hurl into thralldom the votaries of rational liberty. Virtue, justice and all the nobler principles of human nature, would wither away under the pestilential breath of political faction, and an unnerved constitution be left to the sport of demagogue and parasite. Crash after crash would be heard in quick succession, as the strong pillars of the republic give way, and Despotism would shout in hellish triumph amidst the crumbling ruins—Anarchy would wave her bloody sceptre over the devoted land, and the blood-hounds of civil war, would lap the crimson gore of our most worthy citizens. The shrieks of women, and the screams of children, would be drowned amidst the clash of swords, and the cannon's peal: and Liberty, mantling her face from the horrid scene, would spread her golden-tinted plumes, and wing her flight to some far distant land, never again to re-visit our peaceful shores. In vain should we then sigh for the beatific reign of those "*suggestions*" which I am proud to acknowledge as peculiarly and exclusively '*internal*.'"

Mr. McDermot rose promptly at the call of the President, and proceeded as follows:

"Mr. President,—If I listened unmoved to the very labored appeal to the passions, which has just been made, it was not because I am insensible to the powers of eloquence; but because I happen to be blessed with the small measure of sense, which is necessary to distinguish true eloquence from the wild ravings of an unbridled imagination. Grave and solemn appeals, when ill-timed and misplaced, are apt to excite ridicule; hence it was, that I detected myself more than once, in open laughter, during the most pathetic parts of Mr. Longworth's argument, if so it can be called.* In the midst of "*crashing pillars*," "*crumbling ruins*," "*shouting despotism*," "*screaming women*," and "*flying Liberty*," the question was perpetually recurring to me, "*what has all this to do with the subject of dispute?*" I will not follow the example of that gentleman—it shall be my endeavor to clear away the mist which he has thrown around the subject, and to place it before the society, in a clear, intelligible point of view: for I must say, that though his speech "*bears strong marks of the pen*," (sarcastically,) it has but few marks of sober reflection. Some of it, I confess, is very intelligible and very plausible; but most of it, I boldly assert, no man living can comprehend. I mention this, for the edification of that gentleman, (who is usually clear and forcible,) to teach him, that he is most successful when he labors least.

"Mr. President: The gentleman, in opening the debate, stated that the question was one of vast importance; pervading the profound depths of *psychology*, and embracing, within its ample range, the whole circle of arts and sciences. And really, sir, he has verified his statement; for he has extended it over the whole moral and physical world. But, Mr. President, I take leave to differ from the gentleman, at the very threshold of his remarks. The subject is one which is confined within very narrow limits. It extends no further than to the elective franchise, and is not even commensurate with this important privilege; for it stops short at the *vote of faction*. In this point of light, the subject comes within the grasp of the most common intellect; it

is plain, simple, natural and intelligible. Thus viewing it, Mr. President, where does the gentleman find it, or in all nature besides, the original of the dismal picture which he has presented to the society? It loses all its interest, and becomes supremely ridiculous. Having thus, Mr. President, divested the subject of all obscurity—having reduced it to those few elements, with which we are all familiar; I proceed to make a few deductions from the premises, which seem to me inevitable, and decisive of the question. I lay it down as a self-evident proposition, that faction in all its forms, is hideous; and I maintain, with equal confidence, that it never has been, nor ever will be, restrained by those suggestions, which the gentleman "*emphatically terms internal*." No, sir, nothing short of the bias, and the very strong bias too, of jurisprudence or the potent energies of the sword, can restrain it. But, sir, I shall here, perhaps, be asked, whether there is not a very wide difference between a turbulent, lawless faction, and the *vote of faction*? Most unquestionably there is; and to this distinction I shall presently advert and demonstrably prove that it is a distinction, which makes altogether in our favor."

Thus did Mr. McDermot continue to dissect and expose his adversary's argument, in the most clear, conclusive and masterly manner, at considerable length. But we cannot deal more favorably by him, than we have dealt by Mr. Longworth. We must, therefore, dismiss him, after we shall have given the reader his concluding remarks. They were as follows:

"Let us now suppose Mr. Longworth's principles brought to the test of experiment. Let us suppose his language addressed to all mankind—We close the temples of justice as useless; we burn our codes of laws as worthless; and we substitute in their places, the more valuable restraints of *internal suggestions*. Thieves, invade not your neighbor's property: if you do, you will be arraigned before the august tribunal of *conscience*. Robbers, stay your lawless hand; or you will be visited with the tremendous penalties of *psychology*. Murderers, spare the blood of your fellow creatures; you will be exposed to the excruciating tortures of *innate maxima*—when it shall be discovered that there are any. Mr. President, could there be a broader license to crime than this? Could a better plan be devised for dissolving the bands of civil society? It requires not the gift of prophecy, to foresee the consequences of these novel and monstrous principles. The strong would tyrannize over the weak; the poor would plunder the rich; the servant would rise above the master; the drones of society would fatten upon the hard earnings of the industrious. Indeed, sir, industry would soon desert the land; for it would have neither reward nor encouragement. Commerce would cease; the arts and sciences would languish; all the sacred relations would be dissolved, and scenes of havoc, dissolution and death ensue, such as never before visited the world, and such as never will visit it, until mankind learn to repose their destinies upon "*those suggestions, emphatically termed internal*." From all these evils there is a secure retreat behind the brazen wall of the '*bias of jurisprudence*.'"

The gentleman who was next called on to engage in the debate, was John Craig; a gentleman of good hard sense, but who was utterly incompetent to say a word upon a subject which he did not understand. He proceeded thus:

"Mr. President,—When this subject was proposed, I candidly confessed I did not understand it, and I was informed by Mr. Longworth and Mr. McDermot, that either of them would explain it, at any leisure moment. But, sir, they seem to have taken very good care, from that time to this, to have no leisure moment. I have inquired of both of them, repeatedly for an explanation; but they were always too busy to talk about it. Well, sir, as it was proposed by Mr. Longworth, I thought he would certainly explain it in his speech; but I understood no more of his speech than I did of the subject. Well, sir, I thought I should certainly learn something from Mr. McDermot; especially as he promised at the commencement of his speech to clear away the mist that Mr. Longworth had thrown about the subject, and to place it in a clear, intelligible point of light. But, sir, the only difference between his speech and Mr. Longworth's is, that it was not quite as flighty as Mr. Longworth's. I could not understand head nor tail of it. At one time they seemed to argue the question, as if it were this: "*Is it better to have law or no law?*" At another, as though it was, "*should factions be governed by law, or be left to their own consciences?*" But most of the time they argued it, as if it were just what it seems to be—a sentence without sense or meaning. But, sir, I suppose its

*This was extemporaneous, and well conceived; for Mr. McDermot had not played his part with becoming gravity.

obscurity is owing to my dullness of apprehension, for they appeared to argue it with great earnestness and feeling, as if they understood it.

"I shall put my interpretation upon it, Mr. President, and argue it accordingly.

"*Whether at public elections*—that is, for members of Congress, members of the Legislature, &c. 'should the votes of faction'—I don't know what 'faction' has got to do with it; and therefore I shall throw it out. 'Should the votes predominate, by internal suggestions or the bias,' I don't know what the article is put in here for. It seems to me, it ought to be, *be biased by 'jurisprudence' or law*. In short, Mr. President, I understand the question to be, should a man vote as he pleases, or should the law say how he should vote?"

Here Mr. Longworth rose and observed, that though Mr. Craig was on his side, he felt it due to their adversaries, to state, that this was not a true exposition of the subject. This exposition settled the question at once on his side; for nobody would, for a moment contend, that the law should declare how men should vote. Unless it be confined to the vote of faction and the bias of jurisprudence, it was no subject at all. To all this Mr. McDermot signified his unqualified approbation; and seemed pleased with the candor of his opponent.

"Well," said Mr. Craig, "I thought it was impossible that any one should propose such a question as that to the society; but will Mr. Longworth tell us, if it does not mean that, what does it mean? for I don't see what great change is made in it by his explanation."

Mr. Longworth replied, that if the remarks which he had just made, and his argument, had not fully explained the subject to Mr. Craig, he feared it would be out of his power to explain it.

"Then," said Mr. Craig, "I'll pay my fine, for I don't understand a word of it."

The next one summoned to the debate was Mr. Pentigall. Mr. Pentigall was one of those who would never acknowledge his ignorance of any thing, which any person else understood; and that Longworth and McDermot were both masters of the subject, was clear, both from their fluency and seriousness. He therefore determined to understand it, at all hazards. Consequently he rose at the President's command, with considerable self-confidence. I regret, however, that it is impossible to commit Mr. Pentigall's manner to paper, without which, his remarks lose nearly all their interest. He was a tall, handsome man; a little theatrical in his manner, rapid in his delivery, and singular in his pronunciation. He gave to the e and i, of our language, the sound of u—at least his peculiar intonations of voice, seemed to give them that sound; and his rapidity of utterance seemed to change the termination, "tion" into "ah." With all his peculiarities, however, he was a fine fellow. If he was ambitious, he was not invidious, and he possessed an amicable disposition. He proceeded as follows:

"Mr. President.—This internal suggestion which has been so eloquently discussed by Mr. Longworth, and the bias of jurisprudence which has been so ably advocated by Mr. McDermot—hem! Mr. President, in order to fix the line of demarcation between—ah—the internal suggestion and the bias of jurisprudence—Mr. President, I think, sir, that—ah—the subject must be confined to the vote of faction, and the bias of jurisprudence."

Here Mr. Pentigall clapt his right hand to his forehead, as though he had that moment heard some overpowering news; and after maintaining this position for about the space of ten seconds, he slowly withdrew his hand, gave his head a slight inclination to the right, raised his eyes to the President as if just awakening from a trance, and with a voice of the most hopeless despair, concluded with "I don't understand the subject, Muster President."

The rest of the members on both sides submitted to be fined rather than attempt the knotty subject; but by common consent, the penal rule was dispensed with. Nothing now remained to close the exercises, but the decision of the Chair.

The President, John Nuble, was a young man, not unlike Craig in his turn of mind; though he possessed an intellect a little more sprightly than Craig's. His decision was short.

"Gentlemen," said he, "I do not understand the subject. This," continued he, (pulling out his knife, and pointing to the silvered or cross side of it,) "is 'Internal Suggestions.' And this" (pointing to the other, or pile side,) "is 'Bias of Jurisprudence.'" so saying, he threw up his knife, and upon its fall,

determined that 'Internal Suggestions' had got it; and ordered the decision to be registered accordingly.

It is worthy of note, that in their zeal to accomplish their purpose, Longworth and McDermot forgot to destroy the lists of subjects, from which they had selected the one so often mentioned; and one of these lists containing the subject discussed, with a number more like it, was picked up by Mr. Craig, who made a public exhibition of it, threatening to arraign the conspirators before the society, for a contempt. But, as the parting hour was at hand, he overlooked it with the rest of the brotherhood, and often laughed heartily at the trick.

"*The Militia Company Drill*," is not by the author of the other pieces but has a strong family resemblance, and is very well executed. Among the innumerable descriptions of Militia musters which are so rife in the land, we have met with nothing at all equal to this in the matter of broad farce.

"*The Turf*" is also capital, and bears with it a kind of dry and sarcastic morality which will recommend it to many readers.

"*An Interesting Interview*" is another specimen of exquisite dramatic talent. It consists of nothing more than a fac-simile of the speech, actions, and thoughts of two drunken old men—but its air of truth is perfectly inimitable.

"*The Fox-Hunt*," "*The Wax Works*," and "*A Sage Conversation*," are all good—but neither as good as many other articles in the book.

"*The Shooting Match*," which concludes the volume, may rank with the best of the Tales which precede it. As a portraiture of the manners of our South-Western peasantry, in especial, it is perhaps better than any.

Altogether this very humorous, and very clever book forms an era in our reading. It has reached us per mail, and without a cover. We will have it bound forthwith, and give it a niche in our library as a sure omen of better days for the literature of the South.

THE TEA PARTY.

Traits of the Tea Party: Published by Harper & Brothers.

This is a neat little duodecimo of 265 pages, including an Appendix, and is full of rich interest over and above what the subject of the volume is capable of exciting. In Boston it is very natural that the veteran Hewes should be regarded with the highest sentiments of veneration and affection. He is too intimately and conspicuously connected with that city's chivalric records not to be esteemed a hero—and such indeed he is—a veritable hero. Of the Tea Party he is the oldest—but not the only survivor. From the book before us we learn the names of nine others, still living, who bore a part in the drama. They are as follows—Henry Purkitt, Peter Slater, Isaac Simpson, Jonathan Hunnewell, John Hooton, William Pierce, — McIntosh, Samuel Sprague, and John Prince.

Reminiscences such as the present cannot be too frequently laid before the public. *More than anything else* do they illustrate that which can be properly called the History of our Revolution—and in so doing how vastly important do they appear to the entire cause of civil liberty? As the worthies of those great days are sinking, one by one, from among us, the value of what is known about them, and especially of what may be known through their memories, is increasing in a rapidly augmenting ratio. Let us treasure up while we may, the recollections which are so valuable now, and which will be more than invaluable hereafter.

SOUTHERN LITERARY MESSENGER.

VOL. II.

RICHMOND, APRIL, 1836.

No. V.

T. W. WHITE, PROPRIETOR.

FIVE DOLLARS PER ANNUM.

MSS. OF BENJ. FRANKLIN.*

A LECTURE

On the Providence of God in the Government of the World.

When I consider my own weakness and the discerning judgment of those who are to be my audience, I cannot help blaming myself considerably for this rash undertaking of mine, being a thing I am altogether unpracticed in and very much unqualified for; but I am especially discouraged when I reflect that you are all my intimate pot companions, who have heard me say a thousand silly things in conversation, and therefore have not that laudable partiality and veneration for whatever I shall deliver that good people commonly have for their spiritual guides; that you have no reverence for my habit nor for the sanctity of my countenance; that you do not believe me inspired or divinely assisted, and therefore will think yourselves at liberty to assert or dissent, approve or disapprove of any thing I advance, canvassing and sifting it as the private opinion of one of your acquaintance. These are great disadvantages and discouragements, but I am entered and must proceed, humbly requesting your patience and attention.

I propose at this time to discourse on the subject of our last conversation, the Providence of God in the government of the world. It might be judged an affront to your understandings should I go about to prove this first principle, the existence of a Deity, and that he is the Creator of the Universe, for that would suppose you ignorant of what all mankind in all ages have agreed in. I shall therefore proceed to observe that he must be a being of infinite wisdom, as appears in his admirable order and disposition of things, whether we consider the heavenly bodies, the stars and planets and their wonderful regular motions, or this earth compounded of such an excellent mixture of all the elements; or the admirable structure of animate bodies of such infinite variety, and yet every one adapted to its nature and the way of life it is to be placed in, whether on earth, in the air, or in the water, and so exactly that the highest and most exquisite human reason cannot find a fault and say this would have been better so, or in such a manner, which whoever considers attentively and thoroughly will be astonished and swallowed up in admiration.

*It is with great pleasure that we are enabled, through the kindness of a friend in Philadelphia, to lay before our readers an *Essay, never yet published*, from the pen of Benjamin Franklin. It is copied from the original MS. of Franklin himself, and is not to be found in any edition of his works. The Letters which succeed the *Essay* are also copied from the original MS., but were first published in the Doctor's *Weekly Pennsylvania Gazette*, which was commenced in 1737. The Epistle from Anthony Afterix appeared in No. 130—that from Celia Single in No. 191. Although these Letters are to be found in the file of the *Gazette* at the Franklin Library in Philadelphia, still they are not in either the 1809 or the 1825 edition of the writer's works. We therefore make no apology for publishing them in the *Messenger*.

That the Deity is a being of great goodness, appears in his giving life to so many creatures each of which acknowledge it a benefit, by their unwillingness to leave it; in his providing plentiful sustenance for them all, and making those things that are most useful, most common and easy to be had; such as water, necessary for almost every creature to drink; air, without which few could subsist; the inexpressible benefits of light and sunshine to almost all animals in general; and to men the most useful vegetable such as corn, the most useful of metals as iron &c. the most useful animals as horses, oxen and sheep he has made easiest to raise or procure in quantity or numbers; each of which particulars, if considered seriously and carefully, would fill us with the highest love and affection.

That he is a being of infinite power appears in his being able to form and compound such vast masses of matter, as this earth and the sun and innumerable stars and planets, and give them such prodigious motion, and yet so to govern them in their greatest velocity as that they shall not fly out of their appointed bounds, nor dash one against another for their mutual destruction. But 'tis easy to conceive his power, when we are convinced of his infinite knowledge and wisdom; for if weak and foolish creatures as we are by knowing the nature of a few things can produce such wonderful effects; such as for instance, by knowing the nature only of nitre and sea salt mixed we can make a water which will dissolve the hardest iron, and by adding one ingredient more can make another water which will dissolve gold, and make the most solid bodies fluid, and by knowing the nature of saltpetre, sulphur and charcoal, those mean ingredients mixed, we can shake the air in the most terrible manner, destroy ships, houses and men at a distance, and in an instant, overthrow cities, and rend rocks into a thousand pieces, and level the highest mountains; what power must he possess who not only knows the nature of every thing in the universe, but can make things of new natures with the greatest ease and at his pleasure?

Agreeing then that the world was at first made by a being of infinite wisdom, goodness and power, which being we call God, the state of things existing at this time must be in one of these four following manners—viz.

1. Either he unchangeably decreed and appointed every thing that comes to pass, and left nothing to the course of nature, nor allowed any creature free agency.
2. Without decreeing any thing he left all to general nature and the events of free agency in his creatures which he never alters or interrupts; or,
3. He decreed some things unchangeably, and left others to general nature and the events of free agency which also he never alters or interrupts; or,
4. He sometimes interferes by his particular providence and sets aside the effects which would otherwise have been produced by any of the above causes.

I shall endeavor to show the first three suppositions to be inconsistent with the common light of reason, and

LETTER FROM CELIA SINGLE.

Mr. Gazetteer,—I must needs tell you that some of the things you print do more harm than good, particularly I think so of the tradesman's letter, which was in one of your late papers, which disoblged many of our sex and has broken the peace of several families, by causing difference between men and their wives. I shall give you here one instance of which I was an eye and ear witness.

Happening last Wednesday morning to be at Mrs. W.'s when her husband returned from market, among other things he showed her some balls of thread which he had bought. My dear, says he, I like mightily those stockings which I yesterday saw neighbor Afterwit knitting for her husband, of thread of her own spinning. I should be glad to have some such stockings myself. I understand that your maid Mary is a very good knitter, and seeing this thread in market I have bought it that the girl may make a pair or two for me. Mrs. W. was just then at the glass dressing her head, and turning about with the pins in her mouth, Lord, child, says she, are you crazy? What time has Mary to knit? Who must do the work, I wonder, if you set her to knitting? Perhaps, my dear, says he, you have a mind to knit them yourself. I remember, when I courted you, I once heard you say that you had learned to knit of your mother. I knit stockings for you, says she, not I, truly! There are poor women enough in town who can knit; if you please you may employ them. Well, but my dear, says he, you know a penny saved is a penny got, and there is neither sin nor shame in knitting a pair of stockings; why should you have such a mighty aversion to it? And what signifies talking of poor women, you know we are not people of quality. We have no income to maintain us but arises from my labor and industry. Methinks you should not be at all displeased when you have an opportunity of getting something as well as myself. I wonder, says she, you can propose such a thing to me. Did not you always tell me you would maintain me like a gentlewoman? If I had married the Captain I am sure he would have scorned to mention knitting of stockings. Prythee, says he, a little nettled, what do you tell me of your Captain? If you could have had him I suppose you would, or perhaps you did not like him very well. If I did promise to maintain you as a gentlewoman, methinks it is time enough for that when you know how to behave yourself like one. How long, do you think, I can maintain you at your present rate of living? Pray, says she, somewhat fiercely, and dashing the puff into the powder box, dont use me in this manner, for I'll assure you I wont bear it. This is the fruit of your poison newspapers: there shall no more come here I promise you. Bless us, says he, what an unaccountable thing is this? Must a tradesman's daughter and the wife of a tradesman necessarily be a lady? In short, I tell you if I am forced to work for a living and you are too good to do the like, there's the door, go and live upon your estate. And as I never had or could expect any thing with you, I dont desire to be troubled with you.

What answer she made I cannot tell, for knowing that man and wife are apt to quarrel more violently when before strangers, than when by themselves, I got

up and went out hastily. But I understand from Mary who came to me of an errand in the evening, that they dined together very peaceably and lovingly, the balls of thread which had caused the disturbance being thrown into the kitchen fire, of which I was very glad to hear.

I have several times in your paper seen reflections upon us women for idleness and extravagance, but I do not remember to have once seen such animadversions upon the men. If we were disposed to be censorious we could furnish you with instances enough; I might mention Mr. Billiard who loses more than he earns at the green table, and would have been in jail long since had it not been for his industrious wife. Mr. Husselcap, who every market day at least, and often all day long, leaves his business for the rattling of half pence in a certain alley—or Mr. Finikin, who has seven different suits of fine clothes and wears a change every day, while his wife and children sit at home half naked—Mr. Crownhim always dreaming over the chequer board, and who cares not how the world goes with his family so he does but get the game—Mr. Totherpot the tavern haunter, Mr. Bookish the everlasting reader, Mr. Tweedledum and several others, who are mighty diligent at any thing besides their proper business. I say, if I were disposed to be censorious, I might mention all these and more, but I hate to be thought a scandalizer of my neighbors, and therefore forbear; and for your part I would advise you for the future to entertain your readers with something else besides people's reflections upon one another, for remember that there are holes enough to be picked in your coat as well as others, and those that are affronted by the satires that you may publish, will not consider so much who wrote as who printed, and treat you accordingly. Take not this freedom amiss from

Your friend and reader,

CELIA SINGLE.

TO THE EVENING STAR.

'Star of descending night!'

How lovely is thy beam;
How softly pours thy silv'ry light,
O'er the bright glories of the west,
As now the sun sunk to his rest,
Sends back his parting stream
Of golden splendor, like a zone
Of beauty, o'er the horizon!

'Star of descending night!'

First of the sparkling train,
That gems the sky, I hail thy light;
And as I watch thy peaceful ray,
That sweetly spreads o'er fading day,
I think and think again,
That thou art some fair orb of light,
Where spirits bask in glory bright.

'Star of descending night!'

Oft hast thou met my gaze,
When evening's calm and mellow light,
Invited to the secret bower,
To spend with God the tranquil hour,
In grateful pray'r and praise,—

Then thy soft ray so passing sweet,
Has beamed around my hallowed seat.

And I have loved thee, star!

When in night's diadem,
I saw thee lovelier, brighter, far
Than all the stellate worlds, and thought
Of that great star the wise men sought,
And came to Bethlehem,
To view the infant Saviour's face,
The last bright hope of Adam's race:

Frederick Co. Va.

T. J. S.

GENIUS.

Pope says in the preface to his works, "What we call a genius is hard to be distinguished, by a man himself, from a strong inclination." Such a distinction is certainly hard to make, and in my opinion has no existence. Genius, as it appears to me, is merely a decided preference for any study or pursuit, which enables its possessor to give the close and unwearied attention necessary to ensure success. When this constancy of purpose is wanting, the brightest natural talents will give little aid in acquiring literary or scientific eminence: and where it exists in any considerable degree, it is rare to find one so ill endowed with common sense as not to gain a respectable standing.

Genius is of two sorts, which may be termed philosophical and poetical. When the mind takes most pleasure in the exercise of reason, the genius displayed is philosophical; when the fictions of fancy give the greatest delight, the cast of mind is poetical. All the operations of the human intellect may be referred to one of these, or to a combination of both. Books of this last character are much the most numerous; for we seldom find a work so severely argumentative as to exclude all play of imagination even as ornament, or so entirely poetical as never to allow the restraint of sober reason.

These two kinds of genius require different and peculiar faculties. In philosophy, where the great end proposed is the discovery of truth, the coloring of imagination should be carefully avoided as useless and deceptive. It is necessary to divest the mind as far as possible of all pre-conceived opinions, that so the proofs presented may make just the impression which their character and importance demand. No prejudice or association of former ideas must be allowed to bias the judgment; but the question should be decided in strict accordance with the deductions of the sternest reason. And yet this perfect freedom from prejudice, however necessary to the proper use of right reason, is perhaps the most difficult effort of the human mind. "Nemo adhuc," says Lord Bacon, in a passage quoted by Stewart in the introduction to his mental philosophy, "Nemo adhuc tanta mentis constantia inventus est, ut decreverit et sibi imposuerit theorias et notiones communes penitus abolere, et intellectum abrasum et æquum ad particularia de integro applicare. Itaque illa ratio humana quam habemus ex multa fide et multo etiam casu, necnon ex puerilibus quas primo hausimus notionibus, farrago quædam est et congeries. Quod si quis, retate matura et sensibus integris et mente repurgata, se ud

experientiam et ad particularia de integro applicet, de eo melius sperandum est." Such was the opinion of the great father of modern philosophy.

On the other hand these vulgar errors and superstitions, these "theorias et notiones communes," supply the means of producing the strongest effect of poetry. The dull scenes of real life can never be suffered to chill the ardor of a romantic imagination. And as the poet finds truth too plain and unadorned to satisfy his enthusiastic fancy, he is compelled to seek subjects and scenery of more faultless nature and brighter hues than this world affords. He delights in combinations of the most striking images. The grand and imposing, the dark and terrific, the furious and desolating—whatever serves to fill the mind with awe and wonder, are his favorite subjects of contemplation. The legends of superstition contribute largely to the effect of poetical composition. The enthusiast loves to fancy the agency of supernatural beings, and endeavors to feel the influence of those emotions which such a belief is suited to inspire. This seems to be the spirit of Collins in the following lines of his ode to fear.

"Dark power, with shuddering meek submitted thought,
Be mine to read the visions old
Which thy awakening bards have told;
And lest thou meet my blasted view,
Hold each strange tale devoutly true."

In combinations of poetical images, no regard is had to their consistency with truth and reason. It is the part of philosophy to discover relations as they exist in nature; but to search out and combine into one glowing and harmonious whole the brightest and grandest images which art or nature supplies—this is the province of poetry. The utmost calmness and most collected thought are necessary to that patient and laborious reasoning by which progress is made in the science of truth. The fury of impassioned feeling, on the other hand, supports the loftier flights of poetry. Hence philosophy and poetry rarely meet in the same individual. Yet the smallness of the number of those who have gained renown both as poets and philosophers, is to be ascribed less to any incompatibility between the habits of mind peculiar to each, than to the fact that the short space of human life will not allow to both the attention necessary for their highest attainments. I speak now of poetical and philosophical genius, not of poetry and philosophy. Between the two last there is an incompatibility, as may easily be shown. Euclid's elements, for example, contain as pure specimens of mere reasoning as can be conceived; but in them simplicity, clearness and precision of terms are all the ornament they need or will admit: nor can poetical language be used by any arrangement without producing obscurity and disgust. And the wild conceptions of unbridled fancy will as little brook the restraint of heartless reason. In short, poetry and philosophy are so distinct and opposed in character, that neither can ever be used to heighten the proper effect of the other.

A most extraordinary combination of poetical and philosophical talent in one individual was displayed by Lucretius. I might challenge the whole circle of science or literature to furnish examples of clearer, closer and more irrefutable argument than his work presents. And for purity, sublimity, delicacy, strength and feeling, passages of his poetry might be selected scarcely

inferior to any effort of ancient or modern times. Yet his work may well be chosen to furnish proof that even the brightest genius cannot combine austere logic and gorgeous poetry, so as that each shall produce its due effect. For although where the reasoning is not deep the embellishments of fancy may be borne and even relished, yet where the argument requires close and laborious thought, the reader is willing to sacrifice all the ornaments of poetry to the simpler grace of perspicuity. But it is mostly in episodes and illustrations that the fire of his poetic genius burns so brightly; and here we see him throw off the fetters of truth to wander in the haunted fields of fiction. And although his work displays intense thought and burning poetry, we rarely find them united in the same passage.

Confirmed habits of philosophical reflection, it is not improbable, will in time give a character of sobriety and apathy to the mind. Quick susceptibility of impressions is one mark of a poetical temperament; and of course if habits of calm reasoning destroy this sensibility, philosophy and poetry cannot exist in perfection in the same mind. But this apathetic coldness appears not to be the immediate effect of philosophical habits, but rather to result from disuse of the imagination while the attention is turned to graver studies. Lucretius has shown what attainments may be made in pure philosophy without lessening the strength and grace of fancy. He was a man of the most acute and accurate observation, and of the most rigid and cautious reasoning, yet possessed a quick perception of the grand and beautiful, and had imbibed the warmest spirit of poetic enthusiasm.

Poetry delights in personifications. According to Dryden,

"Each virtue a divinity is seen:
Prudence is Pallas, beauty Paphos' queen;
'Tis not a cloud from which swift lightnings fly,
But Jupiter that thunders from the sky;
Nor a rough storm that gives the sailor pain,
But angry Neptune ploughing up the main;
Echo's no more an empty, airy sound,
But a fair nymph that weeps her lover drown'd:
Thus in the endless treasure of his mind,
The poet does a thousand figures find."

Art of Poetry, Canto 3.

Philosophy on the contrary seeks to disrobe the subject of every factitious charm, and present it to the mind in its naked simplicity. It dispels the clouds of error, though gilded with the bright colors of fancy; and boldly brings even objects of superstitious veneration to the light of reason.

These conflicting qualities are eminently shown in Lucretius; and it is not without interest to mark how he contrives to blend in the same work the solid simplicity of argument with the lighter graces of imagination. As a poet he opens his work with an address to Venus the mother and guardian of the Roman people, whose aid he invokes as the companion of his song. He prays her to avert the frowns of rugged war from the nation by the softening power of her charms. He tells her that she alone governs the universe; that nothing springs into the light of day without her; and ascribes to her, as the source of all pleasure, whatever is joyous or lovely.

"Nec sine te quidquam dias in luminis oras
Exoritur, neque fit lætum neque amabile quidquam."

Yet in the next page the philosopher avows his intention of waging eternal war with superstition; and gives exalted praise to Epicurus because he suffered no feelings of religious awe to interfere with his philosophical investigations. In this passage superstition (or religion, to use his own term) is personified, and represented as some hideous monster thrusting her head from out the skies, and regarding mankind with an awful and terrible aspect. The whole image presented is eminently grand and poetic.

"Humana ante oculos fede quam vita jaceret
In terris oppressa gravi sub religione;
Quæ caput a cæli regionibus obtendebat,
Horribili super adaspectu mortalibus instans;
Primum Graius homo mortaleis tollere contra
Est oculus ausus, primusque obistere contra:
Quem neque fama deum, nec fulmina, nec minant
Murmure compressit cælum; sed eo magis acrom
Inriat animi virtutem effringere ut aris
Naturæ primus portarum claustra cupiret."

Thus we see that although one great part of his purpose was to divest the mind of popular superstitions, he found the language of philosophy too barren, and the images which truth presented too cold and lifeless to supply the materials of poetry. Hence his personifications, and his digressions, which abound in the richest ornaments of fancy.

As a philosopher Lucretius was led to reject the legends of ancient superstition, because such terrors kept the human mind in darkness and error.

"Nam velutei pueri trepidant, atque omnia cæcis
In tenebris metuunt; sic nos in luce timemus
Interdum nihilo quæ sunt metuenda magisquam
Quæ pueri in tenebris pavitant, finguntque futura.
Hunc igitur terrorem animi tenebrasque, necesse est,
Non radiæ solis neque lucida tela diæ
Discutiant; sed naturæ species, ratioque."

Llib. 2, lin. 54.

But the spirit of poetry alone would have persuaded him to increase the gloom and mists of superstition; for fancy's favorite range is among regions darkened by the shades of ancient and venerable error. The intrusion of cold reason is always unwelcome to a romantic imagination. There is a passage of Campbell, (I cannot remember the words,) in which he laments the dispersion by the clearer light of reason of some fanciful notions in regard, I think, to the rainbow, which had formerly been the delight of his youth. Collins too regrets the restraint of imagination imposed by philosophy. He bids farewell to metaphysics, and declares his purpose of leaving such barren fields of speculation, and of retiring

"to thoughtful cell
Where fancy breathes her potent spell."

So much to mark the difference between poetical and philosophical genius. The remainder of this essay shall be devoted to the peculiarities which distinguish the genius of poetry in particular.

It has been often remarked that men of brilliant fancy are never satisfied with the productions of their own minds. The images of grandeur or beauty continually present to their imaginations, it would seem, are so far superior to all efforts they can make to embody them in language, that their own works never yield them the pleasure which they give others. The following quotation is from the seventh chapter, sixth section, of Stewart's *Elements of the Philosophy of the Human*

Mind. "When the notions of enjoyment or of excellence which imagination has formed are greatly raised above the ordinary standard, they interest the passions too deeply to leave us at all times the cool exercise of reason, and produce that state of the mind which is commonly known by the name of enthusiasm; a temper which is one of the most fruitful sources of error and disappointment; but which is a source, at the same time, of heroic actions and of exalted characters. To the exaggerated conceptions of eloquence which perpetually revolved in the mind of Cicero; to that idea which haunted his thoughts of *aliquid immensum infinitumque*, we are indebted for some of the most splendid displays of human genius: and it is probable that something of the same kind has been felt by every man who has risen much above the level of humanity either in speculation or in action." To the want of this high imaginary standard of excellence, Dr. Johnson ascribes the dullness of Blackmore's poetry. "It does not appear," he says, "that he saw beyond his own performances, or had ever elevated his views to that ideal perfection which every genius born to excel is condemned always to pursue and never overtake. In the first suggestions of his imagination he acquiesced; he thought them good and did not seek for better. His works may be read a long time without the occurrence of a single line that stands prominent from the rest."

Examples of such ardent aspirations after the *grande et immensum*, are frequent among our best poets. Let the following from Lord Byron suffice. In this will plainly appear that *agony* in giving birth to the sublime conceptions of his imagination, which metaphysicians say is a sure mark of lofty genius. After describing a terrific thunderstorm in language suited to the majesty of his subject, he proceeds:

"Could I embody and unbosom now
That which is most within me,—could I wreak
My thoughts upon expression, and thus throw
Soul, heart, mind, passions, feelings, strong or weak,
All that I would have sought, and all I seek,
Bear, know, feel, and yet breathe—into one word,
And that one word were lightning, I would speak;
But as it is, I live and die unheard,
With a most voiceless thought, sheathing it as a sword."

The same burning enthusiasm prevails throughout the odes of Collins, whose works breathe as much the soul of poetry as is shown by any bard of Greece or Rome.

This trait of genius often betrays young writers into a style of affected grandiloquence, which their feebleness of thought makes doubly ridiculous. Yet this pompous style of writing is often a genuine mark of superior powers. Quintilian thinks extravagance a more favorable sign in a very young writer, than a more sedate simplicity; for his maturer judgment may be safely left to prune such luxuriance, but where the soil is barren by nature, no art of cultivation will produce a vigorous growth. Scarcely any writer was ever guilty of more extravagance than Lucan; but his poem was written in the earliest spring of manhood, and shows such strength of genius as would probably have made him equal to Homer, had his rising powers been suffered to reach their utmost elevation, and receive the corrections of his finished taste.

But here it may not be amiss to mention that a style of such affected pomp is tolerable only in young writers. When the fancy is fresh and vigorous, and the judg-

ment unformed, redundancy in words and ornament may be pardoned; but it is a sure evidence of feeble genius to continue the same style in riper age. Hor-tensius, Cicero's rival, was in his youth admired for his florid oratory; but in after life was justly despised for the same childish taste. The most elegant writers always select the simplest words. Learning should appear in the subject, but never in the language. Even the powers of Johnson were too weak to preserve his ponderous learned style from ridicule. It may be assumed as a universal rule, that when two words equally express the same meaning, the shortest and simplest is always the best.

When the enthusiasm of poetry is joined with a correct and chastened judgment, the utmost fastidiousness in composition is often produced. To this may be ascribed the small number and extent of writings left by some of our best authors. "I am tormented with a desire to write better than I can," said Robert Hall in a letter to a friend: and yet his works are said by Dugald Stewart (himself an admirable writer in point of style) to combine the beauties of Addison, Johnson and Burke, without their defects, and to contain the purest specimens of the English language. And of Pascal too, it is told that he spent much time in revising and correcting what to others appeared from the first almost too perfect for amendment. Gray, who had genius to become a pre-eminent poet, was never content with the polish which repeated revisions were able to give his works. The conclusion of Boileau's second Satire is so appropriate to my purpose, that I will give it in full.

"Un sot, en écrivant, fait tout avec plaisir:
Il n'a point en ses vers l'embarras de choisir;
Et toujours amoureux de ce qu'il vient d'écrire,
Ravi d'étonnement, en soi-même il s'admire.
Mais un esprit sublime en vain veut s'élever
A ce degré parfait qu'il tâche de trouver;
Et, toujours mécontent de ce qu'il vient de faire,
Il plaît à tout le monde, et ne saurait se plaire."

And in a note on this passage, "Voilà," s'écria Molière, en interrompant son ami à cet endroit, voilà la plus belle vérité que vous ayez jamais dite. Je ne suis pas du nombre de ces esprits sublimes dont vous parlez; mais tel que je suis, je n'ai rien fait en ma vie dont je sois véritablement content." Horace too speaks much the same language in several places.

Of Shakspeare, the greatest poetical genius probably which the world ever produced, our ignorance of his life permits us to speak only from his works. But the fact that he scarcely ever condescended to revise his plays, and took no care to preserve them from oblivion, is ample proof how little his mind was satisfied with its own sublime productions. Shakspeare is an illustrious example of transcendent genius joined with unfinished taste. He had to depend entirely on his own resources, for the best models he had access to were not more faultless than his own writings, while they fell infinitely below him in every positive excellence. His works, in parts, show sublimity, delicacy, and grace of poetry, unequalled perhaps by the productions of any writer before or since. Yet his warmest admirers are often scandalized by the strange conceited witticisms and other evidences of bad taste so abundant in his writings. Still, the Bard of Avon's works will ever rank among the noblest efforts of dramatic poetry.

Poetical genius is always united with a love of sym-

pathy. This is the reason why men of warm imaginations so seldom fully relish a poem when read alone. Robert Hall, in one remarkable passage, says, that the most ardent admirer of poetry or oratory would not consent to witness their grandest display on the sole condition that he should never reveal his emotions.

It is also generally, and perhaps always, joined with a thirst of fame. This feeling impels the poet to make arduous exertions. It is the passion which, as metaphysicians say, is implanted in the human breast as an incentive to deeds beneficial to society. Whether it be in its nature culpable or not, is perhaps a difficult question. Quintilian says that if it be not itself a virtue, it is certainly often the cause of virtuous actions; and this assertion few will venture to question. And at all events, this passion has ever been a characteristic of the greatest men. Few have risen to eminence without its aid. It existed largely in Byron. In verses written shortly after the publication of his *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*, he says:

"The fire in the cavern of Ætna concealed,
Still mantles unseen in its secret recess;
At length in a volume terrific revealed,
No torrent can quench it, no bounds can repress.

Oh, thus the desire in my bosom for fame
Bids me live but to hope for posterity's praise:
Could I soar with the Phoenix on pinions of flame,
With him I could wish to expire in the blaze."

How happy for the world had his genius led him to seek applause in works designed for the good of mankind—in recommending religion and virtue by the melody of his verse and the influence of his life, instead of adorning vice with the beauties of poetry!

When the thirst of glory is disappointed, the aspirant is apt to become a gloomy misanthropist, who envies others the reputation which he cannot attain. Much of the sullen melancholy shown by men of genius may doubtless be ascribed to the perverted operation of this principle. The portion of fame which falls to their share is not sufficient to satisfy their wishes.

But after all, the most brilliant genius will avail nothing without study. No illiterate man ever gained renown as a writer. Some have become great without the aid of foreign learning; but all have read and thought. No man is born a poet in the ordinary sense of the word. Whatever his own conceptions may be, he cannot reveal them without the use of words; and this knowledge can be acquired only by diligent study. In all time it has been true that they who have read and thought most, have made the greatest writers, whatever line of science or literature they pursued. Or perhaps there ought to be exceptions made in cases where the mind has been misdirected, as among the schoolmen, who spent their lives in perplexing themselves and others with subtle questions which it was of no use to solve. But however fruitless such labors as wasted their energies may be, this at least is certain, that without study no man will become great, whatever be his natural talents. Even such towering geniuses as Homer, Aristotle, Cicero, Virgil, Shakspeare, Bacon, Newton, and Byron were not exempt from this necessity.

To conclude: Locke has sufficiently proved that all our ideas are originally derived from the senses. These first impressions form the basis of all human knowledge. General conclusions drawn from comparison of

such sensations are abstract thought. Reasoning and reflection on these abstract ideas thus obtained, constitute speculations of still greater refinement. Comparing and combining ideas in the mind, for the purpose of discovering relations as they exist in nature, is argument. Such comparisons and combinations made for the purpose of pleasing, are works of fancy, or poetry. He then who most carefully preserves his impressions, most attentively considers and revolves his ideas, and most closely and accurately compares them for the purpose of discovering such combinations as nature has made, or of combining anew the separate images into such grand and beautiful fabrics as may suit the taste of fancy, is likely to make the best philosopher or poet, as his attention is mainly turned to one or the other. Some difference in natural faculties no doubt exists, but this is probably small.*

A LOAN TO THE MESSENGER.

No. II.

Here is a scrap from another of my poetical friends, which has never seen the light, and which I will lend to the readers of the Messenger for the month. I give it as it came to me, apology and all, and doubt not it will be well received by those to whom I now dedicate it.

J. F. G.

My Dear O,—Instead of writing something new for your collection, I copy a few lines from a bagatelle, written a few days ago to a woman who is worthy of better verses: and, as they will never be published, of course, they may answer your purpose.

Very truly yours,

WILLIS.

Boston, August, 1831.

TO —.

Lady! the fate that made me poor,
Forgot to take away my heart,—
And 'tis not easy to immure

The burning soul, and live apart:
To meet the wildering touch of beauty,
And hear her voice,—and think of duty:

To check a thought of burning passion,
When trembling on the lip like flame,—
And talk indifferently of fashion,—
A language choked till it is tame!

Oh God! I know not why I'm gifted
With feeling, if I may not love!

I know not why my cup is lifted
So far my thirsting lips above!

My look on thine unhidden lingers,
My hand retains thy dewy fingers,
Thy smile, thy glance, thy glorious tone
For hours and hours are mine alone:

* Of course no Editor is responsible for the opinions of his contributors—but in the present instance we feel called upon in self-defence to disclaim any belief in the doctrines advanced—and, moreover, to enter a solemn protest against them. The *Essay on Genius* is well written and we therefore admitted it. While many of its assumptions are indisputable—some we think are not to be sustained—and the inferences, generally, lag far behind the spirit of the age. Our correspondent is evidently no phrenologist.—Ed.



Yet must my fervor back, and wait
Till solitude can set it free,—
Yet must I not forget that fate
Has locked my heart, and lost the key;
These very rhymes I'm weaving now
Condemn me for a broken vow!

N. P. W.

N. B. My friend soon recovered from this sad stroke, and he has since recovered the "key," and locked within the fate-closed casket a pearl, I learn, of great price. So much for a sophomore's Anacreontics!

If this "loan" prove acceptable, I have a choice one in store for May. o.

SOME ANCIENT GREEK AUTHORS.

CHRONOLOGICALLY ARRANGED.

Whether Homer or Hesiod lived first has never been determined. Herodotus supposes them both to have lived at the same time, viz. B. C. 884. The Arun. marbles make them contemporaries, but place their era B. C. 907. Besides the Iliad and Odyssey, Homer wrote, according to some, a poem upon Amphiaraus' expedition against Thebes; Also, the Phocis, the Cercopes, the small Iliad, the Epicielides, the Batrachomyomachia, and some Hymns to the Gods.

Hesiod wrote a poem on Agriculture, called The Works and Days, also Theogony, which is valuable for its account of the Gods of antiquity. His Shield of Hercules, and some others, are now lost.

Archilocus wrote elegies, satires, odes and epigrams, and was the inventor of Iambics; these are by some ascribed to Epodes. Some fragments of his poetry remain. He is supposed to have lived B. C. 742.

Alcæus is the inventor of Alcaic verse. Of all his works, nothing remains but a few fragments, found in Athens. B. C. 600.

He was contemporary with the famous Sappho. She was the inventress of the Sapphic verse, and had composed nine books in lyric verse, besides epigrams, elegies, &c. Of all these, two pieces alone remain, and a few fragments quoted by Didymus.

Theognis of Megara wrote several poems, of which only a few sentences are now extant, quoted by Plato and some others. B. C. 548.

Simonides wrote elegies, epigrams and dramatical pieces; also Epic poems—one on Cambyzes, King of Persia, &c. One of his most famous compositions, The Lamentations, a beautiful fragment, is still extant.

Thespis, supposed to be the inventor of Tragedy, lived about this time.

Anacreon. His odes are thought to be still extant, but very few of them can be truly ascribed to Anacreon.

Æschylus is the first who introduced two actors on the stage, and clothed them with suitable dresses. He likewise removed murder from the eyes of the spectator. He wrote 90 tragedies, of which 7 are extant, viz. Prometheus Vincit, Septem Duces contra Thebas, Persæ, Agamemnon, Chœphoræ, Eumenides and Supplices.

Pindar was his contemporary. Most of Pindar's works have perished. He had written some hymns to the Gods,—poems in honor of Apollo,—dithyrambs to Bacchus, and odes on several victories obtained at the

Olympic, Isthmian, Pythian and Nemean games. Of all these the odes alone remain.

Sophocles first increased the number of actors to three, and added the decorations of painted scenery. He composed 120 tragedies—7 only of which are extant, viz. Ajax, Electra, Œdipus, Antigone, The Trachinæ, Philoctetes and Œdipus at Colonus. B. C. 454.

Plato, the comic poet, called the prince of the middle comedy, and of whose pieces some fragments remain, flourished about this time.

Also, Aristarchus, the tragic poet of Tegea, who composed 70 tragedies, one of which was translated into Latin verse by Ennius.

Herodotus of Halicarnassus, wrote a history of the Wars of the Greeks against the Persians from the age of Cyrus to the battle of Mycale, including an account of the most celebrated nations in the world. Besides this, he had written a history of Assyria and Arabia which is not extant. There is a life of Homer generally attributed to him, but doubtfully. B. C. 445.

Euripides, who lived at this time, wrote 75 or, as some say, 92 tragedies, of which only 19 are extant. He was the rival of Sophocles.

About the commencement of the Peloponnesian war, flourished many celebrated authors, among whom was Aristophanes. He wrote 54 comedies, of which only 11 are extant.

Also, Cratinus and Eupolis, who with Aristophanes, are mentioned by Horace—they were celebrated for their comic writings. B. C. 431.

Also, the mathematician and astrologer, Meton, who, in a book called Enneadecaterides, endeavored to adjust the course of the sun and moon, and maintained that the solar and lunar years could regularly begin from the same point in the heavens. This is called the Metonic cycle.

Thucydides flourished at this time. He wrote a history of the important events which happened during his command. This history is continued only to the 21st year of the war. It has been divided into eight books—the last of which is supposed to have been written by his daughters. It is imperfect.

Also Hippocrates—few of his writings remain.

Lysias, the orator, wrote, according to Plutarch, no less than 425 orations—of these 34 are extant. B. C. 404.

Contemporary with him was Agatho, an Athenian tragic and comic poet—there is now nothing extant of his works, except quotations in Aristotle and others.

Xenophon, whose works are well known, lived about the year 398 before Christ.

Ctesias, who wrote a history of the Assyrians and Persians, which Justin and Diodorus have preferred to that of Herodotus, lived also at this time. Some fragments of his compositions have been preserved.

The works of Plato are numerous—they are all written, except twelve letters, in the form of a dialogue. 388.

Of the 64 orations of Isæus, 10 are extant. Demosthenes imitated him. 377.

About 32 of the orations of Isocrates, who lived at the same time, remain.

All the compositions of the historian Theopompus are lost, except a few fragments quoted by ancient writers. 354.

Ephorus lived in his time—he wrote a history commencing with the return of the Heraclidae and ending with the 20th year of Philip of Macedon. It was in 30 books and is frequently quoted by Strabo and others.

Almost all the writings of *Aristotle* are extant. *Diogenes Laertes* has given a catalogue of them. His Art of Poetry has been imitated by Horace.

Æschines, his contemporary, wrote 5 orations and 9 epistles. The orations alone are extant. 340.

Demosthenes was his contemporary and rival.

Theophrastus composed many books and treatises—*Diogenes* enumerates 200. Of these 20 are extant—among which are a history of stones—treatises on plants, on the winds, signs of fair weather, &c.—also, his Characters, a moral treatise. 320.

Menander was his pupil; he was called prince of the new comedy. Only a few fragments remain of 109 comedies which he wrote.

Philemon was contemporary with these two. The fragments of some of his comedies are printed with those of *Menander*.

Megasthenes lived about this time. He wrote about the Indians and other oriental nations. His history is often quoted by the ancients. There is a work now extant which passes for his composition, but which is spurious.

Epicurus also lived now. He wrote 300 volumes according to *Diogenes*.

Chrysippus indeed, rivalled him in the number, but not in the merit of his productions. They were contemporaries. 280.

Bion, the pastoral poet, whose *Idyllia* are so celebrated, lived about this time. It is probable that *Moschus*, also a pastoral poet, was his contemporary—from the affection with which he mentions him.

Theocritus distinguished himself by his poetical compositions, of which 30 *Idyllia* and some epigrams remain—also, a ludicrous poem called *Syrinx*. *Virgil* imitated him. B. C. 280.

Aratus flourished now; he wrote a poem on *Astronomy*, also some hymns and epigrams.

Lycophron also lived at this time. The titles of 20 of his tragedies are preserved. There is extant a strange work of this poet, call *Cassandra*, or *Alexandra*—it contains about 1500 verses, from whose obscurity the author has been named *Tenebrosus*.

In the Anthology is preserved a most beautiful hymn to Jupiter, written by *Cleantes*,—of whose writings none except this is preserved.

Manetho lived about this period,—an Egyptian who wrote, in the Greek language, a history of Egypt. The writers of the Universal History suspect some mistake in the passage of *Eusebius* which contains an account of this history.

This was also the age of *Apollonius* of Perga, the Geometrician. He composed a treatise on conic sections in eight books—seven of which remain. It is one of the most valuable remains of antiquity.

Nicander's writings were held in much estimation. Two of his poems, entitled *Theriaca*, and *Alexipharniaca*, are still extant. He is said to have written 5 books of *Metamorphoses*, which *Ovid* has imitated. He wrote also history. 150.

About this time flourished *Polybius*. He wrote an universal History in Greek, divided into 40 books;

which began with the Punic wars, and finished with the conquest of Macedonia by *Paulus*. This is lost, except the first 5 books, and fragments of the 12 following. *Livy* has copied whole books from him, almost word for word—and thinks proper to call him in return “*haudquaquam spernendus auctor*.”

TO AN ARTIST,

Who requested the writer's opinion of a Pencil Sketch of a very
Lovely Woman.

The sketch is somewhat happy of the maid;
But where's the dark ethereal eye—
The lip of innocence—the sigh,
That breathes like spring o'er roses just betrayed?
And where the smile, the bright bewitching smile
That lights her youthful cheek with pleasure,
Where health and beauty hoard their treasure,
And all is loveliness unmixed with guile?
The spirit of the bloomy months is she,
Surrounded by the laughing hours:
Her very foot-prints glow with flowers!
And dared'st thou then successful hope to be?
Presumptuous man! thy boasted art how vain!
Too dull thy daring pencil's light
To shadow forth the vision bright,
Which flowed from Jove's own hand without a stain.
What mortal skill can paint her wondrous eye
Or catch the smile of woman's face,
When all the virtues seem to grace
Its beams with something of divinity?
None but Apollo should the task essay;
To him alone the pow'r is given
To blend the radiant hues of heaven,
And in the look the very soul portray;
Then hold, proud Artist! 'tis the God's command;
Eugenia's face requires thy master's hand!

MARCH COURT.

Court day!—what an important day in Virginia!—what a day of bustle and business!—what a requisition is made upon every mode of conveyance to the little metropolis of the county! How many debts are then to be paid!—how many to be *put off*!—Alas! how preponderate the latter! If a man says “*I will pay you at Court*,” I give up the debt as hopeless, without the intervention of the *la*. But if court day be thus important, how much more so is March court! That is the day when our candidates are expected home from Richmond to give an account of their stewardship; at least it used to be so, before the number of our legislators was lessened with a view of facilitating the transaction of business, and with a promise of *shortening* the sessions. But somehow or other, the public chest has such a multitude of charms, it seems now to be more impossible than ever to get away from it.

“’Tis that capitol rising in grandeur on high,
Where bank notes, by thousands, bewitchingly lie,”
as the song says, which makes our sessions “*of so long a life*,” and there is no practicable mode of preventing the *visceration* of the aforesaid chest, but deferring the meeting of the Assembly to the month of February,

and thereby compelling the performance of the Commonwealth's business within the two months which would-intervene till the planting of corn. However, this is foreign to my present purpose, which is to describe a scene at which I have often gazed with infinite amusement. Would I had the power of Hogarth, that I might perpetuate the actings and doings of a March court; but having no turn that way, I must barely attempt to group the materials, and leave the painting to some regular artist to perfect. Picture to yourself, my gentle reader, our little town of *Dumplingsburg*, consisting of a *store*, a *tabern*, and a *blacksmith shop*, the common ingredients of a county town, with a court house and a jail in the foreground, as denoting the superior respect to which they are entitled. Imagine a number of roads diverging from the town like the radii of a circle, and upon these roads horsemen and footmen of every imaginable kind, moving, helter skelter, to a single point of attraction. Justices and jurymen—counsellors and clients—planters and pettifoggers—constables and cakewomen—farmers and felons—horse-drovers and horse-jockies, and so on, all rushing onward like the logs and rubbish upon the current of some mighty river swollen by rains, hurrying pell mell to the vast ocean which is to swallow them all up—a simile not altogether unapt, when we consider that the greater part of these people have law business, and the law is universally allowed to be a vortex worse than the Maelstrom. Direct the “fringed curtains of thine eyes” a little further to the main street—a street well entitled to the epithet main in all its significations, being in truth the principal and only street, and being moreover the political arena or cockpit, in which is settled pugilistically, all the tough and knotty points which cannot be adjusted by argument. See, on either side, rows of nags of all sorts and sizes, from the skeleton just unhitched from the plough, to the saucy, fat, impudent pony, with roached mane and bobtail, and the sleek and long tailed pampered horse, whose coat proclaims his breeding, all tied to the staggering fence which constitutes the boundary of the street. Behold the motley assemblage within these limits hurrying to and fro with rapid strides, as if life were at stake. Who is he who slips about among the “greasy rogues,” with outstretched palm, and shaking as many hands as the Marquis La Fayette? It is the candidate for election, and he distributes with liberal hand that *barren chronicle* of legislative deeds, denominated the list of laws, upon which are fed a people starving for information. This is a mere register of the titles of acts passed at the last session, but it is caught at with avidity by the sovereigns, who are highly offended if they do not come in for a share of the Delegate's bounty. The purchase and distribution of these papers is a sort of *carmen necessarium*, or indispensable lesson, and it frequently happens that a member of the Assembly who has been absent from his post the whole winter, except upon the yeas and nays, acquires credit for his industry and attention to business in proportion to the magnitude of the bundle he distributes of this uninstrusive record.

See now he mounts some elevated stand and harangues the gaping crowd, while a jackass led by his groom is braying at the top of his lungs just behind him. The jack takes in his breath, like Fay's Snorer, “*with the tone of an octave flute, and lets it out with the profound*

depth of a trombone” Wherever a candidate is seen, there is sure to be a jackass—surely, his long eared companion does not mean to satirize the candidate! (However that may be, you perceive the orator is obliged to desist, overwhelmed perhaps by this thundering applause. Now the crowd opens to the right and left to make way for some superb animal at full trot, some Highflyer or Daredevil, who is thus exhibited *ad captandum vulgus*, which seems the common purpose of the candidate, the jack, and his more noble competitor. But look—here approaches an object more terrible than all, if we may judge from the dispersion of the crowd who *ensaconce* themselves behind every convenient corner and peep from their lurking holes, while the object of their dread moves onward with saddle bags on arm, a pen behind his ear, and an inkhorn at his button hole. Lest some of my readers should be ignorant of this august personage, I must do as they do in England, where they take a shaggy dog, and dipping him in red paint, they dash him against the signboard and write underneath, this is the Red Lion. This is the sheriff and he is summoning his jury—“Mr. Bucksin, you, sir, dodging behind the blacksmith's shop, I summon you on the jury;” ah, luckless wight! he is caught and obliged to succumb. In vain he begs to be let off,—“you must apply to the magistrates,” is the surly reply. And if, reader, you could listen to what passes afterwards in the court house, you might hear something like the following colloquy—Judge. “What is your excuse, sir?” Juror. “I am a lawyer, sir.” Judge. “Do you follow the law now, sir?” Juror. “No, sir, the law follows me.” Judge. “Swear him, Mr. Clerk.” Ah, there is a battle!!! see how the crowd rushes to the spot—“who fights?”—“part 'em”—“stand off”—“fair play”—“let no man touch”—“hurrah, Dick”—“at him, Tom.” An Englishman thinking himself in England, bawls out, “sheriff, read the riot act”—a Justice comes up and commands the peace; *inter arma silent leges*; he is unceremoniously knocked down, and Justice is blind as ought to be the case. Two of the rioters now attempt to ride in at the tavern door, and for awhile all Pandemonium seems broke loose. To complete this picture, I must, like Asmodeus, unroof the court house, and show you a trial which I had the good fortune to witness. It was during the last war, when the vessels of Admiral Gordon were making their way up the Potomac to Alexandria, that a negro woman was arraigned for killing one of her own sex and color; she had been committed for murder, but the evidence went clearly to establish the deed to be manslaughter, inasmuch as it was done in sudden heat, and without malice aforethought. The Attorney for the commonwealth waived the prosecution for murder, but quoted *British authorities* to show that she might be convicted of manslaughter, though committed for murder. The counsel for the accused arose, and in the most solemn manner, asked the court if it was a thing ever heard of, that an individual accused of one crime and acquitted, should be arraigned immediately for another, under the same prosecution? At intervals—boom—boom—boom went the *British cannon—British authorities!* exclaimed the counsel; *British authorities*, gentlemen!! Is there any one upon that bench so dead to the feelings of patriotism as at such a moment to listen to *British authorities*, when the British cannon is shaking the very walls of your court house to their

foundation? This appeal was too cogent to be resisted. Up jumped one of the Justices and protested that it was not to be borne; let the prisoner go; away with your British authorities! The counsel for the accused, rubbed his hands and winked at the attorney; the attorney stood aghast; his astonishment was too great for utterance, and the negro was half way home before he recovered from his amazement. NUGATOR.

THE DEATH OF ROBESPIERRE.

SCENE I.

ROBESPIERRE'S HOUSE.

Robespierre and St. Just meeting.

St. Just.—Danton is gone!

Robespierre.—Then can I hope for all things, Since he is dead whose shadow darken'd me; Did the crowd cheer or hiss him?

St. Just.—Neither, sir:

Save a few voices, all look'd on in silence.

Robes.—Ha! did they so?—but when the engine rattled,

And the axe fell, didst thou perceive him shudder?

St. Just.—He turn'd his face to the descending steel, And calmly smil'd. A low and ominous murmur Spread through the vast assemblage—then, in peace, They all dispers'd.

Robes.—I did not wish for this.

St. Just.—No man, since Louis Capet—

Robes.—Say no more

My worthy friend—the friend of France and freedom—Hasten to guard our interest in yon junto Of fools and traitors, who, like timid sheep, Nor fight nor fly, but huddle close together, Till the wolves come to gorge themselves among them—And in the evening, you and all my friends Will meet me here, deliberate, and decide To advance, or to recede. Be still, we cannot; And hear me, dear *St. Just*—A man like you, Firm and unflinching through so many trials, Who sooner would behold this land manured With carcases and moistened with their blood, Than yielding food for feudal slaves to eat, True to your party and to me your brother—For so I would be term'd—has the best claim That man can have to name his own reward When France is all our own. Bethink you then What post of honor or of profit suits you, And tell me early, that I may provide, To meet your views, a part in this great drama.

St. Just.—Citizen Robespierre—my hearty thanks; Financial Minister, by any name Or trumpery title that may suit these times, Is what I aim at—gratify me there And I am yours through more blood than would serve To float the L'Orient.*

Robes.—'Tis well, *St. Just*, But wherefore citizen me? I have not used The term to you—we are not strangers here.

St. Just.—Pardon me, sir, (or *Sire*, even as you please) The cant of Jacobins infects my tongue, I had no meaning farther. One word more Before we part—now Danton is cut off,

* A French line of battle ship. Burnt at the battle of Aboukir.

We may be sure that all his partisans And personal friends are our most deadly foes, And it were politic and kind in us To spare their brains unnumbered schemes of vengeance And seize at once the power to silence them. To give them time were ruin; some there are Whose love of gold is such that were it wet With Danton's blood they would not less receive it. These may be brib'd to league with us. Farewell.

Robes. (solus.) Blood on its base—upon its every step— Yea, on its very summit—still I climb: But thickest darkness veils my destiny, And standing as I do on a frail crag Whence I must make one desperate spring to power, To safety, honor, and unbounded wealth, Or be as Danton is, why do I pause? Why do I gaze back on my past career, Upon those piles of headless, reeking dead? Those whitening skulls? those streams of guiltless blood Still smoking to the skies?—why think I hear The shrieks, the groans, the smothered execrations That swell the breeze, or seem as if I shrank Beneath the o'ergrown, yet still accumulating, Curse of humanity that clings around me? Is not my hate of them as fixed, intense, And all unquenchable as theirs of me? But they must tremble in their rage while I Destroy and scorn them. *(reads a letter.)*

“Exert your dexterity to escape a scene on which you are to appear once more ere you leave it forever. Your dictatorial chair, if attained, will be only a step to the scaffold, through a rabble who will spit on you as on *Egalité*. You have treasure enough. I expect you with anxiety. We will enjoy a hearty laugh at the expense of a people as credulous as greedy of novelty.”

He but little knows, Who wrote this coward warning, what I am. I love not life so well, nor hate mankind So slightly as to fly this country now: No, I will ride and rule the storm I have rais'd, Or perish in its fury.

(Madame de Cabarus enters.)

Ha! a woman!

How entered you?

Lady.—Your civic guard were sleeping; I pass'd unquestioned, and my fearful strait Compels appeal to thee, great Robespierre! Deny me not, and Heaven will grant thy prayer In that dread hour when every mortal needs it. Repulse me not, and heaven thus at the last Will not repulse thee from eternal life. I am the daughter of the unhappy Laurens, Who hath but one day more to live on earth. Oh, for the sake of all thou holdest dear,

(kneeling before him.)

Spare to his only child the misery Of seeing perish thus her much lov'd sire. His head is white with age—let it not fall Beneath yon dreadful axe. Through sixty years A peaceful and reproachless life he led. Thy word can save him. Speak, oh speak that word, For our Redeemer's sake redeem his life, And child and father both shall bless thee ever.

Robes. (aside.) I know her now—the chosen of Tallien How beautiful in tears! A noble dame

And worthy to be mine. 'T would sting his heart
To lose his mistress ere I take his head ;
If I would bribe her passions or her fears,
As well I trust I can, I must be speedy.
Those drunken guards—should any see her here,
Then what a tale to spread on Robespierre,
The chaste, the incorruptible, forsooth—

(coldly approaching her.)

Lady, I may not save your father's life—
Duty forbids—he holds back evidence
Which would convict Tallien ; nay, do not kneel,
I cannot interfere.

Daughter.—Oh, say not so.

He is too peaceful for intrigues or plotters—
Too old, too helpless for their trust or aid.
Oh, for the filial love thou bearest thy sire,
Thy reverence for his years—

Robes.—If he were living

And spoke in thy behalf, it were in vain.

Daughter.—For the dear mother's sake who gave thee
birth

And suffer'd agony that thou might'st live—

Robes.—Not if her voice could hail me from the tomb,
And plead in thy own words to save his life.

Daughter.—If thou hast hope or mercy—

Robes.—I have neither.

Rise and depart while you are safe—yet stay,

One path to his redemption still is open—

It leads to yonder chamber—Ha ! I see

Thou understandest me.

Daughter.—I trust I do not.

I hope that Heaven beholds not—Earth contains not
A being capable of such an offer.

Robes.—And dare you scorn me, knowing who I am ?
Bethink you where you stand—your sire—and lover—
And hear my offer. Life and wealth for them,
Jewels and splendor and supremacy
Shall wait on thee—no dame shall breathe in France
But bends the knees before thee.

Daughter.—Let him die.

Better he perish now than live to curse
His daughter for dishonor. Fare you well.
There is a time for all things, and the hour
May come when thou wilt think of this again.

Robes. (laughing.) Ha ! ha ! Wouldst thou depart to
spread this tale ?

Never, save to such ears as will not trust thee !
Choose on the spot between thy father's death,
Thy lover's and thine own, or my proposal.

Daughter.—My choice is made, let me rejoin my sire.

Robes.—I'll furnish thee a passport—guards awake !
(seizing her arm.)

Without there ! murder ! treason ! guards come hither !
(*Jacobins rush in and seize her.*)

A watchful crew ye are, to leave me thus
To perish like Marat by the assassins ;
See that you guard her well, and keep this weapon
Which, but I wretch'd it from her, would have slain me.

Daughter.—And thus my father dies and one as dear.
'Tis joy to suffer with them, though I perish.
I feel assured thou canst not triumph long—
And I adjure thee by the Heaven thou hast scorn'd,
Whose lingering fires are not yet launch'd against thee,
And by the Earth thou cumberest, which hath not
Yet opened to entomb thee living, come,

Meet me, and mine, and thy ten thousand victims,
Before God's judgment seat, ere two days pass.

(the guards take her out.)

Robes.—She must have thought in sooth I was a
Christian.

SCENE II.

TALLIEN'S HOUSE.

Tallien with a letter in his hand.

In prison !—In his power !—to die to-morrow !
My body trembles and my senses reel.
This is a just and fearful retribution—
Would it were on my head alone ! Oh Heaven,
Spare but this angel woman and her father,
And let me die—or might my life be pardon'd,
The criminal excess to which these times
Have hurried my rash hand and wilful heart,
I will atone to outrag'd human nature,
To her and to my country. Wretched France !
Once the fair home of music and of mirth,
So torn, so harrassed by these factions now,
That even the wise and good of other lands
Cannot believe a patriot breathes in this !
And she complains that I am grown a craven !
My acts of late may justify the thought,
But let to-morrow show how much I fear him.

(A Servant enters.)

Servant.—The Minister of Police—

Tallien.—Attend him hither—

Fouché—perhaps to sound me ; let him try—
I yet may baffle him, and one more fatal—

(*Fouché enters.*)

Fouché.—So you are in the scales with Robespierre,
And which do you expect will kick the beam ?

Tallien.—Why should you think that I will stake my
power,

Friends, interest, and life, in useless efforts
To thwart the destined ruler of the land ?

Fouché.—Yourself have told me so. I did but mean
That he had risk'd his power and party strength
Against your life. You mean to strike at his.
Your faltering voice and startled looks betray
The secret of your heart, though sooth to say,
I knew it all before.

Tallien.—You see too far,
And are for once wise over much, Monsieur ;
I never sought to oppose your great colleague,
But would conciliate him if I might.

Fouché. (sternly.) And do you hope to throw dust in
my eyes ?

What means this note from Madame de Cabarus
Now in your bosom—sent to you this morning—
And this your answer ? (producing a billet.) Have I
fathom'd you ?

The mystic writing on the palace wall
Scar'd not Belshazzar more than this does you.

(*Tallien goes to the door.*)

Nay, never call your men or make those signals,
I have foreseen the worst that you can do.

Tallien.—Chief of Police, while you are in this house
Your life is in my hands—when you are gone,
Mine is in yours. Now tell me why you came ?

Fouché.—To show you that I know of your designs.

Tallien.—And is that all ?

Fouché.—Not quite. To offer service—

A politician should not start as you do
At every word.

Tallien.—Ah—can I—dare I trust you?

Fouché.—I do not ask created man to trust
Honor or oath of him whose name is Fouché.
I know mankind, and study my own interest—
Interest, Tallien—that mainstring of all motion—
Chain of all strength—pole star of all attraction
For human hearts to turn to. Let me see
My interest in supporting you, and I
Can aid and guard you through the coming peril.

Tallien.—Name your terms.

Fouché.—My present post and what

Beside is mentioned in this schedule. (*giving a paper.*)

Tallien.—Your *price* is high, but I am pledged to pay
it. (*giving his hand.*)

Fouché.—Thou knowest I never was over scrupulous,
But he whom I was link'd with, Robespierre,
Can stand no longer. Earth is weary of him.
The small majority in the Convention
He calculates upon to be his plea
For wreaking summary vengeance on the heads
Of all who, like yourself, are not prepared
To grant him supreme power or dip their hands
In blood for any, every, or no profit.
A ravenous beast were better in the chair.
Henriot and the civic force here, stand
Prompt to obey him. Were we only sure
To raise the citizens, these dogs were nothing—
But, sink or swim, to-morrow is the day
Must ruin him or us. Do you impeach him,
And paint his crimes exactly as they are;
Have a decree of arrest, and I and mine
Will see he quits not the Convention Hall
But in the custody of friends of ours.
'Tis true I bargain'd to assist the fiend
The better to deceive him. Mark, Tallien,
A presage of his fall—not only I
Abandon him, but I can bring Barrère
And all his tribe to give their votes against him.
Give me *carte blanche* to pay them for their voices.

Tallien.—But think you I can move them to arrest him?

Fouché.—That is a *chance* unknown even to myself,

There are so many waiters on the wind,
Straws to be blown wherever it may list
That surety of success we cannot have,
But certain ruin if we pass to-morrow.

Tallien.—Is 't true she aim'd a weapon at his life?

Fouché.—A lie of his invention. I have seen
The weapon he pretended to have snatch'd
From her fair hands, and know it for his own.
Though I seem foul compar'd to better men,
I claim to appear an angel match'd with him.

SCENE III.

ROBESPIERRE'S HOUSE.

Robespierre, Fouché, Henriot and others.

Henriot.—All things are ready now, six thousand men
And twenty cannon wait your word to-morrow.

Robes.—Henriot, I have a word to say to thee:
Thou hast *one* vice that suits not with a leader,
If that thou hopest to thrive in our attempt,
Taste not of wine till victory is ours.

Henriot.—I thank your caution.

Fouché.—I have seen Tallien

And offered peace between you; he knew not
That Laurens' daughter had assail'd your life,
Or he had mentioned it. Nor did he dream
Of what will peal upon his ears to-morrow.

Robes.—Then, friends, farewell until to-morrow dawns.

Fouché.—And ere its night sets in we hail thee Ruler,
Dictator of the land.

Robes.—If such your will—

Without you I am nothing—fare you well.

(*they leave him.*)

(*looking up to the stars*)—Unchang'd, unfading, never-
dying lights—

Gods, or coeval with them! If there be

In your bright aspects aught of influence

Which men have made a science here on earth,

Shed it benignly on my fortunes now!

Spirit of Terror! Rouse thee at my bidding—

Shake thy red wings o'er Liberty's Golgotha—

Palsy men's energies and stun their souls,

That no more foes may cross my path to-morrow

Than I and mine can drown in their own blood;

Or, let them rise by thousands, so my slaves

Fight but as heartily for gold and wine

As they have done ere now. When I shall lead them,

Then 'mid the artillery's roar and bayonet's flash

I write my title to be Lord of France

In flame and carnage, o'er this den of thieves.

Beneath th' exterior, frozen, stern demeanor,

How my veins throb to bursting, while I think

On the rich feast of victory and revenge

The coming day may yield me! Yes, this land

Of bigot slaves who tremble at a devil,

Or frantic atheists who with lifted hands

Will gravely vowe their Maker from his throne,

This horde of dupes and miscreants shall feel

And own in tears, blood, crime and retribution,

The iron rule of him they trampled on—

The outrag'd, ruin'd, and despised attorney.

Though few the anxious hours that lie between

My brightest, proudest hopes, or sure destruction,

All yet is vague, uncertain, and obscure

As what may chance in ages yet to come.

How if the dungeon or the scaffold—Ha!

That shall not be—my hand shall overrule it—

Ingenious arbiter of life and death!

(*looking to the charge of a small pistol.*)

Be thou my bosom friend in time of need!

No—if my star is doom'd to set forever,

The checks of men shall pale as they behold

The lurid sky it sinks in. Should I fall

Leading my Helots on to slay each other,

Then death, all hail!—for only thou canst quench

The secret fire that rages in my breast;

If there be an hereafter, which I know not,

He who hath borne my life may dare its worst,

And if mortality's last pangs end all,

Welcome eternal sleep!—annihilation!

SCENE IV.

THE HALL OF THE NATIONAL CONVENTION.

Couthon concluding a speech from the Tribune. Tallien,

Fouché, Carnot, and others, standing near him. Robes-

pierre, St. Just, and others, in their seats.

Tallien (to Fouché)—Are you ready?

Fouché.—Doubt not my aid—denounce him where he stands—

And lose no time—this hour decides our fate.

Couthon (to the Convention.)—Our country is in danger—I invoke

Your aid, compatriots, to shield her now!

Fain as I am to avoid confiding power

Without control, in even patriot hands,

We cannot choose—and much as I abhor

To see blood flow, let punishment descend

On traitors' heads, for this alone can save us.

Tallien (approaching him.) Thou aged fangless tiger! not yet glutted?

Torrents of blood are shed for thee and thine—

Must thou have more? Descend—before I trample

Thee to the earth. Thou art not fit to live.

(he drags Couthon down by the hair of his head and mounts the Tribune.)

(addressing the Convention.) Yes, citizens, our country is imperiled,

And by a band of dark conspirators,

Soul-hardened miscreants, in whose grasp the ties

That bind mankind together are rent asunder

By spies—by fraud—by hope of power and spoils—

By baser fears, and by increasing terror

Of their dread engine, whose incessant strokes

And never failing stream astound mankind.

These men have pav'd the way, that open force

May crush the hopes of France, and bend our necks

Unto a despotism strange as bloody.

And who, my countrymen, hath been their leader?

Ye know him well—and every Frenchman breathing

Hath need to rue the hour which gave him birth—

A wretch accursed in heaven—abhorred on earth,

Hath dared aspire to sway most absolute

In this Republic—and the dread tribunals

Which for the land's protection were established

When pressed by foreign arms and homebred treason,

He hath converted to the deadly end

Of slaughtering all who crossed his onward path.

His black intrigues have occupied their seats

With robbers and assassins—whose foul riot,

Polluted lives, and unquenched thirst of gold,

Have beggar'd France and murdered half her sons.

Witness those long—long lists of dire proscription

Prepar'd at night for every coming day,

Even in the very chamber of the tyrant!

Witness the wanton, groundless confiscations,

Which ruin helpless men, to feed his minions!

Witness the cry of woe too great to bear,

That hath gone up to heaven from this fair land!

Yes—hear it, every man who loves his country—

France, for a ruler now, is ask'd to choose

The vampire who would drain her dearest blood:

A sordid slave, whose hideous form contains

A mind in moral darkness and fierce passions

Like nothing, save the cavern gloom of hell,

Which knows no light but its consuming fires!

I need not point to him. Your looks of terror,

Disgust and hatred turn at once upon him.

Though there be others of his name, this Hall—

This City—France—the World itself contains

Only one—Robespierre.

(the Assembly in great confusion.)

Robes. (to St. Just.) This blow is sudden.

St. Just.—Up to the Tribune—speed—your life—our power

All hang upon a moment. Art thou dumb?

Tallien (continuing.) The evil spirit who serv'd abandons him,

And I denounce him as the mortal foe

Of every man in France who would be free—

Impeach him as a traitor to the State

In league with Henriot, Couthon and St. Just.

To overawe by force and crush the Assembly!

I appeal for proof to those who plotted with him,

But now repentant have abjur'd his cause.

I move that he be instantly arrested

With Henriot and all accomplices.

Robes. (to St. Just.) See how they rise like fiends and point the hand

Of bitterest hatred at your head and mine,

Our veriest bloodhounds turn and strive to rend us.

(he rushes towards the Tribune, amid loud cries of "Down with the tyrant!")

Robes.—Hear me, ye members of the Mountain—hear me,

Cordeliers, who have prais'd and cheer'd me on—

Ye Girondists, give even your foes a hearing—

Ye members of the Plain, who moderate

The fury of contending factions—hear me

For all I have done or have designed to do,

I justify myself—and I appeal

To God—and—*(he pauses choked with rage.)*

Tallien.—Danton's blood is strangling him.

Consummate hypocrite!—darest thou use

Thy Maker's name to sanctify thy crimes,

Thou lover of Religion! Sainly being!

The executioner! thou prayerless atheist!

To thy high priest. The scaffold is thy temple—

The block thy altar—murder is thy God.

And could it come to this? Oh, France! Oh, France!

Was it for this that Louis Capet died?

For this was it we swore eternal hatred

To kings and nobles—pour'd our armies forth—

Crush'd banded despots and confirmed our rights?

And have we bled, endur'd and toil'd, that now

Our triumph should be to disgrace ourselves

And bend in worship to a man whose deeds

Have written demon on his very brow?

What! style Dictator—clothe with regal honors

And more than regal power this Robespierre,

So steep'd in guilt—so bath'd in human blood!

It may not be—France is at last awake

From this long dreary dream of shame and sorrow,

And may her sons in renovated strength

Shake off the lethargy that drew it on!

Spirits of Earth's true heroes!—if ye see us

From the calm sunshine of your blest abodes,

Look with approval on me in this hour!

(turning to the statue of Brutus.)

Thee, I invoke!—Shade of the virtuous Brutus!

Like thee, I swear, should man refuse me justice

I draw this poignard for the tyrant's heart

Or for my own. Tallien disdains to live

The slave of Robespierre. I do not ask

Nor can expect him to receive the meed

Which should be his. Death cannot punish him

Whose life hath well deserv'd a thousand deaths,

But let us purge this plague-spot from among us,

And tell wide Europe by our vote this night
That Terror's reign hath ceas'd—that axe and sceptre
Are both alike disown'd, destroyed forever.
Let us impeach him, Frenchmen, with the spirit
That springs from conscious rectitude of purpose.
Patriots arise! and with uplifted hands
Attest your deep abhorrence of this man,
And your consent that he be now arrested!
(*members rising in disorder.*) Away, away with him—
arrest him guards!

To the Conciergerie—away with him!
(*President rising.*) The National Convention have
decreed

The arrest of Maximilien Robespierre.

Robes. (*to St. Just.*) The day is theirs—with wrath
and with despair

My utterance is chok'd. Oh, were my breath
A pestilential gale to sting their lives!
(*to the President.*) Order me to be slain where now I
stand,

Or grant me liberty of speech.

(*President.*) Thy name is Robespierre—it is enough,
And speaks for thee far more than thou wilt tell us.

Robes. (*to St. Just.*) Come thou with me—I see an
opening yet

To victory, or a funeral pile—whose light
Shall dazzle France and terrify the world.
(*Robespierre, St. Just and others taken out by the guards.**)

SCENE V.

ROBESPIERRE AND ST. JUST IN A CART CONDUCTED BY
GUARDS TOWARDS THE PLACE DE GRÈVE.

St. Just.—So here ends our part in a tragic farce,
Hiss'd off the stage, my friend—ha, ha! (*laughing.*)
I am content—I mean I am resigned—
As well die now as later. Does your wound
Pain you severely that you look so gravely?
Cheer thee, my comrade, we shall quickly learn
The last dread secret of our frail existence,
Few moments more will cut our barks adrift
Upon an ocean, boundless and unknown,
Even to ourselves who have despatched so many
To explore for us its dark and fathomless depths.
Give me some wine. (*they give him wine.*) Here's to a
merry voyage!

What in the fiend's name art thou musing on!

Robes.—My thoughts were with the past—the days
of youth,

And peace, and innocence, and woman's love,
And ardent hope—the blossoms of a life
So baleful in its fruits. This day, the last
Of my career, is the anniversary
Of one, from which my after life may date
Its withering influence. Wouldst thou not think
That I, whom thou hast known for a few years,

* It may be well to recall to the reader's recollection, that Robespierre subsequently escaped from his guards to the Hotel de Ville. But such partisans as rallied around him speedily deserted, when a proclamation of outlawry from the Convention was issued against him, and enforced by pointing cannon against the building. After an ineffectual attempt at suicide he was conveyed in a cart to the guillotine, July 28th, 1794.

The language put into his mouth in the following pages, is of course inconsistent with historical probability, as he had wounded himself with a pistol ball in the lower part of his face.

Must ever have been, even from my earliest youth,
A hard and cruel man?

St. Just.—Much like myself.

I think you were no saint even when a child.

Robes.—Such is the common blunder of the world
To think me, like the demon they believe in,
From the beginning, "murderer and liar:"
So let it be—I would not change their thoughts.
But I, St. Just, strange as it seems to you,
Even I, whose name, even in this age of crime,
Must stand aloft alone a blood-red beacon
And warning to posterity, was once
Young, warm, enthusiastic, generous,
Candid, affectionate, a son and brother,
But proud and sensitive. I lov'd a maid—
Yes, if entire and all-absorbed devotion
Of life and soul and being to her, were love—
If to be willing to lay down my life,
My hopes of fame and honorable notice,
And all the world holds dear, for her dear sake,
May be call'd love, then I most truly lov'd her.
I was a thriving lawyer, and could raise
My voice without reward to shield the oppress'd,
I lov'd my kind and bore a stainless name.

(*a funeral crosses the street.*)

St. Just (*to the officer.*) Whose obsequies are these,
That look as if the dead one had not perished
By trying our Republican proscription,
The guillotine?

Officer.—'Tis Madame de la Harpe.
Your worthy friend there sent his satellites
To bring her to the bar of your tribunal,
The high-soul'd lady sooner than be made
A gaze for all the outcasts in the city,
As you are now, hurl'd herself from a window.

Robes.—How strange a meeting this! Ah! foolish
woman,

Had she but dar'd to live another day,
She might have died at ninety in her bed,
And I, who sought to escape her threatened doom,
Baffled of self-destruction, could not die.

(*they pass on.*)

(*to St. Just.*) How small a thing may sometimes change
the stream

Of a man's life even to its source, to poison!
A trifle scarcely worthy of a name,
The sarcasms of a brute, while I was pleading
An orphan's cause, convulsed the court with mirth,
Marr'd all my rhetoric, and snatch'd the palm
Of truth and justice from my eager grasp—
My wrath boil'd forth—with loud and fierce reproach
I brav'd the judge, and thunder'd imprecations
On all around. This passion ruin'd me.
And she too laugh'd among that idiot throng—
Oh, tell not me of jealousy or hate
Or hunger for revenge—no sting so fierce,
So all tormenting to a proud man's soul
As public ridicule from lips belov'd.
Have they not rued it? Let yon engine tell:

(*pointing to the scaffold in the distance.*)

What I have been since then mankind have seen,
But could they see the scorpion that hath fed
Where once a heart beat in this breast of mine,
They would not marvel at my past career.
I quit the world with only one regret,

I would have shown them how the scrivener,
Who with his tongue and pen bath rack'd this land,
Could plague it with a sword. Had yonder cowards
Who vainly hope to save themselves, but stood
As prompt to follow me as I to lead them,
Our faction would have rallied. Might the cries
Of death and rapine through this blazing city
Have been my funeral knell I had gladly died.
Then had they seen my spirit whelm'd and crush'd,
Yet gazing upward like the o'erthrown arch fiend
To a *leftier* seat than that from which he fell.
But now——

St. Just.—Regrets are useless! such as we
May not join hands or say farewell, like others;
But since we die together, let us face
This reptile crowd, like men who've been their lords,
And show them, though they slay, they cannot daunt
Those who were born to sway their destinies.

(*men and women surrounding the cart.*)

1st Woman.—Descend to hell, I triumph in thy death!
Die, thou accurs'd of every wife and mother!
May every orphan's wail ring in thy ears,
And every widow's cry, and matron's groan!

2d Woman.—Thine execution maddens me with joy:
Monster, depart—perish, even in thy crimes,
And may our curses sink thee into depths
Whence even omnipotent mercy will not raise thee!

(*they shout and hiss him.*)

Robert.—Silence awhile these shouts, unfetter'd slaves,
Hear his last words, whose name but yesterday
Struck terror to your souls! Dare ye so soon
Think that your lives are safe, and I still breathing?
Deem ye the blow that speeds my dissolution
And gives my body to the elements,
Will be the signal to call freedom hither?
Will peace and virtue dwell among ye *then*?
Never! ye bondmen of your own vile passions;
For crested serpents are as meet to range
At large and poison-fang'd among mankind,
As ye who claim a birthright to be free.
Thank your own thirst of plunder and of blood,
That I, and such as I, could reign in France.
A tyrant ye *must* have. I have been *one*,
And *such* a one, that ages hence shall gaze,
Awe-struck on my pre-eminence in blood,
And men shall, marvelling, ask of your descendants
If that my name and deeds be not a fable.
I die—and, Frenchmen, triumph while you may!
The man breathes now and walks abroad among ye,
Who shall be my successor. I can see
Beyond the tomb—and when ye dare to rise
And beard the tyrant faction, now victorious,
His rule commences. He shall spill more blood
In one short day to crush your hopes of freedom,
Than I in half my reign—but God himself
Ne'er had the homage ye shall render him.
Champions of freedom, ye shall *worship* him,
And in the name of liberty be plunder'd
Of all for which your sons have fought and died;
And in the name of glory he shall lead ye
On to perdition, and when ye have plac'd
Your necks beneath his feet, shall spend like dust
Your treasures and pour forth your bravest blood
To be the scourge of nations and of kings.
And he shall plant your eagles in the west,

And spread your triumphs even to northern snow,
Tormenting man and trampling every law,
Divine and human, till the very name
Of Frenchmen move to nought but hate and scorn.
Then heaven with storms, and earth with all her armies
Shall rise against ye, and the o'erwhelming tide
Of your vast conquests ebb in shame and ruin.
Then—false to honor, native land, and chief!—
Ye who could swarm like locusts on the earth
For glory or for plunder, shall desert,
Or Judas-like betray, the cause of freedom,
And tamely crouch to your now banish'd king,
When foreign swords instate him in his throne:
And laugh and sing while Prussians and Cossacks
Parade the streets of this vice-branded city,
And see without a blush the Austrian flag
And England's banner float o'er Nôtre Dame.

Bye-word among the nations! Fickle France!
Distant and doubtful is your day of freedom,
If ever it shall dawn, which it ne'er will,
Until ye learn, what my hate would not teach ye.
On, to the scaffold! May my blood infect
With its fierce mania every human heart—
Mourn'd as I am by none! May ye soon prove
Another ruler o'er this land like me.

WOMAN.

To woman is assigned the second grade in the order of created beings. Man occupies the first, and to him she looks for earthly support, protection, and a "present help" in time of need. The stations which they occupy—the pursuits which they should engage in—the legitimate aim to which their thoughts and wishes should tend, are widely different, yet inseparably connected. To show the error so prevalent in respect to these subjects, the improper mode of education so generally adopted, and if possible, to assign to woman her proper sphere, privileges and pursuits, is the object of the present sketch. We have stated that woman is second *only* in the scale of created beings, and proceed to examine, first, the important station which she occupies—secondly, the means usually adopted for preparing her for this station—thirdly, the results produced by those means—fourthly, the proper means—and lastly, endeavor to illustrate the ideas advanced by the testimony of history, and the observations drawn from real life.

1st. The important stations which she occupies. A daughter, a sister—the friend and companion of both sexes and all ages—the wife, the mistress, the mother—stations high, honorable, important.

In the second place, we will examine the means usually adopted for preparing her for these elevated and important duties. View her first the helpless infant—her heart uncorrupted by external influences, and her mind, like the unsullied mirror, to be made the reflector of those images and lessons, to which it is to be subjected and exposed. Soon, however, the innocence of the infant gives way to the frowardness and turbulence of the child. Generally, no restraints of a salutary nature have been exercised over her mind. The hack-nied axiom, that "she is too young to understand," has prevented any examination into her powers of perception or reflection, and she has been left to follow

the desires of her own heart. The petulance of a nurse, impatience or thoughtlessness of a mother, may have frequently thwarted her little plans, or denied her some indulgence. Her feelings were most frequently soured by these restraints, if humor or obstinacy was the usual result—both either suffered to pass by unnoticed, or treated in a manner calculated to engender feelings and passions, which in future life are destined to exercise a powerful and painful influence over her own happiness and that of others. Soon the child exchanges the nursery for the school room. If her circumstances in life are prosperous and refined, humorous studies and indiscriminately selected accomplishments are forced upon her mind, or crowded upon her hands; the former, impaired by early neglect, and enervated by improper indulgences, is wholly incompetent to the task assigned it. A superficial knowledge of many things is the usual result, while her vanity, long fed by the praises of menials and imprudent commendations of friends, visitors, &c. steps in and whispers to her credulous ear, that she *is*, or *will be*, all that woman *can* or *ought* to be. During these school-day exercises, her mind has frequently been edified by relations of future scenes of pleasure in ball-rooms, theatres, assemblies, &c.—that she may shine in them being the object of her present course of study; while tales of rivalry, conquest, hatred and revenge, are frequently related in her presence, or placed in her hands; things which, if not really praiseworthy in themselves, are related and heard with an *ecclat*, that induces the belief that they are the inevitable attendants on fashionable pleasures and high life. If a stimulant is applied to urge her on to diligence, it is to excel some companion, or some other like inducement, which must inevitably foster feelings of envy or emulation, calculated to poison the fountain from which is to flow the future stream of life. Such is a fashionable or popular education. The next stage on which we behold her, is the broad theatre of gay life. The duties of the daughter and sister she was never taught, and is now acting under her third station—that of the companion and friend of both sexes and most ages. If possessed of personal attractions, she moves about—the little magnet of her circle. Meeting with no events to arouse evil passions, she contents herself with exercising a petty tyranny over the hearts of the admiring swains, who follow, bow to, and flatter her. After a few brief months or years of pleasure, she determines to marry; and at length selects from her *train* the wealthiest, handsomest, or most admired of her suitors. Her heart has no part in this transaction. Ignorant of the nature of love—ignorant of the principles necessary to ensure happiness in the married state, she remains ignorant of the exalting, ennobling influence, which it exercises over minds capable of appreciating or enjoying its blessings. She is now the wife—the mistress—the mother. Thus are rapidly crowded on her duties, for which she was never prepared by education, and which she is consequently incompetent to perform. Perhaps, for a season, the current of her life runs smooth. Her husband—either blindly devoted to her, or bent on the gratification of his own pleasures—allows her unrestrained to mingle in the same pleasures and gay scenes in which he found her. She is still seemingly amiable, and perhaps considered quite a notable woman by the most of her companions.

But a change comes! the sun of prosperity withdraws his rays. She is now forced to abandon that, which has hitherto formed all her happiness. Need I describe the result. Her heart, unaccustomed to disappointments or restraints, unfortified by holy principles, unsustained by mental resources, and perhaps too little influenced by conjugal devotion or maternal tenderness, either frets away the smile of peace and rose of health; or, sunk in self-consuming mortification, envy or some unholy passion, abandons itself to the darkness of despair, the rust of inactivity, or the canker of discontent. Her husband, if his pride and principles have survived his ruined prospects, may struggle for a time to keep up the dignity of a man; but his heart is chilled, his exertions are paralyzed—domestic happiness he cannot find, and too frequently he is driven abroad in search of those comforts and that peace, which can be found at home alone.

This is no ideal picture—it is only one of the thousands which may be found in real life. If we leave our own land and direct our attention to those countries where women hold the reins of state, we will only see the principles of early education more powerfully displayed. Among savage nations (and what but want of early culture makes a savage?) see the horrid Zingha, queen of Matamba and Angola. Nursed in scenes of carnage and blood, what could she be but a monster, the existence of whom would fain be believed to have sprung but in the heated imagination of a dream? In a more civilized country, behold Christina of Sweden. She was reared by her father to be any thing but a useful woman. She knew no restraint when young, and when she ascended the throne, knew no law but her own will—and what was the result? Despised at home, and finding that even on a throne she must in self-defence yield some of her feelings to demands of others, rather than do so she abdicated it, and leaving her native land, roamed among other nations, a reproach to her sex and a general object of disgust. Look at Mary, Queen of England. Her first lessons were malice and revenge, and faithfully did she practise them when exalted to power. And we may name the beautiful Anne Boleyn. Ambition was the goal to which all her early energies were directed, and to ambition she sacrificed honor, humanity, and eventually her life. In more modern times, the lovely lady Mary W. Montague may be noticed. Endowed with talents, accomplishments, beauty, rank, fortune, she seemed formed to move a bright and favored star in the world's horizon. But no early discipline had prepared her to be happy. United to a man who idolized her, and whom she loved—what but the want of self-control and submission to the will of others, caused her separation from a husband every way worthy of her? But why enumerate other cases? These are but a few, taken from among thousands of both modern and ancient times.

In the fourth place, we proceed to point out the remedy for these evils, by briefly shewing some of the proper plans to be adopted in education. We again assert, that in the nursery are first sown the seeds of future character. Where is the prudent and observing parent, that will not acknowledge, that at a very early age the infant is capable of forming good or bad habits, and of discriminating between the approbation or dis-

pleasure shown towards it. None, we presume, will gainsay this point. As soon then as this intelligence on the part of a child is discovered, so soon does a parent's duties begin, and if faithfully discharged, the task of rearing up a useful and ornamental member of society, will be found comparatively easy.

If taught then to yield its desires to parental wishes and commands—taught that the path of duty is the path of pleasure—convinced by every day's experience that the object of all restraints is her good, and proving continually that her happiness is her parent's great delight, she soon becomes, both by habit and nature, submissive,—and consequently is at peace with herself and all around her. If a sister, early does she learn, that affection and tenderness to those so closely united to her, is a duty, the performance of which, brings a sweet reward. Gradually are her duties enlarging, and gradually is she prepared by judicious government and good habits, to fulfil them.

When the nursery is exchanged for the school room, easy is the task to lead that child on from knowledge to knowledge. The mind is not crowded with many and incongruous studies—but gradually is it enlarged, and its wants supplied by a well regulated course. If in a situation to permit the acquirement of ornamental branches, she is taught to regard them as the light dressings of the mind, intended not to interfere with what is useful and solid, but as a recreation and source of future pleasure to herself and friends. When the mental powers are sufficiently expanded, to digest what is presented to them, books of general knowledge and taste are allowed, while the manners have been formed by good society, and the ideas arranged by conversation, &c. If intended to mingle in a gay circle for a season, her character is so formed as to be able to resist, in a great degree, the snares to which such scenes usually expose the young and thoughtless. Taught to regard these things as trifles compared to the other pursuits of life, she enjoys without abusing them, and willingly returns to the sweet domestic fireside, and the pleasures and amusements within her own bosom.

The feelings which will exist between that daughter and her parents, deserve to be considered. The filial care and tenderness which was exercised over her mind, will not be forgotten or unrepaid. In all times of doubt or difficulty, to a parent's bosom and counsel will she fly, as her surest refuge. If about to settle in life, prudence and the heart directs her choice. To her parents she confides the feelings and hopes that agitate her bosom. On their judgment she relies, and knowing their sentiments are governed by the desire to see her happy, she is prepared to weigh all their reasons, and to act with prudence. She was early taught to reflect, and is now capable of acting, with dignity. Her heart is capable of *love*—she has been taught the nature of the flame, and the only solid grounds on which it could be reared. She is capable of discriminating between a man of *love* and a man of worth. Most generally, such a woman will marry well. The man of lightness, dissipation and folly, rarely seeks her hand. He may and does admire her, but he feels his own inferiority, and rarely wishes to form such an alliance.

The man of sense, of virtue, and of solidity, would seek such a companion to share his pleasure and sooth his pain. Mutual sympathies would engender mutual

esteem, and on that foundation it is easy, very easy to rear the altar of love. A union formed with such feelings would most generally prove a happy one. If prosperous, such a woman is qualified to use without abusing her blessings. The lessons learnt at her first home would be practised in her second, and she would be likely to discharge with credit the duties of a wife, a mother, and a mistress. If misfortunes came, she would be prepared to brave the storm. Her affections, never set on earthly pleasures and splendid scenes, would relinquish them without grief. Her mind, stored with useful and ornamental information, would furnish a treasury from whence her family and herself could draw with profit and delight. In the humblest vale of poverty, such a woman would be a blessing to her whole circle of associates, and in most cases preserve the affection of her husband and raise a family, respectable and useful. This too is no ideal picture. Such women have been found in all ages, and such women may be raised up in almost every circle of society. If denied the extended advantage meant by a liberal or elegant education, the principles here laid down may be carried to the peasant's cottage, as well as to the splendid domes of the rich and great. Among the biographies of women in all civilized nations, many beautiful examples might be adduced.

Among the wives and mothers of our own land a rich collection might be found. One thing is here worthy of record. In tracing the history of nearly all the great men, with whose history we are acquainted, whether remarkable for valor, piety, or any other noble attribute, to a mother's influence is their eminence to be attributed, in a greater or less degree. But it is needless to enumerate instances on this occasion, as our sketch is already extended beyond the intended limits. Should it give rise to inquiry and serious investigation on this important subject, or furnish a hint worthy the attention of the serious and anxious parent, the utmost ambition of the author will be realized.

PAULINA.

——— LINES TO ———

While yet the ling'ring blush of day
Hangs sweetly on the brow of even,
And birds and flowers their homage pay
In song and incense breathed to heaven,
Accept this tribute of a friend,
Whose heart of hearts for thee is glowing;
Who prays thy path of life may wend
Through light, and flowers forever blowing.

I've seen the midnight Cereus bloom;
Th' admiring throng around it gathered,
And ere they dreamt its rapid doom,
It breathed, it bloomed, collapsed and withered!
Thus youth and beauty fill the eye,
Dear lady! oft in bloomy weather,
And time scarce rolls the season by,
When with the leaf they fade together.

Though nature 'wails the dying leaf,
And sorrows o'er her silent bowers,
She soon forgets her gloom and grief
When dew-eyed spring revives her flowers;

But when affection weeps for one,
Whose daily life new charms imparted,
Alas! what power beneath the sun
Can cheer the lone—the broken-hearted!

Friendship and love must ever mourn
The faded wreath of promised pleasure,
And though the flow'ers of hope lie torn
Fond mem'ry hoards the heart's lost treasure.
Oh! cherish then, that vestal flow'r!
Simplicity, dear maiden, cherish!
'Twill shed a fragrance o'er the hour
When all thy mortal charms shall perish! M.

READINGS WITH MY PENCIL.

No. III.

Legere sine calamo est dormire.—Quintilian.

21. "There is a pride, in being left behind, to find resources within, which others seek without."—*Washington Irving.*

I have pondered a good deal on this passage, and find a beautiful moral in what, when I first read it, I was fain to fancy but a misanthropic, or, at the least, an unsocial sentiment. I now feel and acknowledge its truth. "There is a pride in being left behind, to find resources within, which others seek without." What concern have I in the greater brightness that another's name is shedding? Let them shine on whose honor is greater. Their orbit cannot interfere with mine. There may be something very grand and sublime in the wide sweep of Herschel and Saturn: but planets, whose path is smaller, are more cheered by the rays of light and warmth from the sun, which is the centre of their revolutions.

22. "Oh the hopeless misery of March in America. Poetry, taste, fancy, feeling,—all are chilled by that ever-snowing sky, that ever snow clad earth. Man were happy could he be a mole for the nonce, and so sleep out this death-in-life, an American six months' winter."—*Subalterns in America.*

What a querulous noodle! He is one of those who can "travel from Dan to Beersheba, and cry, All is barren!" It is March, and "March in America," while I write. The air is bracing and full of reviving spring-like influences. I disagree with the would-be mole from whom I quote. I love to watch every month's sweep of the sun,—while he is performing his low wintry arc, as if almost ashamed to revolve around the cheerless earth, and while he daily performs a wider and wider circle, until at length he comes to stand nearly over my head at noon. I enjoy the result the more intensely for watching its progress. I love to watch him gradually calling out the green on the black hills around me, whose only beauty now are the narrow stripes of fading snow, forming white borders that intersect each other, thus dividing the mould into something not altogether void of the picturesque. So, on yonder field, where the sun now shines quite cheerily, there is a remnant of beauty. The dead grass, with its yellow and reddish tinge, is divided by small crystal ponds and canals, glistening in the bright ray, and seeming like the gratitude of the poor,—able to return but little, yet determined to return that little gladly.

23. "There is no motion so graceful as that of a beautiful girl in the mazy meanderings of the dance. Nature cannot furnish a more perfect illustration of the poetry of motion than this."—*Ibid.*

Yes she can. I will give the traveller two far more perfect illustrations. The *on deggiendo* movement of a light breeze, as it passes, wave upon wave, over high grass: and the gradual and rapid passing away of a shadow, when the sun leaves a cloud, from a hill side of rich foliage.

24. "I have been thinking, more and more, of the probability of departed friends' watching over those whom they have left behind."—*Henry Kirk White.*

I have often done so; and whether the idea be a delusive one or not, there is no delusion in believing that the Deity sees them and us at the same instant. They turn, and we turn, at the same moment, to him, and thus through him we enjoy a communion. If two hearts were once preserved in reciprocal love by contemplating, when parted from each other, the same star, how close will be the bond with those who have gone before us, when, at such a distance, we are worshipping the same God!

25. "When one is angry, and edits a paper, I should think the temptation too strong for literary, which is not always human nature."—*Lord Byron.*

There is a couple of young Irishmen who "edit a paper" not far from the place of this present writing, who might furnish a striking corroboration of this opinion of the noble poet. Think of a couple of boobies, pretending to be oracles in literature, wreaking their petty vengeance upon the productions of one against whom they have a personal pique! Such and so contemptible are some of the "critics!" God save the mark! of this generation! J. F. O.

LINES TO ———.

Lady!—afar yet loved the more—
My spirit ever hovers near,
And haunts in dreams the distant shore
That prints at eve thy footprint dear.

And say—when musing by the tide,
Beneath the quiet twilight sky,
Wilt thou forget all earth beside
And mark my memory with a sigh?

The wind that wantons in thy hair—
The wave that murmurs at thy feet,
Shall whisper to thy dreaming ear
An answer—loving—true and meet.

Oh! fancy not if from thy bower
I tarry now a weary while,
My heart e'er owns another's power
Or sighs to win a stranger's smile.

Those gentle eyes, which in my dream,
With unforgotten love still shine—
Shall never glance a sadder beam
Nor dim with tears for change of mine.

I gaze not on a cloud, nor flower
That is not eloquent of thee—
The very calm of twilight's hour
Seems voiceless with thy memory.

Like waves that dimple o'er the stream
And ripple to the shores around,
Each wandering wish—each hope—each dream
Steals unto thee—their utmost bound.

Oh! think of me when day light dies
Among the far Hesperian bowers—
But most of all 'neath silent skies,
When weep the stars o'er earth's dim flowers.

When the mysterious holiness
Which spell-like lulls the silent air,
Steals to the heart with power to bless,
And hallows every feeling there.

A TALE OF JERUSALEM.

BY EDGAR A. POE.

*Intensus rigidam in frontem ascendere canos
Pavus erat— Lucan—de Calone.*

—a bristly bore— Translation.

"Let us hurry to the walls"—said Abel-Shittim to Buzi-Ben-Levi, and Simeon the Pharisee, on the tenth day of the month Thammuz, in the year of the world three thousand nine hundred and forty-one—"let us hasten to the ramparts adjoining the gate of Benjamin, which is in the city of David, and overlooking the camp of the uncircumcised—for it is the last hour of the fourth watch, being sunrise; and the idolaters, in fulfilment of the promise of Pompey, should be awaiting us with the lambs for the sacrifices."

Simeon, Abel-Shittim, and Buzi-Ben-Levi were the Gizbarim, or Sub-Collectors of the offering in the holy city of Jerusalem.

"Verily"—replied the Pharisee—"let us hasten: for this generosity in the heathen is unwonted; and fickle-mindedness has ever been an attribute of the worshippers of Baal."

"That they are fickle-minded and treacherous is as true as the Pentateuch"—said Buzi-Ben-Levi—"but that is only towards the people of Adonai. When was it ever known that the Ammonites proved wanting to their own interest? Methinks it is no great stretch of generosity to allow us lambs for the altar of the Lord, receiving in lieu thereof thirty silver shekels per head!"

"Thou forgettest, however, Ben-Levi"—replied Abel-Shittim—"that the Roman Pompey, who is now impiously beseiging the City of the Most High, has no assuery that we apply not the lambs thus purchased for the altar to the sustenance of the body, rather than of the spirit."

"Now by the five corners of my beard"—shouted the Pharisee, who belonged to the sect called The Daashers (that little knot of saints whose manner of *dashing* and lacerating the feet against the pavement was long a thorn and a reproach to less zealous devotees—a stumbling block to less gifted perambulators)—"by the five corners of that beard which as a priest I am forbidden to shave!—have we lived to see the day when a blaspheming and idolatrous upstart of Rome shall accuse us of appropriating to the appetites of the flesh the most holy and consecrated elements? Have we lived to see the day when?"

"Let us not question the motives of the Philistine"—interrupted Abel-Shittim—"for to-day we profit for the first time by his avarice or by his generosity. But rather let us hurry to the ramparts, lest offerings should be wanting for that altar whose fire the rains of Heaven

cannot extinguish—and whose pillars of smoke no tempest can turn aside."

* * * * *

That part of the city to which our worthy Gizbarim now hastened, and which bore the name of its architect King David, was esteemed the most strongly fortified district of Jerusalem—being situated upon the steep and lofty hill of Zion. Here a broad, deep, circumvallatory trench—hewn from the solid rock—was defended by a wall of great strength erected upon its inner edge. This wall was adorned, at regular interspaces, by square towers of white marble—the lowest sixty—the highest one hundred and twenty cubits in height. But in the vicinity of the gate of Benjamin the wall arose by no means immediately from the margin of the fosse. On the contrary, between the level of the ditch and the basement of the rampart, sprang up a perpendicular cliff of two hundred and fifty cubits—forming part of the precipitous Mount Moriah. So that when Simeon and his associates arrived on the summit of the tower called Adoni-Bezek—the loftiest of all the turrets around about Jerusalem, and the usual place of conference with the beseiging army—they looked down upon the camp of the enemy from an eminence excelling, by many feet, that of the Pyramid of Cheops, and, by several, that of the Temple of Belus.

* * * * *

"Verily"—sighed the Pharisee, as he peered dizzily over the precipice—"the uncircumcised are as the sands by the sea shore—as the locusts in the wilderness! The valley of The King hath become the valley of Adomin."

"And yet"—added Ben-Levi—"thou canst not point me out a Philistine—no, not one—from Aleph to Tau—from the wilderness to the battlements—who seemeth any bigger than the letter Jod!"

"Lower away the basket with the shekels of silver!"—here shouted a Roman soldier in a hoarse, rough voice, which appeared to issue from the regions of Pluto—"lower away the basket with that accursed coin which it has broken the jaw of a noble Roman to pronounce! Is it thus you evince your gratitude to our master Pompeius, who, in his condescension, has thought fit to listen to your idolatrous importunities? The God Phœbus, who is a true God, has been charioted for an hour—and were you not to have been on the ramparts by sunrise? Ædepo! do you think that we, the conquerors of the world, have nothing better to do than stand waiting by the walls of every kennel, to traffic with the dogs of the earth? Lower away! I say—and see that your trumpery be bright in color, and just in weight!"

"El Elohim!"—ejaculated the Pharisee, as the discordant tones of the centurion rattled up the crags of the precipice, and fainted away against the Temple—"El Elohim!—who is the God Phœbus?—whom doth the blasphemer invoke? Thou, Buzi-Ben-Levi! who art read in the laws of the Gentiles, and hast sojourned among them who dabble with the Teraphim!—is it Nergal of whom the idolater speaketh?—or Ashimah?—or Nibhaz?—or Tartak?—or Adramalech?—or Anamalech?—or Succoth-Benoth?—or Dagon?—or Belial?—or Baal-Perith?—or Baal-Poor?—or Baal-Zebub?"

"Verily, it is neither—but beware how thou lettest the rope slip too rapidly through thy fingers—for should the wicker-work chance to hang on the projection of

yonder crag, there will be a woful outpouring of the holy things of the Sanctuary."

By the assistance of some rudely-constructed machinery, the heavily-laden basket was now lowered carefully down among the multitude—and, from the giddy pinnacle, the Romans were seen crowding confusedly around it—but, owing to the vast height and the prevalence of a fog, no distinct view of their operations could be obtained.

A half-hour had already elapsed.

"We shall be too late"—sighed the Pharisee, as, at the expiration of this period, he looked over into the abyss—"we shall be too late—we shall be turned out of office by the Katholim."

"No more"—responded Abel-Shittim—"no more shall we feast upon the fat of the land—no longer shall our beards be odorous with frankincense—our loins girded up with fine linen from the Temple."

"Raca!"—swore Ben-Levi—"Raca!—do they mean to defraud us of the purchase-money?—or, Holy Moses! are they weighing the shekels of the tabernacle?"

"They have given the signal at last!"—roared the Pharisee—"they have given the signal at last!—pull away! Abel-Shittim!—and thou, Buzi-Ben-Levi! pull away!—for verily the Philistines have either still hold upon the basket, or the Lord hath softened their hearts to place therein a beast of good weight!" And the Gizbarim pulled away, while their burthen swung heavily upwards through the still increasing mist.

"Booshoh he!"—as, at the conclusion of an hour, some object at the extremity of the rope became indistinctly visible—"Booshoh he!"—was the exclamation which burst from the lips of Ben-Levi.

"Booshoh he!—for shame!—it is a ram from the thickets of Engedi, and as rugged as the valley of Jehosaphat!"

"It is a firstling of the flock," said Abel-Shittim—"I know him by the bleating of his lips, and the innocent folding of his limbs. His eyes are more beautiful than the jewels of the Pectoral—and his flesh is like the honey of Hebron."

"It is a fatted calf from the pastures of Bashan!"—said the Pharisee—"the Heathen have dealt wonderfully with us—let us raise up our voices in a psalm—let us give thanks on the shawm and on the psaltery—on the harp and on the huggab—on the cythern and on the sackbut."

"It was not until the basket had arrived within a few feet of the Gizbarim that a low grunt betrayed to their perception a *hog* of no common size."

"Now El Emanu!"—slowly, and with upturned eyes ejaculated the trio, as, letting go their hold, the emancipated porker tumbled headlong among the Philistines—"El Emanu!—God be with us!—it is the unutterable flesh!"

"Let me no longer," said the Pharisee wrapping his cloak around him and departing within the city—"let me no longer be called Simeon, which signifieth 'he who listens'—but rather Boanerges, 'the Son of Thunder.'"

Lucian calls unmeaning verbosity, *anemona verborum*. The anemone, with great brilliancy, has no fragrance.

LEAVES FROM MY SCRAP BOOK.

I.

"I think Homer, as a poet, inferior to Scott."

T. C. Grimck—Pamphlet.

The gentleman whose words I have just used, maintained on all occasions the superiority of modern over ancient literature. He prefers the better portions of Milman's "Samor, Lord of the Bright City," to the better portions of the *Odyssey*; and contends that "Scott's description of the battle of Flodden Hill, the midnight visit of William of Deloraine to Melrose Abbey, &c., are unequalled by anything in the *Iliad* or *Æneid*."

Now such comparisons are plainly unreasonable. "To read Homer's poems, is to look upon a brightly colored nosegay whose odor is departed," or, if not departed, at least lost to our dull and ignorant sense. The subtle odor of idiom and provincial peculiarity—the stronger odor of association are entirely lost to us. I may better illustrate my idea. Every one will recollect the following couplet in the description of William of Deloraine:

"A stark mōss-trooping Scot was he,
As e'er couched border lance by knee."

Reversing the order of things, suppose these lines read by a Greek of twenty-seven centuries ago; suppose him even well acquainted with the English tongue—could he appreciate their beauty? Let the Greek attempt to *translate* the lines into his own language. He begins with *stark*. The nice excellence of this word he knows nothing of. He finds that its meaning is somewhere between *stout* and *swift*, and gives the Greek word "ὄχρς." The first downward step has been taken. He next pounces upon the term, *moss-troopers*. He translates this "Ἀστῆς ἵππος ἀδρείος." *Couched*, is an idiom which he cannot translate; he gives us by way of equivalent, "εἰσάλλε." *Border lance*, is beyond his version. He contents himself with a simple "δρεν,"—for how is the word *Border* to be translated? It is a word depending on collateral matters for its meaning. These matters—involving the storied reyd and feud—must be known before the word can be understood; and twenty centuries would blot out all remembrance of the Percy and Douglas feuds. The word *Border* is therefore, wholly lost in the version.

The Greek version would read when completed—

Ἀστῆς, καλὸν ὄχρς πρὶ ἵππῳ ἀδρείος
Ὅν, τὸ δρεν μῆδεις ἀθρίσταν, ἀμείνων εἰσάλλε,

which may be re-translated into

This Scot was a swift horse-riding robber,
And no one balanced spear by knee better,

—verses as little resembling the original as "an eyas does a true hawk."

Translated into Latin, the original lines would read

Scotticus fuit eques, strenuus raptorque pollutus
Quo nullus hastam a genu tam apte librabat,

as great a failure as the Greek.

If Scott would suffer so much in the eyes of the Greek and Latin reader, it is only fair to presume that Homer and Virgil suffer as much in our eyes.

We perceive the merits of our modern poet; we are blind to the merits of the ancient. We are consequently incapable of judging between them. Mr. Grimck's comparison is unreasonable.

II.

"Humility is certainly beautiful, but vanity is not always uncomely."—*Æsop*.

It is singular how little we appreciate the humility of some men. Launce says, "I am an ass," and we, coinciding with him in the sentiment, scarcely think of giving him credit for his humility. We perhaps take the trouble to approve of his want of vanity—but this is only a negative sort of approbation. Humility seems such a man's province—as natural to him as the grass to a snail. To be appreciated, humility must manifest itself in high natures. We are captivated by the spectacle of highness contenting itself with lowliness. The grass is natural to the snail, but the home of the lark is the sky—and when he descends to the meadow, we, mindful of his fleetness of pinion, marvel at his descent and love him for his simple humility. The "great Lytleton" was a man of the most perfect modesty. A fine specimen of this may be found in the last paragraph of his work upon the English laws, "And know, my son, that I would not have thee believe, that all which I have said in these bookes is law, for I will not presume to take this upon me. But of those things which are not law, inquire and learn of my wise masters learned in the law." Sir John Mandeville, who wrote in the fourteenth century, was also remarkable for his modesty as a writer. I will quote a fine sample of it. "I, John Maundeville, knyghte aboveseyd (alle thoughe I be unworthy) have passed manye londes, and many yles and contrees, and cerched manye fulle straunge places, and have ben in manye a fulle gode honourable companye, and at manye a faire dede of armes—alle be it that I dide none myself, for myn unable insuffisance—etc."

VANITY in a weak man is disgusting; all pretension is disgusting. But "vanity is not always uncomely." The vanity of a strong man is sometimes beautiful. I remember an instance or two of this beautiful vanity. Some lines of Spenser—a part, I believe, of the preface to his *Dreams of Petrarch*, occur to me.

"This thing he writ who framed a calendar;
Who eke inscribed on monument of brass
Words brillianter than lighte of moon or star
And destinyed to lyve till alle things pass."

Southey too has given us a magnificent specimen of vanity in the opening to "*Madoc*,"

"Come listen to a tale of times of old:
Come, for ye know me; I am he who framed
Of *Thalaba* the wild and wondrous song."

The younger D'Israeli has placed in the mouth of Vivian Grey some expressions which, regarded as outbreaks of lofty confidence, and youthful reliance upon self, are strikingly beautiful. I refer more particularly to the page or paragraph ending with the words—"and here I not skill to play upon that noblest of all instruments—the human voice?"

III.

"Love, despair, ambition, and peace, spring up like trees from the soil of our natures."—*E. Irving*.

This idea, by a "singular coincidence," has been carried out in the Chinese novel, 'Yu-Kiao-Li, or the Adventures of Red Jasper and Dream of a Peartree,'—*traduit par M. Abel Remusat*. I translate from the French translation.

"In a fresh soil under a pleasant sky—clouded, but spanned by a rainbow—grew a green tree. Its

branches were beautifully fashioned, and wore leaves which seemed to be chiselled from emerald. The moonlight fell upon the tree, and so intense was the reflection that every portion of the surrounding scenery took upon itself a gaudy and happy coloring. This tree was *Love*—it grew from the soil of a young nature. Alas! its life cannot be the life of the amaranth.

"The second tree was in a soil torn up and bruised—the plants of which were freezing under a cold wind. Its branches were matted and black. No light penetrated them. The sky above was of ebony. The rainbow was not there. This tree was *Despair*. Alas! for the beauty of Love! Is it not pushed from its stool by Despair?"

"The third tree was in a soil firm to the eye, but undermined by the molewarp. Its scathed branches were entombed in the sky. Its peak, jealous of the eagle, out-towered him. About its stem, and through its haughty boughs a strange light played. It was neither the light of the sun nor yet the light of the moon. It was a false glare—a glare greatest about the region of decay. This tree was *Ambition*. Alas! for the pride and the haughty yearning of mortal men!

"In the healthy soil of a valley, on which the eye of a bright day seemed ever open, grew the fourth tree. Its branches neither towered haughtily nor stooped slavishly. Health was in every bough; and lo! the rainbow which had fallen from the sky of Despair had surely been imprisoned among its leaves. The wind fanned these leaves healthily and their transparent cups tinted by the sunlight—as red wines tint the fine vases of porcelain—were beautiful to behold. This tree was *Peace*. The moonlight of Love may grow dim; the sky of Despair is of ebony; the light of Ambition dies in the ashes of its fuel; but the sunlight of Peace is the light of an eye ever open. The head may be white and bowed down, but the threads of the angel-woven rainbow are wrapped about the heart of peaceful and holy Eld."

IV.

"The chiefest constituent of human beauty is the hair; after which in degree is to be ranked the eye; and lastly come the color and the texture of the skin. The varieties of these, cause it to happen that not unfrequently men differ in opinion as to what is comely and what is uncomely; this man maintaining black to be the better color for the hair as for the eye; that man maintaining a lighter color to be the better for both."—*Burton*.

Poets are generally persons of taste, and if we could find one of them certainly unbiassed by early recollections and the thousand trifles which warp taste, we might consider his judgment in regard to "the rival colors of the hair," as going far to exalt the color of his choice above its rivals. But the first of the modern philosophers loved squinting eyes because in his youth he had been in love with a little girl who squinted; and no taste is free from the influence of early recollections. Spenser's cousin, the lady who discarded him, "had hair of a flaxen hue." He ever after preferred this "hue," to all others. Lady Elizabeth Fitzgerald was "of a stately person and gifted with pale glossy hair, with a sunny tinge about it." Lord Surrey sang of these "mixed ringlets" until the day of his death. I do not know that Ben. Jonson ever had a sweetheart, but he surely had a taste as good as if it had never been biassed by love for one. He speaks very well of—

"Crisped hair
Cast in a thousand snares and rings
For love's fingers and his wings:
Cheesnut color or more black
Gold upon a ground of black."

Leigh Hunt says that Lucrecia Borgia had hair "perfectly golden." Neither auburn nor red, but "perfectly

golden." He has written some pretty verses upon a lock of this golden hair. He speaks of each thread as,—"meandering in pellucid gold."

I forget the lines. This was the color beloved by a thousand poets; and one was found who forgot in contemplating the rare masses that, stained with it, lay upon the brow of Lucrecia Borgia, the "dark and unbridled passions which led her to the bed of one brother and to the murder of another—and which have doomed her to "an immortality of evil repute."

Anacreon preferred auburn hair.

"Deepening inwardly, a dun;
Sparkling golden next the sun,"

conveys nearly the same idea with that expressed in Jonson's "Gold upon a ground of black."

I have two or three more verses upon hair, which I recollect to have seen in an old English poem. They are descriptive of "Hero the nun of Venus—the lady beloved of Leander." These are the lines—three in number,

"Come listen to the tale of Hero young,
Whom pale Apollo courted for her hair,
And offered as a dowry his burning throne."

We often meet with double tastes. Tasso loved two Leonoras. Leonora D'Este had a fair skin. The other was a brunette.

"Bruna sei tu ma bella
Qual virgini viola."

It is difficult to decide between the rival colors of the eye. This difficulty is set forth in a little poem called the "Dilemma," which I find in an old number of the New England Magazine.

"I had a vision in my dreams,
I saw a row of twenty beams;
From every beam a rope was hung,
In every rope a lover swung.
I asked the hue of every eye
That bade each luckless lover die;
Ten livid lips said heavenly blue
And ten accused the darker hue."

Before ending this "scrap" I will quote some sentences written by a friend of my own long ago—a very eccentric man, and indeed a melancholy one. He had been crossed in love, and could rarely speak or write without recurring to the origin of his unhappiness. He had a great many faults, but he is dead now, and has been so for many years; I am not anxious to say any more about them. The paragraph which I copy from his manuscript, is a portion of a flighty book, the aim or meaning of which I could never discover. It owes its fanciful extravagance, I rather think, to the influence of opium upon the author's nerves. After pointing out the numerous particulars in which "nature imitates our women," he proceeds to observe after the following fashion,

"In the hair, nature is most an imitator. The cascade caressing the precipice with the threads of its silver locks, which the teeth of the granite comb have frizzled, and which the winds play at gambol with, is only a copy. So with the vine on the rock—the great vine whose metallic tendrils I have looked on and wondered at when the sunshine spanned them with a cloven halo. So with the drooping moss—the *Barba Espagna*, with its drapery of gold held by threads of spun alabaster, hanging in *hard festoons* from the tree beside the Lagoon and sighing when its hues die with the sunlight. And so with the boughs of our weeping trees. O, but are not these last most beautiful? Place your ear to the soft grass-blades on the brink of a valley brook, and listen to the monotone of the willow's stirred ringlets,

and watch them as the wind lifts them from the eddy beneath to float, bejewelled by adhering globules. And then look upon them as with the abating wind they sink lower and lower, leaving their cool rain upon your cheek. See them trail in the pebbly waters and conjure up in each detached leaf an Elfin barque laden with its rare boatmen and tiny beauties. Hear the tinkle of the little bells and the shrieks of the wrecked mariners, as they cling to the hair of the willow (as Zal clung to the locks of his mistress) and splash the brook into foam. And now they leap to the backs of their skipper steeds, and ply the spur of the thistle seed, and gallop off for the green shore, wringing their hands and bewailing the ill fate of their holiday trim. Such marvellous fancies, if you are fanciful, will prick your brain until the drowsy sough of the tree-hair and the renewed trickle of the raining spray lend your eyes sleep and call forth the dream spirit, as the fly from its cocoon, and give it the wings of wilder vagary to flutter away withal—whither? Mine would return to my wanderings by Goluon with her whose tomb in the valley of sweet waters often pillows my head."

Alas for my poor friend Bob! He died of a broken heart—that is to say *mediately*. He died *immediately* of hard drinking. Napoleon remembered the Seine on his death-bed and asked to be buried upon its sunniest bank; Bob remembered Goluon when his great temples had the death-damp upon them. His vision had failed him; his nose had become peaked; his body, like a jaded and worn hack, had fallen under the spirit, which like a stout horseman had long kept it to its paces; but the little abiding place of memory had not been destroyed, and poor Bob muttered at times of a dead lady with fair hair—of a valley of sweet waters—of a grave with two willows above it—of pleasant Goluon—and died with an unuttered prayer upon his lips, and with a strong desire at his heart. The prayer was, that I, his friend, would bury him between the two willows—on the evening bank of Goluon—side by side with Betty Manning his old sweetheart. Poor Bob! May God take kind care of his soul!

V.

"I much lament that nevermore to me
Can come fleet pulse, bright heart, and frolic mood;
I much lament that nevermore may be
My tame step light, my wan cheek berry-hued."

In the lines just quoted, the poet (old Philip Allen, a Welshman) strikes the proper key. When we have ceased to derive pleasure from that which once afforded it to us, we should regard the change as in *ourselves*. The grass of the hill is as green as it ever was, but the step once "light" has become "tame." The bird sings as sweetly as ever, but the "bright heart" into which the "honey drops of his constant song" once fell, has been dimmed and darkened by human passions. The berry-clusters are still in the fringe of the thicket, but the palate has no longer any relish for them. *We have changed*. Yet we are apt to believe the change any where rather than in ourselves. Indeed we are for the most part like Launcelot in the play.

Gobbo.—"Lord worshipped might he be! What a beard hast thou got! Thou hast more hair on thy chin than Dobbin my thill horse, has on his tail.

Launcelot.—"It would seem then that Dobbin's tail grows backward. I am sure that he had more hair on his tail than I had on my face when I last saw him."

It was the chin of Launcelot that had undergone the change, and not the tail of his father Gobbo's thill horse Dobbin.

Editorial.

THE LOYALTY OF VIRGINIA.

In our last number, while reviewing the Ecclesiastical History of Dr. Hawks, we had occasion to speak of those portions of Mr. George Bancroft's *United States*, which have reference to the loyalty of Virginia immediately before and during the Protectorate of Cromwell. Since the publication of our remarks, a personal interview with Mr. Bancroft, and an examination, especially, of one or two passages in his History, have been sufficient to convince us that injustice (of course unintentional) has been done that gentleman, not only by ourselves, but by Dr. Hawks and others.

In our own review alluded to above, we concluded, in the following words, a list of arguments adduced, or supposed to be adduced, in proof of Virginia's disloyalty.

"6. Virginia was infected with republicanism. She wished to set up for herself. Thus intent, she demands of Berkeley a distinct acknowledgment of her Assembly's supremacy. His reply was 'I am but the servant of the Assembly.' Berkeley, therefore, was republican, and his tumultuous election proves nothing but the republicanism of Virginia." To which our reply was thus.

"6. The reasoning here is reasoning in a circle. Virginia is first declared republican. From this assumed fact, deductions are made which prove Berkeley so—and Berkeley's republicanism, thus proved, is made to establish that of Virginia. But Berkeley's answer (from which Mr. Bancroft has extracted the words, 'I am but the servant of the Assembly,') runs thus. 'You desire me to do that concerning your titles and claims to land in this northern part of America, which I am in no capacity to do: for I am but the servant of the Assembly: neither do they arrogate to themselves any power farther than the miserable distractions in England force them to. For when God shall be pleased to take away and dissipate the unnatural divisions of their native country, they will immediately return to their professed obedience.'—*Smith's New York*. It will be seen that Mr. Bancroft has been disingenuous in quoting only a portion of this sentence. *The whole* proves incontestibly that neither Berkeley nor the Assembly arrogated to themselves any power beyond what they were forced to assume by circumstances—in a word it proves their loyalty."

We are now, however, fully persuaded that Mr. Bancroft had not only no intention of representing Virginia as disloyal—but that his work, closely examined, will not admit of such interpretation. As an offset to our argument just quoted, we copy the following (the passage to which our remarks had reference) from page 245 of Mr. B.'s only published volume.

"On the death of Matthews, the Virginians were without a chief magistrate, just at the time when the resignation of Richard had left England without a government. The burgesses, who were immediately convened, resolving to become the arbiters of the fate of the colony, enacted 'that the supreme power of the government of this country shall be resident in the assembly, and all writs shall issue in its name, until there shall arrive from England a commission which

the assembly itself shall adjudge to be lawful.' This being done, Sir William Berkeley was elected governor, and acknowledging the validity of the acts of the burgesses, whom it was expressly agreed he could in no event dissolve, he accepted the office to which he had been chosen, and recognized, without a scruple, the authority to which he owed his elevation. 'I am,' said he, 'but a servant of the assembly.' *Virginia did not lay claim to absolute independence; but anxiously awaited the settlement of affairs in England.*"

It will here be seen, that the words italicized beginning "Virginia did not lay claim," &c. are very nearly, if not altogether equivalent to what we assume as proved by the whole of Berkeley's reply, viz. that neither Berkeley nor the Assembly arrogated to themselves any power beyond what they were forced to assume by circumstances. Our charge, therefore, of disingenuousness on the part of Mr. Bancroft in quoting only a portion of the answer, is evidently unsustained, and we can have no hesitation in recalling it.

At page 226 of the History of the United States, we note the following passage.

"At Christmas, 1648, there were trading in Virginia, ten ships from London, two from Bristol, twelve Hollanders, and seven from New England. The number of the colonists was already twenty thousand; and they, who had sustained no griefs, were not tempted to engage in the feuds by which the mother country was divided. They were attached to the cause of Charles, not because they loved monarchy, but because they cherished the liberties of which he had left them in undisturbed possession; and after his execution, though there were not wanting some who favored republicanism, the government recognised his son without dispute. *The loyalty of the Virginians did not escape the attention of the royal exile.* From his retreat in Breda he transmitted to Berkeley a new commission, and *Charles the Second, a fugitive from England, was still the sovereign of Virginia.*"

This passage alone will render it evident that Mr. Bancroft's readers have been wrong in supposing him to maintain the disloyalty of the State. It cannot be denied, however, (and if we understand Mr. B. he does not himself deny it,) that there is, about some portions of his volume, an ambiguity, or perhaps a laxity of expression, which it would be as well to avoid hereafter. The note of Dr. Hawks we consider exceptionable, inasmuch as it is not sufficiently explanatory. The passages in Mr. B.'s History which we have noted above, and other passages equally decisive, were pointed out to Dr. Hawks. He should have therefore not only stated that Mr. B. disclaimed the intention of representing Virginia as republican, but also that his work, if accurately examined, would not admit of such interpretation. The question of Virginia's loyalty may now be considered as fully determined.

CHIEF JUSTICE MARSHALL.

It is with great pleasure, at the opportunity thus afforded us of correcting an error, that we give place to the following letter.

Philadelphia, March 25, 1836.

SIR,—A mistake, evidently unintentional, having appeared in the February number of your journal for Vol. II—41

this year, we feel convinced you will, upon proper representation, take pleasure in correcting it, as an impression so erroneous might have a prejudicial tendency. Under the notice of the Eulogies on the Life and Character of the late Chief Justice Marshall, it is there stated that "for several years past Judge Marshall had suffered under a most excruciating malady. A surgical operation by Dr. Physick of Philadelphia at length procured him relief; but a hurt received in travelling last Spring seems to have caused a return of the former complaint with circumstances of aggravated pain and danger. Having revisited Philadelphia in the hope of again finding a cure, his disease there overpowered him, and he died on the 6th of July, 1835, in the 80th year of his age."

Now, sir, the above quotation is incorrect in the following respect: Judge Marshall never had a return of the complaint for which he was operated upon by Dr. Physick. After the demise of Chief Justice Marshall, it became our melancholy duty to make a *post mortem* examination, which we did in the most careful manner, and ascertained that his bladder did not contain one particle of calculous matter; its mucous coat was in a perfectly natural state, and exhibited not the slightest traces of irritation.

The cause of his death was a very diseased condition of the liver, which was enormously enlarged, and contained several tuberculous abscesses of great size; its pressure upon the stomach had the effect of dislodging this organ from its natural situation, and compressing it in such a manner, that for some time previous to his death it would not retain the smallest quantity of nutriment. By publishing this statement, you will oblige

Yours, very respectfully,

N. CHAPMAN, M. D.
J. RANDOLPH, M. D.

To T. W. White, Esq.

MAELZEL'S CHESS-PLAYER.

Perhaps no exhibition of the kind has ever elicited so general attention as the Chess-Player of Maelzel. Wherever seen it has been an object of intense curiosity, to all persons who think. Yet the question of its *modus operandi* is still undetermined. Nothing has been written on this topic which can be considered as decisive—and accordingly we find every where men of mechanical genius, of great general acuteness, and discriminative understanding, who make no scruple in pronouncing the Automaton a *pure machine*, unconnected with human agency in its movements, and consequently, beyond all comparison, the most astonishing of the inventions of mankind. And such it would undoubtedly be, were they right in their supposition. Assuming this hypothesis, it would be grossly absurd to compare with the Chess-Player, any similar thing of either modern or ancient days. Yet there have been many and wonderful automata. In Brewster's Letters on Natural Magic, we have an account of the most remarkable. Among these may be mentioned, as having beyond doubt existed, firstly, the coach invented by M. Camus for the amusement of Louis XIV when a child. A table, about four feet square, was introduced, into the room appropriated for the exhibition. Upon this table was placed a carriage, six inches in length, made of wood, and drawn

by two horses of the same material. One window being down, a lady was seen on the back seat. A coachman held the reins on the box, and a footman and page were in their places behind. M. Camus now touched a spring; whereupon the coachman smacked his whip, and the horses proceeded in a natural manner, along the edge of the table, drawing after them the carriage. Having gone as far as possible in this direction, a sudden turn was made to the left, and the vehicle was driven at right angles to its former course, and still closely along the edge of the table. In this way the coach proceeded until it arrived opposite the chair of the young prince. It then stopped, the page descended and opened the door, the lady alighted, and presented a petition to her sovereign. She then re-entered. The page put up the steps, closed the door, and resumed his station. The coachman whipped his horses, and the carriage was driven back to its original position.

The magician of M. Maillardet is also worthy of notice. We copy the following account of it from the Letters before mentioned of Dr. B., who derived his information principally from the Edinburgh Encyclopedia.

"One of the most popular pieces of mechanism which we have seen, is the Magician constructed by M. Maillardet, for the purpose of answering certain given questions. A figure, dressed like a magician, appears seated at the bottom of a wall, holding a wand in one hand, and a book in the other. A number of questions, ready prepared, are inscribed on oval medallions, and the spectator takes any of these he chooses, and to which he wishes an answer, and having placed it in a drawer ready to receive it, the drawer shuts with a spring till the answer is returned. The magician then arises from his seat, bows his head, describes circles with his wand, and consulting the book as if in deep thought, he lifts it towards his face. Having thus appeared to ponder over the proposed question, he raises his wand, and striking with it the wall above his head, two folding doors fly open, and display an appropriate answer to the question. The doors again close, the magician resumes his original position, and the drawer opens to return the medallion. There are twenty of these medallions, all containing different questions, to which the magician returns the most suitable and striking answers. The medallions are thin plates of brass, of an elliptical form, exactly resembling each other. Some of the medallions have a question inscribed on each side, both of which the magician answered in succession. If the drawer is shut without a medallion being put into it, the magician rises, consults his book, shakes his head, and resumes his seat. The folding doors remain shut, and the drawer is returned empty. If two medallions are put into the drawer together, an answer is returned only to the lower one. When the machinery is wound up, the movements continue about an hour, during which time about fifty questions may be answered. The inventor stated that the means by which the different medallions acted upon the machinery, so as to produce the proper answers to the questions which they contained, were extremely simple."

The duck of Vaucanson was still more remarkable. It was of the size of life, and so perfect an imitation of the living animal that all the spectators were deceived. It executed, says Brewster, all the natural movements

and gestures, it eat and drank with avidity, performed all the quick motions of the head and throat which are peculiar to the duck, and like it muddled the water which it drank with its bill. It produced also the sound of quacking in the most natural manner. In the anatomical structure the artist exhibited the highest skill. Every bone in the real duck had its representative in the automaton, and its wings were anatomically exact. Every cavity, apophysis, and curvature was imitated, and each bone executed its proper movements. When corn was thrown down before it, the duck stretched out its neck to pick it up, swallowed, and digested it.*

But if these machines were ingenious, what shall we think of the calculating machine of Mr. Babbage? What shall we think of an engine of wood and metal which can not only compute astronomical and navigation tables to any given extent, but render the exactitude of its operations mathematically certain through its power of correcting its possible errors? What shall we think of a machine which can not only accomplish all this, but actually print off its elaborate results, when obtained, without the slightest intervention of the intellect of man? It will, perhaps, be said, in reply, that a machine such as we have described is altogether above comparison with the Chess-Player of Maelzel. By no means—it is altogether beneath it—that is to say provided we assume (what should never for a moment be assumed) that the Chess-Player is a *pure machine*, and performs its operations without any immediate human agency. Arithmetical or algebraical calculations are, from their very nature, fixed and determinate. Certain *data* being given, certain results necessarily and inevitably follow. These results have dependence upon nothing, and are influenced by nothing but the *data* originally given. And the question to be solved proceeds, or should proceed, to its final determination, by a succession of unerring steps liable to no change, and subject to no modification. This being the case, we can without difficulty conceive the possibility of so arranging a piece of mechanism, that upon starting it in accordance with the *data* of the question to be solved, it should continue its movements regularly, progressively, and undeviatingly towards the required solution, since these movements, however complex, are never imagined to be otherwise than finite and determinate. But the case is widely different with the Chess-Player. With him there is no determinate progression. No one move in chess necessarily follows upon any one other. From no particular disposition of the men at one period of a game can we predicate their disposition at a different period. Let us place the *first move* in a game of chess, in juxtaposition with the *data* of an algebraical question, and their great difference will be immediately perceived. From the latter—from the *data*—the second step of the question, dependent thereupon, inevitably follows. It is modelled by the *data*. It must be *thus* and not otherwise. But from the first move in the game of chess no especial second move follows of necessity. In the algebraical question, as it proceeds towards solution, the *certainly* of its operations remains altogether unimpaired. The second step having been a consequence of the *data*, the

third step is equally a consequence of the second, the fourth of the third, the fifth of the fourth, and so on, *and not possibly otherwise*, to the end. But in proportion to the progress made in a game of chess, is the *uncertainty* of each ensuing move. A few moves having been made, no step is certain. Different spectators of the game would advise different moves. All is then dependant upon the variable judgment of the players. Now even granting (what should not be granted) that the movements of the Automaton Chess-Player were in themselves determinate, they would be necessarily interrupted and disarranged by the indeterminate will of his antagonist. There is then no analogy whatever between the operations of the Chess-Player, and those of the calculating machine of Mr. Babbage, and if we choose to call the former a *pure machine* we must be prepared to admit that it is, beyond all comparison, the most wonderful of the inventions of mankind. Its original projector, however, Baron Kempelen, had no scruple in declaring it to be a "very ordinary piece of mechanism—a *bagatelle* whose effects appeared so marvellous only from the boldness of the conception, and the fortunate choice of the methods adopted for promoting the illusion." But it is needless to dwell upon this point. It is quite certain that the operations of the Automaton are regulated by *mind*, and by nothing else. Indeed this matter is susceptible of a mathematical demonstration, *a priori*. The only question then is of the *manner* in which human agency is brought to bear. Before entering upon this subject it would be as well to give a brief history and description of the Chess-Player for the benefit of such of our readers as may never have had an opportunity of witnessing Mr. Maelzel's exhibition.



The Automaton Chess-Player was invented in 1769, by Baron Kempelen, a nobleman of Presburg in Hungary, who afterwards disposed of it, together with the secret of its operations, to its present possessor. Soon after its completion it was exhibited in Presburg, Paris, Vienna, and other continental cities. In 1783 and 1784, it was taken to London by Mr. Maelzel. Of late years it has visited the principal towns in the United States. Wherever seen, the most intense curiosity was excited by its appearance, and numerous have been the attempts, by men of all classes, to fathom the mystery of its evolutions. The cut above gives a tolerable representation of the figure as seen by the citizens of Richmond a few weeks ago. The right arm, however, should lie more at length upon the box, a chess-board should appear upon it, and the cushion should not be seen while the pipe is held. Some immaterial alterations have been made in the costume of the player since it came into the possession of Maelzel—the plume, for example, was not originally worn.

* Under the head *Androids* in the Edinburgh Encyclopædia may be found a full account of the principle automata of ancient and modern times.

At the hour appointed for exhibition, a curtain is withdrawn, or folding doors are thrown open, and the machine rolled to within about twelve feet of the nearest of the spectators, between whom and it (the machine) a rope is stretched. A figure is seen habited as a Turk, and seated, with its legs crossed, at a large box apparently of maple wood, which serves it as a table. The exhibitor will, if requested, roll the machine to any portion of the room, suffer it to remain altogether on any designated spot, or even shift its location repeatedly during the progress of a game. The bottom of the box is elevated considerably above the floor by means of the castors or brazen rollers on which it moves, a clear view of the surface immediately beneath the Automaton being thus afforded to the spectators. The chair on which the figure sits is affixed permanently to the box. On the top of this latter is a chess-board, also permanently affixed. The right arm of the Chess-Player is extended at full length before him, at right angles with his body, and lying, in an apparently careless position, by the side of the board. The back of the hand is upwards. The board itself is eighteen inches square. The left arm of the figure is bent at the elbow, and in the left hand is a pipe. A green drapery conceals the back of the Turk, and falls partially over the front of both shoulders. To judge from the external appearance of the box, it is divided into five compartments—three cupboards of equal dimensions, and two drawers occupying that portion of the chest lying beneath the cupboards. The foregoing observations apply to the appearance of the Automaton upon its first introduction into the presence of the spectators.

Maelzel now informs the company that he will disclose to their view the mechanism of the machine. Taking from his pocket a bunch of keys he unlocks with one of them, door marked 1 in the cut above, and throws the cupboard fully open to the inspection of all present. Its whole interior is apparently filled with wheels, pinions, levers, and other machinery, crowded very closely together, so that the eye can penetrate but a little distance into the mass. Leaving this door open to its full extent, he goes now round to the back of the box, and raising the drapery of the figure, opens another door situated precisely in the rear of the one first opened. Holding a lighted candle at this door, and shifting the position of the whole machine repeatedly at the same time, a bright light is thrown entirely through the cupboard, which is now clearly seen to be full, completely full, of machinery. The spectators being satisfied of this fact, Maelzel closes the back door, locks it, takes the key from the lock, lets fall the drapery of the figure, and comes round to the front. The door marked 1, it will be remembered, is still open. The exhibitor now proceeds to open the drawer which lies beneath the cupboards at the bottom of the box—for although there are apparently two drawers, there is really only one—the two handles and two key holes being intended merely for ornament. Having opened this drawer to its full extent, a small cushion, and a set of chessmen, fixed in a frame work made to support them perpendicularly, are discovered. Leaving this drawer, as well as cupboard No. 1 open, Maelzel now unlocks door No. 2, and door No. 3, which are discovered to be folding doors, opening into one and the same compartment. To the right of this compartment,

however, (that is to say the spectators' right) a small division, six inches wide, and filled with machinery, is partitioned off. The main compartment itself (in speaking of that portion of the box visible upon opening doors 2 and 3, we shall always call it the main compartment) is lined with dark cloth and contains no machinery whatever beyond two pieces of steel, quadrant-shaped, and situated one in each of the rear top corners of the compartment. A small protuberance about eight inches square, and also covered with dark cloth, lies on the floor of the compartment near the rear corner on the spectators' left hand. Leaving doors No. 2 and No. 3 open as well as the drawer, and door No. 1, the exhibitor now goes round to the back of the main compartment, and, unlocking another door there, displays clearly all the interior of the main compartment, by introducing a candle behind it and within it. The whole box being thus apparently disclosed to the scrutiny of the company, Maelzel, still leaving the doors and drawer open, rolls the Automaton entirely round, and exposes the back of the Turk by lifting up the drapery. A door about ten inches square is thrown open in the loins of the figure, and a smaller one also in the left thigh. The interior of the figure, as seen through these apertures, appears to be crowded with machinery. In general, every spectator is now thoroughly satisfied of having beheld and completely scrutinized, at one and the same time, every individual portion of the Automaton, and the idea of any person being concealed in the interior, during so complete an exhibition of that interior, if ever entertained, is immediately dismissed as preposterous in the extreme.

M. Maelzel, having rolled the machine back into its original position, now informs the company that the Automaton will play a game of chess with any one disposed to encounter him. This challenge being accepted, a small table is prepared for the antagonist, and placed close by the rope, but on the spectators' side of it, and so situated as not to prevent the company from obtaining a full view of the Automaton. From a drawer in this table is taken a set of chess-men, and Maelzel arranges them generally, but not always, with his own hands, on the chess board, which consists merely of the usual number of squares painted upon the table. The antagonist having taken his seat, the exhibitor approaches the drawer of the box, and takes therefrom the cushion, which, after removing the pipe from the hand of the Automaton, he places under its left arm as a support. Then taking also from the drawer the Automaton's set of chess-men, he arranges them upon the chess-board before the figure. He now proceeds to close the doors and to lock them—leaving the bunch of keys in door No. 1. He also closes the drawer, and, finally, winds up the machine, by applying a key to an aperture in the left end (the spectators' left) of the box. The game now commences—the Automaton taking the first move. The duration of the contest is usually limited to half an hour, but if it be not finished at the expiration of this period, and the antagonist still contend that he can beat the Automaton, M. Maelzel has seldom any objection to continue it. Not to weary the company, is the ostensible, and no doubt the real object of the limitation. It will of course be understood that when a move is made at his own table, by the antagonist, the corresponding move is made at the box of the

Automaton, by Maelzel himself, who then acts as the representative of the antagonist. On the other hand, when the Turk moves, the corresponding move is made at the table of the antagonist, also by M. Maelzel, who then acts as the representative of the Automaton. In this manner it is necessary that the exhibitor should often pass from one table to the other. He also frequently goes in rear of the figure to remove the chessmen which it has taken, and which it deposits, when taken, on the box to the left (to its own left) of the board. When the Automaton hesitates in relation to its move, the exhibitor is occasionally seen to place himself very near its right side, and to lay his hand, now and then, in a careless manner, upon the box. He has also a peculiar shuffle with his feet, calculated to induce suspicion of collusion with the machine in minds which are more cunning than sagacious. These peculiarities are, no doubt, mere mannerisms of M. Maelzel, or, if he is aware of them at all, he puts them in practice with a view of exciting in the spectators a false idea of pure mechanism in the Automaton.

The Turk plays with his left hand. All the movements of the arm are at right angles. In this manner, the hand (which is gloved and bent in a natural way,) being brought directly above the piece to be moved, descends finally upon it, the fingers receiving it, in most cases, without difficulty. Occasionally, however, when the piece is not precisely in its proper situation, the Automaton fails in his attempt at seizing it. When this occurs, no second effort is made, but the arm continues its movement in the direction originally intended, precisely as if the piece were in the fingers. Having thus designated the spot whither the move should have been made, the arm returns to its cushion, and Maelzel performs the evolution which the Automaton pointed out. At every movement of the figure machinery is heard in motion. During the progress of the game, the figure now and then rolls its eyes, as if surveying the board, moves its head, and pronounces the word *echec* (check) when necessary.* If a false move be made by his antagonist, he raps briskly on the box with the fingers of his right hand, shakes his head roughly, and replacing the piece falsely moved, in its former situation, assumes the next move himself. Upon beating the game, he waves his head with an air of triumph, looks round complacently upon the spectators, and drawing his left arm farther back than usual, suffers his fingers alone to rest upon the cushion. In general, the Turk is victorious—once or twice he has been beaten. The game being ended, Maelzel will again, if desired, exhibit the mechanism of the box, in the same manner as before. The machine is then rolled back, and a curtain hides it from the view of the company.

There have been many attempts at solving the mystery of the Automaton. The most general opinion in relation to it, an opinion too not unfrequently adopted by men who should have known better, was, as we have before said, that no immediate human agency was employed—in other words, that the machine was purely a machine, and nothing else. Many, however maintained that the exhibitor himself regulated the

movements of the figure by mechanical means operating through the feet of the box. Others again, spoke confidently of a magnet. Of the first of these opinions we shall say nothing at present more than we have already said. In relation to the second it is only necessary to repeat what we have before stated, that the machine is rolled about on castors, and will, at the request of a spectator, be moved to and fro to any portion of the room, even during the progress of a game. The supposition of the magnet is also untenable—for if a magnet were the agent, any other magnet in the pocket of a spectator would disarrange the entire mechanism. The exhibitor, however, will suffer the most powerful loadstone to remain even upon the box during the whole of the exhibition.

The first attempt at a written explanation of the secret, at least the first attempt of which we ourselves have any knowledge, was made in a large pamphlet printed at Paris in 1785. The author's hypothesis amounted to this—that a dwarf actuated the machine. This dwarf he supposed to conceal himself during the opening of the box by thrusting his legs into two hollow cylinders, which were represented to be (but which are not) among the machinery in the cupboard No 1, while his body was out of the box entirely, and covered by the drapery of the Turk. When the doors were shut, the dwarf was enabled to bring his body within the box—the noise produced by some portion of the machinery allowing him to do so unheard, and also to close the door by which he entered. The interior of the Automaton being then exhibited, and no person discovered, the spectators, says the author of this pamphlet, are satisfied that no one is within any portion of the machine. This whole hypothesis was too obviously absurd to require comment, or refutation, and accordingly we find that it attracted very little attention.

In 1789 a book was published at Dresden by M. L. F. Freyhere in which another endeavor was made to unravel the mystery. Mr. Freyhere's book was a pretty large one, and copiously illustrated by colored engravings. His supposition was that "a well-taught boy very thin and tall of his age (sufficiently so that he could be concealed in a drawer almost immediately under the chess-board)" played the game of chess and effected all the evolutions of the Automaton. This idea, although even more silly than that of the Parisian author, met with a better reception, and was in some measure believed to be the true solution of the wonder, until the inventor put an end to the discussion by suffering a close examination of the top of the box.

These bizarre attempts at explanation were followed by others equally bizarre. Of late years however, an anonymous writer, by a course of reasoning exceedingly unphilosophical, has contrived to blunder upon a plausible solution—although we cannot consider it altogether the true one. His Essay was first published in a Baltimore weekly paper, was illustrated by cuts, and was entitled "An attempt to analyze the Automaton Chess-Player of M. Maelzel." This Essay we suppose to have been the original of the pamphlet to which Sir David Brewster alludes in his letters on Natural Magic, and which he has no hesitation in declaring a thorough and satisfactory explanation. The results of the analysis are undoubtedly, in the main, just; but we can only account for Brewster's pronouncing the Essay a

* The making the Turk pronounce the word *echec*, is an improvement by M. Maelzel. When in possession of Baron Kempen, the figure indicated a check by rapping on the box with his right hand.

thorough and satisfactory explanation, by supposing him to have bestowed upon it a very cursory and inattentive perusal. In the compendium of the Essay, made use of in the Letters on Natural Magic, it is quite impossible to arrive at any distinct conclusion in regard to the adequacy or inadequacy of the analysis, on account of the gross misarrangement and deficiency of the letters of reference employed. The same fault is to be found in the "Attempt &c," as we originally saw it. The solution consists in a series of minute explanations, (accompanied by wood-cuts, the whole occupying many pages) in which the object is to show the possibility of so shifting the partitions of the box, as to allow a human being, concealed in the interior, to move portions of his body from one part of the box to another, during the exhibition of the mechanism—thus eluding the scrutiny of the spectators. There can be no doubt, as we have before observed, and as we will presently endeavor to show, that the principle, or rather the result, of this solution is the true one. Some person is concealed in the box during the whole time of exhibiting the interior. We object, however, to the whole verbose description of the manner in which the partitions are shifted, to accommodate the movements of the person concealed. We object to it as a mere theory assumed in the first place, and to which circumstances are afterwards made to adapt themselves. It was not, and could not have been, arrived at by any inductive reasoning. In whatever way the shifting is managed, it is of course concealed at every step from observation. To show that certain movements might possibly be effected in a certain way, is very far from showing that they are actually so effected. There may be an infinity of other methods by which the same results may be obtained. The probability of the one assumed proving the correct one is then as unity to infinity. But, in reality, this particular point, the shifting of the partitions, is of no consequence whatever. It was altogether unnecessary to devote seven or eight pages for the purpose of proving what no one in his senses would deny—viz: that the wonderful mechanical genius of Baron Kempelen could invent the necessary means for shutting a door or slipping aside a pannel, with a human agent too at his service in actual contact with the pannel or the door, and the whole operations carried on, as the author of the Essay himself shows, and as we shall attempt to show more fully hereafter, entirely out of reach of the observation of the spectators.

In attempting ourselves an explanation of the Automaton, we will, in the first place, endeavor to show how its operations are effected, and afterwards describe, as briefly as possible, the nature of the observations from which we have deduced our result.

It will be necessary for a proper understanding of the subject, that we repeat here in a few words, the routine adopted by the exhibiter in disclosing the interior of the box—a routine from which he never deviates in any material particular. In the first place he opens the door No. 1. Leaving this open, he goes round to the rear of the box, and opens a door precisely at the back of door No. 1. To this back door he holds a lighted candle. He then closes the back door, locks it, and, coming round to the front, opens the drawer to its full extent. This done, he opens the doors No. 2 and No. 3, (the folding doors) and displays the interior

of the main compartment. Leaving open the main compartment, the drawer, and the front door of cupboard No. 1, he now goes to the rear again, and throws open the back door of the main compartment. In shutting up the box no particular order is observed, except that the folding doors are always closed before the drawer.

Now, let us suppose that when the machine is first rolled into the presence of the spectators, a man is already within it. His body is situated behind the dense machinery in cupboard No. 1, (the rear portion of which machinery is so contrived as to slip *en masse*, from the main compartment to the cupboard No. 1, as occasion may require,) and his legs lie at full length in the main compartment. When Maelzel opens the door No. 1, the man within is not in any danger of discovery, for the keenest eye cannot penetrate more than about two inches into the darkness within. But the case is otherwise when the back door of the cupboard No. 1, is opened. A bright light then pervades the cupboard, and the body of the man would be discovered if it were there. But it is not. The putting the key in the lock of the back door was a signal on hearing which the person concealed brought his body forward to an angle as acute as possible—throwing it altogether, or nearly so, into the main compartment. This, however, is a painful position, and cannot be long maintained. Accordingly we find that Maelzel closes the back door. This being done, there is no reason why the body of the man may not resume its former situation—for the cupboard is again so dark as to defy scrutiny. The drawer is now opened, and the legs of the person within drop down behind it in the space it formerly occupied.* There is, consequently, now no longer any part of the man in the main compartment—his body being behind the machinery in cupboard No. 1, and his legs in the space occupied by the drawer. The exhibiter, therefore, finds himself at liberty to display the main compartment. This he does—opening both its back and front doors—and no person is discovered. The spectators are now satisfied that the whole of the box is exposed to view—and exposed too, all portions of it at one and the same time. But of course this is not the case. They neither see the space behind the drawer, nor the interior of cupboard No. 1—the front door of which latter the exhibiter virtually shuts in shutting its back door. Maelzel, having now rolled the machine around, lifted up the drapery of the Turk, opened the doors in his back and thigh, and shown his trunk to be full of machinery, brings the whole back into its original position, and closes the doors. The man within is now at liberty to move about. He gets up into the body of the Turk just so high as to bring his eyes above the level of the chess-board. It is very probable that he seats himself upon the little square block or protuberance which is seen in a corner of the main compartment when the doors are open. In this position he sees the chess-board through the bosom of the Turk which is of gauze. Bringing his right arm across his

* Sir David Brewster supposes that there is always a large space behind this drawer even when shut—in other words that the drawer is a "false drawer" and does not extend to the back of the box. But the idea is altogether untenable. So commonplace a trick would be immediately discovered—especially as the drawer is always opened to its full extent, and an opportunity thus afforded of comparing its depth with that of the box.

breast he actuates the little machinery necessary to guide the left arm and the fingers of the figure. This machinery is situated just beneath the left shoulder of the Turk, and is consequently easily reached by the right hand of the man concealed, if we suppose his right arm brought across the breast. The motions of the head and eyes, and of the right arm of the figure, as well as the sound *etc.* are produced by other mechanism in the interior, and actuated at will by the man within. The whole of this mechanism—that is to say all the mechanism essential to the machine—is most probably contained within the little cupboard (of about six inches in breadth) partitioned off at the right (the spectators' right) of the main compartment.

In this analysis of the operations of the Automaton, we have purposely avoided any allusion to the manner in which the partitions are shifted, and it will now be readily comprehended that this point is a matter of no importance, since, by mechanism within the ability of any common carpenter, it might be effected in an infinity of different ways, and since we have shown that, however performed, it is performed out of the view of the spectators. Our result is founded upon the following observations taken during frequent visits to the exhibition of Maelzel.*

1. The moves of the Turk are not made at regular intervals of time, but accommodate themselves to the moves of the antagonist—although this point (of regularity) so important in all kinds of mechanical contrivance, might have been readily brought about by limiting the time allowed for the moves of the antagonist. For example, if this limit were three minutes, the moves of the Automaton might be made at any given intervals longer than three minutes. The fact then of irregularity, when regularity might have been so easily attained, goes to prove that regularity is unimportant to the action of the Automaton—in other words, that the Automaton is not a *pure machine*.

2. When the Automaton is about to move a piece, a distinct motion is observable just beneath the left shoulder, and which motion agitates in a slight degree, the drapery covering the front of the left shoulder. This motion invariably precedes, by about two seconds, the movement of the arm itself—and the arm never, in any instance, moves without this preparatory motion in the shoulder. Now let the antagonist move a piece, and let the corresponding move be made by Maelzel, as usual, upon the board of the Automaton. Then let the antagonist narrowly watch the Automaton, until he detect the preparatory motion in the shoulder. Immediately upon detecting this motion, and before the arm itself begins to move, let him withdraw his piece, as if perceiving an error in his manoeuvre. It will then be seen that the movement of the arm, which, in all other cases, immediately succeeds the motion in the shoulder, is withheld—is not made—although Maelzel has not yet performed, on the board of the Automaton, any move corresponding to the withdrawal of the an-

tagonist. In this case, that the Automaton was about to move is evident—and that he did not move, was an effect plainly produced by the withdrawal of the antagonist, and without any intervention of Maelzel.

This fact fully proves, 1—that the intervention of Maelzel, in performing the moves of the antagonist on the board of the Automaton, is not essential to the movements of the Automaton, 2—that its movements are regulated by *mind*—by some person who sees the board of the antagonist, 3—that its movements are not regulated by the mind of Maelzel, whose back was turned towards the antagonist at the withdrawal of his move.

3. The Automaton does not invariably win the game. Were the machine a pure machine this would not be the case—it would always win. The *principle* being discovered by which a machine can be made to *play* a game of chess, an extension of the same principle would enable it to *win* a game—a farther extension would enable it to *win all* games—that is, to beat any possible game of an antagonist. A little consideration will convince any one that the difficulty of making a machine beat all games, is not in the least degree greater, as regards the principle of the operations necessary, than that of making it beat a single game. If then we regard the Chess-Player as a machine, we must suppose, (what is highly improbable,) that its inventor preferred leaving it incomplete to perfecting it—a supposition rendered still more absurd, when we reflect that the leaving it incomplete would afford an argument against the possibility of its being a pure machine—the very argument we now adduce.

4. When the situation of the game is difficult or complex, we never perceive the Turk either shake his head or roll his eyes. It is only when his next move is obvious, or when the game is so circumstanced that to a man in the Automaton's place there would be no necessity for reflection. Now these peculiar movements of the head and eyes are movements customary with persons engaged in meditation, and the ingenious Baron Kempelen would have adapted these movements (were the machine a pure machine) to occasions proper for their display—that is, to occasions of complexity. But the reverse is seen to be the case, and this reverse applies precisely to our supposition of a man in the interior. When engaged in meditation about the game he has no time to think of setting in motion the mechanism of the Automaton by which are moved the head and the eyes. When the game, however, is obvious, he has time to look about him, and, accordingly, we see the head shake and the eyes roll.

5. When the machine is rolled round to allow the spectators an examination of the back of the Turk, and when his drapery is lifted up and the doors in the trunk and thigh thrown open, the interior of the trunk is seen to be crowded with machinery. In scrutinizing this machinery while the Automaton was in motion, that is to say while the whole machine was moving on the castors, it appeared to us that certain portions of the mechanism changed their shape and position in a degree too great to be accounted for by the simple laws of perspective; and subsequent examinations convinced us that these undue alterations were attributable to mirrors in the interior of the trunk. The introduction of mirrors among the machinery could not have been

*Some of these observations are intended merely to prove that the machine must be regulated by *mind*, and it may be thought a work of supererogation to advance farther arguments in support of what has been already fully decided. But our object is to convince, in especial, certain of our friends upon whom a train of suggestive reasoning will have more influence than the most positive *a priori* demonstration.

intended to influence, in any degree, the machinery itself. Their operation, whatever that operation should prove to be, must necessarily have reference to the eye of the spectator. We at once concluded that these mirrors were so placed to multiply to the vision some few pieces of machinery within the trunk so as to give it the appearance of being crowded with mechanism. Now the direct inference from this is that the machine is not a pure machine. For if it were, the inventor, so far from wishing its mechanism to appear complex, and using deception for the purpose of giving it this appearance, would have been especially desirous of convincing those who witnessed his exhibition, of the *simplicity* of the means by which results so wonderful were brought about.

6. The external appearance, and, especially, the deportment of the Turk, are, when we consider them as imitations of *life*, but very indifferent imitations. The countenance evinces no ingenuity, and is surpassed, in its resemblance to the human face, by the very commonest of wax-works. The eyes roll unnaturally in the head, without any corresponding motions of the lids or brows. The arm, particularly, performs its operations in an exceedingly stiff, awkward, jerking, and rectangular manner. Now, all this is the result either of inability in Maelzel to do better, or of intentional neglect—accidental neglect being out of the question, when we consider that the whole time of the ingenious proprietor is occupied in the improvement of his machines. Most assuredly we must not refer the unlife-like appearances to inability—for all the rest of Maelzel's automata are evidence of his full ability to copy the motions and peculiarities of life with the most wonderful exactitude. The rope-dancers, for example, are inimitable. When the clown laughs, his lips, his eyes, his eye-brows, and eye-lids—indeed, all the features of his countenance—are imbued with their appropriate expressions. In both him and his companion, every gesture is so entirely easy, and free from the semblance of artificiality, that, were it not for the diminutiveness of their size, and the fact of their being passed from one spectator to another previous to their exhibition on the rope, it would be difficult to convince any assemblage of persons that these wooden automata were not living creatures. We cannot, therefore, doubt Mr. Maelzel's ability, and we must necessarily suppose that he intentionally suffered his Chess-Player to remain the same artificial and unnatural figure which Baron Kempelen (no doubt also through design) originally made it. What this design was it is not difficult to conceive. Were the Automaton life-like in its motions, the spectator would be more apt to attribute its operations to their true cause, (that is, to human agency within) than he is now, when the awkward and rectangular manœuvres convey the idea of pure and unaided mechanism.

7. When, a short time previous to the commencement of the game, the Automaton is wound up by the exhibitor as usual, an ear in any degree accustomed to the sounds produced in winding up a system of machinery, will not fail to discover, instantaneously, that the axis turned by the key in the box of the Chess-Player, cannot possibly be connected with either a weight, a spring, or any system of machinery whatever. The inference here is the same as in our last observation. The wind-

ing up is inessential to the operations of the Automaton, and is performed with the design of exciting in the spectators the false idea of mechanism.

8. When the question is demanded explicitly of Maelzel—"Is the Automaton a pure machine or not?" his reply is invariably the same—"I will say nothing about it." Now the notoriety of the Automaton, and the great curiosity it has every where excited, are owing more especially to the prevalent opinion that it is a pure machine, than to any other circumstance. Of course, then, it is the interest of the proprietor to represent it as a pure machine. And what more obvious, and more effectual method could there be of impressing the spectators with this desired idea, than a positive and explicit declaration to that effect? On the other hand, what more obvious and effectual method could there be of exciting a disbelief in the Automaton's being a pure machine, than by withholding such explicit declaration? For, people will naturally reason thus,—It is Maelzel's interest to represent this thing a pure machine—he refuses to do so, directly, in words, although he does not scruple, and is evidently anxious to do so, indirectly by actions—were it actually what he wishes to represent it by actions, he would gladly avail himself of the more direct testimony of words—the inference is, that a consciousness of its *not* being a pure machine, is the reason of his silence—his actions cannot implicate him in a falsehood—his words may.

9. When, in exhibiting the interior of the box, Maelzel has thrown open the door No. 1, and also the door immediately behind it, he holds a lighted candle at the back door (as mentioned above) and moves the entire machine to and fro with a view of convincing the company that the cupboard No. 1 is entirely filled with machinery. When the machine is thus moved about, it will be apparent to any careful observer, that whereas that portion of the machinery near the front door No. 1, is perfectly steady and unwavering, the portion farther within fluctuates, in a very slight degree, with the movements of the machine. This circumstance first aroused in us the suspicion that the more remote portion of the machinery was so arranged as to be easily slipped, *à masse*, from its position when occasion should require it. This occasion we have already stated to occur when the man concealed within brings his body into an erect position upon the closing of the back door.

10. Sir David Brewster states the figure of the Turk to be of the size of life—but in fact it is far above the ordinary size. Nothing is more easy than to err in our notions of magnitude. The body of the Automaton is generally insulated, and, having no means of immediately comparing it with any human form, we suffer ourselves to consider it as of ordinary dimensions. This mistake may, however, be corrected by observing the Chess-Player when, as is sometimes the case, the exhibitor approaches it. Mr. Maelzel, to be sure, is not very tall, but upon drawing near the machine, his head will be found at least eighteen inches below the head of the Turk, although the latter, it will be remembered, is in a sitting position.

11. The box behind which the Automaton is placed, is precisely three feet six inches long, two feet four inches deep, and two feet six inches high. These dimensions are fully sufficient for the accommodation of a man very much above the common size—and the main compart-

ment alone is capable of holding any ordinary man in the position we have mentioned as assumed by the person concealed. As these are facts, which any one who doubts them may prove by actual calculation, we deem it unnecessary to dwell upon them. We will only suggest that, although the top of the box is apparently a board of about three inches in thickness, the spectator may satisfy himself by stooping and looking up at it when the main compartment is open, that it is in reality very thin. The height of the drawer also will be misconceived by those who examine it in a cursory manner. There is a space of about three inches between the top of the drawer as seen from the exterior, and the bottom of the cupboard—a space which must be included in the height of the drawer. These contrivances to make the room within the box appear less than it actually is, are referrible to a design on the part of the inventor, to impress the company again with a false idea, viz. that no human being can be accommodated within the box.

12. The interior of the main compartment is lined throughout with cloth. This cloth we suppose to have a twofold object. A portion of it may form, when tightly stretched, the only partitions which there is any necessity for removing during the changes of the man's position, viz: the partition between the rear of the main compartment and the rear of the cupboard No. 1, and the partition between the main compartment, and the space behind the drawer when open. If we imagine this to be the case, the difficulty of shifting the partitions vanishes at once, if indeed any such difficulty could be supposed under any circumstances to exist. The second object of the cloth is to deaden and render indistinct all sounds occasioned by the movements of the person within.

13. The antagonist (as we have before observed) is not suffered to play at the board of the Automaton, but is seated at some distance from the machine. The reason which, most probably, would be assigned for this circumstance, if the question were demanded, is, that were the antagonist otherwise situated, his person would intervene between the machine and the spectators, and preclude the latter from a distinct view. But this difficulty might be easily obviated, either by elevating the seats of the company, or by turning the end of the box towards them during the game. The true cause of the restriction is, perhaps, very different. Were the antagonist seated in contact with the box, the secret would be liable to discovery, by his detecting, with the aid of a quick ear, the breathings of the man concealed.

14. Although M. Maelzel, in disclosing the interior of the machine, sometimes slightly deviates from the routine which we have pointed out, yet never in any instance does he so deviate from it as to interfere with our solution. For example, he has been known to open, first of all, the drawer—but he never opens the main compartment without first closing the back door of cupboard No. 1—he never opens the main compartment without first pulling out the drawer—he never shuts the drawer without first shutting the main compartment—he never opens the back door of cupboard No. 1 while the main compartment is open—and the game of chess is never commenced until the whole machine is closed. Now, if it were observed that never, in

any single instance, did M. Maelzel differ from the routine we have pointed out as necessary to our solution, it would be one of the strongest possible arguments in corroboration of it—but the argument becomes infinitely strengthened if we duly consider the circumstance that he *does occasionally* deviate from the routine, but never does so deviate as to falsify the solution.

15. There are six candles on the board of the Automaton during exhibition. The question naturally arises—"Why are so many employed, when a single candle, or, at farthest, two, would have been amply sufficient to afford the spectators a clear view of the board, in a room otherwise so well lit up as the exhibition room always is—when, moreover, if we suppose the machine a *pure machine*, there can be no necessity for so much light, or indeed any light at all, to enable it to perform its operations—and when, especially, only a single candle is placed upon the table of the antagonist?" The first and most obvious inference is, that so strong a light is requisite to enable the man within to see through the transparent material (probably fine gauze) of which the breast of the Turk is composed. But when we consider the arrangement of the candles, another reason immediately presents itself. There are six lights (as we have said before) in all. Three of these are on each side of the figure. Those most remote from the spectators are the longest—those in the middle are about two inches shorter—and those nearest the company about two inches shorter still—and the candles on one side differ in height from the candles respectively opposite on the other, by a ratio different from two inches—that is to say, the longest candle on one side is about three inches shorter than the longest candle on the other, and so on. Thus it will be seen that no two of the candles are of the same height, and thus also the difficulty of ascertaining the material of the breast of the figure (against which the light is especially directed) is greatly augmented by the dazzling effect of the complicated crossings of the rays—crossings which are brought about by placing the centres of radiation all upon different levels.

16. While the Chess-Player was in possession of Baron Kempelen, it was more than once observed, first, that an Italian in the suite of the Baron was never visible during the playing of a game at chess by the Turk, and, secondly, that the Italian being taken seriously ill, the exhibition was suspended until his recovery. This Italian professed a total ignorance of the game of chess, although all others of the suite played well. Similar observations have been made since the Automaton has been purchased by Maelzel. There is a man, Schlumberger, who attends him wherever he goes, but who has no ostensible occupation other than that of assisting in the packing and unpacking of the automata. This man is about the medium size, and has a remarkable stoop in the shoulders. Whether he professes to play chess or not, we are not informed. It is quite certain, however, that he is never to be seen during the exhibition of the Chess-Player, although frequently visible just before and just after the exhibition. Moreover, some years ago Maelzel visited Richmond with his automata, and exhibited them, we believe, in the house now occupied by M. Bossieux as a Dancing Academy. Schlumberger was suddenly taken ill, and during his illness there was no exhibition of the Chess-

Player. These facts are well known to many of our citizens. The reason assigned for the suspension of the Chess-Player's performances, was *not* the illness of *Schlumberger*. The inferences from all this we leave, without farther comment, to the reader.

17. The Turk plays with his *left* arm. A circumstance so remarkable cannot be accidental. Brewster takes no notice of it whatever, beyond a mere statement, we believe, that such is the fact. The early writers of treatises on the Automaton, seem not to have observed the matter at all, and have no reference to it. The author of the pamphlet alluded to by Brewster, mentions it, but acknowledges his inability to account for it. Yet it is obviously from such prominent discrepancies or incongruities as this that deductions are to be made (if made at all) which shall lead us to the truth.

The circumstance of the Automaton's playing with his left hand cannot have connexion with the operations of the machine, considered merely as such. Any mechanical arrangement which would cause the figure to move, in any given manner, the left arm—could, if reversed, cause it to move, in the same manner, the right. But these principles cannot be extended to the human organization, wherein there is a marked and radical difference in the construction, and, at all events, in the powers, of the right and left arms. Reflecting upon this latter fact, we naturally refer the incongruity noticeable in the Chess-Player to this peculiarity in the human organization. If so, we must imagine some *reversion*—for the Chess-Player plays precisely as a man *would not*. These ideas, once entertained, are sufficient of themselves, to suggest the notion of a man in the interior. A few more imperceptible steps lead us, finally, to the result. The Automaton plays with his left arm, because under no other circumstances could the man within play with his right—a *desideratum* of course. Let us, for example, imagine the Automaton to play with his right arm. To reach the machinery which moves the arm, and which we have before explained to lie just beneath the shoulder, it would be necessary for the man within either to use his right arm in an exceedingly painful and awkward position, (viz. brought up close to his body and tightly compressed between his body and the side of the Automaton,) or else to use his left arm brought across his breast. In neither case could he act with the requisite ease or precision. On the contrary, the Automaton playing, as it actually does, with the left arm, all difficulties vanish. The right arm of the man within is brought across his breast, and his right fingers act, without any constraint, upon the machinery in the shoulder of the figure.

We do not believe that any reasonable objections can be urged against this solution of the Automaton Chess-Player.

CRITICAL NOTICES.

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DRAKE—HALLECK.

The Culprits Fay, and other Poems, by Joseph Rodman Drake. New York: George Dearborn.

Alnwick Castle, with other Poems, by Fitz Greene Halleck. New York: George Dearborn.

Before entering upon the detailed notice which we propose of the volumes before us, we wish to speak a few words in regard to the present state of American criticism.

It must be visible to all who meddle with literary matters, that of late years a thorough revolution has been effected in the censorship of our press. That this revolution is infinitely for the worse we believe. There was a time, it is true, when we cringed to foreign opinion—let us even say when we paid a most servile deference to British critical dicta. That an American book could, by any possibility, be worthy perusal, was an idea by no means extensively prevalent in the land; and if we were induced to read at all the productions of our native writers, it was only after repeated assurances from England that such productions were not altogether contemptible. But there was, at all events, a shadow of excuse, and a slight basis of reason for a subserviency so grotesque. Even now, perhaps, it would not be far wrong to assert that such basis of reason may still exist. Let us grant that in many of the abstract sciences—that even in Theology, in Medicine, in Law, in Oratory, in the Mechanical Arts, we have no competitors whatever, still nothing but the most egregious national vanity would assign us a place, in the matter of Polite Literature, upon a level with the elder and riper climes of Europe, the earliest steps of whose children are among the groves of magnificently endowed Academics, and whose innumerable men of leisure, and of consequent learning, drink daily from those august fountains of inspiration which burst around them every where from out the tombs of their immortal dead, and from out their hoary and trophied monuments of chivalry and song. In paying then, as a nation, a respectful and not undue deference to a supremacy rarely questioned but by prejudice or ignorance, we should, of course, be doing nothing more than acting in a rational manner. The *excess* of our subserviency was blameable—but, as we have before said, this very excess might have found a shadow of excuse in the strict justice, if properly regulated, of the principle from which it issued. Not so, however, with our present follies. We are becoming boisterous and arrogant in the pride of a too speedily assumed literary freedom. We throw off, with the most presumptuous and unmeaning hauteur, *all* deference whatever to foreign opinion—we forget, in the puerile inflation of vanity, that *the world* is the true theatre of the biblical histrio—we get up a hue and cry about the necessity of encouraging native writers of merit—we blindly fancy that we can accomplish this by indiscriminate puffing of good, bad, and indifferent, without taking the trouble to consider that what we choose to denominate encouragement is thus, by its general application, rendered precisely the reverse. In a word, so far from being ashamed of the many disgraceful literary failures to which our own inordinate vanities and misapplied patriotism have lately given birth, and so far from deeply lamenting that these daily puerilities are of home manufacture, we adhere pertinaciously to our original blindly conceived idea, and thus often find ourselves involved in the gross paradox of liking a stupid book the better, because, sure enough, its stupidity is American.*

Deeply lamenting this unjustifiable state of public

* This charge of indiscriminate puffing will, of course, only apply to the *general* character of our criticism—there are some noble exceptions. We wish also especially to discriminate between those *notices* of new works which are intended merely to call public attention to them, and deliberate criticism on the works themselves.

feeling, it has been our constant endeavor, since assuming the Editorial duties of this Journal, to stem, with what little abilities we possess, a current so disastrously undermining the health and prosperity of our literature. We have seen our efforts applauded by men whose applauses we value. From all quarters we have received abundant private as well as public testimonials in favor of our *Critical Notices*, and, until very lately, have heard from no respectable source one word impugning their integrity or candor. In looking over, however, a number of the *New York Commercial Advertiser*, we meet with the following paragraph.

The last number of the Southern Literary Messenger is very readable and respectable. The contributions to the Messenger are much better than the original matter. The critical department of this work—much as it would seem to boast itself of impartiality and discernment,—is in our opinion decidedly *quacky*. There is in it a great assumption of acumen, which is completely unsustained. Many a work has been slashingly condemned therein, of which the critic himself could not write a page, were he to die for it. This affectation of eccentric sternness in criticism, without the power to back one's suit withal, so far from deserving praise, as some suppose, merits the strongest reprehension.—(*Philadelphia Gazette*).

We are entirely of opinion with the *Philadelphia Gazette* in relation to the Southern Literary Messenger, and take this occasion to express our total dissent from the numerous and lavish encomiums we have seen bestowed upon its critical notices. Some few of them have been judicious, fair and candid; bestowing praise and censure with judgment and impartiality; but by far the greater number of those we have read, have been flippant, unjust, untenable and uncritical. The duty of the critic is to act as judge, not as enemy, of the writer whom he reviews; a distinction of which the Zoilus of the Messenger seems not to be aware. It is possible to review a book severely, without bestowing opprobrious epithets upon the writer: to condemn with courtesy, if not with kindness. The critic of the Messenger has been eulogized for his scorching and scaring abilities, and he thinks it incumbent upon him to keep up his reputation in that line, by sneers, sarcasm, and downright abuse; by straining his vision with microscopic intensity in search of faults, and shutting his eyes, with all his might, to beauties. Moreover, we have detected him, more than once, in blunders quite as gross as those on which it was his pleasure to descant.*

In the paragraph from the *Philadelphia Gazette*, (which is edited by Mr. Willis Gaylord Clark, one of the Editors of the *Knickerbocker*) we find nothing at which we have any desire to take exception. Mr. C. has a right to think us *quacky* if he pleases, and we do not remember having assumed for a moment that we could write a single line of the works we have reviewed. But there is something equivocal, to say the least, in the remarks of Col. Stone. He acknowledges that "some of our notices have been judicious, fair, and candid, bestowing praise and censure with judgment and impartiality." This being the case, how can he reconcile his total dissent from the public verdict in our favor, with the

dictates of justice? We are accused too of bestowing "opprobrious epithets" upon writers whom we review, and in the paragraph so accusing us we are called nothing less than "flippant, unjust, and uncritical."

But there is another point of which we disapprove. While in our reviews we have at all times been particularly careful not to deal in generalities, and have never, if we remember aright, advanced in any single instance an unsupported assertion, our accuser has forgotten to give us any better evidence of our flippancy, injustice, personality, and gross blundering, than the solitary dictum of Col. Stone. We call upon the Colonel for assistance in this dilemma. We wish to be shown our blunders that we may correct them—to be made aware of our flippancy, that we may avoid it hereafter—and above all to have our personalities pointed out that we may proceed forthwith with a repentant spirit, to make the *amende honorable*. In default of this aid from the Editor of the *Commercial* we shall take it for granted that we are neither blunderers, flippant, personal, nor unjust.

Who will deny that in regard to individual poems no definitive opinions can exist, so long as to Poetry in the abstract we attach no definitive idea? Yet it is a common thing to hear our critics, day after day, pronounce, with a positive air, laudatory or condemnatory sentences, *en masse*, upon metrical works of whose merits and demerits they have, in the first place, virtually confessed an utter ignorance, in confessing ignorance of all determinate principles by which to regulate a decision. Poetry has never been defined to the satisfaction of all parties. Perhaps, in the present condition of language it never will be. Words cannot hem it in. Its intangible and purely spiritual nature refuses to be bound down within the widest horizon of mere sounds. But it is not, therefore, misunderstood—at least, not by all men is it misunderstood. Very far from it. If, indeed, there be any one circle of thought distinctly and palpably marked out from amid the jarring and tumultuous chaos of human intelligence, it is that evergreen and radiant Paradise which the true poet knows, and knows alone, as the limited realm of his authority—as the circumscribed Eden of his dreams. But a definition is a thing of words—a conception of ideas. And thus while we readily believe that Poesy, the term, it will be troublesome, if not impossible to define—still, with its image vividly existing in the world, we apprehend no difficulty in so describing Poesy, the Sentiment, as to imbue even the most obtuse intellect with a comprehension of it sufficiently distinct for all the purposes of practical analysis.

To look upwards from any existence, material or immaterial, to its *design*, is, perhaps, the most direct, and the most unerring method of attaining a just notion of the nature of the existence itself. Nor is the principle at fault when we turn our eyes from Nature even to Nature's God. We find certain faculties implanted within us, and arrive at a more plausible conception of the character and attributes of those faculties, by considering, with what finite judgment we possess, the intention of the Deity in so implanting them within us, than by any actual investigation of their powers, or any speculative deductions from their visible and material effects. Thus, for example, we discover in all men a disposition to look with reverence upon supe-

* In addition to these things we observe, in the *New York Mirror*, what follows: "Those who have read the Notices of American books in a certain Southern Monthly, which is striving to gain notoriety by the loudness of its abuse, may find amusement in the sketch on another page, entitled 'The Successful Novel.' The Southern Literary Messenger knows *nothing* by experience of what it is to write a successful novel." We have, in this case, only to deny, flatly, the assertion of the *Mirror*. The Editor of the Messenger never in his life wrote or published, or attempted to publish, a novel either successful or successful.

riority, whether real or supposititious. In some, this disposition is to be recognized with difficulty, and, in very peculiar cases, we are occasionally even led to doubt its existence altogether, until circumstances beyond the common routine bring it accidentally into development. In others again it forms a prominent and distinctive feature of character, and is rendered palpably evident in its excesses. But in all human beings it is, in a greater or less degree, finally perceptible. It has been, therefore, justly considered a primitive sentiment. Phrenologists call it Veneration. It is, indeed, the instinct given to man by God as security for his own worship. And although, preserving its nature, it becomes perverted from its principal purpose, and although, swerving from that purpose, it serves to modify the relations of human society—the relations of father and child, of master and slave, of the ruler and the ruled—its primitive essence is nevertheless the same, and by a reference to primal causes, may at any moment be determined.

Very nearly akin to this feeling, and liable to the same analysis, is the Faculty of Ideality—which is the sentiment of Poesy. This sentiment is the sense of the beautiful, of the sublime, and of the mystical.* Thence spring immediately admiration of the fair flowers, the fairer forests, the bright valleys and rivers and mountains of the Earth—and love of the gleaming stars and other burning glories of Heaven—and, mingled up inextricably with this love and this admiration of Heaven and of Earth, the unconquerable desire—to know. Poesy is the sentiment of Intellectual Happiness here, and the Hope of a higher Intellectual Happiness hereafter.† Imagination is its Soul.‡ With the *passions* of

* We separate the sublime and the mystical—for, despite of high authorities, we are firmly convinced that the latter may exist, in the most vivid degree, without giving rise to the sense of the former.

† The consciousness of this truth was possessed by no mortal more fully than by Shelley, although he has only once especially alluded to it. In his *Hymn to Intellectual Beauty* we find these lines.

While yet a boy I sought for ghosts, and sped
Through many a listening chamber, cave and ruin,
And starlight wood, with fearful steps pursuing
Hopes of high talk with the departed dead:
I called on poisonous names with which our youth is fed:
I was not heard: I saw them not.
When musing deeply on the lot
Of life at that sweet time when birds are wooing
All vital things that wake to bring
News of buds and blossoming
Sudden thy shadow fell on me—
I shrieked and clasp'd my hands in ecstasy!
I vow'd that I would dedicate my powers
To thee and thine: have I not kept the vow?
With beating heart and streaming eyes, even now
I call the phantoms of a thousand hours
Each from his voiceless grave: they have in vision'd bowers
Of studious zeal or love's delight
Outwatch'd with me the envious night:
They know that never joy illum'd my brow,
Unlink'd with hope that thou wouldst free,
This world from its dark slavery,
That thou, O awful Loveliness,
Wouldst give what'er these words cannot express.

‡ Imagination is, possibly, in man, a lesser degree of the creative power in God. What the Deity imagines, *is*, but *was not* before. What man imagines, *is*, but *was also*. The mind of man cannot imagine what *is not*. This latter point may be demonstrated.—See *Les Premiers Traits de L'Erudition Universelle*, par M. Le Baron de Biefeld, 1767.

mankind—although it may modify them greatly—although it may exalt, or inflame, or purify, or control them—it would require little ingenuity to prove that it has no inevitable, and indeed no necessary co-existence. We have hitherto spoken of Poetry in the abstract: we come now to speak of it in its every-day acceptance—that is to say, of the practical result arising from the sentiment we have considered.

And now it appears evident, that since Poetry, in this new sense, is the practical result, expressed in language, of this Poetic Sentiment in certain individuals, the only proper method of testing the merits of a poem is by measuring its capabilities of exciting the Poetic Sentiment in others. And to this end we have many aids—in observation, in experience, in ethical analysis, and in the dictates of common sense. Hence the *Poeta nascitur*, which is indisputably true if we consider the Poetic Sentiment, becomes the merest of absurdities when we regard it in reference to the practical result. We do not hesitate to say that a man highly endowed with the powers of Causality—that is to say, a man of metaphysical acumen—will, even with a very deficient share of Ideality, compose a finer poem (if we test it, as we should, by its measure of exciting the Poetic Sentiment) than one who, without such metaphysical acumen, shall be gifted, in the most extraordinary degree, with the faculty of Ideality. For a poem is not the Poetic faculty, but the *means* of exciting it in mankind. Now these means the metaphysician may discover by analysis of their effects in other cases than his own, without even conceiving the nature of these effects—thus arriving at a result which the unaided Ideality of his competitor would be utterly unable, except by accident, to attain. It is more than possible that the man who, of all writers, living or dead, has been most successful in writing the purest of all poems—that is to say, poems which excite most purely, most exclusively, and most powerfully the imaginative faculties in men—owed his extraordinary and almost magical pre-eminence rather to metaphysical than poetical powers. We allude to the author of Christabel, of the Rime of the Ancient Mariner, and of Love—to Coleridge—whose head, if we mistake not its character, gave no great phrenological tokens of Ideality, while the organs of Causality and Comparison were most singularly developed.

Perhaps at this particular moment there are no American poems held in so high estimation by our countrymen, as the poems of Drake, and of Halleck. The exertions of Mr. George Dearborn have no doubt a far greater share in creating this feeling than the lovers of literature for its own sake and spiritual uses would be willing to admit. We have indeed seldom seen more beautiful volumes than the volumes now before us. But an adventitious interest of a loftier nature—the interest of the living in the memory of the beloved dead—attaches itself to the few literary remains of Drake. The poems which are now given to us with his name are nineteen in number; and whether all, or whether even the best of his writings, it is our present purpose to speak of these alone, since upon this edition his poetical reputation to all time will most probably depend.

It is only lately that we have read *The Culprit Feg*. This is a poem of six hundred and forty irregular lines, generally iambic, and divided into thirty six stanzas, of

unequal length. The scene of the narrative, as we ascertain from the single line,

The moon looks down on old Cronest,
is principally in the vicinity of West Point on the Hudson. The plot is as follows. An Ouphe, one of the race of Fairies, has "broken his vestal vow,"

He has loved an earthly maid
And left for her his woodland shade;
He has lain upon her lip of dew,
And sunned him in her eye of blue,
Fann'd her cheek with his wing of air,
Play'd with the ringlets of her hair,
And, nestling on her snowy breast,
Forgot the lily-king's behest—

in short, he has broken Fairy-law in becoming enamored of a mortal. The result of this misdemeanor we could not express so well as the poet, and will therefore make use of the language put into the mouth of the Fairy-King who reprimands the criminal.

Fairy! Fairy! list and mark,
Thou hast broke thine elfin chain,
Thy flame-wood lamp is quenched and dark
And thy wings are dyed with a deadly stain.

The Ouphe being in this predicament, it has become necessary that his case and crime should be investigated by a jury of his fellows, and to this end the "shadowy tribes of air" are summoned by the "sentry elf" who has been awakened by the "wood-tick"—are summoned we say to the "elfin-court" at midnight to hear the doom of the *Culprit Fay*.

"Had a stain been found on the earthly fair" whose blandishments so bewildered the little Ouphe, his punishment had been severe indeed. In such case he would have been (as we learn from the Fairy judge's exposition of the criminal code,)

Tied to the hornet's shardy wings;
Tossed on the pricks of nettles' stings;
Or seven long ages doomed to dwell
With the lazy worm in the walnut shell;
Or every night to writhe and bleed
Beneath the tread of the centipede;
Or bound in a cobweb dungeon dim,
His jailer a spider huge and grim,
Amid the carrion bodies to lie
Of the worm and the bug and the murdered fly—

Fortunately, however, for the Culprit, his mistress is proved to be of "sinless mind" and under such redeeming circumstances the sentence is, mildly, as follows—

Thou shalt seek the beach of sand
Where the water bounds the elfin land,
Thou shalt watch the oozy brine
Till the sturgeon leaps in the bright moonshine,
Then dart the glistening arch below,
And catch a drop from his silver bow.

* * * * *
If the spray-bead gem be won
The stain of thy wing is washed away,
But another errand must be done
Ere thy crime be lost for aye;
Thy flame-wood lamp is quenched and dark,
Thou must re-illumine its spark.
Mount thy steed and spur him high
To the heaven's blue canopy;
And when thou seest a shooting star
Follow it fast and follow it far—
The last faint spark of its burning train
Shall light the elfin lamp again."

Upon this sin, and upon this sentence, depends the web of the narrative, which is now occupied with the

elfin difficulties overcome by the Ouphe in washing away the stain of his wing, and re-illuminating his flame-wood lamp. His soiled pinion having lost its power, he is under the necessity of wending his way on foot from the Elfyn court upon Cronest to the river beach at its base. His path is encumbered at every step with "bog and briar," with "brook and mire," with "beds of tangled fern," with "groves of nightshade," and with the minor evils of ant and snake. Happily, however, a spotted toad coming in sight, our adventurer jumps upon her back, and "bridling her mouth with a silk-weed twist" bounds merrily along

'Till the mountain's magic verge is past
And the beach of sand is reached at last.

Alighting now from his "courser-toad" the Ouphe folds his wings around his bosom, springs on a rock, breathes a prayer, throws his arms above his head,

Then tosses a tiny curve in air
And plunges in the waters blue.

Here, however, a host of difficulties await him by far too multitudinous to enumerate. We will content ourselves with simply stating the names of his most respectable assailants. These are the "spirits of the waves" dressed in "snail-plate armor" and aided by the "mailed shrimp," the "prickly prong," the "blood-red leech," the "stony star-fish," the "jellied quarl," the "soldier crab," and the "lancing squab." But the hopes of our hero are high, and his limbs are strong, so

He spreads his arms like the swallow's wing
And throws his feet with a frog-like fling.

All, however is to no purpose.

On his thigh the leech has fixed his hold,
The quarl's long arms are round him roll'd,
The prickly prong has pierced his skin,
And the squab has thrown his javelin,
The gritty star has rubb'd him raw,
And the crab has struck with his giant claw;
He bawls with rage, and he shrieks with pain
He strikes around but his blows are vain—

So then,

He turns him round and flies amain
With hurry and dash to the beach again.

Arrived safely on land our Fairy friend now gathers the dew from the "sorrel-leaf and henbane-bud" and bathing therewith his wounds, finally ties them up with cobweb. Thus recruited, he

—treads the fatal shore
As fresh and vigorous as before.

At length espying a "purple-muscle shell" upon the beach, he determines to use it as a boat, and thus evade the animosity of the water-spirits whose powers extend not above the wave. Making a "sculler's notch" in the stern, and providing himself with an oar of the bootle-blade, the Ouphe a second time ventures upon the deep. His perils are now diminished, but still great. Theimps of the river heave the billows up before the prow of the boat, dash the surges against her side, and strike against her keel. The quarl uprears "his island-back" in her path, and the scallop, floating in the rear of the vessel, spatters it all over with water. Our adventurer however, bails it out with the colen bell (which he has luckily provided for the purpose of catching the drop from the silver bow of the sturgeon,) and keeping his little bark warily trimmed, holds on his course undiscomfited.

The object of his first adventure is at length discovered in a "brown-backed sturgeon," who

Like the heaven-shot javelin
Springs above the waters blue,
And, instant as the star-fall light
Plunges him in the deep again,
But leaves an arch of silver bright,
The rainbow of the moony main.

From this rainbow our Ouphe succeeds in catching, by means of his colen-bell cup, a "droplet of the sparkling dew." One half of his task is accordingly done—

His wings are pure, for the gem is won.

On his return to land, the ripples divide before him, while the water-spirits, so rancorous before, are obsequiously attentive to his comfort. Having tarried a moment on the beach to breathe a prayer, he "spreads his wings of gilded blue" and takes his way to the elfin court—there resting until the cricket, at two in the morning, rouses him up for the second portion of his penance.

His equipments are now an "acorn helmet," a "thistle-down plume," a corslet of the "wild-bee's" skin, a cloak of the "wings of butterflies," a shield of the "shell of the lady-bug," for lance "the sting of a wasp," for sword a "blade of grass," for horse "a fire-fly," and for spurs a couple of "cockle seed." Thus accoutred,

Away like a glance of thought he flies
To skim the heavens and follow far
The fiery trail of the rocket-star.

In the Heavens he has new dangers to encounter. The "shapes of air" have begun their work—a "drizzly mist" is cast around him—"storm, darkness, sleet and shade" assail him—"shadowy hands" twitch at his bridle-rein—"flame-shot tongues" play around him—"fiendish eyes" glare upon him—and

Yells of rage and shrieks of fear
Come screaming on his startled ear.

Still our adventurer is nothing daunted.

He thrusts before, and he strikes behind,
Till he pierces the cloudy bodies through
And gashes the shadowy limbs of wind,

and the Elfín makes no stop, until he reaches the "bank of the milky way." He there checks his courser, and watches "for the glimpse of the planet shoot." While thus engaged, however, an unexpected adventure befalls him. He is approached by a company of the "sylphs of Heaven attired in sunset's crimson pall." They dance around him, and "skip before him on the plain." One receiving his "wasp-sting lance," and another taking his bridle-rein,

With warblings wild they lead him on,
To where, through clouds of amber seen,
Studded with stars resplendent shone
The palace of the sylphid queen.

A glowing description of the queen's beauty follows; and as the form of an earthly Fay had never been seen before in the bowers of light, she is represented as falling desperately in love at first sight with our adventurous Ouphe. He returns the compliment in some measure, of course; but, although "his heart bent fitfully," the "earthly form imprinted there" was a security against a too vivid impression. He declines, consequently, the invitation of the queen to remain with her and amuse himself by "lying within the fleecy

drift," "hanging upon the rainbow's rim," having his "brow adorned with all the jewels of the sky," "sitting within the Pleiad ring," "resting upon Orion's belt," "riding upon the lightning's gleam," "dancing upon the orb'd moon," and "swimming within the milky way."

Lady, he cries, I have sworn to-night
On the word of a fairy knight
To do my sentence task aright.

The queen, therefore, contents herself with bidding the Fay an affectionate farewell—having first directed him carefully to that particular portion of the sky where a star is about to fall. He reaches this point in safety, and in despite of the "fiends of the cloud" who "bellow very loud," succeeds finally in catching a "glimmering spark" with which he returns triumphantly to Fairy-land. The poem closes with an *Io* Pean chaunted by the elves in honor of these glorious adventures.

It is more than probable that from among ten readers of the *Culprit Fay*, nine would immediately pronounce it a poem betokening the most extraordinary powers of imagination, and of these nine, perhaps five or six, poets themselves, and fully impressed with the truth of what we have already assumed, that Ideality is indeed the soul of the Poetic Sentiment, would feel embarrassed between a half-consciousness that they ought to admire the production, and a wonder that they do not. This embarrassment would then arise from an indistinct conception of the results in which Ideality is rendered manifest. Of these results some few are seen in the *Culprit Fay*, but the greater part of it is utterly destitute of any evidence of imagination whatever. The general character of the poem will, we think, be sufficiently understood by any one who may have taken the trouble to read our foregoing compendium of the narrative. It will be there seen that what is so frequently termed the imaginative power of this story, lies especially—we should have rather said is thought to lie—in the passages we have quoted, or in others of a precisely similar nature. These passages embody, principally, mere specifications of qualities, of habiliments, of punishments, of occupations, of circumstances &c, which the poet has believed in unison with the size, firstly, and secondly with the nature of his Fairies. To all which may be added specifications of other animal existences (such as the toad, the beetle, the lance-fly, the fire-fly and the like) supposed also to be in accordance. An example will best illustrate our meaning upon this point—we take it from page 20.

He put his acorn helmet on;
It was plumed of the silk of the thistle down:
The corslet plate that guarded his breast
Was once the wild bee's golden vest;
His cloak of a thousand mingled dyes,
Was formed of the wings of butterflies;
His shield was the shell of a lady-bug queen,
Studs of gold on a ground of green;*
And the quivering lance which he brandished bright
Was the sting of a wasp he had slain in fight.

We shall now be understood. Were any of the admirers of the *Culprit Fay* asked their opinion of these lines, they would most probably speak in high terms of the imagination they display. Yet let the most stolid and

* Cheenut color, or more slack,
Gold upon a ground of black. Ben Jonson.

the most confessedly unpoetical of these admirers only try the experiment, and he will find, possibly to his extreme surprise, that he himself will have no difficulty whatever in substituting for the equipments of the Fairy, as assigned by the poet, other equipments equally comfortable, no doubt, and equally in unison with the preconceived size, character, and other qualities of the equipped. Why we could accoutre him as well ourselves—let us see.

His blue-bell helmet, we have heard,
Was plumed with the down of the humming-bird,
The corslet on his bosom bold
Was once the locust's coat of gold,
His cloak, of a thousand mingled hues,
Was the velvet violet, wet with dews,
His target was the crescent shell
Of the small sea Sidrophel,
And a glittering beam from a maiden's eye
Was the lance which he proudly wav'd on high.

The truth is, that the only requisite for writing verses of this nature, *ad libitum*, is a tolerable acquaintance with the qualities of the objects to be detailed, and a very moderate endowment of the faculty of Comparison—which is the chief constituent of *Fancy* or the powers of combination. A thousand such lines may be composed without exercising in the least degree the Poetic Sentiment, which is Ideality, Imagination, or the creative ability. And, as we have before said, the greater portion of the *Culprit Fay* is occupied with these, or similar things, and upon such, depends very nearly, if not altogether, its reputation. We select another example from page 25.

But oh! how fair the shape that lay
Beneath a rainbow bending bright,
She seem'd to the entranced Fay
The loveliest of the forms of light;
Her mantle was the purple rolled
At twilight in the west afar;
'Twas tied with threads of dawning gold,
And button'd with a sparkling star.
Her face was like the lily roon
That veils the vestal planet's hue;
Her eyes, two beamlets from the moon
Set floating in the welkin blue.
Her hair is like the sunny beam,
And the diamond gems which round it gleam
Are the pure drops of dewy even,
That ne'er have left their native heaven.

Here again the faculty of Comparison is alone exercised, and no mind possessing the faculty in any ordinary degree would find a difficulty in substituting for the materials employed by the poet other materials equally as good. But viewed as mere efforts of the *Fancy* and without reference to Ideality, the lines just quoted are much worse than those which were taken from page 20. A congruity was observable in the accoutrements of the Ouphe, and we had no trouble in forming a distinct conception of his appearance when so accoutred. But the most vivid powers of Comparison can attach no definitive idea to even "the loveliest form of light," when habited in a mantle of "rolled purple tied with threads of dawn and buttoned with a star," and sitting at the same time under a rainbow with "beamlet" eyes and a visage of "lily roon."

But if these things evince no Ideality in their author, do they not excite it in others?—if so, we must conclude, that without being himself imbued with the Poetic Sentiment, he has still succeeded in writing a fine poem

—a supposition as we have before endeavored to show, not altogether paradoxical. Most assuredly we think not. In the case of a great majority of readers the only sentiment aroused by compositions of this order is a species of vague wonder at the writer's *ingenuity*, and it is this indeterminate sense of wonder which passes but too frequently current for the proper influence of the Poetic power. For our own parts we plead guilty to a predominant sense of the ludicrous while occupied in the perusal of the poem before us—a sense whose promptings we sincerely and honestly endeavored to quell, perhaps not altogether successfully, while penning our compend of the narrative. That a feeling of this nature is utterly at war with the Poetic Sentiment, will not be disputed by those who comprehend the character of the sentiment itself. This character is finely shadowed out in that popular although vague idea so prevalent throughout all time, that a species of melancholy is inseparably connected with the higher manifestations of the beautiful. But with the numerous and seriously-adduced incongruities of the *Culprit Fay*, we find it generally impossible to connect other ideas than those of the ridiculous. We are bidden, in the first place, and in a tone of sentiment and language adapted to the loftiest breathings of the Muse, to imagine a race of Fairies in the vicinity of West Point. We are told, with a grave air, of their camp, of their king, and especially of their sentry, who is a wood-tick. We are informed that an Ouphe of about an inch in height has committed a deadly sin in falling in love with a mortal maiden, who may, very possibly, be six feet in her stockings. The consequence to the Ouphe is—what? Why, that he has "died his wings," "broken his elfin chain," and "quenched his flame-wood lamp." And he is therefore sentenced to what? To catch a spark from the tail of a falling star, and a drop of water from the belly of a sturgeon. What are his equipments for the first adventure? An acorn helmet, a thistle-down plume, a butterfly cloak, a lady-bug shield, cockle-seed spurs, and a fire-fly horse. How does he ride to the second? On the back of a bull-frog. What are his opponents in the one? "Drizzly mists," "sulphur and smoke," "shadowy hands" and "flame-shot tongues." What in the other? "Mailed shrimps," "prickly prongs," "blood-red leeches," "jellied quails," "stony star fishes," "lancing squabs" and "soldier crabs." Is that all? No—Although only an inch high he is in imminent danger of seduction from a "slyphid queen," dressed in a mantle of "rolled purple," "tied with threads of dawning gold," "buttoned with a sparkling star," and sitting under a rainbow with "beamlet eyes" and a countenance of "lily roon." In our account of all this matter we have had reference to the book—and to the book alone. It will be difficult to prove us guilty in any degree of distortion or exaggeration. Yet such are the puerilities we daily find ourselves called upon to admire, as among the loftiest efforts of the human mind, and which not to assign a rank with the proud trophies of the matured and vigorous genius of England, is to prove ourselves at once a fool, a maligner, and no patriot.*

* A review of Drake's poems, emanating from one of our proudest Universities, does not scruple to make use of the following language in relation to the *Culprit Fay*. "It is, to say the least, an elegant production, the purest specimen of Ideality

As an instance of what may be termed the sublimely ridiculous we quote the following lines from page 17.

With sweeping tail and quivering fin,
Through the wave the sturgeon flew,
And like the heaven-shot javelin,
He sprung above the waters blue.

Instant as the star-fall light,
He plunged into the deep again,
But left an arch of silver bright
The rainbow of the moony main.

*It was a strange and lovely sight
To see the puny goblin there;
He seemed an angel form of light
With azure wing and sunny hair,
Throned on a cloud of purple fair
Circled with blue and edged with white
And sitting at the fall of even
Beneath the bow of summer heaven.*

The verses here italicized, if considered without their context, have a certain air of dignity, elegance, and chastity of thought. If however we apply the context, we are immediately overwhelmed with the grotesque. It is impossible to read without laughing, such expressions as "It was a strange and lovely sight"—"He seemed an angel form of light"—"And sitting at the fall of even, beneath the bow of summer heaven" to a Fairy—a goblin—an Ouphe—half an inch high, dressed in an acorn helmet and butterfly-cloak, and sitting on the water in a muscle-shell, with a "brown-backed sturgeon" turning somersets over his head.

In a world where evil is a mere consequence of good, and good a mere consequence of evil—in short where all of which we have any conception is good or bad only by comparison—we have never yet been fully able to appreciate the validity of that decision which would debar the critic from enforcing upon his readers the merits or demerits of a work by placing it in juxtaposition with another. It seems to us that an adage based in the purest ignorance has had more to do with this popular feeling than any just reason founded upon common sense. Thinking thus, we shall have no scruple in illustrating our opinion in regard to what is not Ideality or the Poetic Power, by an example of what is.* We have already given the description of the Sylphid Queen in the *Culprit Fay*. In the *Queen Mab* of Shelley a Fairy is thus introduced—

Those who had looked upon the sight,
Passing all human glory,
Saw not the yellow moon,
Saw not the mortal scene,
Heard not the night wind's rush,
Heard not an earthly sound,
Saw but the fairy pageant,
Heard but the heavenly strains
That filled the lonely dwelling—

and thus described—

we have ever met with, sustaining in each incident a most bewitching interest. Its very title is enough," &c. &c. We quote these expressions as a fair specimen of the general unphilosophical and adulatory tenor of our criticism.

* As examples of entire poems of the purest Ideality, we would cite the *Prometheus Vinculus* of Æschylus, the *Inferno* of Dante, Cervantes' *Destruction of Numantia*, the *Comus* of Milton, Pope's *Rape of the Lock*, Burns' *Tam O' Shanter*, the *Ancient Mariner*, the *Christabel*, and the *Kubla Khan* of Coleridge; and most especially the *Sensitive Plant* of Shelley, and the *Nightingale* of Keats. We have seen American poems evincing the faculty in the highest degree.

The Fairy's frame was slight; yon fibrous cloud
That catches but the palest tinge of even,
And which the straining eye can hardly seize
When melting into eastern twilight's shadow,
Were scarce so thin, so slight; but the fair star
That gems the glittering coronet of morn,
*Sheds not a light so mild, so powerful,
As that which, bursting from the Fairy's form,
Spreads a purpureal halo round the scene,
Yet with an undulating motion,
Swayed to her outline gracefully.*

In these exquisite lines the Faculty of mere Comparison is but little exercised—that of Ideality in a wonderful degree. It is probable that in a similar case the poet we are now reviewing would have formed the face of the Fairy of the "fibrous cloud," her arms of the "pale tinge of even," her eyes of the "fair stars," and her body of the "twilight shadow." Having so done, his admirers would have congratulated him upon his imagination, not taking the trouble to think that they themselves could at any moment imagine a Fairy of materials equally as good, and conveying an equally distinct idea. Their mistake would be precisely analogous to that of many a schoolboy who admires the imagination displayed in *Jack the Giant-Killer*, and is finally rejoiced at discovering his own imagination to surpass that of the author, since the monsters destroyed by Jack are only about forty feet in height, and he himself has no trouble in imagining some of one hundred and forty. It will be seen that the Fairy of Shelley is not a mere compound of incongruous natural objects, inartificially put together, and unaccompanied by any moral sentiment—but a being, in the illustration of whose nature some physical elements are used collaterally as adjuncts, while the main conception springs immediately or thus apparently springs, from the brain of the poet, enveloped in the moral sentiments of grace, of color, of motion—of the beautiful, of the mystical, of the august—in short of the ideal.*

It is by no means our intention to deny that in the *Culprit Fay* are passages of a different order from those to which we have objected—passages evincing a degree of imagination not to be discovered in the plot, conception, or general execution of the poem. The opening stanza will afford us a tolerable example.

'Tis the middle watch of a summer's night—
The earth is dark, but the heavens are bright
Naught is seen in the vault on high
But the moon, and the stars, and the cloudless sky,
And the flood which rolls its milky hue
A river of light on the welkin blue.
The moon looks down on old Cronest,
She mellowes the shades of his shaggy breast,
And seems his huge grey form to throw
In a silver cone on the wave below;
His sides are broken by spots of shade,
By the walnut bough and the cedar made,
And through their clustering branches dark
Glimmers and dies the fire-fly's spark—
Like starry twinkles that momentarily break
Through the rifts of the gathering tempest rack.

There is Ideality in these lines—but except in the case of the words italicized—it is Ideality not of a high order. We have it is true, a collection of natural ob-

* Among things, which not only in our opinion, but in the opinion of far wiser and better men, are to be ranked with the mere prettinesses of the Muse, are the positive similes so abundant in the writings of antiquity, and so much insisted upon by the critics of the reign of Queen Anne.

jects, each individually of great beauty, and, if actually seen as in nature, capable of exciting in any mind, through the means of the Poetic Sentiment more or less inherent in all, a certain sense of the beautiful. But to view such natural objects as they exist, and to behold them through the medium of words, are different things. Let us pursue the idea that such a collection as we have here will produce, of necessity, the Poetic Sentiment, and we may as well make up our minds to believe that a catalogue of such expressions as moon, sky, trees, rivers, mountains &c, shall be capable of exciting it,—it is merely an extension of the principle. But in the line "the earth is dark, *but* the heavens are bright" besides the simple mention of the "dark earth" and the "bright heaven," we have, directly, the moral sentiment of the brightness of the sky compensating for the darkness of the earth—and thus, indirectly, of the happiness of a future state compensating for the miseries of a present. All this is effected by the simple introduction of the word *but* between the "dark heaven" and the "bright earth"—this introduction, however, was prompted by the Poetic Sentiment, and by the Poetic Sentiment alone. The case is analogous in the expression "glimmers and dies," where the imagination is exalted by the moral sentiment of beauty heightened in dissolution.

In one or two shorter passages of the *Culprit Fay* the poet will recognize the purely ideal, and be able at a glance to distinguish it from that baser alloy upon which we have descanted. We give them without farther comment.

The winds *are* *whist*, and the owl is still
The bat in the shelvy rock is *hid*
And naught is heard on the *lonely* hill
But the cricket's chirp and the answer *shrill*
Of the gauze-winged kate-did;
And the plaint of the *wailing* whippoorwill
Who mourns *unseen*, and ceaseless sings
Ever a note of wail and wo—

Up to the vaulted firmament
His path the fire-fly courser bent,
And at every gallop on the wind
He flung a *glittering* spark behind.

He blessed the force of the charmed line,
And he banned the water-goblins' spite,
For he saw around in the *sweet moonshine*,
Their *little wee* faces above the brine,
Giggling and laughing with all their might
At the piteous hap of the Fairy wight.

The poem "To a Friend" consists of fourteen Spenserian stanzas. They are fine spirited verses, and probably were not supposed by their author to be more. Stanza the fourth, although beginning nobly, concludes with that very common exemplification of the bathos, the illustrating natural objects of beauty or grandeur by reference to the tinsel of artificiality.

Oh! for a seat on Appalachia's brow,
That I might scan the glorious prospects round,
Wild waving woods, and rolling floods below,
Smooth level glades and fields with grain embrowned,
High heaving hills, with tufted forests crowned,
Rearing their tall tops to the heaven's blue dome,
And emerald isles, like banners green unwound,
Floating along the lake, while round them roam
Bright helms of billowy blue, and plumes of dancing foam.

In the *Extracts from Leon*, are passages not often surpassed in vigor of passionate thought and expression—and which induce us to believe not only that their au-

thor would have succeeded better in prose romance than in poetry, but that his attention would have naturally fallen into the former direction, had the Destroyer only spared him a little longer.

This poem contains also lines of far greater poetic power than any to be found in the *Culprit Fay*. For example—

The stars have lit in heaven their lamps of gold,
The *viewless* dew falls lightly on the world;
The gentle air *that softly sweeps the leaves*
A strain of faint unearthly music weaves:
As when the harp of heaven *remotely* plays,
Or cygnets *wail*—or song of *sorrowing* fays
That *float amid the moonshine glimmerings pale*,
On wings of woven air in some enchanted vale.*

Niagara is objectionable in many respects, and in none more so than in its frequent inversions of language, and the artificial character of its versification. The invocation,

Roar, raging torrent! and thou, mighty river,
Pour thy white foam on the valley below!
Frown ye dark mountains, &c.

is ludicrous—and nothing more. In general, all such invocations have an air of the burlesque. In the present instance we may fancy the majestic Niagara replying, "Most assuredly I will roar, whether, worm! thou tellest me or not."

The *American Flag* commences with a collection of those bald conceits, which we have already shown to have no dependence whatever upon the Poetic Power—springing altogether from Comparison.

When Freedom from her mountain height
Unfurled her standard to the air,
She tore the azure robe of night
And set the stars of glory there.
She mingled with its gorgeous dyes
The milky baldric of the skies,
And striped its pure celestial white
With streakings of the morning light;
Then from his mansion in the sun
She called her eagle bearer down
And gave into his mighty hand
The symbol of her chosen land.

Let us reduce all this to plain English, and we have—what? Why, a flag, consisting of the "azure robe of night," "set with stars of glory," interspersed with "streaks of morning light," relieved with a few pieces of "the milky way," and the whole carried by an "eagle bearer," that is to say, an eagle ensign, who bears aloft this "symbol of our chosen land" in his "mighty hand," by which we are to understand his claw. In the second stanza, the "thunder-drum of Heaven" is bathetic and grotesque in the highest degree—a commingling of the most sublime music of Heaven with the most utterly contemptible and common-place of Earth. The two concluding verses are in a better spirit, and might almost be supposed to be from a different hand. The images contained in the lines,

When Death careering on the gale
Sweeps darkly round the bellied sail,
And frighted waves rush wildly back,
Before the broadside's reeling rack,

are of the highest order of Ideality. The deficiencies

* The expression "woven air," much insisted upon by the friends of Drake, seems to be accredited to him as original. It is to be found in many English writers—and can be traced back to Apuleius who calls fine drapery *ventum textilem*.

of the whole poem may be best estimated by reading it in connection with "Scots wha hae," with the "Mariners of England," or with "Hohenlinden." It is indebted for its high and most undeserved reputation to our patriotism—not to our judgment.

The remaining poems in Mr. Dearborn's edition of Drake, are three Songs; Lines in an Album; Lines to a Lady; Lines on leaving New Rochelle; Hope; A Fragment; To —; Lines; To Eva; To a Lady; To Sarah; and Bronx. These are all poems of little compass, and with the exception of Bronx and a portion of the Fragment, they have no character distinctive from the mass of our current poetical literature. Bronx, however, is in our opinion, not only the best of the writings of Drake, but altogether a lofty and beautiful poem, upon which his admirers would do better to found a hope of the writer's ultimate reputation than upon the *niaiseries* of the *Culprit Fay*. In the *Fragment* is to be found the finest individual passage in the volume before us, and we quote it as a proper finale to our Review.

Yes! thou art lovelier now than ever;
How sweet 'twould be *when all the air*
In moonlight swims, along thy river
To couch upon the grass, and hear
Niagara's everlasting voice
Far in the deep blue west away;
That dreamy and poetic noise
We mark not in the glare of day,
Oh! how unlike its torrent-cry,
When o'er the brink the tide is driven,
As if the vast and sheeted sky
In thunder fell from Heaven.

Halleck's poetical powers appear to us essentially inferior, upon the whole, to those of his friend Drake. He has written nothing at all comparable to *Bronx*. By the hackneyed phrase, *sportive elegance*, we might possibly designate at once the general character of his writings and the very loftiest praise to which he is justly entitled.

Alnwick Castle is an irregular poem of one hundred and twenty-eight lines—was written, as we are informed, in October 1822—and is descriptive of a seat of the Duke of Northumberland, in Northumberlandshire, England. The effect of the first stanza is materially impaired by a defect in its grammatical arrangement. The fine lines,

Home of the Percy's high-born race,
Home of their beautiful and brave,
Alike their birth and burial place,
Their cradle and their grave!

are of the nature of an invocation, and thus require a continuation of the address to the "Home, &c." We are consequently disappointed when the stanza proceeds with—

Still sternly o'er the castle gate
Their house's Lion stands in state
As in his proud departed hours;
And warriors frown in stone on high,
And feudal banners "flout the sky"
Above his princely towers.

The objects of allusion here vary, in an awkward manner, from the castle to the Lion, and from the Lion to the towers. By writing the verses thus the difficulty would be remedied.

Still sternly o'er the castle gate
Thy house's Lion stands in state,

As in his proud departed hours;
And warriors frown in stone on high,
And feudal banners "flout the sky"
Above thy princely towers.

The second stanza, without evincing in any measure the loftier powers of a poet, has that quiet air of grace, both in thought and expression, which seems to be the prevailing feature of the Muse of Halleck.

A gentle hill its side inclines,
Lovely in England's fadeless green,
To meet the quiet stream which winds
Through this romantic scene
As silently and sweetly still,
As when, at evening, on that hill,
While summer's wind blew soft and low,
Seated by gallant Hotspur's side
His Katherine was a happy bride
A thousand years ago.

There are one or two brief passages in the poem evincing a degree of rich imagination not elsewhere perceptible throughout the book. For example—

Gaze on the Abbey's ruined pile:
Does not the succoring Ivy keeping,
Her watch around it seem to smile
As o'er a lov'd one sleeping?

and,

One solitary turret gray
Still tells in melancholy glory
The legend of the Cheviot day.

The commencement of the fourth stanza is of the highest order of Poetry, and partakes, in a happy manner, of that quaintness of expression so effective an adjunct to Ideality, when employed by the Shelleys, the Coleridges and the Tennysons, but so frequently debased, and rendered ridiculous, by the herd of brainless imitators.

Wild roses by the Abbey towers
Are gay in their young bud and bloom:
They were born of a race of funeral flowers,
That garlanded in long-gone hours,
A Templar's knightly tomb.

The tone employed in the concluding portions of *Alnwick Castle*, is, we sincerely think, reprehensible, and unworthy of Halleck. No true poet can unite in any manner the low burlesque with the ideal, and not be conscious of incongruity and of a profanation. Such verses as

Men in the coal and cattle line
From Teviot's bard and hero land,
From royal Berwick's beach of sand,
From Wooller, Morpeth, Hexham, and
Newcastle upon Tyne,

may lay claim to oddity—but no more. These things are the defects and not the beauties of *Don Juan*. They are totally out of keeping with the graceful and delicate manner of the initial portions of *Alnwick Castle*, and serve ~~no~~ better purpose than to deprive the entire poem of all unity of effect. If a poet must be farcical, let him be just that, and nothing else. To be drolly sentimental is bad enough, as we have just seen in certain passages of the *Culprit Fay*, but to be sentimentally droll is a thing intolerable to men, and Gods, and columns.

Marco Bozzaris appears to have much lyrical without any high order of ideal beauty. Force is its prevailing character—a force, however, consisting more in a well ordered and sonorous arrangement of the metre, and a

judicious disposal of what may be called the circumstances of the poem, than in the true *materiel* of lyric vigor. We are introduced, first, to the Turk who dreams, at midnight, in his guarded tent,

of the hour
When Greece, her knee in suppliance bent,
Should tremble at his power—

He is represented as revelling in the visions of ambition.

In dreams through camp and court he bore
The trophies of a conqueror;
In dreams his song of triumph heard;
Then wore his monarch's signet ring:
Then pressed that monarch's throne—a king;
As wild his thoughts and gay of wing
As Eden's garden bird.

In direct contrast to this we have Bozzaris watching in the forest, and ranging his band of Suliotas on the ground, and amid the memories, of Platœa. An hour elapses, and the Turk awakes from his visions of false glory—to die. But Bozzaris dies—to awake. He dies in the flush of victory to awake, in death, to an ultimate certainty of Freedom. Then follows an invocation to Death. His terrors under ordinary circumstances are contrasted with the glories of the dissolution of Bozzaris, in which the approach of the Destroyer is

welcome as the cry
That told the Indian isles were nigh
To the world-seeking Genoese,
When the land-wind from woods of palm,
And orange groves and fields of balm,
Blew o'er the Haytian seas.

The poem closes with the poetical apotheosis of Marco Bozzaris as

One of the few, the immortal names
That are not born to die.

It will be seen that these arrangements of the subject are skillfully contrived—perhaps they are a little too evident, and we are enabled too readily by the perusal of one passage, to anticipate the succeeding. The rhythm is highly artificial. The stanzas are well adapted for vigorous expression—the fifth will afford a just specimen of the versification of the whole poem.

Come to the bridal Chamber, Death!
Come to the mother's, when she feels
For the first time her first born's breath;
Come when the blessed seals
That close the pestilence are broke,
And crowded cities wail its stroke;
Come in consumption's ghastly form,
The earthquake shock, the ocean storm;
Come when the heart beats high and warm,
With banquet song, and dance, and wine;
And thou art terrible—the tear,
The groan, the knell, the pall, the bier;
And all we know, or dream, or fear
Of agony, are thine.

Granting, however, to *Marco Bozzaris*, the minor excellences we have pointed out, we should be doing our conscience great wrong in calling it, upon the whole, any thing more than a very ordinary matter. It is surpassed, even as a lyric, by a multitude of foreign and by many American compositions of a similar character. To Ideality it has few pretensions, and the finest portion of the poem is probably to be found in the verses we have quoted elsewhere—

Thy grasp is welcome as the hand
Of brother in a foreign land;

Thy summons welcome as the cry
That told the Indian isles were nigh
To the world-seeking Genoese,
When the land-wind from woods of palm
And orange groves, and fields of balm
Blew o'er the Haytian seas.

The verses entitled *Burns* consist of thirty eight quatrains—the three first lines of each quatrain being of four feet, the fourth of three. This poem has many of the traits of *Alnwick Castle*, and bears also a strong resemblance to some of the writings of Wordsworth. Its chief merit, and indeed the chief merit, so we think, of all the poems of Halleck is the merit of *expression*. In the brief extracts from *Burns* which follow, our readers will recognize the peculiar character of which we speak.

Wild Rose of Alloway! my thanks:
Thou mind'st me of that autumn noon
When first we met upon "the banks
And braes o' bonny Doon"—

Like thine, beneath the thorn-tree's bough,
My sunny hour was glad and brief—
We've crossed the winter sea, and thou
Art withered—flower and leaf.

There have been loftier themes than his,
And longer scrolls and louder lyres
And lays lit up with Poesy's
Purer and holier fires.

And when he breathes his master-lay
Of Alloway's witch-haunted wall
All passions in our frames of clay
Come thronging at his call.

Such graves as his are pilgrim-shrines,
Shrines to no code or creed confined—
The Delphian vales, the Palestines,
The Meccas of the mind.

They linger by the Doon's low trees,
And pastoral Nith, and wooded Ayr,
And round thy Sepulchres, Dumfries!
The Poet's tomb is there.

Wyoming is composed of nine Spenserian stanzas. With some unusual excellences, it has some of the worst faults of Halleck. The lines which follow are of great beauty.

I then but dreamed: thou art before me now,
In life—a vision of the brain no more,
I've stood upon the wooded mountain's brow,
That beetles high thy lovely valley o'er;
And now, where winds thy river's greenest shore,
Within a bower of sycamores am laid;
And winds as soft and sweet as ever bore
The fragrance of wild flowers through sun and shade
Are singing in the trees, whose low boughs press my head.

The poem, however, is disfigured with the mere burlesque of some portions of *Alnwick Castle*—with such things as

he would look particularly droll
In his Iberian boot and Spanish plume;

and

a girl of sweet sixteen
Love-darting eyes and tresses like the morn
Without a shoe or stocking—hoeing corn,

mingled up in a pitiable manner with images of real beauty.

The *Field of the Grounded Arms* contains twenty-four quatrains, without rhyme, and, we think, of a disagreea-

ble versification. In this poem are to be observed some of the finest passages of Halleck. For example—

"Strangers! your eyes are on that valley fixed
Intently, as we gaze on vacancy,
When the mind's wings o'erspread
The spirit world of dreams.

And again—

O'er sleepless seas of grass whose waves are flowers.

Red-Jacket has much power of expression with little evidence of poetical ability. Its humor is very fine, and does not interfere, in any great degree, with the general tone of the poem.

A Sketch should have been omitted from the edition as altogether unworthy of its author.

The remaining pieces in the volume are *Twilight*; *Psalm cxxxvii*; *To *****; *Love*; *Domestic Happiness*; *Magdalen*; *From the Italian*; *Woman*; *Connecticut*; *Music*; *On the Death of Lieut. William Howard Allen*; *A Poet's Daughter*; and *On the Death of Joseph Rodman Drake*. Of the majority of these we deem it unnecessary to say more than that they partake, in a more or less degree, of the general character observable in the poems of Halleck. The *Poet's Daughter* appears to us a particularly happy specimen of that general character, and we doubt whether it be not the favorite of its author. We are glad to see the vulgarity of

I'm busy in the cotton trade
And sugar line,

omitted in the present edition. The eleventh stanza is certainly not English as it stands—and besides it is altogether unintelligible. What is the meaning of this?

But her who asks, though first among
The good, the beautiful, the young,
The birthright of a spell more strong
Than these have brought her.

The *Lines on the Death of Joseph Rodman Drake*, we prefer to any of the writings of Halleck. It has that rare merit in compositions of this kind—the union of tender sentiment and simplicity. This poem consists merely of six quatrains, and we quote them in full.

Green be the turf above thee,
Friend of my better days!
None knew thee but to love thee,
Nor named thee but to praise.

Tears fell when thou wert dying,
From eyes unused to weep,
And long, where thou art lying,
Will tears the cold turf steep.

When hearts whose truth was proven,
Like thine are laid in earth,
There should a wreath be woven
To tell the world their worth.

And I, who woke each morrow
To clasp thy hand in mine,
Who shared thy joy and sorrow,
Whose weal and woe were thine—

It should be mine to braid it
Around thy faded brow,
But I've in vain essayed it,
And feel I cannot now.

While memory bids me weep thee,
Nor thoughts nor words are free,
The grief is fixed too deeply,
That mourns a man like thee.

If we are to judge from the subject of these verses,

they are a work of some care and reflection. Yet they abound in faults. In the line,

Tears fell when thou wert dying;

wert is not English.

Will tears the cold turf steep,
is an exceedingly rough verse. The metonymy involved in

There should a wreath be woven
To tell the world their worth,

is unjust. The quatrain beginning,

And I who woke each morrow,

is ungrammatical in its construction when viewed in connection with the quatrain which immediately follows. "Weep thee" and "deeply" are inaccurate rhymes—and the whole of the first quatrain,

Green be the turf, &c.

although beautiful, bears too close a resemblance to the still more beautiful lines of William Wordsworth,

She dwelt among the untrodden ways
Beside the springs of Dove,
A maid whom there were none to praise
And very few to love.

As a versifier Halleck is by no means equal to his friend, all of whose poems evince an ear finely attuned to the delicacies of melody. We seldom meet with more inharmonious lines than those, generally, of the author of *Alnwick Castle*. At every step such verses occur as,

And the monk's hymn and minstrel's song—
True as the steel of their tried blades—
For him the joy of her young years—
Where the Bard-peasant first drew breath—
And withered my life's leaf like thine—

in which the proper course of the rhythm would demand an accent upon syllables too unimportant to sustain it. Not unfrequently, too, we meet with lines such as this,

Like torn branch from death's leafless tree,

in which the multiplicity of consonants renders the pronunciation of the words at all, a matter of no inconsiderable difficulty.

But we must bring our notice to a close. It will be seen that while we are willing to admire in many respects the poems before us, we feel obliged to dissent materially from that public opinion (perhaps not fairly ascertained) which would assign them a very brilliant rank in the empire of Poesy. That we have among us poets of the loftiest order we believe—but we do not believe that these poets are Drake and Halleck.

SLAVERY.

Slavery in the United States. By J. K. Paulding. New York: Harper and Brothers.

The South Vindicated from the Treason and Fanaticism of the Northern Abolitionists. Philadelphia: Published by H. Manly.

It is impossible to look attentively and understandingly on those phenomena that indicate public sentiment in regard to the subject of these works, without deep and anxious interest. "*Nulla vestigia retrorsum*," is a saying fearfully applicable to what is called the "march of mind." It is unquestionable truth. The absolute and palpable impossibility of ever unlearning what we know, and of returning, even by forgetfulness, to

the state of mind in which the knowledge of it first found us, has always afforded flattering encouragement to the hopes of him who dreams about the perfectibility of human nature. Sometimes one scheme, and sometimes another is devised for accomplishing this great end; and these means are so various, and often so opposite, that the different experiments which the world has countenanced would seem to contradict the maxim we have quoted. At one time human nature is to be elevated to the height of perfection, by emancipating the mind from all the restraints imposed by Religion. At another, the same end is to be accomplished by the universal spread of a faith, under the benign influence of which every son of Adam is to become holy, "even as God is holy." One or the other of these schemes has been a cardinal point in every system of perfectibility which has been devised since the earliest records of man's history began. At the same time the progress of knowledge (subject indeed to occasional interruptions) has given to each successive experiment a seeming advantage over that which preceded it.

But it is lamentable to observe, that let research discover, let science teach, let art practice what it may, man, in all his mutations, never fails to get back to some point at which he has been before. The human mind seems to perform, by some invariable laws, a sort of cycle, like those of the heavenly bodies. We may be unable, (and, for ourselves, we profess to be so) to trace the *causes* of these changes; but we are not sure that an accurate observation of the history of various nations at different times, may not detect the *laws* that govern them. However eccentric the orbit, the comet's place in the heavens enables the enlightened astronomer to anticipate its future course, to tell when it will pass its perihelion, in what direction it will shoot away into the unfathomable abyss of infinite space, and at what period it will return. But what especially concerns us, is to mark its progress through our planetary system, to determine whether in coming or returning it may infringe upon us, and prove the messenger of that dispensation which, in the end of all things, is to wrap our earth in flames.

Not less eccentric, and far more deeply interesting to us, is the orbit of the human mind. If, as some have supposed, the comet in its upward flight is drawn away by the attraction of some other sun, around which also it bends its course, thus linking another system with our own, the analogy will be more perfect. For while man is ever seen rushing with uncontrollable violence toward one or the other of his opposite extremes, fanaticism and irreligion—at each of these we find placed an attractive force identical in its nature and in many of its effects. At each extreme, we find him influenced by the same prevailing interest—devoting himself to the accomplishment of the same great object. Happiness is his purpose. The sources of that, he may be told, are within himself—but his eye will fix on the external means, and these he will labor to obtain. Foremost among these, and the equivalent which is to purchase all the rest, is property. At this all men aim, and their eagerness seems always proportioned to the excitement, which, from whatever cause, may for the time prevail. Under such excitement, the many who want, band themselves together against the few that possess; and the lawless appetite

of the multitude for the property of others calls itself the spirit of liberty.

In the calm, and, as we would call it, the healthful condition of the public mind, when every man worships God after his own manner, and Religion and its duties are left to his conscience and his Maker, we find each quietly enjoying his own property, and permitting to others the quiet enjoyment of theirs. Under that state of things, those modes and forms of liberty which regulate and secure this enjoyment, are preferred. Peace reigns, the arts flourish, science extends her discoveries, and man, and the sources of his enjoyments, are multiplied. But in this condition things never rest. We have already disclaimed any knowledge of the causes which forbid this—we only know that such exist. We know that men are always passing, with fearful rapidity, between the extremes of fanaticism and irreligion, and that at either extreme, property and all the governmental machinery provided to guard it, become insecure. "Down with the Church! Down with the Altar!" is at one time the cry. "Turn the fat bigots out of their styes, sell the property of the Church and give the money to the poor!" "Behold our turn cometh," says the Millenarian. "The kingdoms of this world are about to become the kingdoms of God and of his Christ. Sell what you have and give to the poor, and let all things be in common!"

It is now about two hundred years since this latter spirit showed itself in England with a violence and extravagance which accomplished the overthrow of all the institutions of that kingdom. With that we have nothing to do; but we should suppose that the striking resemblance between the aspect of a certain party in that country then and now, could hardly escape the English statesman. Fifty years ago, in France, this eccentric comet, "public sentiment," was in its opposite node. Making allowance for the difference in the characters of the two people, the effects were identical, the apparent causes were the opposites of each other. In the history of the French Revolution, we find a sort of symptomatic phenomenon, the memory of which was soon lost in the fearful exacerbation of the disease. But it should be remembered now, that in that war against property, the first object of attack was property in slaves; that in that war on behalf of the alleged right of man to be discharged from all control of law, the first triumph achieved was in the emancipation of slaves.

The recent events in the West Indies, and the parallel movement here, give an awful importance to these thoughts in our minds. They superinduce a something like despair of success in any attempt that may be made to resist the attack on all our rights, of which that on Domestic Slavery (the basis of all our institutions) is but the precursor. It is a sort of boding that may belong to the family of superstitions. All vague and undefined fears, from causes the nature of which we know not, the operations of which we cannot stay, are of that character. Such apprehensions are alarming in proportion to our estimate of the value of the interest endangered; and are excited by every thing which enhances that estimate. Such apprehensions have been awakened in our minds by the books before us. To Mr. Paulding, as a Northern man, we tender our grateful thanks for the faithful picture he has drawn of slavery as it appeared to him in his visit to the South, and as exhi-

bited in the information he has carefully derived from those most capable of giving it. His work is executed in the very happiest manner of an author in whom America has the greatest reason to rejoice, and will not fail to enhance his reputation immeasurably as a writer of pure and vigorous English, as a clear thinker, as a patriot, and as a man. The other publication, which we take to be from a Southern pen, is more calculated to excite our indignation against the calumnies which have been put forth against us, and the wrongs meditated by those who come to us in the names of our common Redeemer and common country—seeking our destruction under the mask of Christian Charity and Brotherly Love. This too is executed with much ability, and may be read with pleasure as well as profit. While we take great pleasure in recommending these works to our readers, we beg leave to add a few words of our own. We are the more desirous to do this, because there is a view of the subject most deeply interesting to us, which we do not think has ever been presented, by any writer, in as high relief as it deserves. We speak of the moral influences flowing from the relation of master and slave, and the moral feelings engendered and cultivated by it. A correspondent of Mr. Paulding's justly speaks of this relation as one partaking of the patriarchal character, and much resembling that of clanship. This is certainly so. But to say this, is to give a very inadequate idea of it, unless we take into consideration the peculiar character (I may say the peculiar nature) of the negro. Let us reason upon it as we may, there is certainly a power, in causes inscrutable to us, which works essential changes in the different races of animals. In their physical constitution this is obvious to the senses. The color of the negro no man can deny, and therefore, it was but the other day, that they who will believe nothing they cannot account for, made this manifest fact an authority for denying the truth of holy writ. Then comes the opposite extreme—they are, like ourselves, the sons of Adam, and must therefore, have like passions and wants and feelings and tempers in all respects. This, we deny, and appeal to the knowledge of all who know. But their authority will be disputed, and their testimony falsified, unless we can devise something to show how a difference might and should have been brought about. Our theory is a short one. It was the will of God it should be so. But the means—how was this effected? We will give the answer to any one who will develop the causes which might and should have blackened the negro's skin and crisped his hair into wool. Until that is done, we shall take leave to speak, as of things *in esse*, of a degree of loyal devotion on the part of the slave to which the white man's heart is a stranger, and of the master's reciprocal feeling of parental attachment to his humble dependant, equally incomprehensible to him who drives a bargain with the cook who prepares his food, the servant who waits at his table, and the nurse who doses over his sick bed. That these sentiments in the breast of the negro and his master, are stronger than they would be under like circumstances between individuals of the white race, we believe. That they belong to the class of feelings "by which the heart is made better," we know. How come they? They have their rise in the relation between the infant and the nurse. They are cultivated

between him and his foster brother. They are cherished by the parents of both. They are fostered by the habit of affording protection and favors to the younger offspring of the same nurse. They grow by the habitual use of the word "my," used as the language of affectionate appropriation, long before any idea of value mixes with it. It is a term of endearment. That is an easy transition by which he who is taught to call the little negro "his," in this sense and *because he loves him*, shall love him *because he is his*. The idea is not new, that our habits and affections are reciprocally cause and effect of each other.

But the great teacher in this school of feeling is sickness. In this school we have witnessed scenes at which even the hard heart of a thorough bred philanthropist would melt. But here, we shall be told, it is not humanity, but interest that prompts. Be it so. Our business is not with the cause but the effect. But is it interest, which, with assiduous care, prolongs the life of the aged and decrepid negro, who has been, for years, a burthen? Is it interest which labors to rear the crippled or deformed urchin, who can never be any thing but a burthen—which carefully feeds the feeble lamp of life that, without any appearance of neglect, might be permitted to expire? Is not the feeling more akin to that parental *σπλαγχν*, which, in defiance of reason, is most careful of the life which is, all the time, felt to be a curse to the possessor. Are such cases rare? They are as rare as the occasions; but let the occasion occur, and you will see the case. How else is the longevity of the negro proverbial? A negro who does no work for thirty years! (and we know such examples) is it interest which has lengthened out his existence?

Let the philanthropist think as he may—by the negro himself, his master's care of him in sickness is not imputed to interested feelings. We know an instance of a negress who was invited by a benevolent lady in Philadelphia to leave her mistress. The lady promised to secrete her for a while, and then to pay her good wages. The poor creature felt the temptation and was about to yield. "You are mighty good, madam," said she "and I am a thousand times obliged to you. And if I am sick, or any thing, I am sure you will take care of me, and nurse me, like my good mistress used to do, and bring me something warm and good to comfort me, and tie up my head and fix my pillow." She spoke in the simplicity of her heart, and the tempter had not the heart to deceive her. "No," said she "all *that* will come out of your wages—for you will have money enough to hire a nurse." The tears had already swelled into the warm hearted creature's eyes, at her own recital of her mistress's kindness. They now gushed forth in a flood, and running to her lady who was a lodger in the house, she threw herself on her knees, confessed her fault, was pardoned, and was happy.

But it is not by the bedside of the sick negro that the feeling we speak of is chiefly engendered. They who would view it in its causes and effects must see him by the sick bed of his master—must see *her* by the sick bed of her mistress. We have seen these things. We have seen the dying infant in the lap of its nurse, and have stood with the same nurse by the bed side of her own dying child. Did mighty nature assert her empire, and wring from the mother's heart more and bitterer tears than she had shed over her foster babe? None that

the eye of man could distinguish. And he who sees the heart—did he see dissimulation giving energy to the choking sobs that seemed to be rendered more vehement by her attempts to repress them? *Philanthropy* may think so if it pleases.

A good lady was on her death bed. Her illness was long and protracted, but hopeless from the first. A servant, (by no means a favorite with her, being high tempered and ungovernable) was advanced in pregnancy, and in bad health. Yet she could not be kept out of the house. She was permitted to stay about her mistress during the day, but sent to bed at an early hour every night. Her reluctance to obey was obvious, and her master found that she evaded his order, whenever she could escape his eye. He once found her in the house late at night, and kindly reproving her, sent her home. An hour after, suddenly going out of the sick room, he stumbled over her in the dark. She was crouched down at the door, listening for the groans of the sufferer. She was again ordered home, and turned to go. Suddenly she stopped, and bursting into tears, said, "Master it aint no use for me to go to bed, Sir. It don't do me no good, I cannot sleep, Sir."

Such instances prove that in reasoning concerning the moral effect of slavery, he who regards man as a unit, the same under all circumstances, leaves out of view an important consideration. The fact that he is not so, is manifest to every body—but the application of the fact to this controversy is not made. The author of "The South Vindicated" quotes at page 223, a passage from Lamartine, on this very point, though he only uses it to show the absurdity of any attempt at amalgamation. The passage is so apt to our purpose that we beg leave to insert it.

The more I have travelled, the more I am convinced that the races of men form the great secret of history and manners. Man is not so capable of education as philosophers imagine. The influence of governments and laws has less power, radically, than is supposed, over the manners and instincts of any people, while the primitive constitution and the blood of the race have always their influence, and manifest themselves, thousands of years afterwards, in the physical formations and moral habits of a particular family or tribe. Human nature flows in rivers and streams into the vast ocean of humanity; but its waters mingle but slowly, sometimes never; and it emerges again, like the Rhone from the Lake of Geneva, with its own taste and color. Here is indeed an abyss of thought and meditation, and at the same time a grand secret for legislators. As long as they keep the spirit of the race in view they succeed; but they fail when they strive against this natural predisposition: nature is stronger than they are. This sentiment is not that of the philosophers of the present time, but it is evident to the traveller; and there is more philosophy to be found in a caravan journey of a hundred leagues, than in ten years' reading and meditation.

There is much truth here, though certainly not what passes for truth with those who study human nature wholly in the closet, and in reforming the world address themselves exclusively to the faults of others, and the evils of which they know the least, and which least concern themselves.

We hope the day has gone by when we are to be judged by the testimony of false, interested, and malignant accusers alone. We repeat that we are thankful to Mr. Paulding for having stepped forward in our defence. Our assailants are numerous, and it is indis-

pensable that we should meet the assault with vigor and activity. Nothing is wanting but manly discussion to convince our own people at least, that in continuing to command the services of their slaves, they violate no law divine or human, and that in the faithful discharge of their reciprocal obligations lies their true duty. Let these be performed, and we believe (with our esteemed correspondent Professor Dew) that society in the South will derive much more of good than of evil from this much abused and partially-considered institution.

BRUNNENS OF NASSAU.

Bubbles from the Brunnens of Nassau. By an Old Man. New York: Harper and Brothers.

This "old man" is the present Governor of Canada, and a very amusing "old man" is he. A review of his work, which appeared a year ago in the North American, first incited us to read it, a pleasure which necessity has compelled us to forego until the present time—there not having been an American edition put to press until now, and the splendid hot-pressed, calf-bound, gilt-edged edition from Albemarle-street being too costly for very general circulation here.

The "bubbles" are blown into being by a gentleman who represents himself as having been sentenced, in the cold evening of his life, to drink the mineral waters of Nassau; and who, upon arriving at the springs, found that, in order to effect the cure designed by his physicians, the mind was to be relaxed as the body was being strengthened. The result of this regimen was the production of "The Bubbles," or hasty sketches of whatever chanced for the moment to please either the eyes or the mind of the patient. He anticipates the critic's verdict as to his book—that it is empty, light, vain, hollow and superficial: "but then," says he, "it is the nature of 'bubbles' to be so."

He describes his voyage from the Custom House Stairs in the Thames, by steamboat to Rotterdam, and thence his journey to the Nassau springs of *Langen-Schwalbach*, *Schlangen-bad*, *Nieder-selters*, and *Wiesbaden*. Here he spends a season, bathing and drinking the waters of those celebrated springs, and describing such incidents as occurred to relieve the monotony of his somewhat idle life, in a most agreeable and taking way. To call this work facetious, as that term is commonly used, were not perhaps to give so accurate an idea of its style as might be conveyed by the adjective whimsical. Without subjecting the "old man" to the imputation of *copyism*, one may describe the manner as being an agreeable mixture of *Charles Lamb's* and *Washington Irving's*. The same covert conceit, the same hidden humor, the same piquant allusion, which, while you read, place the author bodily before you, a quiet old gentleman fond of his ease, but fonder of his joke—not a broad, forced, loud, vacant-minded joke, but a quiet, pungent, sly, laughter-moving conceit, which, at first stirring the finest membranes of your *pericardium*, at length sets you out into a broad roar of laughter, honest fellow as you are, and which you must be, indeed, a very savage, if you can avoid.

Our bubble-blower observes everything within the sphere of his vision, and even makes a most amusing chapter out of "The schwein-general," or pig-drover of *Schlangen-bad*, which we wish we had space for entire. As it is, we give some reflections upon "the pig,"

as being perfectly characteristic of the author's peculiar style.

There exists perhaps in creation no animal which has less justice and more injustice done to him by man than the pig. Gifted with every faculty of supplying himself, and of providing even against the approaching storm, which no creature is better capable of foretelling than a pig, we begin by putting an iron ring through the cartilage of his nose, and having thus barbarously deprived him of the power of searching for, and analyzing his food, we generally condemn him for the rest of his life to solitary confinement in a sty.

While his faculties are still his own, only observe how, with a bark or snort, he starts if you approach him, and mark what shrewd intelligence there is in his bright, twinkling little eye; but with pigs, as with mankind, idleness is the root of all evil. The poor animal, finding that he has absolutely nothing to do—having no enjoyment—nothing to look forward to but the pail which feeds him, naturally most eagerly, or as we accuse him, most greedily, greets its arrival. Having no natural business or diversion—nothing to occupy his brain—the whole powers of his system are directed to the digestion of a superabundance of food. To encourage this, nature assists him with sleep, which lulling his better faculties, leads his stomach to become the ruling power of his system—a tyrant that can bear no one's presence but his own. The poor pig, thus treated, gorges himself—sleeps—eats again—sleeps—wakens in a fright—screams—struggles against the blue apron—screams fainter and fainter—turns up the whites of his little eyes—and—dies!

It is probably from abhorring this picture, that I know of nothing which is more distressing to me than to witness an indolent man eating his own home-fed pork.

There is something so horribly similar between the life of the human being and that of his victim—their notions on all subjects are so unnaturally contracted—there is such a melancholy resemblance between the strutting residence in the village, and the stalking confinement in the sty—between the sound of the dinner-bell and the rattling of the pail—between snoring in an armchair and grunting in clean straw—that, when I contrast the "pig's countenance" in the dish with that of his lord and master, who, with outstretched elbows, sits leaning over it, I own I always feel it is so hard the one should have killed the other.—In short there is a sort of "Tu quoque, Baure!" moral in the picture, which to my mind is most painfully distressing.

The author thus speaks in relation to the mineral water of Wiesbaden.

In describing the taste of the mineral water of Wiesbaden, were I to say, that while drinking it, one hears in one's ears the cackling of hens, and that one sees feathers flying before one's eyes, I should certainly grossly exaggerate; but when I declare that it exactly resembles very hot chicken-broth, I only say what Dr. Granville said, and what in fact everybody says, and must say, respecting it; and certainly I do wonder why the common people should be at the inconvenience of making bad soup, when they can get much better from nature's great stock pot—the Koch-brunnen of Wiesbaden. At all periods of the year, summer or winter, the temperature of this broth remains the same, and when one reflects that it has been bubbling out of the ground, and boiling over in the same state, certainly from the time of the Romans, and probably from the time of the flood, it is really astonishing to think what a most wonderful apparatus there must exist below, what an inexhaustible stock of provisions to ensure such an everlasting supply of broth, always formed of exactly the same degree, and always served up at exactly the same heat.

One would think that some of the particles in the recipe would be exhausted; in short, to speak metaphorically, that the chickens would at last be boiled to rags, or that the fire would go out for want of coals;

but the oftener one reflects on these sort of subjects, the oftener is the old-fashioned observation repeated, that let a man go where he will, Omnipotence is never from his view.

It is good they say for the stomach—good for the skin—good for ladies of all possible ages—for all sorts and conditions of men. For a headache, drink, the inn-keepers exclaim, at the Koch-brunnen. For gout in the heels, soak the body, the doctors say, in the chicken-broth!—in short, the valetudinarian, reclining in his carriage, has scarcely entered the town, say what he will of himself, the inhabitants all seem to agree in repeating—"Bene bene respondere, dignus est intrare nostro docto corpore!"

There was something to my mind so very novel in bathing in broth, that I resolved to try the experiment, particularly as it was the only means I had of following the crowd. Accordingly, retiring to my room, in a minute or two I also, in my slippers and black dressing-gown was to be seen, staff in hand, mournfully walking down the long passage, as slowly and as gravely as if I had been in such a profession all my life. An infirm elderly lady was just before me—some lighter-sounding footsteps were behind me—but without raising our eyes from the ground, we all moved on, just as if we had been corpses gliding or inigrating from one church yard to another.

The door was now closed, and my dressing-gown being carefully hung upon a peg, (a situation I much envied it,) I proceeded, considerably against my inclination, to introduce myself to my new acquaintance, whose face, or surface, was certainly very revolting; for a white, thick, dirty, greasy scum, exactly resembling what would be on broth, covered the top of the bath. But all this, they say is exactly as it should be; and indeed, German bathers at Wiesbaden actually insist on its appearance, as it proves, they argue, that the bath has not been used by any one else. In most places in ordering a warm bath, it is necessary to wait till the water be heated, but at Wiesbaden; the springs are so exceedingly hot, that the baths are obliged to be filled over night, in order to be cool enough in the morning; and the dirty scum I have mentioned is the required proof that the water has, during that time, been undisturbed.

Resolving not to be bullied by the ugly face of my antagonist, I entered my bath, and in a few seconds I lay horizontally, calmly soaking, like my neighbors.

Here is a characteristic *crayoning*:

As soon as breakfast was over, I generally enjoyed the luxury of idling about the town: and, in passing the shop of a blacksmith, who lived opposite to the Goldene Kette, the manner in which he tackled and shod a vicious horse amused me. On the outside wall of the house two rings were firmly fixed, to one of which the head of the patient was lashed close to the ground; the hind foot, to be shod, stretched out to the utmost extent of the leg, was then secured to the other ring about five feet high, by a cord which passed through a cloven hitch, fixed to the root of the poor creature's tail.

The hind foot was consequently very much higher than the head; indeed, it was so exalted, and pulled so heavily at the tail, that the animal seemed to be quite anxious to keep his other feet on *terra firma*. With one hoof in the heavens, it did not suit him to kick; with his nose pointing to the infernal regions, he could not conveniently rear, and as the devil himself was apparently pulling at his tail, the horse at last gave up the point, and quietly submitted to be shod.

Mr. Fay wishes us to believe that the sale of a book is the proper test of its merit. To save time and trouble we *will* believe it, and are prepared to acknowledge, as a consequence of the theory, that the novel of Norman Leslie is not at all comparable to the *Memoirs of Davy Crockett*, or the popular lyric of Jim Crow.

SUPPLEMENT.

At the solicitation of our correspondents, we again publish some few of the *Notices of the Messenger*, which have lately appeared in the papers of the day. The supplement now printed contains probably about one fifth of the flattering evidences of public favor which have reached us, from all quarters, within a few weeks. Those selected are a fair sample of the general character of the whole.

From the Charlottesville Advocate.

The Southern Literary Messenger.—We have been favored by Mr. White, the proprietor, with the March No. of this periodical. The delay in the publication has been occasioned by the desire of Mr. White to insert Prof. Dew's Address. However desirable a regular and punctual issue may be, we are disposed to excuse the delay on the present occasion, for the reason assigned.

As the *Messenger* has now passed through the difficulties attendant on new enterprises, is on a permanent footing, and has vindicated its claims to rank among the first of American Periodicals, we commenced the perusal of the present number, predetermined to censure whenever we could get the slightest pretext. We have read it calmly and with a "critic's eye," and though it is not faultless, for with two exceptions the poetry is below mediocrity, we have been so delighted with most of the articles, as not to have the heart to censure. We candidly regard it the best single number of any American periodical we have ever seen. Mr. Dew's Address and Mr. Stanton's Essay on Manual Labor Schools, are articles of enduring and inestimable worth.

We subjoin the following notice of the contents from the Richmond Compiler, with which we in the main concur.

From the Richmond Compiler.

We have already announced the appearance of the *Literary Messenger* for March 1836. We always read the work with pleasure, and have frequently awarded to it the high praise it so well deserves. In the present instance, we are forcibly struck with a sort of merit so rare in publications of the kind, that, to a certain class of readers, our praise may sound like censure.

We hazard nothing in saying, that in the pages before us, there is more substantial matter, more information, more food for the mind, and more provocative to thought, than we have ever seen in any periodical of a miscellaneous character. A chapter from Lionel Lincoln—a *jeu d'esprit* from Mr. Poe—some of the reviews—and a page or two of description—together with a very few metrical lines—make the sum total of light reading.

We would not be understood to mean that the rest is heavy. Far from it. But we want some word to distinguish that which ought to be read and studied, from that which may be read for amusement only. He who shall read the rest of the number, must be very careless or very dull, if he is not edified and instructed. We will add, that his taste must be bad, if he is not tempted to receive the instruction here offered by the graces of style, the originality of thought, and the felicity of illustration, with which the gravest of these articles abounds.

This remark applies in all its force to Professor Dew's Address, which all who cherish a well-balanced love, at once for the Sovereignty and the Union of these States, will read with delight. Those who have yet to acquire this sentiment, will read it with profit. If there be any man who doubts the peculiar advantages, moral, intellectual and pecuniary of a system of federative harmony, contradistinguished from consolidation on the one hand, and disunion on the other, let him read, and doubt no more.

A subject of less vivid interest has been treated in a style at once amusing and instructive, by the author of the Essay on the Classics. No one can read that essay, without feeling that there must be something to refine

and sublime the mind of man in the studies in which the writer is so obviously a proficient. Are these the thoughts? are these the images and illustrations? is this the language, with which the study of the classics makes a man familiar? Then it is true, as the poet has said:

"Ingenuas didicisse fideliter artes
"Emoluit mores, nec sinit esse feros."

"*Mutatis mutandis*," we would award the same general praise to an Essay on Education, and to the addresses from Judge Tucker of the Court of Appeals, and Mr. Maxwell of Norfolk. As to the continuation of the Sketches of African History, it is enough to say that it is a continuation worthy of what has gone before.

The reviews are, as usual, piquant and lively, and in that style which will teach writers to value the praise and dread the censures of the critic. Among the articles reviewed, we are pleased at the appearance of Dr. Hawk's historical work. We are delighted, too, to find him, though not a Virginian, coming to the rescue of Virginia, from the misjudged or disingenuous praises of men who knew not how to appreciate the character of our ancestors. No. *It is a new thing with Virginians to lean to the side of power.* Those who have taught her that lesson, have found her an unapt scholar. The spirit of Virginia tends upwards, and we have all seen

"With what compulsion, and laborious fight,"

she has sunk to her present degraded condition.

To think of our fathers, as they stood 180 years ago, yielding with undisguised reluctance to inevitable necessity; and, in the very act of *submission* to the power of the usurper, denying his right, and protesting that they owed him no obedience! And we, the sons—what are we?

"'Twere long to tell, and sad to trace
Each step from glory to disgrace:
Enough!—No foreign foe could quell
Her soul, 'till from itself it fell;
And self-abasement paved the way
To villanic bonds and despot sway."

From the Baltimore Patriot.

The Southern Literary Messenger, for March, is just out: late in the day, it is true, but not any the less acceptable on that account. We have just risen from a faithful perusal of its contents, which are of uncommon richness and value. Its merits are solid, not superficial: and therein it is more worthy of the support of the lovers of literature, than any other literary Magazine published in our country. We mean what we say, disdainful of the imputation of being thought capable of a puff. It is a repository of works "to keep," and not of the trash which "perisheth in the using." Still it has variety. It combines the *utile et dulce* in a most attractive and pleasing degree, and there is no lack of that "change" of which the poet says the "mind of desultory man" is "studious."

We will give the readers of the Patriot a bird's eye view of the contents of the number we have just laid down, in illustration and corroboration of what we have said in relation to its merits.

Sketches of Tripoli, No. XI.—One may gather a very good idea of the present condition of the Barbary States, from a perusal of these graphic papers. We know no others extant so attractive and so satisfactory. They are written in a pure and refined style, and form a very valuable and interesting history.

"*The Classics*" is the title of one of the most splendid articles we have ever perused in any shape. This one paper would be cheaply purchased by the scholar, at the subscription fee for the volume. It is a defence of the Classics and a classical education, against the modern innovations of the romantic school. The writer makes out his case most ably and convincingly,—showing himself to be well fitted for the task he assumed, by the devotedness with which he has worshipped at the pure shrine to which he would win his readers. We wish we were sure that we had said enough to draw a general attention to this admirable article.

A Loan to the Messenger, including *Life*, a Brief History, in three parts, with a sequel, by CUTTER, is not only "exceedingly neat," but surpassingly beautiful. It is a rare instance of the union of tender sentiment and epigrammatic point. For example—

A purpose, and a prayer;
The stars are in the sky—
He wonders how e'en Hope should dare
To let him aim so high!

Still Hope allures and flatters
And Doubt just makes him bold:
And so, with passion all in tatters,
The trembling tale is told!

Readings with my Pencil, No. III, a most excellent article—full of poetical thoughts and, generally speaking, profound ones. We agree with J. F. O. cordially, in his opinion of *Burns*, in the case "*Burns vs. Moore*." Yet there are not many who will so agree with him. *Reading No. 12*, is more regardful of words than things. Dr. Johnson was right, we think, in saying that "the suspicion of Swift's irreligion proceeded, in a great measure, from his dread of hypocrisy," and J. F. O. is wrong in therefore concluding that "Swift, according to Johnson, was afraid of being thought a hypocrite and so actually became one." But of this J. F. O. was well aware—he could not think, however of sacrificing the antithesis. Let him examine the word *hypocritism* and ascertain its popular meaning, for thereby hangs the tale. A man who feigns a character which he does not possess, is not necessarily a hypocrite. The popular acceptance of hypocrisy requires that being vicious, he shall feign virtue. This the very intelligent author of *Readings with My Pencil* will not fail to perceive at once. These readings are far better than nine-tenths of the *fudge* of *Lacon*—or the purer *fudge* of *Rochevoucault*.

Halley's Comet.—After Miss Draper's stanzas thus entitled, the poet of "Prince Edward" should not have sent his to the Messenger. We cannot call this poetry or philosophy,—it was not intended obviously as burlesque.

Art thou the ship of heaven, laden with light,
From the eternal glory sent,
To feed the glowing suns, that might
In ceaseless radiance but for thee be spent?

Epimenes.—This is one of Poe's quercities. He takes the reader back in supposition to the city of Antioch, in the year of the world 3830, and in that peculiar style, which after all must be called *Poe-tical*, because it is just that and nothing else, he feigns the enactment of a real scene of the times before your eyes. The actors "come like shadows, so depart,"—but yet assume a most vivid reality while they stay. We hope this powerful pen will be again similarly employed.

"*To Helen*" is a pretty little gem, and from the same mine. It shall glisten in the Patriot ere long.

In the *Poetry of Burns*, by JAMES F. OTIS, we see much of the fine lyrical feeling which distinguishes the "*Readings with My Pencil*." The subject, to be sure, is *au petit passe*—but we can hardly have too much of *BURNS*. Mr. OTIS seems fully to understand and appreciate him.

"*Change*"—pretty verses, but not poetry. The four last lines should always be at least as good as the rest. One judges of the flavor of a fruit by the taste it leaves in the mouth. Apply this hint to these verses.

The next paper is an Address delivered before the Literary Institute at Hampden Sidney College by Mr. STANTON, upon the importance of "*Manual Labor Schools*," as connected with literary institutions. It is an admirable production; and one of that class of papers which go to make the "Messenger" what we have already designated it, the only Literary Magazine now set up in this country deserving the name.

An interesting description of a Natural Bridge in South America, that the writer thinks more sublime than that in Virginia (which we can hardly credit)—some dozen lines about Washington, good only for filling in the spare nook they occupy, and an epigram without point, next follow, and these are succeeded by

another South American sketch, describing a waterfall, of great beauty.

We cannot say much in favor of the "*Song of Lee's Legion*," nor will we say much against it. We wish the poetry of the Messenger were of a higher order. At present it does not hold equality with the prose department, by any means.

"*Lionel Lincoln*" is written with much spirit, and the present (the eleventh) chapter is one of the best. We will review this whole story, at length, when completed. We think it equal to any of the novellettes which it has now become so fashionable to publish in this form: although that form, so full of interruptions as it is, prevents that enjoyment in perusal which would be derived from the possession of the work entire.

"*The Patriarch's Inheritance*."—Rich language, fine conception, smooth versification. "T. H. S." improves. *Americanism: Captions*.—We are too apt to bark before we are bitten; and there was no especial need that "H." should growl at *BULWER*, because he had made a very good terse word to express *greedy*, from the Latin *avidus*, merely by way of vindicating our people from old charges of a similar character.

Stanzas *To Randolph of Roanoke*, written soon after his death. We cannot say that *Hesperus* has done enough in this effusion to induce us to alter our verdict upon the poetry of the Messenger. As the stanzas appear to be a matter of feeling with the author, we will not enter into a discussion of the sentiments they contain. We would advise him to try another kind of theme.

Address, by the Hon. HENRY ST. GEORGE TUCKER, before the Virginia Historical and Philosophical Society—a most admirable paper. It was delivered upon the distinguished author's taking the seat vacated by the late Chief Justice MARSHALL, as President of the above named Society; and is, mostly, a beautiful eulogy upon his illustrious predecessor. It is just such a production as our knowledge of the author would have led us to anticipate from him—alike creditable to his head, stored with the lore of ages, and to his heart, full of the kindest and most benevolent feelings.

Mr. MAXWELL'S Speech, before the Virginia Historical and Philosophical Society, at its late annual meeting, another eloquent eulogy upon the lamented MARSHALL. Virginia seems to be taking the most serene delight in wreathing garlands around his tomb, and this is one of the most verdant, and promises to be one of the most enduring. It is short, but breathes eloquently forth a spirit which will impress it upon the minds and memories of hearers and readers. It is a high compliment to the MESSENGER, and a pregnant proof of the estimation into which that journal has worthily grown that it is made the medium of conveying such productions to posterity.

But the most valuable paper in the number is an Address on the influence of the Federative Republican System of Government upon Literature, and the Development of Character, by Professor DEW. We have never perused a more able literary essay than this address. The author traverses the whole field of literature, and draws from the stores of antiquity lessons for the improvement of his own countrymen in literature, art, and politics. We commend it to the perusal of every American.

Then follow "*Critical Notices*." These are written by POE. They are few and clever. The sledge-hammer and scimitar are laid aside, and not one poor devil of an author is touched, except one "*Mahmoud*," who is let off with a box on the ear for plagiarism. The review of "*Georgia Scenes*" has determined us to buy the book. The extracts are irresistible.

The merit of this number consists in its solidity. The same amount of reading, of a similar character, can certainly no where and in no other form be furnished the reader on the same terms. It is our duty no less than our interest to sustain 'the Messenger.'

From the Norfolk Herald.

Southern Literary Messenger.—No. 4, Vol. 2, of this Journal is just issued, and contains 16 pages of matter over and above its usual quantity—that is, it contains 80 closely printed pages in place of 64, its promised amount. A very slight inspection will convince any one at all conversant in these matters that the present number of the Messenger embraces as much reading matter (if not considerably more) than four ordinary volumes, such for example, as the volumes of Paul Ulric or Norman Leslie. Of the value of the matter, or rather of its value in comparison with such ephemera as these just mentioned, it is of course unnecessary to say much. Popular opinion has placed the Messenger in a very enviable position as regards the Literature of the South. We have no hesitation in saying that it has elevated it immeasurably. To use the words of a Northern contemporary "it has done more within the last six months to refine the literary standard in this country than has been accomplished before in the space of ten years."

The number before us commences with No. XI. (continued) of the *Tripolitan Sketches*. We can add nothing to the public voice in favor of this series of papers. They are excellent—and the one for this month is equal to any in point of interest.

The Classics is a most admirable paper—indeed one of the most forcible, and strange to say, one of the most original defences of Ancient Literature we have ever perused. We do not, however, altogether like the sneers at Bulwer in the beginning of the article. They should have been omitted, for they are not only unjust, but they make against the opinions advanced. Bulwer is not only a ripe scholar, but an advocate of classical acquirement.

A Loan to the Messenger, is beautiful—very beautiful—witness the following—

Sonnets and serenades,
Sighs, glances, tears, and vows,
Gifts, tokens, souvenirs, parades,
And courtesies and bows.

A purpose, and a prayer:
The stars are in the sky—
He wonders how 'en hope should dare
To let him aim so high!

Still Hope allures and flatters,
And Doubt just makes him bold:
And so, with passion all in tears,
The trembling tale is told!

Readings with My Pencil, No. 2, is a fine article in the manner of Colton. A true sentiment well expressed is contained in the concluding words: "I am one of those who are best when most afflicted. While the weight hangs heavily, I keep time and measure, like a clock; but remove it, and all the springs and wheels move irregularly, and I am but a mere useless thing."

Halley's Comet—30, 30.

Epimanes. By Edgar A. Poe—an historical tale in which, by imaginary incidents, the character of Antiochus Epiphanes is vividly depicted. It differs essentially from all the other tales of Mr. Poe. Indeed no two of his articles bear more than a family resemblance to one another. They all differ widely in matter, and still more widely in manner. *Epimanes* will convince all who read it that Mr. P. is capable of even higher and better things.

To Helen—by the same author—a sonnet full of quiet grace—we quote it in full.

Helen, thy beauty is to me
Like those Nemean barks of yore
That, gently, o'er a perfum'd sea,
The weary, wayworn wanderer bore
To his own native shore.
On desperate seas long wont to roam,
Thy hyacinth hair, thy classic face,
Thy Naiad airs have brought me home
To the beauty of fair Greece
And the grandeur of old Rome.
Lo! in that little window-niche
How statue-like I see thee stand:
The folded scroll within thy hand—
Ah! Psycho from the regions which
Are Holy land!

On the Poetry of Burns. By James F. Otis—a good essay on a threadbare subject—one, too, but very lately handled in the Messenger by Larry Lyle.

Change—has some fine thoughts, for example,

—My little playmate crew
Have slept to wake no more

Till Change itself shall cease to be,
And one successive scene
Of steadfastness immutable
Remain where Change hath been.

Manual Labor Schools.—By the Rev. E. F. Stanton is an essay which, while we disagree with it in some of its results, will serve to convince any one of the absolute importance of exercise to men of sedentary habits or occupations.

Song of Lee's Legion.—very spirited verses.

Natural Bridge of Pandi, and *Fall of Tequendama* are both acceptable articles.

Lines on the Statue of Washington in the Capitol, although a little rugged in conclusion, are terse and forcible, and embody many eloquent sentiments. We recognize one of our most distinguished men—a fellow-townsmen too—in the nerve and vigor of these verses. The *Epigram* below them is not worth much.

The Patriarch's Inheritance.—majestic and powerful. *Americanisms*.—a very good article, and very true.

To Randolph of Roanoke. These lines have some fine points and the versification is good—but we do not like them upon the whole.

Judge Tucker's Address, and *Mr. Maxwell's Speech* before the Virginia Historical and Philosophical society, we read with much interest. Things of this nature are apt to be common place unless the speakers are men of more than ordinary tact. There is no deficiency, however, in the present instance. Mr. Maxwell's speech, especially, is exceedingly well adapted to produce effect in delivery—more particularly in such delivery as Mr. Maxwell's.

The Address of Professor Dew is, beyond doubt, an article of great ability, and must excite strong attention, wherever it is read. It occupies full 20 pages—which, perhaps, could not have been better occupied. He has fully proved that a Republic such as ours, is the fairest field in the world for the growth and florescence of Literature.

The Critical Notices maintain their lofty reputation—but as they will assuredly be read by all parties, and as we have already exceeded our limits, we forbear to enter into detail. The Messenger is no longer a query, it has earned a proud name. It demands encouragement and will have it.

From the Cincinnati Mirror.

The Southern Literary Messenger for February, is before us. It is made up, as usual, of a very interesting miscellany of original articles. This magazine is rapidly winning a high estimate for the literature of the South. Its pages contain as good articles as any other Monthly in the country. Its correspondents are numerous and able, and its editor wields the gray goose quill like one who knows what he is about, and who has a right to. Commend us to the literary notices of this Magazine for genius, spice and spirit. Those which are commendatory, are supported by the real merit of the books themselves; but woe seize on the luckless wights who feel the savage skill with which the editor uses his tomahawk and scalping knife. The fact is, the Messenger is not given to the minding of matter—what it has to say is said fearlessly.

From the Boston Galaxy.

Smarting under Criticism.—Fay can't bear criticism. The Southern Literary Messenger cut him up sharply—and Fay has retorted—evincing that the sting rankles. A pity.

From the Natchez Christian Herald.

The Southern Literary Messenger.—This elegantly printed Magazine is issued monthly from the classic press of T. W. White, Esq. Richmond, Va., and has, during the year elapsed since its commencement, won a commanding share of public approbation and attention. It is truly a high-minded and liberal specimen of southern literature, on which is deeply engraved the impressions of Southern character and feeling. We admire the periodical more on that account. It has a glow of enthusiasm, offering to the public, if not the very best, yet the best productions it can command, with a sort of chivalrous hospitality which cannot but remind one of the gentlemanly southron at his fireside.

Among the contributions of original articles for this magazine we cannot but notice the able historical papers entitled "Sketches of the history and present condition of Tripoli, with some account of the other Barbary states." These finely written papers have appeared in ten consecutive numbers of the Literary Messenger, and, together with "Extracts from my Mexican Journal," and "Extracts from an unpublished abridgement of the History of Virginia," furnish a valuable mass of the most useful information. The poetic writers for the Messenger, as a whole, are not the favorites of the Muses, and will no doubt be summoned to give an account of the cruel manner in which they have distorted the pure English in giving utterance to the spasmodic emotions of the *fyfte* which they may have imagined was upon them like an inspiration.

There is one department which we admire—the editorial criticisms. Racy, pungent, and reasonable, the editor writes as one disposed to test the true elements of authorship, and to weigh pretensions with achievements in the opposite scale. He has gently, yet with almost too daring a hand, taken apart the poetical attire of two or three ladies, whose writings have long been ranked among the better specimens of American poetry. He almost dares to hint that Mrs. Sigourney has, by forcing her short scraps of poetry into half the newspapers in the land, gained a wider fame than many a better poet who may have spent a life in maturing and polishing one poem which appears to the world, as poems should, in a dignified volume. He also makes the same charge of the "frequency of her appeals to the attention of the public" against Miss Gould, and institutes the following comparison between the productions of the two authors: "The faults which we have already pointed out, and some others which we will point out hereafter, are but dust in the balance, when weighed against her (Mrs. Sigourney's) very many and distinguished excellences. Among those high qualities which give her beyond doubt, a title to the sacred name of poet, are an acute sensibility to natural loveliness—a quick and perfectly just conception of the moral and physical sublime—a calm and unostentatious vigor of thought—a mingled delicacy and strength of expression—and above all, a mind nobly and exquisitely attuned to all the gentle charities and lofty pieties of life.

"We have already pointed out the prevailing characteristics of Mrs. Sigourney. In Miss Gould, we recognize, first, a disposition, like that of Wordsworth, to seek beauty where it is not usually sought—in the *homeliness* (if we may be permitted the word,) and in the most familiar realities of existence—secondly *abandon* of manner—thirdly a phraseology sparkling with antithesis, yet, strange to say, perfectly simple and unaffected.

"Without Mrs. Sigourney's high reach of thought, Miss Gould surpasses her rival in the mere vehicle of thought—expression. "Words, words, words," are the true secret of her strength. *Words* are her kingdom—and in the realm of language she rules with equal despotism and *nonchalance*. Yet we do not mean to deny her abilities of a higher order than any which a mere *logomachy* can imply. Her powers of imagination are great, and she has a faculty of inestimable worth, when considered in relation to effect—the faculty of holding

ordinary ideas in so novel, and sometimes in so fantastic a light, as to give them all the appearance, and much of the value of originality. Miss Gould will, of course, be the favorite with the multitude—Mrs. Sigourney with the few."

American prose writers and novelists are led under this keen critic's knife, as sheep to the slaughter. In the name of literature we thank Mr. White for his criticisms, that must purify the literary, as lightning does the natural atmosphere.

The Southern Literary Messenger is published on the first day of every month, containing 64 pages in each number, printed on good paper with a beautiful type. The terms are only *five dollars a year*, to be paid in advance.

From the Raleigh Star.

Southern Literary Messenger.—"We have received the first number of the 2d volume of this valuable periodical. This work has justly acquired a reputation superior to that of any similar publication in the country, on account both of its elegant typographical execution, and the rich, valuable, and highly entertaining matter (mostly original) it contains. In the neatness and beauty of its typographical appearance, the number before us surpasses any of its predecessors; and its contents fully sustain its high literary character. We have no room at present for a particular notice of the articles. We hope that every Southron, who feels an interest in that sort of *internal improvement* in the South, which respects the mind, will patronize this work."

From the Columbia (Geo.) Times.

Southern Literary Messenger.—"We have received, some time since, and wished to have given an earlier notice to, this really excellent journal; at whose copiousness, variety and goodness of matter, we were surprised. In literary execution, we think it fully equal to any Journal of its class, in all the North; and in quantity of matter, it far exceeds, we believe, any of them. It is also on a full equality with them, as to its typography.

We are struck, in the *Messenger*, with this good point: the extent of literary intelligence which it affords, by an unusual number of critical notices of new publications, is exceedingly well judged. Its criticisms, too, are in a sounder and more discriminating taste, than that which infects the Magazines of the North, turning them all into the mere vehicles of puffery for each man's little set of associates in scribbling—and partners in literary iniquity. The *Messenger* has also this feature, almost indispensable for a successful Magazine, its Editorial articles are decidedly the best that it contains. They seem to be almost uniformly good.

We had intended to give some extracts from the *Messenger*: but the claims of more pressing matters compel us to postpone them. It is published in Richmond (Va.) by Thomas W. White, contains 64 large pages, in double columns, with small type; and is published monthly, at \$5 per annum.

From the National Gazette.

The number of the Southern Literary Messenger for March, has just made its appearance, having been delayed in order to insert an excellent address delivered by Professor Dew, of William and Mary College, upon the influence of the federative republican system of government upon literature and the development of character. There are various articles which may be read with equal pleasure and profit. A short one upon "Americanisms" alludes to the word *avid*, employed by Bulwer in his last production, the hero of which is said to have been avid of personal power: and, the writer thinks it is the coinage of the novelist, as he says he can find no authority for it even in the latest dictionaries, nor in any author of repute. It does not, however, proceed from Mr. Bulwer's mint. As far as we are aware, Sir Egerton Brydges—who though not a first rate, is no mean member of the scribbling confraternity—in the

first who has employed it. His Autobiography, published a few years ago, and which by the way, ought to have been re-published here as one of the most interesting and singular works of the time, contains it often enough to prove some feeling towards it in the author's breast akin to that of paternal affection.

As the review of the book which appeared in the Edinburgh Quarterly, was attributed to Bulwer, it is very probable that he fell in love with it when engaged in the task of criticism—a moment when, it ought to be inferred he was particularly alive to the correctness or incorrectness of any intrusion upon the premises of the King's English. The word is unquestionably a good and expressive one, and has quite as much inherent right to be incorporated with our language as any other Latin excrement. It is only "Hebrew roots," we are informed by high authority, that "flourish most in barren ground." No imputation, therefore, rests upon the soil from which this sprang. Upon the subject of coining words, as upon so many others, old Flaccus has spoken best:

Licuit, semperque licebit,
Signatum presente notâ procudere nomen.

From the North Carolina Standard.

The Southern Literary Messenger.—We have received the March No. of this valuable monthly. It is as rich in matter, and its pieces are as varied and interesting as any previous number; and we have before said, that but few periodicals in the Union, and none South of the Potomac, are superior to it.

From the Washington Sun.

Southern Literary Messenger.—We have received the Southern Literary Messenger for February. Its contents are rich, varied and interesting. The critiques are particularly good, and evidence a mind feelingly alive to the literary reputation of our country. The collection of autographs will be examined with much interest. We can safely recommend this periodical to the patronage of the public.

From the Tuscaloosa Flag of the Union.

Southern Literary Messenger.—We have received the last number of this beautiful and valuable Magazine, and take great pleasure in expressing the delight with which we have perused its contents. It is certainly the best Magazine now published in the Union, and is an honor to Southern literature and talent. The present number like its predecessors, is replete with 'pearls, and gems, and flowers,' and fully sustains the elevated character of the work. The Critical Notices are peculiarly meritorious and sensible. The Messenger is now under the editorial guidance of Edgar A. Poe, a gentleman highly distinguished for his literary taste and talent.

From the Fincastle Democrat.

Southern Literary Messenger.—We have been furnished by the worthy publisher, with the February number of this "best of American periodicals," as it is said to be by a distinguished Northern contemporary. This number is pronounced, in all of the many notices which we have seen, to be the best of the fifteen that have been published; of this we are not competent to decide, not having been favored with the previous numbers; but, be it as it may, we cheerfully coincide in the annexed sentiment of the editor of the Pennsylvania:—"If it is not well supported by our brethren of the South, no faith is to be placed in their sectional feeling; it is vox et præterea nihil."

From the U. S. Gazette.

The Southern Literary Messenger for March, full of good matter, is at hand—delayed with a view of giving the whole of Professor Dew's address. We miss the racy and condemnatory criticism that distinguishes the work, and which has been favorable to the production of good books. We who publish no volumes, look with complacency upon severe criticism.

From the Richmond Compiler.

The writer of the following judicious article, has performed a task for which he is entitled to our thanks. A want of time and a lack of the proper talent for criticism, have prevented us from giving our opinion at length upon the last number of the Messenger; and this sketch saves us the labor. We accord with most of the writer's positions, and are pleased with the good sense, moderation and delicacy with which he has discharged the office of censor. Criticism, to be useful, must be just and impartial. This is both.

"*The Southern Literary Messenger.*"—Virginia has cause of exultation that her chief literary periodical bearing the above title, has already attained a respectable rank in the United States, and has won "golden opinions" from some of the highest dignitaries in the empire of criticism. Whilst I do not think that the February number which has just appeared, is superior to all its predecessors, yet it may be considered a fair specimen of the general ability with which the work is conducted. Its contents are copious—various in their style and character, and, in candor be it spoken, of very unequal merit. Whilst some articles are highly interesting—the readers of the Messenger would have lost but little, if others had been omitted. This remark is not made in the spirit of fault finding; the Messenger has always enough in its pages to admire, without coveting an indiscriminate and unqualified praise of all which it contains.

The very first article in the February number, on the importance of *Selection in Reading*, though short, contains much matter for grave reflection. The writer states, and states truly, that if a man has forty years to employ in reading, and reads fifty pages a day, he will only be able in that period of time, to accomplish about sixteen hundred volumes of 800 pages each. Highly favored as such a man would be, beyond the mass of his fellow creatures, how insignificant the number of volumes read by him, compared with the millions which fill the libraries of the world, and the thousands and tens of thousand that continually drop from the press. How vastly important is it, therefore, to be well directed in the choice of books!—and I may add, how great is the responsibility of those whose province it is so to direct; to whom the task has been confided of selecting our literary food, and of separating what is healthful and nutritious from what is poisonous and hurtful. A well established magazine, or periodical, undoubtedly exercises great influence on the literary taste, as well as the literary morality of the circle of its readers. Hence good taste, good feeling—just discrimination and high rectitude, are essential qualities in the conduction of such a work. That Mr. Poe, the reputed editor of the Messenger, is a gentleman of brilliant genius and endowments, is a truth which I believe, will not be controverted by a large majority of its readers. For one, however, I confess, that there are occasionally manifested some errors of judgment—or faults in taste—or whatever they may be called, which I should be glad to see corrected. I do not think, for example, that such an article as "the Duc De L'Omlette," in the number under consideration, ought to have appeared. That kind of writing, I know, may plead high precedents in its favor; but that it is calculated to produce effects permanently injurious to sound morals, I think will not be doubted by those who reflect seriously upon the subject. Mr. Poe is too fond of the wild—unnatural and horrible! Why will he not permit his fine genius to soar into purer, brighter, and happier regions? Why will he not disenthral himself from the spells of German enchantment and supernatural imagery? There is room enough for the exercise of the highest powers, upon the multifarious relations of human life, without descending into the dark mysterious and unutterable creations of licentious fancy. When Mr. Poe passes from the region of shadows, into the plain practical dissecting room of criticism, he manifests great dexterity and power. He exposes the imbecility and rottenness of our *ad captandum* popular literature, with the hand of a master. The public I believe was much delighted with the admirable scalping of "Norman Leslie," in the December number, and likewise of Mr. Simms' "Partisan," in the number for January; and it will be no less pleased at the caustic severity with which the puerile abortion of "Paul Ulric" is exposed in the present number.—These miserable attempts at fiction, will bring all fictitious writing into utter disrepute, unless indeed the stern rebukes which shall come from our chairs of criticism, shall rectify the public taste, and preserve the purity of public feeling.

It would be tedious to pronounce upon the merits and demerits of the several articles in the number under review. Dr. Greenhow's continuation of the Tripolitan Sketches is worthy of his calm and philosophical pen. The re-appearance of "Nugator" in the pages of the Messenger—after a long interval of silence—will be hailed by its readers with great pleasure; his "Castellan" is excellent. The article on "Liberian Literature," will attract much attention. It presents a very vivid picture of the wonderful progress which that colony has made in most of the arts, and in many of the refinements of life. Lionel Granby—the sketch of the lamented Cushing,—and the sketches of Lake Superior, have each their peculiar merits, and will be read with interest; of the *Critical Notices*, the sarcastic power of the review of Paul Ulric, has been already spoken of. The Review of "Rienzi," too, the last novel of Bulwer, is written in Mr. Poe's best style,—but I must be permitted to dissent *toto cælo* from his opinion, that the author of that work is unapproached as a novelist by any writer living or dead.—There is no disputing about tastes, but according to my poor judgment, a single work might be selected from among the voluminous labors of Walter Scott, worth all that Bulwer has ever written, or ever will write—and this I

believe will be the impartial verdict of posterity, at least so long as unaffected simplicity and the true moral sublime, are preferred to the gaudy and meretricious coloring which perverted genius throws around its creations. The Eulogy on the great and good Marshall, is an elaborate and elegant performance. It is a powerful, yet familiar sketch of the principal features in the life and character of that incomparable man. The notices of Emilia Harrington; Lieutenant Slidell's work, the *American in England*; Comi; the *Noble Deeds of Women*; of *Rogers's Physiology*; (one of the Bridgewater Treatises) and of Mathew Carey's *Auto-Biography*—are all very spirited articles, and are greatly superior to papers of the same description in the very best monthly periodicals of our country. The last article "Autography" is not exactly to my taste, though there are doubtless many who would find in it food for merriment. The writer of "Readings with My Pencil, No. 1,"—contests the generally received maxim of Horace, that poets are born such; in other words, he denies that there is an "original, inherent organization" of the mind which leads to the "high Heaven of invention," or which, according to the phrenologists, confers the faculty of "ideality." It would require too much space to prove that Horace was right, and that his assailant is altogether wrong. Mr. J. F. O. is greatly behind the philosophy of the age. It is too late in the day to prove that Shakespeare and Byron were created exactly equal with the common mass of mankind, and that circumstances made them superior. Circumstances may excite and develop mental power, but cannot create it. Napoleon, although not born Emperor of the French, was originally endowed with that great capacity which fitted him to tread the paths of military glory and to cut out his way to supreme power. Ordinary mortals could not have achieved what he did, with circumstances equally favorable, or with an education far superior.

It is gratifying to learn that the "Messenger" is still extending the circle of its readers. The wonder is,—supposing that we have none love of country left on this side of the Potomac,—that its patronage is not overflowing. It is the only respectable periodical, I believe, south of that river; and with due encouragement, it might not only become a potent reformer of literary taste, but the vehicle of grave and solid instruction upon subjects deeply interesting to the southern country. That with all our never-ending professions of patriotism, however, there exists a vast deal more of selfishness than public spirit, even in our sunny clime, is a lamentable truth,—nor for one, am I sufficiently sanguine to unite with the editor of the Messenger, in the answer which he gives to his own interrogatory in the following eloquent passage, extracted from the Review of "Comi":—"How long shall mind succumb to the grossest materiality? How long shall the veriest vermin of the earth who crawl around the altar of Mammon be more esteemed of men, than they, the gifted ministers to those exalted emotions which link us with the mysteries of Heaven? To our own query we may venture a reply. Not long—not long will such rank injustice be committed, or permitted. A spirit is already abroad at war with it. And in every billow of the unceasing sea of change—and in every breath, however gentle, of the wide atmosphere of revolution encircling us, is that spirit steadily, yet irresistibly at work." Alas! for this sea of change and this atmosphere of revolution which are fast surrounding us! For my part, I fear that all other distinctions but *wealth* and *power* are about to be annihilated. What do we behold indeed in society, but one universal struggle to acquire both? Moral and intellectual worth are but lightly esteemed in comparison with the possession of that sordid dross, which every brainless upstart or every corrupt adventurer may acquire.

Though the Muses occupy a small space in the present number of the Messenger, their claims are not to be disregarded. Miss Draper's "Lay of Ruin," and Mr. Flint's "Living Alone" have both decided merit. The "Ballad" is written by one who can evidently write much better, if he chooses; and there is a deep poetical inspiration about Mr. Poe's "Valley Nis," which would be more attractive if his verses were smoother, and his subject matter less obscure and unintelligible. Mr. Poe will not consent to abide with ordinary mortals.

Upon the whole, the last number of the Messenger is one of decided merit.

X. Y. Z.

From the Richmond Compiler.

The Southern Literary Messenger. Our critical correspondent of the 32d, is not borne out, in some of his remarks, by public opinion. We allude to his observations on the *Duc de L'Omelette*, and Mr. Poe's *Autography*. These articles are eliciting the highest praise from the highest quarters. Of the *Duc de L'Omelette*, the Baltimore American, (a paper of the first authority and hitherto opposed to Mr. P.) says: The *Duc de L'Omelette*, by Edgar A. Poe, is one of those light, spirited, fantastic inventions, of which we have had specimens before in the Messenger, betokening a fertility of imagination, and power of execution, that would, under a sustained effort, produce creations of an enduring character." The Petersburg Constellation copies the entire "Autography," with high commendations, and of the *Duc de L'Omelette*, says, "of the lighter contributions, of the diamonds which sparkle beside the more sombre gems, commend us, thou spirit of eccentricity! to our favorite, Edgar A. Poe's "Duc de L'Omelette," the best thing of the kind we ever have, or ever expect to read." These opinions seem to be universal. In justice to Mr. Poe, and as an offset to the remarks of our correspondent, we extract the following notice of the February number from the National Intelligencer.

From the National Intelligencer.

The Southern Literary Messenger. The February No. of this beautiful and interesting periodical has reached us, and it gives us pleasure to learn that it will be distributed to a greater number of subscribers than any previous one has been. This is creditable to the taste of the people, to the industry of the proprietor, the talents of its editor and contributors, and particularly to the South, to whom Mr. White especially looks for the support of his enterprise. The following notice of the contents of the present number is from a friend of literary taste and discrimination:

The present number is uncommonly rich. It opens with some valuable hints upon the necessity of selection in reading, a capital discourse of a column and a half upon the startling text, "If you have forty years to employ in reading, and can read fifty pages a day, you will be able in those forty years to accomplish only about sixteen hundred volumes, of 400 pages each." This consideration, ably put by the editor, is an antidote, one would think, to "amateurism." The next is No. X. of a very interesting series of Historical sketches of Barbary States. This number brings the history of Algiers down to the close of Charles Xth's reign. Taken together, these papers are very valuable, and will form a useful reference hereafter. It is such papers as these that make a periodical worth keeping. The next prose article is amusing. It is a translation from the French, and gives a most humorous account of "a Cousin of the Married," a man who acquired that quaint sobriquet by attending all weddings, where there was a large company assembled and making himself useful by proposing sentiments, reciting epigrams, and singing songs appropriate to those happy occasions, until he was discovered by an aristocratic groom, and compelled to vacate the premises. The paper contains a similar narrative of "a Cousin of the Dead," who, having been advised to ride for his health, and being too poor, used to go to all funerals as a mourner, and thus obtained the medicine prescribed by his physician, with no other cost than a few crocodile tears. Then comes one of that eccentric writer, Edgar A. Poe's, characteristic productions, "The Duc de L'Omelette," which is one of the best things of the kind we have ever read. Mr. Poe has great powers, and every line tells in all he writes. He is no spinner-out of long yarns, but chooses his subject, whimsically, perhaps, yet originally, and treats it in a manner peculiarly his own. "Rustic Courtship in New England" has not the verisimilitude which is necessary to entitle it to the only praise that such sketches usually obtain; unless they were well done, it were always better that Yankee stories be not done at all. We hate to be over-critical, but would recommend to the "Octogenarian" to take the veritable Jack Downing or John Berkle, as his models, before he writes again. Those inimitable writers have well-nigh, if not quite, exhausted the subject of New England Courtship, and (we speak "as one having authority, and not as the scribes," by which we mean the critics) the writer before us has done but very indifferently what they have done so well, as to gain universal applause. "Palestine" is a useful article, containing geographical, topographical, and other statistical facts in the history of that interesting country, well put together, and valuable as a reference.

We were much entertained with "Nugator's" humorous sketches of the castle-building farmer. No periodical in the country, numbers one among its contributors more racy than "Nugator." The article on "Liberian Literature" gives the reader a very flattering idea of the condition of that colony. The "Biographical Sketch" of President Cushing, of Hampden Sidney College, we read with much pleasure. We would recommend a series of similar sketches, from the same source: nothing can give a periodical of this kind more solid value than such tributes to departed worth. Sketches of "Lake Superior"—beautiful! beautiful! We feel inclined to follow the track so picturesquely described by Mr. Hootory, and make a pilgrimage to the wild and woody scenery of the Great Lake. This is a continuous series of letters, and we shall hail the coming numbers with much pleasure. The last prose contribution in the book is entitled "Readings with my Pencil," being a series of paraphrases of different passages, taken at random, from various authors. We like this plan, and think well of the performance thus far. It is to be continued.

The poetical department is not so rich as that in former numbers. Miss Draper's "Lay of Ruin" is irregular in the versification, and shows the fair writer's forte to be in a different style altogether. We wish she would give us something more like that gem of the December number of the Messenger, "Halley's Comet in 1760." Mr. Flint's "Living Alone," capital; and Mr. Poe's "Valley Nis," characteristically wild, yet sweetly soft and smooth in measure as in mood. The "Lines" on page 186 do no credit to the Messenger; they should have been dropped into the fire as soon as the first stanza was read by the editor; and if he had gotten to the eleventh, he should have set the MS. to the Museum as a curiosity. Look! The Bard addresses the Mississippi!

"'Tis not clearness—'tis not brightness
"Such as dwell in mountain brooks—
"'Tis thy big, big boiling torrent—
"'Tis thy wild and angry looks."

This is altogether too bad. Eliza's Stanzas to "Greece" are very beautiful. She writes from Mainz, and, with care and cultivation, will, by and by, do something worthy of the name to which she makes aspiration. So much for the poetry of the

number; which neither in quantity or quality is equal to the last three or four.

In the "Editorial" department, we recognise the powerful discrimination of Mr. Poe. The dissection of "Paul Ulric," though well deserved, is perfectly savage. *Morris Mattson, Esq.* will hardly write again. This article will as surely kill him as one not half so scaldingly written did poor *Keats*, in the London Quarterly. The notice of *Lieutenant Siddell's* "American in England" we were glad to see. It is a fair offset to the coxcombical article (probably written by *Norman Leslie Fay*) which lately appeared in the New York Mirror, in reference to our countryman's really agreeable work. *Bulwer's* "Rienzi" is ably reviewed, and in a style to beget in him who reads it a strong desire to possess himself immediately of the book itself. There is also an interesting notice of *Matthew Carey's* Autobiography, and two or three other works lately published.

Under this head, there is, in the number before us, the best sketch of the character and life of *Chief Justice Marshall* we have as yet seen. This alone would make a volume of the Messenger valuable beyond the terms of subscription. It purports to be a Review of *Story's*, *Binnay's*, and *Snowden's* Eulogies upon that distinguished jurist, while, in reality, it is a rich and pregnant Biography of "The Expounder of the Constitution."

The number closes with a most amusing paper containing twenty-five admirably executed *fac simile* autographs of some of the most distinguished of our literati. The *equivogue* of Mr. *Joseph A. B. C. D. E. F. G. H. I. J. K. L. M. N. O. P. Q. R. S. T. U. V. W. X. Y. Z.* *Miller* is admirably kept up, and the whimsical character of the pretended letters to which the signatures are attached is well preserved. Of almost all the autographs we can speak on our own authority, and are able to pronounce them capital.

Upon the whole, the number before us (entirely original) may be set down as one of the very best that has yet been issued.

From the Pennsylvanian.

The Southern Literary Messenger, published in Richmond, maintains its high character. The March number, however, which has just come to hand, would have been the better had the solid articles been relieved, as in the previous numbers, by a greater variety of contributions of a lighter cast. It is comparatively heavy, a fault which should be carefully avoided in a magazine intended for all sorts of readers. Sinning in the opposite direction would be much more excusable.

From the Georgetown Metropolitan.

We have taken time to go through the last number of the Southern Literary Messenger, and find it, with some slight exceptions, in the articles of its correspondents, worthy, in every respect, of the high reputation of the series. The editorial articles are vigorous and original, as usual, and there are papers not easily to be surpassed in any periodical. Such a one is that on the Classics, which is not the saucy and flippant thing we were half afraid to find it, but an essay of great wisdom, learning, and strength,—and what we generally see combined with it,—playfulness of mind.

Another such article is the splendid address prepared by Professor Dew, for delivery before the Historical and Philosophical Society of Virginia. Its eloquence, vast compass, and subtlety of thought, will amply and richly repay the attention.

We have time to-day for but a brief notice of the other articles. Sketches of the Barbary States,—continues the description of the French conquest, with the same clearness and ability which we have before frequently commended.

"Epimæus" displays a rich, but extravagant fancy. "To Helen," is pretty and classic, from the same hand—we will give it in our next.

"Change" has many lines in it, of sweet, and what we like best, of thoughtful poetry; we will publish it in our next.

"Manual Labor Schools."—Another "address," but practical and sensible. We suggest, with deference, to the very able editor of the Southern Literary Messenger, that the less frequently he admits articles of this description into his columns, the better. Except in rare circumstances, such for example as Professor Dew's, we think they are unfit for a magazine,—the subject of the present one, is, however, of great importance. "Georgia Scenes" makes a capital article, and has excited, in our mind, a great curiosity to see the book.

From the Georgetown Metropolitan.

The Southern Literary Messenger, for the present month, is unusually rich. The articles evince depth, talent and taste, and there is all the eastern vigor and maturity of learning, with all the southern spirit of imagination. It is, in fact, nobly edited and supported, well worthy of being considered the representative and organ of Southern talent.

Of the articles in the present number, the general list as may be seen by looking at the advertisement in another column, is very attractive, and a perusal will not "unbecome the promise." We have not time to go over each as we would wish; but the historical sketch of *Algiers*, which is brought down to the embarkation of the French expedition, will command attention. "A Lay of *Ruin*," by Miss Draper, has some lines of exquisite poetry, and Edgar A. Poe's Sketch "The Duc de L'Omelette," is the best thing of the kind we have seen from him yet. "Living Alone" by Timothy Flint, greatly interested us. That this patriarch of American literature, in his green and fresh old age, can write verses so full of the amaranthine vigor of youth, is a

delightful picture. We are sorry we cannot find room for these pleasant verses. Among other attractions of the number, we come upon a Drinking Song, by Major Noah, in which the most agreeable and witty of editors, proves himself one of the most moral and fascinating of lyrists. It is an anacronistic of the right stamp, and does its author more credit than all the anti-Van Buren articles he ever penned.

The Critical Notices are better by far, than those in any other magazine in the country. Paul Ulric is too small game for the tremendous demolition he has received—a club of iron has been used to smash a fly. The article on Judge Marshall is an able and faithful epitome of that great jurist's character; in fact, the best which the press has yet given to the public. We agree with all the other critiques except that of Bulwer's *Rienzi*. The most extraordinary article in the book and the one which will excite most attention, is its tail piece, in which an American edition of Frazer's celebrated Miller hoax has been played off on the American Literati with great success—and better than all, an accurate fac simile of each autograph given along with it.

This article is extremely amusing, and will excite more attention than probably any thing of the kind yet published in an American periodical. It is quite new in this part of the world.

We commend this excellent magazine to our readers, as in a high degree deserving of encouragement, and as one which will reward it.

From the Baltimore American.

The Southern Literary Messenger for February is, we think, the best of the fifteen numbers that have been published. Most of its articles, prose and verse, are of good Magazine quality, sprightly and diversified. The first, on "Selection in Reading," contains in a brief space a useful lesson in these book-abounding times, when many people take whatever publishers please to give them, or surrender their right of selection to the self-complacent and shallow editors of cheap "Libraries." Of the interesting "Sketches of the History and present condition of Tripoli, with some account of the other Barbary States," we have here No. 10, which concludes with the preparations of the attack on *Algiers* by the French in 1830. "The Cousin of the Married" and the "Cousin of the Dead" are two capital comic pictures from the French. "The Duc de L'Omelette," by Edgar A. Poe is one of those light, spirited, fantastic inventions, of which we have had specimens before in the Messenger, betokening a fertility of imagination and power of execution, that with discipline could, under a sustained effort, produce creations of an enduring character. "Rustic Courtship in New England" is of a class that should not get higher than the first page of a country newspaper,—we mean no disrespect to any of our "contemporaries,"—for it has no literary capabilities.

The best and also the largest portion of the present number of the Messenger is the department of critical notices of books. These are the work of a vigorous, sportive, keen pen, that, whether you approve the judgments or not it records, takes captive your attention by the spirit with which it moves. The number ends with the amusing Miller correspondence, of which we have already spoken.

From the Petersburg Constellation.

We briefly announced a few days ago, the receipt of the February number of the Southern Literary Messenger. It is one of the richest and raciest numbers of that Journal yet issued from the Press. The judicious introductory article on the necessity of select reading; the continuation of the Historical sketches of the Barbary States; Palestine; the Biographical notice of the late Professor Cushing of Hampden Sidney College; the Review of the Eulogies on, and Reminiscences of the late Chief Justice Marshall, are among the solid treasures of the Messenger of this month. Sketches of Lake Superior in a series of Letters which are "to be continued;" the Cousin of the Married and the Cousin of the Dead, a translation from the French; Lionel Granby, Chapter 8; the Castle Builder turned Farmer, and Rustic Courtship in New England, have each their beauties, excellences and peculiarities. Of the lighter contributions, of the diamonds which sparkle beside the more sombre gems, commend us, thou spirit of eccentricity! forever and a day to our favorite Edgar A. Poe's *Duc de L'Omelette*—the best thing of the kind we ever have or ever expect to read. The idea of "dying of an Ortolan;" the waking up in the palace of Pluto; of that mysterious chain of "blood red metal" hung "parmi les nues," at the nether extremity of which was attached a "crescent," pouring forth a light more "intense, still and terrible" than "Persia ever worshipped, Gheber imagined, or Mussulman dreamed of;" the paintings and statuary of that mysterious hall, whose solitary uncurtained window looked upon blazing Tartarus, and whose ceiling was lost in a mass of "fiery-colored clouds;" the *monchanceux*, the *Duc* in challenging "His Majesty" to a *jeu* with the *points*; his imperturbable, self-confident assurance during the playing of a game of *ecarté*; his adroitness in slipping a card while his Infernal Highness "took wine" (a trick which won the *Duc* his game by the by, and finally his characteristic compliment to the Deity of the Face of "que s'il n'était pas de L'Omelette, il n'aurait point d'objection d'être le Diable," are conceptions which for peculiar eccentricity and graphic quaintness, are perfectly inimitable. Of the criticisms, the most are good; that on Mr. Morris Mattson's novel of "Paul Ulric," like a former criticism from the same pen on *Fay's* "Norman Leslie" is a literal "slaying alive!" a carving up into "ten thousand atoms!" a complete literary annihilation! If Mr. Morris Matt-

son is either courageous or wise, he will turn upon his merciless assailant as Byron turned upon Jeffrey, and prove that he can not only do better things, but that he deserves more lenient usage! Last but not by far the least in interest, is Mr. Joseph A. Q. Z. Miller's "Autography." We copy the whole article as a literary treat which we should wrong their tastes did we suppose for a moment would not be as highly appreciated by each and all of our readers, as it is by ourselves."

From the Baltimore Chronicle.

The Southern Literary Messenger. The last number of this periodical is, perhaps the best that has appeared, and shows that the favor with which its predecessors have been received has only added stimulus to the exertions of its enterprising proprietor and very able Editor. The number consists of 70 pages, all of which are taken up with original matter. The prose articles are generally of high merit—but the poetry of the present number is inferior to that of some of the preceding. The critical notices are written in a nervous style and with great impartiality and independence. The Editor seems to have borne in mind the maxim of the greatest of reviewers—"the judge is condemned when the guilty is acquitted." The application of this severe rule to all criticism would impart greater value to just commendation and render the censure of the press more formidable to brainless pretenders. The public judgment is constantly deluded and misled by indiscriminate puffing and unmerited praise. The present Editor of the Messenger is in no danger of doing violence to his feelings in this respect.

From the Boston Mercantile Journal.

The Southern Literary Messenger.—This is a periodical which it is probably well known to many of our readers, was established a little more than a year since, in Richmond, Va. It is issued in monthly numbers of about seventy pages each, and is devoted to every department of Literature and the Fine Arts. Containing much matter of a brilliant and superior order, evidently the productions of accomplished scholars and Belles Lettres writers, with able and discriminating critical notices of the principal publications on this side the Atlantic, the Southern Literary Messenger is equal in interest and excellence to any Monthly Periodical in the country, and we are glad to learn from the February number that it has already received extensive and solid patronage.

From the Norfolk Beacon.

The Southern Literary Messenger for February appears in all its freshness. The sketches of the history of the Barbary States contained in the present number include the period of the equipment and departure of the French fleet destined for the attack on Algiers. The account of the diplomatic movements of England and France on the subject of the proposed capture is novel and instructive. The tribute to the memory of Cushing we hail with pleasure. It is not a faultless production, it is written in a right spirit. The review of Paul Ulrich is written with great freedom and unusual severity. The reviewer wields a formidable weapon. The article on Judge Marshall groups within a small compass much valuable and interesting intelligence respecting the late Chief Justice. It is not executed, however in a workmanlike manner. The ungenerous allusion to Chapman Johnson was wholly gratuitous. There is also a seasoning of federal politics, not referring to long past times, that ought to have been spared us. But the article on Autography is a treat of no common order. We have seen nothing of the kind before in an American periodical. It must have cost Mr. White a great deal of labor and expense in its typographical execution. What has become of the excellent series of essays on the sexes, ascribed to the pen of a distinguished professor of Wm. & Mary?

From the Baltimore American.

The publication of the Southern Literary Messenger, for March, was delayed beyond the usual time, for the purpose of inserting in it an Address by Professor Dew, of Wm. and Mary College, prepared to be delivered before the Virginia Historical and Philosophical Society. The first copy sent to us having miscarried, we have been further disappointed in the receipt of this number, which has just now reached us. As yet we have read but one article in it, but that is one of such merit on so interesting a subject, that it were nearly sufficient alone to give value to the number, without the aid of Mr. Dew's Address, to which we shall hereafter refer, doubting not to find it of high excellence, as his reputation leads us to anticipate.

The article to which we allude is on 'Manual Labor Schools, and their importance as connected with literary institutions.' The introduction of manual labor as a regular department of the school exercises is, we believe, one of the greatest improvements of the age, in the most important branch of human endeavor—the culture of man. We make no apology for frequently recurring to this subject. As reasonable would it be to expect apologies from the municipal authorities for directing their efforts daily, and with unrelaxed watchfulness, to the keeping pure and healthy the atmosphere of a city. The culture or education of human beings is a subject of unsurpassed moment and of never ceasing interest. The principles upon which this culture is to be conducted, and the modes of applying them, involve the well being of communities and nations. We are glad therefore,

to perceive, that in our new and promising race of literary monthlies, education receives a large share of attention.

The paper before us in the Messenger, prepared by the Rev. Mr. Stanton, is peculiarly interesting, because it embodies a quantity of experience of the results produced by manual labor—results, which though derived from comparatively few sources, the number of institutions where the system has been introduced being as yet small—are of the most emphatic and convincing character. They already suffice to prove that the connexion of manual labor establishments with literary institutions, is conducive not only in the highest degree to health, but to morals, and to intellectual proficiency. Moreover—and this is a point of incalculable importance—in some of these institutions, a majority of the students have by their labor diminished their expenses about one half; a portion of them have defrayed the whole of their expenses, and a few have more than defrayed them—enjoying at the same time better health, and making more rapid advances in knowledge than usual. The distinct testimony of the pupils as well as superintendents, is added to prove the beneficial effects upon body and mind, of three hours agricultural or mechanical labor every day. One of these effects is described in the following language. "This system is calculated to make men hardy, enterprising, and independent; and to wake up within them a spirit perseveringly to do, and endure, and dare."

From the New Yorker.

The Southern Literary Messenger.—The February No. of this periodical is before us—rich in typographical beauty as ever, but scarcely so fortunate as in some former instances in the character of its original contributions. Such at least is our judgment; and yet of some twenty articles the greater number will be perused with decided satisfaction. Of these, No. X. of the "Sketches of the History of Tripoli" and other Barbary States, affords an interesting account of the series of outrages on the part of the Algerine Regency which provoked the entire overthrow of that infamous bandit and the subjugation of the country. [We take occasion to say here that we trust France will never restore the Algerine territory to the sway of the barbarian and infidel, but hold it at the expense, if need be, of a Continental War.]

"The Cousin of the Married and the Cousin of the Dead" is a most striking translation, which we propose to copy.

"Living Alone," by Timothy Flint, forms an exception to the usual character of the poetry of the Messenger, which we do not greatly affect. Mr. Flint, however, writes to be read—and is rarely disappointed or disappointed his readers.

There are some amusing pictures of Virginia rural life and domestic economy in the papers entitled "Lionel Granby" and "Castellanus;" and the biographical sketch of the late President Cushing, of Hampden Sidney College, indicates a just State pride properly directed. The "Sketches of Lake Superior" are alike creditable to the writer and the Magazine. "Greece" forms the inspiration of some graceful lines. But the 'great feature' of this No. is an Editorial critique on Mr. Morris Matson's novel of "Paul Ulrich," which is tomahawked and scalped after the manner of a Winnebago. If any young gentleman shall find himself irresistibly impelled to perpetrate a novel, and all milder remedies prove unavailing, we earnestly advise him to read this criticism. We are not sufficiently hard hearted to recommend its perusal to any one else.

The concluding paper will commend itself to the attention of the rational curious. It embraces the autographs, quaintly introduced and oddly accompanied, of twenty-four of the most distinguished literary personages of our country—Mrs. Sigourney, Miss Leslie, Miss Sedgwick, Messrs. Washington Irving, Fitz Greene Halleck, Timothy Flint, J. K. Paulding, J. Fenimore Cooper, Robert Walsh, Edward Everett, J. Q. Adams, Dr. Channing, &c. &c. We note this as an evidence of the energy and less than the good taste of the publisher, and as an earnest of his determination to spare no pains or expense in rendering the work acceptable to its patrons.

From the New York Evening Star.

The Southern Literary Messenger, for March, has been received, and a particularly good number it is. There is one point in which this Messenger stands pre-eminent, and that point is candor. If there is any thing disgusting and sickening, it is the fashion of magazine and newspaper reviewers of the present day of plastering every thing which is heralded into existence with a tremendous sound of trumpets—applaud every thing written by the twenty-fifth relation distant of a really great writer, or the author of one or two passable snatches of poetry, or every day sketches.

From the Natchez Courier.

Last but not least, as the friends of a literature, emphatically southern, we welcome the February number of the "Southern Literary Messenger," a work that stands second to none in the country. Its criticisms we pronounce to be at once the boldest and most generally correct of any we meet with. True, it is very severe on many of the current publications of the day; but we think no unprejudiced man can say it is a whit too much so. The country is deluged from Maine to Louisiana, with a mass of stuff "done up" into books that require the most severe handling. The Messenger gives it to them. It is a work which ought to be in the hand of every literary southerner, in particular. It is published by T. W. White Richmond, Va.

SOUTHERN LITERARY MESSENGER.

Vol. II.

RICHMOND, MAY, 1836.

No. VI.

T. W. WHITE, PROPRIETOR.

FIVE DOLLARS PER ANNUM.

MSS. OF BENJ. FRANKLIN.*

Mr. Gazetteer,—I was highly pleased with your last week's paper upon SCANDAL, as the uncommon doctrine therein preached is agreeable both to my principles and practice, and as it was published very seasonably to reprove the impertinence of a writer in the foregoing Thursday's Mercury, who, at the conclusion of one of his silly paragraphs, laments forsooth that the fair sex are so peculiarly guilty of this enormous crime: every blockhead, ancient and modern, that could handle a pen, has, I think, taken upon him to cant in the same senseless strain. If to scandalize be really a crime, what do these puppies mean? They describe it—they dress it up in the most odious, frightful and detestable colors—they represent it as the worst of crimes, and then roundly and charitably charge the whole race of woman-kind with it. Are not they then guilty of what they condemn, at the same time that they condemn it? If they accuse us of any other crime they must necessarily scandalize while they do it; but to scandalize us with being guilty of scandal, is in itself an egregious absurdity, and can proceed from nothing but the most consummate impudence in conjunction with the most profound stupidity.

This, supposing as they do, that to scandalize is a crime; which you have convinced all reasonable people is an opinion absolutely erroneous. Let us leave then, these select mock-moralists, while I entertain you with some account of my life and manners.

I am a young girl of about thirty-five, and live at present with my mother. I have no care upon my head of getting a living, and therefore find it my duty as well as inclination to exercise my talent at CENSURE for the good of my country folks. There was, I am told, a certain generous emperor, who, if a day had passed over his head in which he had conferred no benefit on any man, used to say to his friends, in Latin, *Diem perdidit*, that is, it seems, *I have lost a day*. I believe I should make use of the same expression, if it were possible for a day to pass in which I had not, or missed, an opportunity to scandalize somebody: but, thanks be praised, no such misfortune has befallen me these dozen years.

Yet whatever good I may do, I cannot pretend that I at first entered into the practice of this virtue from a principle of public spirit; for I remember that when a child I had a violent inclination to be ever talking in my own praise, and being continually told that it was ill-manners and once severely whipped for it, the confined stream formed itself a new channel, and I began to speak for the future in the dispraise of others. This I found more agreeable to company and almost as much so to myself: for what great difference can there be between putting yourself up or putting your neighbor

down? Scandal, like other virtues, is in part its own reward, as it gives us the satisfaction of making ourselves appear better than others, or others no better than ourselves.

My mother, good woman, and I, have heretofore differed upon this account. She argued that Scandal spoilt all good conversation, and I insisted that without it there would be no such thing. Our disputes once rose so high that we parted tea-tables, and I concluded to entertain my acquaintance in the kitchen. The first day of this separation we both drank tea at the same time, but she with her visitors in the parlor. She would not hear of the least objection to any one's character, but began a new sort of discourse in some such queer philosophical manner as this: *I am mightily pleased sometimes*, says she, *when I observe and consider that the world is not so bad as people out of humor imagine it to be. There is something amiable, some good quality or other in every body. If we were only to speak of people that are least respected, there is such a one is very dutiful to her father, and methinks has a fine set of teeth; such a one is very respectful to her husband; such a one is very kind to her poor neighbors, and besides has a very handsome shape; such a one is always ready to serve a friend, and in my opinion there is not a woman in town that has a more agreeable air or gait.* This fine kind of talk, which lasted near half an hour, she concluded by saying, *I do not doubt but every one of you has made the like observations, and I should be glad to have the conversation continued upon this subject.* Just at this juncture I peeped in at the door, and never in my life before saw such a set of simple vacant countenances. They looked somehow neither glad nor sorry, nor angry nor pleased, nor indifferent nor attentive; but (excuse the simile) like so many images of rye dough. I, in the kitchen, had already begun a ridiculous story of Mr. —'s intrigue with his maid, and his wife's behavior on the discovery; at some of the passages we laughed heartily; and one of the gravest of mamma's company, without making any answer to her discourse got up to go and see what the girls were so merry about: she was followed by a second, and shortly by a third, till at last the old gentlewoman found herself quite alone, and being convinced that her project was impracticable came herself and finished her tea with us; ever since which *Saul also has been among the prophets*, and our disputes lie dormant.

By industry and application I have made myself the centre of all the scandal in the province; there is little stirring but I hear of it. I began the world with this maxim, that no trade can subsist without returns; and accordingly, whenever I received a good story, I endeavored to give two or a better in the room of it. My punctuality in this way of dealing gave such encouragement that it has procured me an incredible deal of business, which without diligence and good method it would be impossible for me to go through. For besides the stock of defamation thus naturally flowing in upon me, I practice an art by which I can pump

* These pieces from the pen of Dr. Franklin have never appeared in any edition of his works, and are from the manuscript book which contains the *Lecture* and *Essays* published in the April number of the *Messenger*.

scandal out of people that are the least inclined that way. Shall I discover my secret? Yes; to let it die with me would be inhuman. If I have never heard ill of some person I always impute it to defective intelligence; *for there are none without their faults, no, not one.* If she be a woman, I take the first opportunity to let all her acquaintance know I have heard that one of the handsomest or best men in town has said something in praise either of her beauty, her wit, her virtue, or her good management. If you know any thing of human nature, you perceive that this naturally introduces a conversation turning upon all her failings, past, present and to come. To the same purpose and with the same success I cause every man of reputation to be praised before his competitors in love, business, or esteem, on account of any particular qualification. Near the times of election, if I find it necessary, I commend every candidate before some of the opposite party, listening attentively to what is said of him in answer. But commendations in this latter case are not always necessary and should be used judiciously. Of late years I needed only observe what they said of one another freely; and having for the help of memory taken account of all informations and accusations received, whoever peruses my writings after my death, may happen to think that during a certain time the people of Pennsylvania chose into all their offices of honor and trust, the veriest knaves, fools and rascals, in the whole province. The time of election used to be a busy time with me, but this year, with concern I speak it, people are grown so good natured, so intent upon mutual feasting and friendly entertainment, that I see no prospect of much employment from that quarter.

I mentioned above that without good method I could not go through my business. In my father's life time I had some instruction in accounts, which I now apply with advantage to my own affairs. I keep a regular set of books and can tell at an hour's warning how it stands between me and the world. In my *Daybook* I enter every article of defamation as it is transacted; for scandals received in I give credit, and when I pay them out again I make the persons to whom they respectively relate, *Debtor*. In my *Journal*, I add to each story, by way of improvement, such probable circumstances as I think it will bear, and in my *Ledger* the whole is regularly posted.

I suppose the reader already condemns me in his heart for this particular of *adding circumstances*, but I justify this part of my practice thus. It is a principle with me that none ought to have a greater share of reputation than they really deserve; if they have, it is an imposition upon the public. I know it is every one's interest, and therefore believe they endeavor to conceal all their vices and follies; and I hold that those people are *extraordinary* foolish or careless, who suffer one-fourth of their failings to come to public knowledge. Taking then the common prudence and imprudence of mankind in a lump, I suppose none suffer above one-fifth to be discovered; therefore, when I hear of any person's misdoing, I think I keep within bounds, if in relating it I only make it three times worse than it is; and I reserve to myself the privilege of charging them with one fault in four, which for aught I know they may be entirely innocent of. You see there are but few so careful of doing justice as myself; what reason

then have mankind to complain of *Scandal*? In a general way the worst that is said of us is only half what might be said, if all our faults were seen.

But alas! two great evils have lately befallen me at the same time; an extreme cold that I can scarce speak, and a most terrible toothache that I dare hardly open my mouth. For some days past I have received ten stories for one I have paid; and I am not able to balance my accounts without your assistance. I have long thought that if you would make your paper a vehicle of scandal, you would double the number of your subscribers. I send you herewith accounts of four knavish tricks, two * * *, five * * * *, three drubbed wives, and four henpecked husbands, all within this fortnight; which you may, as articles of news, deliver to the public, and if my toothache continues shall send you more, being in the mean time your constant reader,

ALICE ADDERTONGUE.

I thank my correspondent, Mrs. Addertongue, for her good will, but desire to be excused inserting the articles of news she has sent me, such things being in reality no news at all.

QUERIES TO BE ASKED THE JUNTO.

Whence comes the dew that stands on the outside of a tankard that has cold water in it in the summer time?

Does the importation of servants increase or advance the wealth of our country?

Would not an office of insurance for servants be of service, and what methods are proper for the erecting such an office?

Whence does it proceed that the proselytes to any sect or persuasion, generally appear more zealous than those that are bred up in it?

Answer. I suppose that people *BRED* in different persuasions are nearly zealous alike. Then he that changes his party is either sincere or not sincere: that is, he either does it for the sake of the opinions merely, or with a view of interest. If he is sincere and has no view of interest, and considers before he declares himself how much ill will he shall have from those he leaves, and that those he is about to go among will be apt to suspect his sincerity: if he is not really zealous, he will not declare; and therefore must be zealous if he does declare.

If he is not sincere, he is obliged at least to put on an appearance of great zeal, to convince the better his new friends that he is heartily in earnest, for his old ones he knows dislike him. And as few acts of zeal will be more taken notice of than such as are done against the party he has left, he is inclined to injure or malign them because he knows they condemn and despise him. Hence one Renegado is (as the Proverb says) worse than ten Turks.

Sir,—It is strange, that among men who are born for society and mutual solace, there should be any who take pleasure in speaking disagreeable things to their acquaintance. But such there are I assure you, and I should be glad if a little public chastisement might be any means of reforming them. These ill-natured people study a man's temper, or the circumstances of his life,

merely to know what disgusts him, and what he does not care to hear mentioned; and this they take care to omit no opportunity of disturbing him with. They communicate their wonderful discoveries to others, with an ill-natured satisfaction in their countenances, say such a thing to such a man and you cannot mortify him worse. They delight (to use their own phrase) in seeing galled horses wince, and like flies, a sore place is a feast to them. Know, ye wretches, that the meanest insect, the trifling musquito, the filthy bug have it in their power to give pain to men; but to be able to give pleasure to your fellow creatures, requires good nature and a kind and humane disposition, joined with talents to which ye seem to have no pretension. X. Y.

If a sound body and a sound mind, which is as much as to say health and virtue, are to be preferred before all other considerations,—Ought not men, in choosing of a business either for themselves or children, to refuse such as are unwholesome for the body, and such as make a man too dependant, too much obliged to please others, and too much subjected to their humors in order to be recommended and get a livelihood.

I am about courting a girl I have had but little acquaintance with; how shall I come to a knowledge of her faults, and whether she has the virtues I imagine she has?

Answer. Commend her among her female acquaintance.

To the Printer of the Gazette.

According to the request of your correspondent T. P., I send you my thoughts on the following case by him proposed, viz :

A man bargains for the keeping of his horse six months, whilst he is making a voyage to Barbadoes. The horse strays or is stolen soon after the keeper has him in possession. When the owner demands the value of his horse in money, may not the other as justly demand so much deducted as the keeping of the horse six months amounts to?

It does not appear that they had any dispute about the value of the horse, whence we may conclude there was no reason for such dispute, but it was well known how much he cost, and that he could not honestly have been sold again for more. But the value of the horse is not expressed in the case, nor the sum agreed for keeping him six months; wherefore in order to our more clear apprehension of the thing, let ten pounds represent the horse's value and three pounds the sum agreed for his keeping.

Now the sole foundation on which the keeper can found his demand of a deduction for keeping a horse he did not keep, is this. *Your horse, he may say, which I was to restore to you at the end of six months was worth ten pounds; if I now give you ten pounds it is an equivalent for your horse, and equal to returning the horse itself. Had I returned your horse (value 10l.) you would have paid me three pounds for his keeping, and therefore would have received in fact but seven pounds clear. You then suffer no injury if I now pay you seven pounds, and consequently you ought in reason to allow me the remaining three pounds according to our agreement.*

But the owner of the horse may possibly insist upon being paid the whole sum of ten pounds, without allowing any deduction for his keeping after he was lost, and that for these reasons.

1. It is always supposed, unless an express agreement be made to the contrary, when horses are put out to keep, that the keeper is at the risque of them (unavoidable accidents only excepted, wherein no care of the keeper can be supposed sufficient to preserve them, such as their being slain by lightning or the like.) *This you yourself tacitly allow when you offer to restore me the value of my horse.* Were it otherwise, people having no security against a keeper's neglect or mismanagement would never put horses out to keep.

2. Keepers considering the risque they run, always demand such a price for keeping horses, that if they were to follow the business twenty years, they may have a living profit, though they now and then pay for a horse they have lost; and if they were to be at no risque they might afford to keep horses for less than they usually have. So that what a man pays for his horse's keeping, more than the keeper could afford to take if he ran no risque, is in the nature of a premium for the insurance of his horse. *If I then pay you for the few days you kept my horse, you should restore me his full value.*

3. You acknowledge that my horse eat of your hay and oats but a few days. It is unjust then to charge me for all the hay and oats that he only might have eat in the remainder of the six months, and which you have now still good in your stable. If, as the proverb says, it is unreasonable to expect a horse should void oats who never eat any, it is certainly as unreasonable to expect payment for those oats.

4. If men in such cases as this are to be paid for keeping horses when they were not kept, then they have a great opportunity of wronging the owners of horses. For by privately selling my horse for his value (ten pounds) soon after you had him in possession, and returning me at the expiration of the time only seven pounds, demanding three pounds as a deduction agreed for his keeping, you get that 3l. clear into your pocket, besides the use of my money six months for nothing.

5. But you say, the value of my horse being ten pounds, if you deduct three for his keeping and return me seven, it is all I would in fact have received had you returned my horse; therefore as I am no loser I ought to be satisfied: this argument, were there any weight in it, might serve to justify a man in selling as above, as many of the horses he takes to keep as he conveniently can, putting clear into his own pocket that charge their owner must have been at for their keeping, for this being no loss to the owners, he may say, *where no man is a loser why should not I be a gainer.* I need only answer to this, that I allow the horse cost me but ten pounds, nor could I have sold him for more, had I been disposed to part with him, but this can be no reason why you should buy him of me at that price, whether I will sell him or not. For it is plain I valued him at thirteen pounds, otherwise I should not have paid ten pounds for him and agreed to give you three pounds more for his keeping, till I had occasion to use him. Thus, though you pay me the whole ten pounds which he cost me, (deducting only for his keeping those few days) I am still a loser; I lose the charge of those

days' keeping; I lose the three pounds at which I valued him above what he cost me, and I lose the advantage I might have made of my money in six months, either by the interest or by joining it to my stock in trade in my voyage to Barbadoes.

6. Lastly, whenever a horse is put to keep, the agreement naturally runs thus: The keeper says I will feed your horse six months on good hay and oats, if at the end of that time you will pay me three pounds. The owner says, if you will feed my horse six months on good hay and oats, I will pay you three pounds at the end of that time. Now we may plainly see, the keeper's performance of his part of the agreement must be antecedent to that of the owner; and the agreement being wholly conditional, the owner's part is not in force till the keeper has performed his. *You then not having fed my horse six months, as you agreed to do, there lies no obligation on me to pay for so much feeding.*

Thus we have heard what can be said on both sides. Upon the whole, I am of opinion that no deduction should be allowed for the keeping of the horse after the time of his straying. I am yours, &c.

THE CASUIST.

TO A COQUETTE.

The Lady was playing the *Penserosa*, and the Bard rallied her. She suddenly assumed the *Allegro*, and rallied him in turn. Whereupon he sung as follows:

Heave no more that breast of snow,
With sighs of simulated wo,
While Conquest triumphs on thy brow,
And Hope, gay laughing in thine eye,
Cheers the moments gliding by,
Welcomes Joy's voluptuous train,
Welcomes Pleasure's jocund reign,
And whispers thee of transports yet in store,
When fraught with Love's ecstatic pain,
Shooting keen through every vein,
Thy heart shall thrill with bliss unknown before.

But smile not so divinely bright;
Nor sport before my dazzled sight,
That "prodigality of charms,"
That winning air, that wanton grace,
That pliant form, that beauteous face,
Zephyr's step, Aurora's smile;
Nor thus in mimic fondness twine,
About my neck thy snowy arms;
Nor press this faded cheek of mine,
Nor seek, by every witching wile,
My hopes to raise, my heart to gain,
Then laugh my love to scorn, and triumph in my pain.

I love thee, Julia! Though the flush
Of sprightly youth is flown—
Though the bright glance, and rose's blush
From eye and cheek and lip are gone—
Though Fancy's frolic dreams are fled,
Dispelled by sullen care—
And Time's gray wing its frost has shed
Upon my raven hair—
Yet warm within my bosom glows,
A heart that recks not winter's snows,

But throbs with hope, and heaves with sighs
For ruby lips and sparkling eyes;
And still—the slave of amorous care—
Would make that breast, that couch of Love, its lair.

TO THE SAME.

Shade! O shade those looks of light;
The thrilling sense can bear no more!
Veil those beauties from my sight,
Which to see is to adore.

That dimpled cheek, whose spotless white,
The rays of Love's first dawning light,
Tinge with Morning's rosy blush,
And cast a warm and glowing flush,
Even on thy breast of snow,
And in thy bright eyes sparkling dance,
And through the waving tresses glance
That shade thy polished brow
Who can behold, nor own thy power?
Who can behold, and not adore?

But like the wretch, who, doomed to endless pain,
Raises to realms of bliss his aching eyes,
To Heaven uplifts his longing arms in vain
While in his tortured breast new pangs arise—
Thus while at thy feet I languish,
Stung with Love's voluptuous anguish,
The smile that would my hopes revive,
The witching glance that bids me live
Shed on my heart one fleeting ray,
One gleam of treacherous Hope display;
But soon again in deep Despair I pine:
The dreadful truth returns: "Thou never wilt be mine."

Then shade! O shade those looks of light;
The thrilling sense can bear no more!
Veil those beauties from my sight,
Which to see is to adore.

But stay! O yet awhile refrain!
Forbear! And let me gaze again!
Still at thy feet impassioned let me lie,
Tranced by the magic of thy thrilling eye;
Thy soft melodious voice still let me hear,
Pouring its melting music on my ear;
And, while my eager lip, with transport bold,
Presumptuous seeks thy yielded hand to press,
Still on thy charms enraptured let me gaze,
Basking ecstatic in thy beauty's blaze,
Such charms 'twere more than Heaven to possess:
'Tis Heaven only to behold.

LIONEL GRANBY.

CHAPTER X.

He scanned with curious and prophetic eye
Whate'er of lore tradition could supply
From Gothic tale, or song or fable old—
Roused him still keen to listen and to pry.

The Minstrel.

You judge the English character with too much favor
Lionel, said Col. R—. The Englishman is not free!
Though vain, arrogant, and imperious, there is not a
more abject slave on earth. His boasting spirit, his full-
mouthed independence and his lordly step quail to rank,

and he is ever crawling amid the purlieus or over the threshold of that fantastic temple of fashion called "Society." It is an endless contest between those who are initiated into its mysteries and those who crowd its avenues. Wealth batters down the door—assumes a proud niche in the chilling fane, and uniting itself to that silent yet powerful aristocracy which wields the oracles of the god, its breath can create you an *exclusive*, or its frown can degrade you to the vulgar herd. Rank, which is the idol of an Englishman's sleepless devotion, wealth because it is curiously akin to the former, and some indistinct conception of the difference between a people and the mob, render him, in his own conceit, a gentleman and a politician. His first thought if cast on a desert island would be his rank, and if he had companions in misfortune, he would ere night arrange the dignity and etiquette of intercourse. Literature seeks the same degrading arena, and alas! how few are there who do not deck the golden calf with the laurels won in the conflicts of genius, and who, stimulated solely by lucre, shed their momentary light athwart the horizon, even as the meteor whose radiance is exhaled from the corruption of a fetid marsh. But there is a class who, ennobled by letters, are always independent; and though they be of the race of authors whom Sir Horace Walpole calls "a troublesome, conceited set of fellows," you will find them too proud and too honest to palter away the prerogatives of their station.

But we are now at the door of Elia; come, let me introduce you to one of his simple and unaffected suppers!

I cheerfully assented to this invitation, and following my conductor up a flight of crooked and dark steps, we entered into a room, over a brazier's shop. A dull light trembled through the small and narrow apartment where, shrouded in a close volume of tobacco smoke, sat in pensive gentility—the kind—the generous—the infant-hearted Charles Lamb; the man whose elastic genius dwelled among the mouldering ruins of by-gone days, until it became steeped in beauty and expanded with philosophy—the wit—the poet—the lingering halo of the sunshine of antiquity—the phoenix of the mighty past. He was of delicate and attenuated stature, and as fragily moulded as a winter's flower, with a quick and volatile eye, a mind-worn forehead and a countenance eloquent with thought. Around a small table well covered with glasses and a capacious bowl, were gathered a laughing group, eyeing the battalia of the coming supper. Godwin's heavy form and intellectual face, with the swimming eye of (as *re* *se* *s. r. c.* How quaint was his fancy!) Coleridge, flanked the margin of the mirth-inspiring bowl.

Col. R.—'s introduction made me at home, and ere my hand had dropped from the friendly grasp of our host, he exclaimed—And you are truly from the land of the *great plant*? You have seen the sole cosmopolite spring from the earth. It is the denizen of the whole world, the tireless friend of the wretched, the bliss of the happy. You need no record of the empire of the red man. He has written his fadeless history on a tobacco leaf.

At this time Lamb was a clerk in the "India House," a melancholy and gloomy mansion, with grave courts, heavy pillars, dim cloisters, stately porticoes, imposing staircases and all the solemn pomp of elder days. Here for many years he drove the busy quill, and whiled away

his tranquil evenings, in the dalliance of literature. He was an author belonging to his own exclusive school—a school of simplicity, grace and beauty. He neither skewered his pen into precise paragraphs, nor rioted in the verbose rotundity of the day. He picked up the rare and unpolished jewels which spangled the courts of Elizabeth and Charles, and they lost beneath his polishing hand neither their lustre nor value. He was a passionate and single hearted antiquary, ever laboring to prop up with a puny arm, the column on which was inscribed the literary glory of his country. He was familiar with the grace of Heywood, the harmony of Fletcher, the ease of Sir Philip Sydney, the delicacy and fire of Spenser, the sweetness of Carew, the power and depth of Marlow, the mighty verse of Shakspeare, the affected fustian of Euphues (Lilly) "which ran into a vast excess of allusion," and with the deep and sparkling philosophy of Burton. With all of them he held a "dulcified" converse, while his memory preserved from utter forgetfulness, many of those authors who to the eye of the world, had glittered like the flying fish a moment above the surface, only to sink deeper in the sea of oblivion.

Lamb possessed in an eminent degree, what Dryden called a beautiful turn of words and thoughts in poetry, and the easy swell of cadence and harmony which characterised his brief writings declared the generosity of his heart, and the fertility of his genius. He could sympathise with childhood's frolic, and his heart was full of boyish dreams, when he gazed on the play-ground of Eton, and exclaimed "what a pity to think that these fine ingenuous lads in a few years will be changed into frivolous members of parliament!" He had the rough magnanimity of the old English vein, mellowed into tenderness and dashed with a flexible and spinous humor. He was contented to worship poesy in its classic and antique drapery. With him the fountain of Hypocrene still gushed up its inspiring wave; and Apollo, attended by the Muses, the daughters of Memory, and escorted by the Graces, still haunted the mountains of Helicon, lingered among the hills of Phocis, or, mounted upon Pegasus, winged his radiant flight to the abode itself of heaven-born Poesy. These were the fixed principles of his taste, and he credulously smiled (for contempt found no place in his bosom) upon the sickly illustrations and naked imagery of modern song. His learning retained a hue of softness from the gentleness of his character, for he had gathered the blossoms untouched by the bitterness of the scintial apple. He extracted like the bee his honied stores from the wild and neglected flowers which bloomed among forgotten ruins, yet he was no plagiarist, no imitator, for he had invaded and lingered amid the dim sepulchres of the shadowy past, until he became its friend and cotemporary!

How has he obtained those curiously bound books, I whispered to Coleridge, as my eye fell on a column of shelves groaning under a mass of tattered volumes which would have fairly crazed my poor uncle?

Tell him Lamb! said Coleridge repeating my inquiry, give him the rank and file of your ragged regiment.

Slowly, and painfully as a neophyte, did I build the pile, replied Lamb. Its corner stone was that fine old folio of Beaumont and Fletcher, which, for a long year had peeped out from a bookseller's stall directly in my

daily path to the India House. It bore the great price of sixteen shillings, and to me, who had no unsunned heap of silver, I gazed on it until I had almost violated the decalogue. Poetry made me an economist, and at the end of two months my garnered mites amounted to the requisite sum. Vain as a girl with her first lover, I bore it home in triumph, and that night my sister Bridget read "The Laws of Candy" while I listened with rapture to that deep and gurgling torrent of old English, which dashed its music from this broken cistern. To her is the honor due, her taste has called all these obsolete wits to my library, for she keenly relished their fantasies, and smiled at their gauderies. In early life she had been tumbled into a spacious closet of good old English reading, without much selection or prohibition and browsed at will upon that fair and wholesome pasturage. Had I twenty girls they should be brought up in this fashion. I know not whether their chance in wedlock might not be diminished by it, but I can answer for it that (if the worst comes to the worst) it makes most incomparable old maids.

But there are some fearful gaps in my shelves, Mr. Granby! See! there a stately and reverend folio, like a huge eye-tooth, was rudely knocked out by a bold borrower of books, one of your smiling pirates, mutilator of collections, a spoiler of the symmetry of shelves, and a creator of odd volumes.

The conversation now became general, and many a little skiff was launched on the great ocean of commonplace. Lamb most cordially hated politics which he called "a splutter of hot rhetoric;" and he only remembered its battles and revolutions when connected with letters. He had heard of Pharsalia, but it was Lucan's and not Caesar's; the battle of Lepanto was cornered in his memory because Cervantes had there lost an arm. The glorious days of the "Commonwealth" were hallowed by Milton and Waller, and he always turned with much address from the angry debates about the execution of Charles I. to the simple inquiry whether he or Doctor Gauden wrote the "icon Basilicæ."

Godwin in vain essayed to introduce the "conduct of the ministry," and being repeatedly baffled, he said pettishly to Lamb, And what benefit is your freehold, if you do not feel interested in government?

Ah! I had a freehold it is true, the gift of my generous and solemn god-father, the oil-man in Holborn; I went down and took possession of my testamentary allotment of three quarters of an acre, and strode over it with the feeling of an English freeholder, that all betwixt sky and earth was my own. Alas! it has passed into more prudent hands, and nothing but an Agrarian can restore it!

The bowl now danced from hand to hand, and I did not observe its operation until Lamb and Coleridge commenced an affectionate talk about Christ's Hospital, the blue coat boys, and all the treasured anecdotes of school-day friendship. This is the first and happiest stage of incipient intoxication, and the "willie-draughts" which are pledged to the memory of boyhood, ever inspire brighter and nobler sympathies, than are found in the raciest toasts to beauty, or the deepest libations to our country.

Do you not remember, said Lamb, poor Allan! whose beautiful countenance disarmed the wrath of a town-damsel whom he had secretly pinched, and whose half-

formed excretion was exchanged, when she, tigress-like turned round and gave the terrible M—— for a gentler meaning, *Bless thy handsome face!* And do you not remember when you used to tug over Homer, discourse Metaphysics, chaunt Anacreon, and play at foils with the sharp-edged wit of Sir Thomas Browne, how your eye glistened when you doffed the grotesque blue coat, and the inspired charity boy (this was uttered in an under tone) walked forth humanized by a christian garment. Spenser knew the nobility of heart which a new coat gives when he dressed his butterfly.

The velvet nap which on his wings doth lie
The silken down with which his back is dight
His broad outstretched horns, his hairy thighs
His glorious colors, and his glistening eyes.

Col. R. now motioned to me to retire, and I bid a reluctant goodnight to the joyous scene, the exclamation "do you not remember!" from Coleridge, and the cheerful laugh ringing through the whole house and its dying echo following us to the street.

Gentle reader! the critics have called Lamb a trifler, the scholars have called him a twaddler! Read *Elia*, and let your heart answer for him.

THE PRAIRIE.

This word is pronounced by the common people *pa-ra-ra*. I was in the peninsula of Michigan, and had been for a day or two traversing the most dreary country imaginable, when I saw for the first time a salt or wet prairie, which is only a swampy meadow, grown up in a rank, coarse, sedgy grass.

Not long after we began to catch glimpses of the upland prairies. These are either clear prairies, totally destitute of trees, or oak openings which consist of clear prairie and scattered trees. A clear prairie—a broad unvaried expanse—presents rather a monotonous appearance like the sea, but surely the human eye has never rested on more lovely landscapes than these *oak openings* present. They answered my conceptions of lawns, parks and pleasure grounds in England; they are the lawns, parks and pleasure grounds of nature, laid out and planted with an inimitable grace, fresh as creation.

In these charming woodlands are a number of small lakes, the most picturesque and delightful sheets of water imaginable. The prairies in the summer are covered with flowers. I am an indifferent botanist, but in a short walk I gathered twenty four species which I had not seen before. These flowers and woods and glittering lakes surpass all former conception of beauty. Each flower, leaf, and blade of grass, and green twig glistens with pendulous diamonds of dew. The sun pours his light upon the water and streams through the sloping glades. To a traveller unaccustomed to such scenes, they are pictures of a mimic paradise. Sometimes they stretch away far as the eye can reach, soft as Elysian meadows, then they swell and undulate, voluptuous as the warm billows of a southern sea.

In these beautiful scenes we saw numerous flocks of wild turkies, and now and then a prairie hen, or a deer bounding away through flowers. Here too is found the prairie wolf which some take to be the Asiatic jackall. It is so small as not to be dangerous alone. It is said however, that they hunt in packs like hounds, headed by a grey wolf. Thus they pursue the deer with a cry

not unlike that of hounds, and have been known to rush by a farm-house in hot pursuit. The officers of the army stationed at the posts on the Prairies amuse themselves hunting these little wolves which in some parts are very numerous. c. c.

RANDOM THOUGHTS.

The Art.—Its leading fault, to which we of America are especially obnoxious, is this: in Poetry, in Legislation, in Eloquence, the best, the divinest even of all the arts, seems to be laid aside more and more, just in proportion as it every day grows of greater necessity. It is still, as in Swift's time, who complains as follows: "To say the truth, no part of knowledge seems to be in fewer hands, than that of discerning *when to have done*."

Dancing.—The following are sufficiently amusing illustrations of the fine lines in Byron's Ode,

"You have the Pyrrhic dance as yet;
Where is the Pyrrhic phalanx gone?"

The French translation of St. John (de Creve-cœur's) *American Farmer's Letters*—a book once very popular—was adorned with engravings, to fit it to the European imagination of the Arcadian state of things in America. The frontispiece presents an allegorical picture, in which a goddess of those robust proportions which designate Wisdom, or Philosophy, leads by the hand an urchin—the type, no doubt, of this country—with ne'er a shirt upon his back. More delightfully still, however, in the back ground, is seen, hand in hand, with knee-breeches and strait-collared coats, a band of Pennsylvania quaker men, dancing, by themselves, a true old fashioned six-handed Virginia reel.

But of the Pyrrhic dance, more particularly: the learned Scaliger—that terror and delight of the critical world—assures us, in his *Poetica*, (book i, ch. 9) that he himself, at the command of his uncle Boniface, was wont often and long to dance it, before the Emperor Maximilian, while all Germany looked on with amazement. "Hanc saltationem Pyrrhicam, nos sepe et diu, jussu Bonificii patrum, coram divo Maximiliano, non sine stupore totius Germaniæ, representavimus."

Ariosto.—Has not the following curious testimony in regard to him escaped all his biographers? Montaigne, in his *Essays*, (vol. iii, p. 117, Johanneau's edition, in 8vo.) says, "J'eus plus de despit encores, que de compassion, de le veoir à Ferrare en si piteux estat, survivant à soy mesme, meconnoissant et soy et ses ouvrages; lesquels, sans son sçeu, et toutesfois en sa veue, on a mis en lumiere incorrigez et informez."

"I was touched even more with vexation than with compassion, to see him, at Ferrara, in a state so piteous, outliving himself, and incapable of recognizing either himself or his works; which last, without his knowledge, though yet before his sight, were given to the world uncorrected and unfinished."

Thin Clothing.—It would be difficult more skillfully to turn a reproach into a praise, than Byron has done, as to drapery too transparent, in his voluptuous description of a Venitian revel.

"The thin robes,
Floating like light clouds 'twixt our gaze and heaven,"
form the very climax of many intoxicating particulars.

The Greeks seem not to have practised a very rigorous reserve, as to the concealment of the person. The Lacedæmonians, indeed, studiously suppressed, by their institutions, whatever of sexual modesty was not absolutely necessary to virtue. Among the Romans, however, the national austerity of manners made every violation of delicacy in this matter a great offence. Their Satyrists (as Seneca, Juvenal, and others) abound in allusions to the license of dress, which grew up, along with the other corruptions of their original usages. The words of Seneca, indeed, might almost be taken for a picture of a modern belle, in her ball-room attire. He says, in his *De Beneficiis*, "Video Sericas vestes, si vestes vocandæ sint, in quibus nihil est, quo defendi aut corpus, aut denique pudor, possit: quibus sumtis, mulier parum liquido, nudam se non esse, jurabit. Hæc, ingenti summa, ab ignotis etiam ad commercium gentibus, accersuntur, ut matronæ nostræ ne adulteris quidem plus suis in cubiculo, quam in publico, ostendant." "I see, too, silken clothing—if clothing that can be called, which does not protect, nor even conceal the body—apparelled in which, a woman cannot very truly swear, that she is not naked. Such tissues are brought to us at enormous cost, from nations so remote that not even their names can reach us; and by the help of this vast expense, our matrons are able to exhibit, to their lovers and in their couches, nothing at which the whole public has not equally gazed."

Mythology.—Bryant and others have puzzled themselves not a little to give a rational explanation to the story of Ariadne; who, it will be remembered, was abandoned upon the isle of Naxos by her seducer, Theseus: but Bacchus chancing to come that way, fell upon the forlorn damsel, and presently made her his bride. All this may well puzzle a commentator, for the single reason, that it is perfectly plain and simple. The whole tale is nothing but a delicate and poetic way of stating the fact, that Mrs. Ariadne, being deserted by her lover, sought and found a very common consolation—that is to say, she took to drink.

Naples.—Its population of Lazzaroni appears, after all, to be but the legitimate inheritors of ancestral laziness. They were equally idle in Ovid's time: for he expressly calls that seat of indolence

—"in otia natam

Parthenopen."

Exhibition of Grief.—There is a curious instance of the unbending austerity of Roman manners, in the trait by which Tacitus endeavors to paint the disorder with which the high-souled Agrippina received the news of the death of Germanicus. She was, at the moment, sewing in the midst of her maids; and so totally (says Tacitus) did the intelligence overthrow her self-command, that she broke off her work.

Snoring.—The following story of a death caused by it is entirely authentic. Erythræus relates that when Cardinal Bentivoglio—a scholar equally elegant and laborious—was called to sit in the Conclave, for the election of a successor to Urban VIII, the summons found him much exhausted by the literary vigils to which he was addicted. Immured in the sacred palace, (such is the custom while the Pope is not yet chosen,) his lodging was assigned him along side of a Cardinal, whose snoring was so incessant and so terrible, that poor Bentivoglio ceased to be able to obtain even the

little sleep which his studies and his cares usually permitted him. After eleven nights of insomnolence thus produced, he was thrown into a violent fever. They removed him, and he slept—but waked no more.

Human Usefulness.—Wilkes has said, that of all the uses to which a man can be put, there is none so poor as hanging him. I hope that I may, without offence to any body's taste, add, that of all the purposes to which a *soul* can be put, I know of none less useful than *damning it*.

Sneezing.—It is the Catholics (see father Feyjoo for the fact) who trace the practice of bidding God bless a man when he sneezes, to a plague in the time of St. Gregory. He, they say, instituted the observance, in order to ward off the death of which this spasm had, till then, been the regular precursor, in the disease. If the story be true, such a plague had already happened, long before the day of St. Gregory. In the *Odyssey*, Penelope takes the sneezing of Telemachus for a good omen; and the army of Xenophon drew a favorable presage, as to one of his propositions, from a like accident: Aristotle speaks of the salutation of one sneezing as the common usage of his time. In Catullus's *Ame and Sempronius*, Cupid ratifies, by an approving sneeze, the mutual vows of the lovers. Pliny alludes to the practice, and Petronius in his *Gyton*. In Apuleius's *Golden Ass*, a husband hears the concealed gallant of his wife sneeze, and blesses her, taking the sternutation to be her own.

If there be a marvel or an absurdity, the Rabbins rarely fail to adorn the fiction or the folly with some trait of their own. Their account of the matter is, that in patriarchal days, men never died except by sneezing, which was then the only disease, and always mortal. Apparently then, the antiquity of the Scotch nation and of rappees cannot be carried back to the time of Jacob. Be this point of chronology as it may, however, it is certain that the same sort of observance, as to sneezing, was found in America at the first discovery.

Aristotle is politely of opinion that the salutation was meant as an acknowledgment to the wind, for choosing an inoffensive mode of escape. But a stronger consideration is necessary to account for the joy with which the people of Monopotama celebrate the fact, when their monarch sneezes. The salutation is spread by loud acclamations, over the whole city. So, too, when he of Sennaar sneezes, his courtiers all turn their backs, and slap loudly their right thighs.

Honor.—The source of the following passage in Garth's *Dispensary*, is so obvious, that it is singular that no one has made the remark.

"In the debate among the Doctors, when war is proposed, one of the Council speaks as follows.

Thus he: "'Tis true, when privilege and right
Are once invaded, Honor bids us fight:
But ere we yet engage in Honor's cause,
First know what honor is, and whence its laws.
Scorned by the base, 'tis courted by the brave;
The hero's tyrant, yet the coward's slave:
Born in the noisy camp, it feeds on air,
And both exists by hope and by despair;
Angry whene'er a moment's ease we gain,
And reconciled at our returns of pain.
It lives when in death's arms the hero lies;
But when his safety he consults, it dies.
Bigotted to this idol, we disclaim
Rest, health and ease, for nothing but a name."

Implicit Faith.—I am delighted with the following excellent contrast of ignorant Orthodoxy with cultivated Doubt. It is from the learned and pious Le Clerc's Preface to his *Bibliothèque Choisie*, vol. vii, pp. 5, 6.

"Il n'y a, comme je crois, personne, qui ne préfère l'état d'une nation, où il y auroit beaucoup de lumières quoiqu'il y eût quelques libertins, à celui d'une nation ignorante et qui croiroit tout ce qu'on lui enseigneroit, ou qui au moins ne donneroit aucunes marques de douter des sentimens reçus. Les lumières produisent infailliblement beaucoup de vertu dans l'esprit d'une bonne part de ceux qui les reçoivent; quoiqu'il y ait des gens qui en abusent. Mais l'Ignorance ne produit que de la barbarie et des vices dans tous ceux qui vivent tranquillement dans leurs ténèbres. Il faudroit être fou, par exemple, pour préférer ou pour égaler l'état auquel sont les Moscovites et d'autres nations, à l'égard de la Religion et de la vertu, à celui auquel sont les Anglois et les Hollandois, sous prétexte qu'il y a quelques libertins parmi ces deux peuples, et que les Moscovites et ceux qui leur ressemblent ne doutent de rien."

"There is, I think, no one who would prefer the state of a nation, in which there was much intelligence, but some free thinkers, to that of a nation ignorant and ready to believe whatever might be taught it, or which, at least, would show no sign of doubting any of the received opinions. For knowledge never fails to produce much of virtue, in the minds of a large part of those who receive it, even though there be some who make an ill use of it. But Ignorance is never seen to give birth to any thing but barbarism and vice, in all such as dwell contentedly under her darkness. It would, for example, be nothing less than madness, to prefer or to compare the condition in which the Muscovites and some other nations are, as respects Religion and Virtue, to that of the English or Hollanders; under the pretext that there are, among the two latter nations, some free thinkers, and that the Muscovites and those who resemble them doubt of nothing."

The whole of this piece, indeed, is excellent, and full of candor, charity and sense, as to the temper and the principles of those who are forever striving to send into banishment, or shut up in prisons, or compel into eternal hypocrisy, all such opinions as have the misfortune to differ with their own.

Friendships.—There are people whose friendship is very like the Santee Canal in South Carolina: that is to say, its repairs cost more than the fee simple is worth.

Benefits.—There are many which must ever be their own reward, great or small. Others are positively dangerous. That subtle courtier, Philip de Comines, declares, that it is exceedingly imprudent to do your prince services for which a fit recompense is not easily found: * and Tacitus avers that obligations too deep are sure to turn to hatred † Seneca pursues the matter yet further, and insists that he, whom your excessive services have thus driven to ingratitude, presently begins to desire to escape the shame of such favors, by

* "Il se fault bien garder de faire tant de services à son maître, qu'on l'empesche d'en trouver la juste recompense."—*Mémoires*.

† "Beneficia eò usque ista sunt, dum videntur exsolvi posse: ubi multum antevenero, pro gratià odium redditur."

putting out of the world their author.* Cicero, too, is clearly of opinion, that enmity is the sure consequence of kindness carried to the extreme.†

Harvee.—Marshall de Saxe is accustomed to get the credit of a very clever saying, "that no man seems a hero to his own valet de chambre." Now, not to speak of the scriptural apothegm, "that a prophet has no honor in his own country," the following passage from Montaigne will be found to contain precisely the Marshall's idea.

"Tel a esté miraculeux au monde, auquel sa femme et son valet n'ont rien veu seulement de remarquable. Peu d'hommes ont esté admirez par leurs domestiques : nul n'a esté prophète, non seulement en sa maison, mais en son pais, dict l'expérience des histoires."—*Essais*, vol. v, p. 196.

"Such an one has seemed miraculous to the world, in whom his wife and his valet could not even perceive any thing remarkable. Few men have ever been admired by their own servants; none was ever a prophet in his own country, still less in his own household."

ODDS AND ENDS.

MR. EDITOR.—Many months having passed away since I last addressed you, I have flattered myself, as most old men are apt to do on such occasions, that you might very possibly begin to feel some little inclination to hear from me once more. Know then, my good sir, that I am still in the land of the living, and have collected several "odds and ends" of matters and things in general, which you may use or not, for your "Messenger," as the fancy strikes you.

Among the rest, I will proceed to give you a new classification of the Animal Kingdom—at least so far as our own race is concerned; a classification formed upon principles materially different from those adopted by the great father of Natural History—Linnaeus, who you know, classed us with whales and bats, under the general term, *Mammalia*! Now, I have always thought this too bad—too degrading for the lords and masters (as we think ourselves) of all other animals on the face of the earth; and who deserve a distinct class to themselves, divided too into more orders than any other—nay, into separate orders for the two sexes. With much study, therefore, and not less labor, I have digested a system which assumes mental—instead of bodily distinctions, as much more certain and suitable guides in our researches. This may be applied without either stripping or partially exposing the person, as father Linnaeus' plan would compel us to do, whenever we were at a loss to ascertain (no unfrequent occurrence by the way, in these days) whether the object before us was really one of the *Mammalia* class or not: for such are the marvellous, ever-varying metamorphoses wrought by modern fashions in the exteriors of our race, that the nicest observers among us would be entirely "at fault" on many occasions, to tell whether it was fish, flesh, or fowl that they saw. My plan, there-

fore, has at least one material advantage over the other; and it is quite sufficient, I hope, very soon to carry all votes in its favor.

With whales and bats we shall no longer be classed!—if your old friend can possibly help it; and he is not a little confident of his powers to do so; for he believes he can demonstrate that there is not a greater difference between the form, size and habits of the bats and whales themselves, than he can point out between the manners, customs, pursuits, and bodily and mental endowments of the different orders of mankind; and, therefore, *ex necessitate rei*, there should be a classification different from any yet made. The honor of this discovery, I here beg you to witness, that I claim for myself.

Before I proceed farther, I will respectfully suggest a new definition of man himself; as all heretofore attempted have been found defective. The Greeks, for example, called him "*Anthropos*"—an animal that turns his eyes upwards; forgetting (as it would seem) that all domestic fowls, especially turkeys, ducks and geese, frequently do the same thing; although it must be admitted, that the act in them is always accompanied by a certain twist of the head, such as man himself generally practices when he means to look particularly astute. One of their greatest philosophers—the illustrious Plato—perceiving the incorrectness of this definition, attempted another, and defined man to be "a two legged animal without feathers;" but this very inadequate description was soon "blown sky high" by the old cynic Diogenes, who, having picked a cock quite clean of his plumage, threw him into Plato's school, crying out at the same time, "Behold Plato's man!" True, this is an old story; but none the worse for that. This was such "a settler,"—to borrow a pugilistic term—as completely to discourage, for a long time, all farther attempts to succeed in this very difficult task; nor indeed, do I recollect, from that day to the present, any now worth mentioning. "*The grand march of mind*," however, has become of late years, so astoundingly rapid, and so many things heretofore pronounced to be *unknowable*, have been made as plain as the nose on our faces, that Man himself—the great discoverer of all these wonders, should no longer be suffered (if his own powers can prevent it) to be consorted, as he has so long been, with a class of living beings so vastly inferior to himself. To rescue him therefore from this degradation, shall be my humble task, since it is one of those attempts wherein—even to fail—must acquire some small share of glory.

I will define him then, to be *A self-loving, self-destroying animal*, and will maintain the correctness and perfectly exclusive character of the definition, against all impugnors or objectors, until some one of them can point out to me among all the living beings on the face of the earth, either any beast, bird, fish, reptile, insect, or animalcula, that is distinguished by these very opposite and directly contradictory qualities. Man alone possesses—man alone displays them both; and is consequently distinguished from all the rest of animated nature in a way that gives him an indisputable right to a class of his own.

I will next proceed to enumerate the different orders into which this most wonderful class is divided. The females, God bless them, being entitled, by immemorial usage, to the first rank, shall receive the first notice;

* "Nam qui putat esse turpe non reddere, non vult esse cui reus sit."

† Qui si non putat satisfacere, amicus esse nullo modo potest.

and I will rank in the first order all those who have unquestionable claims to pre-eminence.

Order 1st. The Loveables.—This order is very numerous, and forms by far the most important body in every community, being distinguished by all the qualities and endowments—both physical and intellectual—which can render our present state of existence most desirable—most happy. Their beauties charm—their virtues adorn every walk of life. All that is endearing in love and affection—either filial, conjugal, or parental: all that is soothing and consolatory in affliction; all that can best alleviate distress, cheer poverty, or mitigate anguish: every thing most disinterested, most enduring, most self-sacrificing in friendship—most exemplary in the performance of duty: all which is most delightful in mental intercourse, most attractive and permanently engaging in domestic life: in short, every thing that can best contribute to human happiness in this world, must be ascribed, either directly or indirectly, much more to their influence than to all other temporal causes put together; and would the rest of their sex only follow their admirable example, this wretched world of ours would soon become a secondary heaven.

Order 2d. The Conclamantes, which, for the benefit of your more English readers, I will remark, is a Latin word, meaning—*those who clamor together*. They possess two qualities or traits in common with certain birds, such as rooks, crows and blackbirds, that is, they are *gregarious* and *marvellously noisy*; for whenever they collect together, there is such a simultaneous and apparently causeless chattering in the highest key of their voices, as none could believe but those who have had the good or ill fortune (I will not say which) to hear it. But there is this marked characteristic difference. The latter utter sounds significant of sense, and perfectly intelligible, often very sprightly and agreeable too, when you can meet them one at a time; nor is juxtaposition at all necessary to their being heard; for you will always be in ear-shot of them, although separated by the entire length or breadth of the largest entertaining-room any where to be found. Their proper element—the one wherein they shine, or rather sound most—is the atmosphere of a “*sware-ree*” party, or a squeeze: but as to the particular purpose for which Nature designed them, I must e’en plead *ignorance*; not, my good sir, that I would have you for one moment to suppose, that I mean any invidious insinuation by this excuse.

Order 3d. The Ineffables.—I almost despair of finding language to describe—even the general appearance of this order, much less those mental peculiarities by which they are to be distinguished from the rest of their sex. But I must at least strive to redeem my pledge, and therefore proceed to state, that they rarely ever seem to be more than half alive: that their countenances always indicate (or are designed to do so) a languor of body scarcely bearable, and the most touching—the most exquisite sensibility of soul; that even the most balmy breezes of spring, should they accidentally find access to them, would visit them much too roughly: that to speak above a low murmur would almost be agony, and to eat such gross food as ordinary mortals feed upon would be certain death. As to their voices, I am utterly hopeless of giving the faintest idea, unless permitted both to resort to supposition and to borrow Nic Bot-

tom’s most felicitous epithet of “a sucking dove.” You have only to imagine such a thing, (it is no greater stretch of fancy than writers often call upon us to make) and then to imagine what kind of tones “a sucking-dove” would elicit; and you will certainly have quite as good an idea of the voice of an Ineffable as you could possibly have, without actually hearing it. No comparison drawn from any familiar sounds can give the faintest idea of it, for it is unique and *sui generis*. This order serves the admirable moral purpose of continually teaching, in the best practicable manner, the virtue of patience to all—who have anything to do with it.

Order 4th. The Tongue-tied, or Monosyllabic.—This order can scarcely be described—unless by negations; for they say little or nothing themselves, and, therefore, but little or nothing can be said of them; unless it were in the Yankee mode of *guessing*; which, to say the least of it, would be rather unbecoming in so scientific a work as I design mine to be. The famous Logadrian Art of extracting sun-beams from cucumbers would be quite easy in practice compared with the art of extracting anything from these good souls beyond a “yes” or a “no,” as all have found to their cost, who ever tried to keep up the ball of conversation among them; the labor of Sisyphus was child’s play to it. They serve however one highly useful purpose, and that is, to furnish a perpetual refutation of the slander which one of the old English poets has uttered against the whole sex in these often quoted lines—

“I think, quoth Thomas, women’s tongues
Of aspen-leaves are made.”

Order 5th. In vivid and startling contrast to the preceding order, I introduce—The hoidenizing *Tom-Boys*. These are a kind of “Joan D’Arkies,” (if I may coin such a term), female in appearance, but male in impudence, in action, in general deportment. They set at naught all customary forms, all public sentiment, all those long established canons, sanctioned by both sexes, for regulating female conduct; and they practise, with utter disregard of consequences, all such masculine feats and reckless pranks, as must *unsettle* them, so far as behavior can possibly do it. They affect to despise the company of their own sex; to associate chiefly with ours, but with the most worthless part of them, provided only, they be young, wild, prodigal and in common parlance—*fashionable*, and alike regardless of what may be thought or said of them. The more delicate their figures, the more apparently frail their constitutions, the greater seems to be their rage for exhibiting the afflicting contrast between masculine actions performed with powers fully adequate to achieve them, and attempted—apparently at the risk of the limbs, if not the lives, of the rash and nearly frantic female adventurers. Egregiously mistaking eccentricity for genius—outrages upon public sentiment for independence of spirit, and actions which should disgrace a man, or render him perfectly ridiculous, for the best means of catching a husband, they make themselves the pity of the wise and good, the scorn and derision of all the other orders of the community, who see through the flimsy and ridiculous veil of their conduct, the true motives from which it proceeds.

Order 6th. The Hydrophobists.—These are, at all times, such haters of water—especially if that unsavory

article called *soap* be mixed with it—that insanity is by no means necessary, as in the case of animals affected by canine madness, to elicit their characteristic feeling. Their persons and their houses too, when they have any, all present ocular proofs of it; proofs, alas! which nothing but the luckless objects of their hatred can “ex-punge,” if I may borrow a term lately become very fashionable. Whether this antipathy be natural or superinduced by the dread of catching cold, I can not pretend to say; but its effects are too notorious, too often matters of the most common observation, for its existence to be doubted. The striking contrast, however, which it exhibits to that admirable quality—*cleanliness*, aids much in teaching others the duty of acquiring and constantly practising the latter.

Order 7th. The Bustlers.—The difference between this order and the last mentioned is so great, so radical, so constantly forced upon our notice, that they might almost be ranked in distinct classes: for the members of the order now under consideration, are such dear lovers of both the articles which the others hate, as to keep them in almost ceaseless appliance. At such times, neither the members of their families, nor their guests, can count, for many minutes together, upon remaining safe from involuntary sprinklings and ablutions. And what—with their usual accompaniments of dusters, brooms, mops, and scrubbing brushes, if you find any secure place either to sit or stand, you will owe it more to your good luck than to any preconceived exemption between the mistresses and their operatives. “*Fiat cleaning up, rust calem,*” is both their law and their practice. After all however, they are, in general, well meaning, good hearted souls; those only excepted among them, whose perpetual motion is kept up by a modicum of the Xantippe blood, which develops its quality in such outward appliances to the heads, backs and ears of their servants—as key-handles, sticks, switches, boxings and scoldings.

Order 8th. The Peace-Sappers.—These, like the underground artists, after whom I have ventured in part to name them, always work *secretly*; but whereas, the sappers employed in war, confine their humane labors solely to the immediate destruction of walls, fortifications and houses, with all their inhabitants, thereby putting the latter out of their misery at once; the *peace-sappers* make the excellence of *their art* to consist in causing the sufferings which they inflict to be protracted—even to the end of life, be that long or short. The master spirits of this order view with ineffable scorn such of their formidable sisterhood as are incapable, from actual stupidity, of exciting any other kind of family and neighborhood quarrels, than those plain, common-place matters which soon come to an explanation, and end in a renewal of friendly intercourse and a reciprocation of good offices. They despise—utterly despise—such petty game; and never attempt sapping but with a confident belief—not only that its authors will escape all suspicion, but that its effects will be deeply and most painfully felt—probably during the entire lives of all its devoted victims. Their powers of flattery and skill in every species of gossiping, gain them an easy admittance, before they are found out, into most families wherein they have set their hearts upon becoming visitors. There they are always eager listeners to every thing that may be said in the careless

innocent hours of domestic intercourse; and being entirely unsuspected plotters of mischief, they treasure up as a miser would his gold, every single word or expression that can possibly be so tortured as to embroil their confiding hosts with some one or all of their neighbors. If no word nor expression has been heard during a long intercourse which can either fairly or falsely be imputed to envy, jealousy or ill-will towards others; absolute falsehoods will most artfully be fabricated to attain their never-forgotten, never-neglected purpose: for they sicken at the very sight of family peace—of neighborhood-harmony; and “the gall of bitterness,” that incessantly rankles in their bosoms can find no other vent—no other alleviation—than in laboring to destroy every thing of the kind. Their communications being always conveyed under the strongest injunctions of secrecy—the most solemn protestations of particular regard and friendship for the depositaries of these secrets, it often happens that entire neighborhoods are set in a flame, and most of the families in it rendered bitter enemies to each other, without a single one knowing, or even suspecting what has made them so.

The Romans had a most useful custom of tying a wisp of hay around the horns of all their mischievous and dangerous cattle, by way of caveat to all beholders to keep out of their way: and could some similar contrivance be adopted for distinguishing the *Peace-Sappers*, as far off as they could be seen, the inventor thereof would well deserve the united thanks and blessings of every civilized community.

Order 9th. The Linguis Bellicosæ, or Tongue Warriors.—The distinguishing characteristic of this order is, an insatiable passion for rendering their faculty of speech the greatest possible annoyance to all of their own race—whether men, women or children, who come in their way: and few there are who can always keep out of it, however assiduously they may strive to do so. Most of them are very early risers, for the *unruly evil*, as St. James calls it, is a great enemy to sleep. When once on their feet, but a few minutes will elapse before you hear their tongues ringing the matutinal peal to their servants and families. But far, very far, different is it from that of the *church-going bell*, which is a cheering signal of approaching attempts to do good to the souls of men; whereas the tongue-warrior's peal is a summons for all concerned to prepare for as much harm being done to their bodies as external sounds, in their utmost discord, can possibly inflict. Nothing that is said or done can extort a word even of approbation much less of applause; for the feeling that would produce it does not exist; but a cataract is continually poured forth of personal abuse, invective and oburgation, which, if it be not quite as loud and overwhelming as that of Niagara, is attributable more to the want of power, than of the will to make it so. It has been with much fear and trembling, my good sir, that I have ventured to give you the foregoing description; nor should I have done it, had I not confided fully in your determination not to betray me to these hornets in petticoats.

Having done with the description of the female orders of our race, as far as I can, at present recollect their number and distinctive characters, I now proceed to that of my own sex.

Order 1st. The Great and Good Operatives.—Al-

though in counting this order I will not venture quite as far as the Latin poet who asserted, that "they were scarce as numerous as the gates of Thebes, or the mouths of the Nile," it must be admitted that the number is most deplorably small, compared with that of the other orders. The *multum in parvo*, however, applies with peculiar force to the *Great and Good Operatives*. All the orders certainly have intellects of some kind, which they exercise after fashions of their own—sometimes beneficially to themselves and others; then again injuriously, if not destructively to both. But only the individuals of this order always make the use of their mental powers for which they were bestowed; and hence it is that I have distinguished them as I have done. How far this distinction is appropriate, others must decide, after an impartial examination of the grounds upon which I mean to assert the justice of its claim to be adopted. Here they are. It is to this order we must ascribe all which is truly glorious in war, or morally and politically beneficial in peace: to the exercise of their talents, their knowledge and their virtues, we are indebted for every thing beneficent in government or legislation; and by their agency, either direct or indirect, are all things accomplished which can most conduce to the good and happiness of mankind; unless it be that large portion of the god-like work which can better be achieved by the first order of the other sex.

Order 2d. Ipomæa Quamoclit, or the Busy Bodies.—These, like the little plants after which I have ventured to name them, have a surprising facility at creeping or running, either under, through, around, or over any obstacles in their way. Their ruling passion consists in a most inordinate and unexplainable desire to pry into and become thoroughly acquainted with every person's private concerns, but their own; to the slightest care or examination of which, they have apparently an invincible antipathy. Has any person a quarrel or misunderstanding with one or more of his neighbors, they will worm out, by hook or by crook, all the particulars; not with any view, even the most distant, of reconciling the parties, (for peace-making is no business of theirs), but for the indescribable pleasure of gaining a secret, which all their friends, as the whole of their acquaintance are called, will be invited, as fast as they are found, to aid them in keeping. Is any man or woman much in debt, the neighboring busy-bodies will very soon be able to give a better account of the amount than the debtors themselves; but it will always be communicated with such earnest injunctions of secrecy from the alleged fear of injuring the credit of the parties, as to destroy that credit quite as effectually as a publication of bankruptcy would do. Does the sparse population of a country neighborhood afford so rare and titillating a subject as a courtship, it furnishes one of the highest treats a busy-body can possibly have; and it not unfrequently happens that this courtship is, at least interrupted, if not entirely broken off, by the exuberant outpourings and embellishments of his delight at possessing such a secret, and at the prospect of participating in all the customary junketings and feastings upon such joyous occasions. The whole of this order are great carriers and fetchers of every species of country intelligence; great intimates (according to their account) of all great people; and above all—great loco-

motives. But, unlike their namesakes, the machines so called, they rarely if ever move straightforward; having a decided preference for that kind of zig-zag, hither and thither course, which takes them, in a time inconceivably short, into every inhabited hole and corner within their visiting circle, which is always large enough to keep them continually on the pad.

N.B. There is an order of the other sex so nearly resembling the one just described, that I am in a great quandary whether I should not have united them, since the principal difference which I can discover, after much study is, that the former wears petticoats and the latter pantaloons. You and your readers must settle it, for Oliver Oldschool can not.

Order 3d. Noli me tangere, or *Touch me not*.—These are so super-eminently sensitive and irritable, that should you but crook your finger at them apparently by way of slight, nothing but your blood can expiate the deadly offence: and whether that blood is to be extracted by a bout at fisty cuffs or cudgelling, or by the more genteel instrumentality of dirk, sword or pistol, must depend upon the relative rank and station of the parties concerned. If you belong not to that tribe embraced by the very comprehensive but rather equivocal term—*gentlemen*, you may hope to escape with only a few bruises or scarifications; but should your luckless destiny have placed you among *them*, death or decrepitude must be your portion, unless you should have the fortune to inflict it on your adversary.

Order 4th. The Gastronomes.—The description of this order requires but few words. Their only object in life seems to be—to tickle their palates, and to provide the ways and means of provoking and gratifying their gormandizing appetites. They would travel fifty miles to eat a good dinner, sooner than move fifty inches to do a benevolent action; and would sacrifice fame, fortune and friends, rather than forego what they call the pleasures of the table. They show industry in nothing but catering for their meals; animation in nothing but discussions on the qualities and cookery of different dishes; and the only strong passion they ever evince is, that which reduces them merely to the level of beasts of prey. During the brief period of their degraded existence, they live despised and scoffed at by all but their associates, and die victims to dropsy, gout, palsy and apoplexy.

Order 5th. The Brain Stealers.—The chief difference between this and the preceding order is, that the former steal their own brains by eating, the latter by drinking. For the idea conveyed by the term brain-stealers, I acknowledge myself indebted to Cassio in the play of Othello, where, in a fit of remorse for getting drunk, he is made to exclaim, "Oh! that men should put an enemy in their mouths to steal away their brains!" This order may well follow its predecessor in dignity, or rather in *uselessness*, since the greatest optimist ever born would be puzzled to find out the way in which either can render any real, essential service to mankind. Although the alleged excuse for their practice—so long as they retain sense enough to offer any—is to cheer the spirits—to gladden the heart, the undeniable effect of that practice is, to depress the one, and to pain the other. Melancholy expels merriment, and the solitary feeling banishes the social; for the intolerable shame inspired by the consciousness of the

self-larceny they are continually committing, drives them into secret places for its perpetration; and into solitude during the short intervals between their self-destructive acts, to brood over their own indelible disgrace, the hopeless misery they inflict on all their friends and relatives, and the damning guilt they incur if there be any truth in Holy Writ—any such thing as eternal punishment in another world, for deeds voluntarily perpetrated in our present state of existence. But these are matters which never for a moment seem to arrest their desperate course. During the few intervals of sanity which chance rather than design seems to afford them, the retrospect is so full of self-condemnation, agonizing remorse, and awful anticipations of future retribution, of future and eternal punishment, that they recklessly hasten to drown all feeling—all consciousness of existence in the deadly draughts which they continually swallow. Thus they linger out their brief and pitiable lives in a kind of comatose stupor—a wretched burden and disgrace to themselves and a misery beyond description to all connected with them.

Order 6th. The Devilish Good Fellows.—These possess, in an eminent degree, the art of concealing much thorough selfishness under the guise of what are called *companionable qualities*; for although loud professors of sociality and great company keepers, (except that of the ladies, which they never voluntarily seek,) they mix in society rather oftener at other people's expense than their own. Their money is lavished chiefly on themselves, except the modicum most skillfully expended in purchasing a character for generosity, and that which in common parlance is mis-called *good fellowship*. This is easily and often most profitably done, by giving a few well-timed dinners, suppers, and card-parties to their select companions and *bosom friends*, whose money they scruple not to win on such occasions to the last cent; having first made these dear objects of their disinterested regard-drunk, while they kept sober for the purpose, although apparently encountering a similar risk of intoxication. All they do is for effect—for gulling others to their own advantage, rather than for any particular pleasure which they themselves derive from their own actions. Thus they become uproarious at the convivial board, not so much from impulse as design; not to excite themselves but their companions; and frequently clamor for "pushing the bottle," (for they are brain stealers) more to stultify others than to exultate their own feelings. They are great depositaries and retailers of all such anecdotes and stories as are called *good*, but rather on account of their obscenity than their genuine humor or wit. Now and then they incontinently perpetrate puns; make practical jokes; and are always merry in appearance, (whatever the real feelings may be) so far as antic contortions of the risible muscles can make them so. But they are utter strangers to that genuine hilarity of heart which imparts perennial cheerfulness to the countenances of all who are blessed with it, and which springs from a consciousness—both of good motives and good actions. Their lives are spent in a feverish course of sensuality—often of the lowest, the very grossest kind; and they generally die of a miserable old age, just as truly rational, temperate and moral people reach the prime of life.

Order 7th. The Philo-Mammonites, or Money Lov-

ers.—Although this term would comprehend a most numerous and motley host, if the mere existence of the passion itself were deemed a sufficient distinction, yet I mean to apply the designation only to such abortions of our race as love money for *itself alone*, independently as it would seem, both of its real and adventitiously exchangeable value. Others burn with affection for the beloved article, only as a means to attain the ends which they most passionately desire. These ends are as countless as the sands; some, for example, make it the grand object of their temporal existence to buy fine clothes, others fine equipages; others again fine houses, fine furniture, fine pictures, fine books—in short, *fine any thing* which the world calls so, whatever they themselves may think of it; for, as Dr. Franklin most truly says, "*other peoples' eyes cost us more than our own.*" The exclusive money-lovers despise what others love; with "the fleshly lusts that war against the souls" of other men, and *cost money*, they have nothing to do—no, not they! and even the common necessities and comforts of life are all rejected for the sake of making, hoarding, and contemplating the dear—all-absorbing object of the only affection they are capable of feeling. In this respect, the money lover differs entirely, not only from all other human beings, but from every race of brutes, reptiles, and insects yet discovered. They, for instance, accumulate the food which they love, evidently for *use*, and not solely to look at, to gloat upon, as the ultimate, the exclusive source of gratification. Their *accumulation*, therefore, is but the means of attaining the end—*consumption*, from which all their real enjoyment seems to be anticipated. The propensity to collect for future use, which is called instinct in the latter, is identical with what is deemed the love of money, as it operates upon all the orders of mankind, except the *Philo-Mammonites*. With the former, it is not the money they love, but something for which they have a passionate regard, that they know their money can procure: with the latter, the sole enjoyment (if indeed they may be thought capable of any) seems to consist in the mere looking at their hoards, and in the consciousness of being able to exclaim—"all this is *mine*, nothing but the inexorable tyrant death can take it away. Let others call it pleasure and happiness to spend money, if they are fools enough to do so; we deem it the only pleasure and happiness to make and keep it." To such men, the common feelings of humanity—the ordinary ties that bind together families and communities, are things utterly incomprehensible; and consequently neither the sufferings of their fellow men, nor their utmost miseries are ever permitted, for one moment, to interfere with that darling object which occupies their souls, to the exclusion of all others. Thus they for ever pursue, with an ardor that no discouragement can check; a recklessness of public sentiment that defies all shame; and often with a degree of self-inflicted want, both of food and raiment, which must be witnessed to be believed.

Order 8th. The Confiscators.—In this order must be included (strange as it may seem) not only all thieves, pickpockets, swindlers, robbers and professional gamblers, but even many others, who, although professing most sanctimonious horror at the bare idea of violating the *letter* of the laws relative to property, scruple not to disregard their *spirit*, whenever self is to be made by

it. To make money is the great end of their existence; but the means are left to time and circumstances to suggest—always, however, to be used according to the law-verbal, in such cases made and provided. The general title indicates rather the *wills* than the *deeds* of the whole order; the former being permanent, intense, and liable to no change—whereas the latter terminate, now and then, in such uncomfortable results as loss of character, imprisonment, and hanging. *Self-appropriation*, without parting with any equivalent, without incurring any loss that can possibly be avoided, is the cardinal, the paramount law with every grade: they differ only in the "*modus operandi*." Some, for example, work by fraud—others by force; some by superior skill, or exclusive knowledge—while hosts of others rely for success upon practising on the passions and vices, or the innocence and gullibility of their fellow-men. To do this the more effectually, they make much use of the terms justice, honesty, fair-dealing, in their discourse, but take special care to exclude them from their practice; for *they* are to prosper, even should the Devil take all at whose expense that prosperity has been achieved, if, indeed, he deemed them worth taking, after their dear friends, the confscators, have done with them.

Order 9th. The Blatterers.—Although this word is now nearly obsolete, or degraded to the rank of vulgarisms, in company with many other good old terms of great force and fitness, once deemed of sterling value, I venture to use it here, because I know, in our whole language, no other so perfectly descriptive of this order; nor, indeed, any other which conveys the same idea. And here (if you will pardon another digression) I cannot forbear to express my regret at being compelled, as it were, to take leave of so many old acquaintances in our mother tongue, who have been expelled from modern parlance and writing. Our literary tastes and language will require but very little more sublimation—little more polishing and refining, to render that tongue scarcely intelligible to persons whose misfortune it was to be educated some half century ago, unless, indeed, they will go to school again. To call things by their right names, is among the "*mala prohibita*" in the canons of modern criticism; the strength, fitness, and power of old words, must give way to the indispensable euphony of new ones; and all the qualities once deemed essential to good style, must now be sacrificed, or, at least, hold a far inferior rank to mere smoothness, polish, and harmony of diction. I might give you quite a long catalogue of highly respectable and significant old words, once the legal currency of discourse, which have long since been turned out of doors, to make room for their modern correlatives; but neither my time nor space will permit me to mention more than the following, out of some hundreds. For instance, my old acquaintance, and perhaps yours, the word "*breeches*," has been dismissed for "*unmentionables*," or "*inexpressibles*;"—"shifts" and "*petticoats*" are now yclept "*under dress*;" and even "*hell*" itself, according to the authority of a highly polished Divine, perhaps now living, must hereafter be softened and amplified into the phrase, "*a place which politeness forbids to mention*." But let me return to the description of the Blattering order.

To say, as I was very near doing, that their peculiar

trait is "*to have words at will*," would have conveyed a very false notion; for that phrase is properly applicable only to such persons as can talk or be silent—can restrain or pour out their discourse at pleasure. But the Blatterers, although their words are as countless as the sands, seem to exercise no volition over them whatever, any more than a sieve can be said to do over the water that may be poured into it. Through and through the liquid will and must run, be the consequences what they may; and out of the mouths of the Blatterers must their words issue, let what will happen. So invariable is this the case, that we might almost say of their discourse as the Latin poet has so happily said of the stream of Time:

"*Labitur et labetur in omne volubilis ævum.*"

They will unconsciously talk to themselves, if they can find no one else to talk to; but this soliloquizing they are rarely forced to perform—for so great are their diligence and tact in hunting up some unlucky wight or other upon whom to vent their words, that they are seldom unsuccessful in their search. Horace, in one of his epistles, has most pathetically described, in his own person, the sufferings of all those who are so luckless as to be caught by one of these very benevolent tormentors of their species; and he has hit off, most admirably, their multiform powers of inflicting annoyance. But many ways and means, never "dreamt of in his philosophy," have since been discovered, which it devolves upon others, far his inferiors, to describe. In regard, for instance, to the choice of subjects, if a Blatterer may be deemed capable of choosing, our modern logocracies have opened a field of almost boundless extent, which, in Horace's day, was a "*terra incognita*." Their loquacity would utterly shame that ancient braggart, whose boast it was, that he could extemporize two hundred Latin verses, while standing on one leg; and their matchless talents for political mistification—for comminuting, and spreading out all sorts of materials susceptible of being used for party purposes, were never called forth, and consequently never developed, until many a century after Horace was in his grave. The present age—I may say, *the present times*, may justly claim the distinguished honor not only of furnishing more aliment for the nurture of the Blattering order than any other age or times—but, on the political economy principle, that "*demand will always beget supply*," to them must be awarded the exclusive merit of furnishing a much greater number of such patriotic operatives than ever could be found before, since our father Noah left his ark. In proof of this assertion, I would ask, where is there now any hole or corner, either in public or private life, in which Blatterers may not often be heard? Where is there any electioneering ground—any hustings to hold an election—any forensic assemblage, or legislative halls, exempt entirely from these most successful confounders and despisers of all grammatical and rhetorical rules—of all the plainest dictates of common sense? As every thing they utter seems the result rather of chance than design, it might be supposed that the former would occasionally lead them, (especially when acting as public functionaries,) at least into some approximation towards argument or eloquence; but, alas! no such chance ever befalls them. By a kind of fatality, apparently unamenable to change or "shadow of turning," all their efforts at

either eloquence or argument, turn out most pitiable or ridiculous abortions; for they invariably mistake assertion for the latter, and empty, bombastic declamation and gasconading for the former. Vociferation they always mistake for sense, and personal abuse of every body opposed to them, for the best means of promoting what they understand by the term, "public good"—meaning, thereby, the good of whatever party they take under their special care.

Order 10th. The Would Be's, or Preposterous Imitators.—This, probably, is the most numerous of all the orders of our class, although very far from comprehending the whole human race, as that witty satyrist Horace would have us believe, with his "*Nemo contemnas vinct.*" But it includes all, who by their array and management of "the outward man," would pass themselves off, upon society, for something upon which nature has put her irrevocable veto. Some few of the brute creation have been charged (falsely as I humbly conceive) with this warring against her absolute decrees; for, as far as we can judge, they are all perfectly content with their own forms and conditions, and live out their respective times without apeing, or manifesting any desire to ape, either the appearance or manners of their fellow-brutes, as we so often and abortively do those of our fellow-men. It is true that the monkey, one of the accused parties, seems to possess no small talent in this way; but if the exercise of it were fully understood, it appears probable that we should always find it to be done at our expense, and in derision of those only who are continually aping something above their powers—as much as to say, (had they the gift of speech) "*Risum teneatis Amici?*"—see what fools ye are, to labor so hard and so vainly, in efforts to do what we can do better than yourselves! If we consider their tricks and their travesties in any other point of view, we shall commit the same ludicrous blunder that one of our Would Be's of the olden time was said once to have committed at a certain foreign court, "in mistaking a sarcasm for a compliment," to the great amusement of all who had cognizance of the fact, except the poor Americans, of whom he was rather an unlucky sample.

The poor frog has also been accused of this preposterous mimicry; but it is only a single case, much at war with our knowledge of this apparently unambitious quadruped or reptile, (I am not naturalist enough to know which to call it)—much at war, too, with the chivalric principles of attacking none incapable of self-defence; and moreover, it is related by a professed inventor of fables, with whose professional license of fibbing we have all been familiar from our childhood, and are therefore prepared to estimate at its true value. I allude, as you must suppose, to our school-boy tale, wherein it is asserted (believe it who can) that a poor frog, demented by vanity, burst himself open, and of course perished, in his impracticable efforts to swell himself to the unattainable size of the portly ox. Why this far-fetched and incredible story should ever have been invented for illustrating a matter of frequent occurrence among ourselves, I never could well understand. The constant puffings and swellings-out of thousands and tens of thousands of our own class, to attain dimensions which nothing but gum-elastic minds and bodies, or something still more expansive, could

qualify them to attain, are quite sufficient, manifest, and ridiculous, to render useless all resort to the invention of fabulous tales—all appeal to the imagined follies and gratuitously assumed vices of brute-beasts, reptiles and insects, for the laudable purpose of proving that man himself is no better than a brute in many of his propensities and habits. As to his particular folly of trying to change himself into something which he never can be, why should fabulists or any others attempt to drag the poor monkeys, frogs, and other animals into such a co-partnery, without a solitary authenticated fact to warrant the imputation, when innumerable facts are daily occurring among ourselves, to satisfy even the most sceptical, both in regard to the indigenous growth of this folly, and of man's exclusive right to it. The Would Be's, in fact, are to be seen almost in every place, and in all the walks of life; but especially in villages, towns, cities, and at medicinal springs, for in these the chances of attracting notice being generally proportioned to the population, there will always be more notice-seekers—in other words, more Would Be's than elsewhere.

Streets and public squares constitute the great outdoor theatre for their multiform exhibitions. The first you meet perhaps, is one who is enacting the profound thinker, although, probably, if the truth were known, not three ideas that could lead to any useful result, have ever crossed his brain, once a year, since he was born. His pace is slow, but somewhat irregular and zig-zag; his eyes are generally fixed on the ground, as it were geologizing; the tip of his fore-finger is on his nose, or his upper lip compressed between that finger and his thumb; the other hand and arm unconsciously swung behind his back; and so deep is his abstraction, that, should you be meeting him, you must step aside, or risk a concussion of bodies, which must end either in a fight or mutual apologies.

The next sample, probably, may be in quite a different style, although equally burlesque and preposterous. This one may be striving to play the gentleman of high official station, or great celebrity for talents, learning, or some other attainment which deservedly elevates him in the estimation of mankind. But mistaking exterior appearances for sure manifestations of internal qualities and endowments, which he is incapable of acquiring, he foolishly imagines that by means of the former he can pass himself off for what he wishes. Thus you will meet him, strutting and swaggering along, most majestically, with head erect, elevated chest, and perpendicular body—with a face, the owl-like solemnity of which nothing but the look of that sapient animal itself can equal, and a pomposity of air and manner which says, as far as pantomime can express words—"Who but I—I myself—I; look at me, ye mean and contemptible fellows, one and all!"

Pass him as soon as you have had your laugh out, and you will not go far before you will meet some other, probably quite dissimilar to both the others, although actuated by the same indomitable passion for conquering nature. The two former moved at a rate such as would suit a funeral procession; but your next man may be seen hurrying along with the speed of a courier despatched after an accoucheur, or for a doctor to one at the point of death. His legs are moving with the utmost rapidity short of running, and his feet are

thrown forward with a kind of sling, as if he were trying to kick off his shoes; while his arms, from the shoulder joint to the extremities, are alternately swung with a force and quickness of motion, as if he expected from them the same service that a boatman does from his oars. This worthy gentleman's highest ambition is, to be mistaken for a man nearly overwhelmed with business so multifarious and important, as scarcely to allow him time to eat or sleep, when it is very probable that he either has none at all, or none which would prevent him from moving quite as slowly as he pleased.

When tired with contemplating what I will venture to call the physiognomy of walking, you may betake yourself to some large dinner party, should your good fortune have furnished you with an invitation. There you will rarely fail to have an *in-door* treat quite equal, if not superior to the former, in witnessing other modes developed by speech, in which "the Would Be's" betray their ruling passion—a treat, by the way, which some travesty wag has most maliciously called "*the feast of reason and the flow of soul*," when all who have ever tried it, perfectly well know, that in nineteen cases out of twenty, it is very little more than the flow of good liquor, and the feast of good viands—not that I, Mr. Editor, mean to object to *either*, when used in a way to heighten all the innocent enjoyments of social intercourse, without endangering health or shortening life, as they are too often made to do. But having been always accustomed to deem it very disgraceful for rational beings to rank either eating or drinking to excess among these enjoyments, I cannot forbear to enter my protest against any such misnomer. Might I be permitted here to say what should be the chief object of all social parties whatever, I would decide that it should be *mutual improvement*, and that the individuals who compose them should consider themselves as members of a kind of joint stock company, met, on such occasions, to perfect each other in their parts, as performers in the great drama of human life—that whenever called on *to act*, they might acquit themselves most naturally, agreeably, and usefully, both to themselves and others. Few indeed, "and far between," will be the dinner parties answering this description; for, in general, there are no social meetings at which you will find a greater assemblage of the Would Be's. Here you will often find very garrulous and deep critics in wine, who if the truth were known, would probably vastly prefer a drink of fourth proof whiskey, gin or brandy, to the choicest products of the best vineyards in the world. Occasionally you may also see exquisite amateurs of music, who, would they be candid, must plead guilty of utter ignorance on the subject, or confess a decided preference for some such old acquaintance as "Poor Betty Martin tip toe fine," or "Yankee Doodle," on a jews-harp or hurdy-gurdy, to the finest compositions of the most celebrated masters, performed by themselves, in their highest style, on their favorite instruments. A good assortment too of gormandizers is rarely wanting at such places; men whose gift of speech is never exercised but in praise of good cookery—whose mouths seem formed for little else than to eat and drink, and whose stomachs may truly be called "*omnibuses*," being depositories for full as great a variety of dead eatable substances, as the vehicles properly so called are of

living bodies. The chief difference consists in the latter moving on four wheels—the former on two legs! There, likewise, may sometimes be seen the Virtuoso, "*rara avis in terris*," at least in our land, whose affected skill in ancient relics transcends, a sightless distance, that of the renowned Dr. Cornelius Scriblerus, the antiquary, rendered so famous by mistaking a barber's old rusty basin for an antique shield of some long deceased warrior.

Although science and literature are articles generally in very bad odor, if not actually contraband in such assemblages, (bodies and not minds being the thing to be fed,) still both are now and then introduced, and rare work are made of them by the would be scholars. To the real scholar—the well educated gentleman, there cannot well be any more severe trial of his politeness and self-command, than is afforded by their ridiculous attempts to display their taste and erudition. But the farce, incomparably the best of the whole, will usually be enacted by the little party politicians, who almost always constitute a considerable portion of a dinner party in these times. With these the settling of their dinners is quite a secondary affair to the settling of our national affairs, a most important part of which duty they most patriotically take upon themselves. *Ex necessitate rei*, their vehement volubility, their ardent zeal, constantly blazes out with an intensity of heat in full proportion to the self-imputed share of each in our national concerns. With this volcanic fire burning in their bosoms, contemporaneously with so large a portion of the government of fifteen millions of human beings pressing on their shoulders—gigantic though they be—it is truly amazing with what alacrity and perseverance they at the same time talk, eat, and decide on the most difficult problems in political science—the most complex and really doubtful measures of national policy and legislation—when their whole outfit for so arduous a work consists, in all human probability, of a few hours of weekly reading in some party newspaper, edited by some man equally conceited, ignorant, and opinionated with themselves.

All this while, although the entertainer and a portion of his guests may be well qualified to sustain conversation both highly improving and interesting, *fashion* has vetoed the attempt—and they must either be silent, or join in the usual frivolous, desultory, and useless verbosity generally uttered on such occasions. Alas! that man, made after God's own image, and endowed with the noble gifts of speech, intellect, judgment, and taste, should so often and so deplorably abuse them.

When satiated with the dinner party, should you still wish to see more of the Would Be's, hasten to the Soirée or the Squeeze, and you will there find fresh and most titillating food for your *moral* palate, if you will pardon the figure. All that is most exquisitely ridiculous, either in attitude, gesture, or language, may, not unfrequently, be there witnessed in its most comic, most laugh-provoking form. There you may often witness nearly every possible disguise under which vulgarity apes gentility—every imaginable grimace and gesticulation that can be mistaken for graceful ease of manner—and every style of conversation or casual remark which "the Would Be's" may imagine best calculated to substitute their counterfeit currency for that which is genuine and acceptable to all. In these motley assemblages

you may prepare to behold, among other sights, the now universally prevalent walk for fashionable ladies, in its highest style. This consists in a kind of indescribable twitching of the body, alternately to the right and left, which the gazing green-horns, not in the secret that *fashion commands it*, would surely mistake for the annoyance occasioned by certain pins in their dresses having worked out of place, and would accordingly commiserate rather than admire the supposed sufferers.

But to cap the climax of these abortive contests against nature, you must move about until you come to the *rocking-chairs*, those articles which, in bygone times, were used only by our decrepit old ladies, or the nurses of infant children; but which, in our more refined age, are now deemed indispensable appendages of every room for entertaining company. When you come to one of these former depositories for nearly superannuated women and nurses of infants, instead of similar occupants to those of the olden time, you will find them sometimes occupied by those of "the woman kind" who are making their first fishing parties after "*a tang-lang*,"* and who have been taught to believe that a

* "*Tang-lang*." For this term and the little story in which it is introduced, I am indebted to that admirable writer Oliver Goldsmith; but before I give the tale itself, I must beseech your readers not for a moment to suspect me of any such treasonable design against the fair sex, as to represent all young ladies, upon their first entrance into company, as fishing for tang-langs. My purpose is merely to supply them with a few very useful moral hints, in the highly entertaining language of an author, who being "old fashioned," may probably be little known to many of them. But now for the story.

"In a winding of the river Amidar, just before it falls into the Caspian sea, there lies an island unfrequented by the inhabitants of the continent. In this seclusion, blest with all that wild, uncultivated nature could bestow, lived a princess and her two daughters. She had been wrecked upon the coast while her children as yet were infants, who, of consequence, though grown up, were entirely unacquainted with man. Yet, inexperienced as the young ladies were in the opposite sex, both early discovered symptoms, the one of prudery, the other of being a coquet. The eldest was ever learning maxims of wisdom and discretion from her mamma, whilst the youngest employed all her hours in gazing at her own face in a neighboring fountain.

"Their usual amusement in this solitude was fishing. Their mother had taught them all the secrets of the art: she showed them which were the most likely places to throw out the line, what baits were most proper for the various seasons, and the best manner to draw up the finny prey, when they had hooked it. In this manner they spent their time, easy and innocent, till one day the princess being indisposed, desired them to go and catch her a sturgeon or a shark for supper, which she fancied might sit easy on her stomach. The daughters obeyed, and clapping on a goldfish, the usual bait on these occasions, went and sat upon one of the rocks, letting the gilded hooks glide down the stream.

"On the opposite shore, farther down at the mouth of the river lived a diver for pearls, a youth who, by long habit in his trade, was almost grown amphibious; so that he could remain whole hours at the bottom of the water, without ever fetching breath. He happened to be at that very instant diving, when the ladies were fishing with a gilded hook. Seeing therefore the bait, which to him had the appearance of real gold, he was resolved to seize the prize; but both hands being already filled with pearl-oysters, he found himself obliged to snap at it with his mouth; the consequence is easily imagined; the hook, before unperceived, was instantly fastened in his jaw; nor could he, with all his efforts or his floundering, get free.

"Sister, cries the youngest princess, I have certainly caught a monstrous fish; I never perceived anything struggle so at the end of my line before; come and help me to draw it in. They both now, therefore, assisted in fishing up the diver on shore; but nothing could equal their surprise upon seeing him. Bless my eyes! cries the prude, what have we got here? This is a

well turned ankle and pretty foot are very pretty things, the sight of which it would be quite unreasonable and selfish that the possessor should monopolize. But generally, the operatives in these quasi-cradles for decrepitude and helpless infancy, will be found to be youths of the male sex scarcely of age, and surrounded often by ladies old enough to be their mothers, and wanting seats—but wanting them in vain. These exquisite young gentlemen will always be found, when thus self-motive, so entirely absorbed, as to have forgotten completely not only the established rule, even in our rudest society, of offering our seat to any standing lady, but almost their own personal identity, which is frequently any thing but prepossessing. Rocking away at rail road speed, self-satisfied beyond the power of language to describe, with head thrown back, and protruded chin, "bearded like the pard," as much as to say, "Ladies, did you ever behold so kissable a face?—pray come try it"—they rock on to the infinite amusement, pity, or contempt of all beholders.

But in tender mercy to your own patience and that of your readers, both of which I have so severely taxed, I will conclude for the present, and remain your friend,

OLIVER OLDSCHOOL.

very odd fish to be sure; I never saw any thing in my life look so queer; what eyes—what terrible claws—what a monstrous snout! I have read of this monster somewhere before, it certainly must be a tang-lang that eats women; let us throw it back into the sea where we found it.

"The diver in the mean time stood upon the beach, at the end of the line, with the hook in his mouth, using every art that he thought could best excite pity, and particularly looking extremely tender, which is usual in such circumstances. The coquet, therefore, in some measure influenced by the innocence of his looks, ventured to contradict her companion. Upon my word, sister, says she, I see nothing in the animal so very terrible as you are pleased to apprehend; I think it may serve well enough for a change. Always sharks, and sturgeons, and lobsters, and craw-fish, make me quite sick. I fancy a slice of this nicely grilled, and dressed up with shrimp sauce would be very pretty eating. I fancy too mamma would like a bit with pickles above all things in the world; and if it should not sit easy on her stomach, it will be time enough to discontinue it, when found disagreeable, you know. Horrid! cries the prude, would the girl be poisoned? I tell you it is a tang-lang; I have read of it in twenty places. It is every where described as the most pernicious animal that ever infested the ocean. I am certain it is the most insidious, ravenous creature in the world; and is certain destruction, if taken internally. The youngest sister was now, therefore, obliged to submit: both assisted in drawing the hook with some violence from the diver's jaw; and he, finding himself at liberty, bent his breast against the broad wave, and disappeared in an instant.

"Just at this juncture, the mother came down to the beach, to know the cause of her daughters' delay: they told her every circumstance, describing the monster they had caught. The old lady was one of the most discreet women in the world; she was called the black-eyed princess, from two black eyes she had received in her youth, being a little addicted to boxing in her liquor. Alas! my children, cries she, what have you done? The fish you caught was a man-fish, one of the most tame domestic animals in the world. We could have let him run and play about the garden, and he would have been twenty times more entertaining than our squirrel or monkey. If that be all, says the young coquet, we will fish for him again. If that be all, I'll hold three tooth-picks to one pound of snuff, I catch him whenever I please. Accordingly they threw in their lines once more, but with all their gliding, and paddling, and assiduity, they could never after catch the diver. In this state of solitude and disappointment they continued for many years, still fishing, but without success; till, at last, the Genius of the place, in pity to their distress, changed the prude into a shrimp, and the coquet into an oyster."

ON THE DEATH OF CAMILLA.

BY L. A. WILMER.

'Tis past; the dear delusive dream hath fled,
And with it all that made existence dear;
Not she alone, but all my joys are dead,
For all my joys could live alone with her.
O, if the grave e'er claim'd affection's tear,
Then, loved Camilla, on thy clay-cold bed
Clothed with the verdure of the new-born year,
Where each wild flower its fragrance loves to shed—
There will I kneel and weep, and wish myself were dead.

'Tis not for *her* I weep—no, she is bless'd;
A favor'd soul enfranchis'd from this sphere:
A selfish sorrow riots in my breast;
I mourn for woes that she can never share.
She sighs no more—no more lets fall the tear,
She who once sympathiz'd with every grief
That tore this bosom, solac'd every care;
She whose sweet presence made all sorrows brief,
Ah, now no more to me can she afford relief.

Around this world—(a wilderness to me,
Not Petrea's deserts more forlorn or dread)
I cast my eyes, and wish in vain to see
Those rays of hope the skies in mercy shed—
Each dear memorial of Camilla dead—
Her image, by the pencil's aid retain'd,
The sainted lock that once adorn'd her head,
These sad mementos of my grief, remain'd
To tell me I have lost what ne'er can be regain'd.

On these I gaze, on these my soul I bend,
Breathe all my prayers, and offer every sigh;
With these my joys, my hopes, my wishes blend,—
For these I live—for these I fain would die;
These subject for my every thought supply—
Her picture smiles, unconscious of my woe,
Benevolence beams from that azure eye,
From mine the tears of bitter anguish flow,
And yet she smiles serene, nor seems my grief to know!

Still let imagination view the saint,
The seraph now—Camilla I behold!—
Such as the pen or pencil may not paint,
In hues which shall not seem austere cold.
To fancy's eye her beauties still unfold.
What fancy pictures in her wildest mood,
What thought alone, and earth no more can mould
She was; with all to charm mankind endued,
Eve in her perfect state, in her once more renew'd!

Chang'd is the scene! The coffin and the tomb
Enfold that form where every grace combin'd!
Death draws his veil—envelopes in his gloom
The boast of earth—the wonder of mankind!
She died—without reluctance, and resigned;
Without reluctance, but one tear let fall
In pity for the wretch she left behind—
To curse existence on this earthly ball—
One thought she gave to him, and then the heavens
had all.

Who that hath seen her but hath felt her worth?
Who praise withholds, and hopes to be forgiven?

Her presence banish'd every thought of earth,
Subdued each wish unfit to dwell in heaven.
From all of earth her hopes and thoughts were riven,
She lived regardless of the skies alone;
A saint, but not by superstition driven,
Not by the vow monastic, to atone
For sins that ne'er were hers,—for sins to her unknown!

Hers was religion from all dross refin'd,
A soul communing with its parent—God;
Grateful for benefits and aye resigned
To every dispensation of His rod.
Pure and immaculate, life's path she trod—
Envy grew pale and calumny was dumb!
Till drooping, dying—this floriferous sod,
And this plain marble, point her lowly tomb;
Even here she still inspires a reverential gloom!

O lost to earth, yet ever bless'd,—farewell!
This poor oblation to thy grave I bring;
O spotless maid, that now in heav'n dost dwell
Where choral saints and radiant angels sing
The eternal praises of the Almighty king;
While this sad cypress and funereal yew
Unite their boughs, their gloom around me fling,
Congenial glooms, that all my own renew;
I still invoke thy shade, still pause to bid adieu!

SONNET.

Science! meet daughter of old Time thou art,
Who alterest all things with thy peering eyes!
Why prey'st thou thus upon the poet's heart,
Vulture! whose wings are dull realities!
How should he love thee, or how deem thee wise,
Who would'st not leave him in his wandering,
To seek for treasure in the jewel'd skies,
Albeit he soar with an undaunted wing?
Hast thou not dragg'd Diana from her car,
And driv'n the Hamadryad from the wood
To seek a shelter in some happier star?
The gentle Naiad from her fountain flood?
The elfin from the green grass? and from me
The summer dream beneath the shrubbery?

E. A. P.

THE LAKE.

On thy fair bosom, silver lake,
The wild swan spreads his snowy sail,
And round his breast the ripples break,
As down he bears before the gale.

Percival.

The way we travelled along the southern shore of Lake Michigan was somewhat singular. There being no road, we drove right on the strand, one wheel running in the water. Thus we travelled thirty miles, at the rate of two miles an hour. In the lake we saw a great many gulls rocking on the waves and occasionally flying up into the air, sailing in circles, and fanning their white plumage in the sunshine.

While thus slowly winding along the sandy margin of the lake we met a number of Potawatimies on horseback in Indian file, men with rifles, women with papooses, and farther on we passed an Indian village—wigwams of mats comically shaped. This village stood

right on the shore of the lake; some Indian boys half-naked were playing in the sand, and an Indian girl of about fourteen was standing with arms folded looking towards the lake. There was, or I imagined there was, something in that scene, that attitude, that countenance of the Indian girl, touching and picturesque in the highest degree—a study for the painter.

Alas—these Indians! the dip of their paddle is unheard, the embers of the council-fire have gone out, and the bark of the Indian dog has ceased to echo in the forest. Their wigwams are burnt, the cry of the hunter has died away, the title to their lands is extinguished, the tribes, scattered like sheep, fade from the map of existence. The unhappy remnant are driven onward—onward to the ocean of the West. Such are the reflections that came into my mind, on seeing the beautiful Pottawatimie of Lake Michigan. c. c.

THE HALL OF INCHOLESE.

BY J. N. MCJILTON.

Host and guests still lingered there,
But host and guests were dead.

Old Ballad.

Venice is the very *outrance*—*gloria mundi* of a place for fashion, fun and frolic. Does any one dispute it? Let him ask the San Marco, the Campanile, the iron bound building that borders one end of the Bridge of Sighs, or the Ducal Palace, that hangs like a wonder on the other. Let him ask the Arena de Mari, the Pontego de Tedeschi, or if he please, the moon-struck *Visionaire*, who gazed his sight away from Ponte de Sospiri, on the Otontala's sparkling fires, and if from each there be not proof, *plus quam sufficit*—why Vesuvius never illuminated Naples—that's all.

Well! Venice is a glorious place for fashion, fun and frolic; so have witnessed thousands—so witnessed Incholese.

Incholese was a foreigner—no matter whence, and many a jealous Venetian hated him to his heart's overflowing; the inimitable Pierre Bon-bon himself had not more sworn enemies, and no man that ever lived boasted more pretended friends, than did this celebrated operator on whiskey-punch and puddings.

His house fronted the Rialto, and overlooked the most superb and fashionably frequented streets in Venice. His hall, the famed "Hall of Incholese," resort of the exquisite, and gambler's heaven, was on the second floor, circular in shape, forty-five feet in diameter. Windows front and rear, framed with mirror-plates in place of plain glass, completed the range on either side, all decorated with damask hangings, rich and red, bordered with blue and yellow tassellated fringe, with gilt and bronze supporters. It seemed more like a Senate hall, or Ducal palace parlor, than a room in the private dwelling of a gentleman of leisure—of "elegant leisure," as it was termed by the *politesse* of the *Republique*. A rich carpet covered the floor, with a figure in its centre of exactly the dimensions of the rotondo table, which had so repeatedly suffered under the weight of wine; to say nothing of the gold and silver lost and won upon its slab, sufficient to have made insolvent the wealthiest Cressus in the land—in any land. Over this table was suspended a chandelier the proud Autocrat of all the Russias might have coveted; and forming a

square from the centre, were four others, less in size, but equal in brilliancy and value. Mirrors in metal frames, and paintings of exquisite and costly execution, filled up the interstices between the windows. Chairs—splendid chairs, sofas, ottomans, and extra wine tables, made up the furniture of the Hall of Incholese. This Hall however was not the sole magnificence of the huge pile it beautified. Other and splendid apartments, saloons, galleries, etc., filled up the wings, and contributed to the grandeur of the building. Yet, strange to say, the proprietor, owner and occupier of this vast establishment, had no wife, to share with him its elegances—to mingle her sweet voice in the strains of purchased melody and revel, that made the lofty edifice often ring to its foundation. He had no wife. And why? Let the sequel of his history rehearse.

Thousands flocked to this magnificent Hall—citizens, strangers, travellers; many drank, gambled—were ruined. Few left it but were blasted wrecks, both in health and fortune. Thousands left it, tottering from their madness, cursing the brilliant revel that lighted them to doom.

Millions rolled into the coffers of Incholese; he seemed a way-mark for fortune—a moving monument of luck. Hundreds of his emissaries went out in different directions, and through different kingdoms, supplied with gold, for the purpose of winning more for their wealthy master. The four cardinals of the compass with all the intermediate points became his avenues of wealth.

"Wealth is power"—Archimedes knew it when he experienced the want of means to make a lever long enough to reach beyond the power of this little world's attraction; and the ingenious Tippet often felt the inconvenience and uncomfortableness of the want of it in executing his admirable plans for perpetual motion.

Incholese had wealth—he had power—*c'est un dit-on*. The Venetian Senate resolved on a loan from his ample store, and bowed obsequious, did every member, to the nod of the patron of the State. The Spanish minister forgot to consult as his only guide the *Squittinio della Liberta Veneta* and was seen whispering with Incholese; and instead of the Marquis of Bedmar, first minister to Flanders, the *primum mobile* received in mistake from Rome the hat of the cardinal. The fingers of a man of wealth turn every thing they touch to gold. We have said Incholese was a foreigner—so was the Spanish minister, and they whispered about more than State affairs and gold, though the gambler had gone deep into the pockets of the friend of his Catholic majesty.

The Doge, Antonio Priuli, had a daughter, adopted or otherwise, who was considered by the most popular *amateurs* the perfection of beauty. She had more admirers than all the beauties of the Republic put together; but the scornful Glorianna looked with disdain upon them all. She curled her lip most contemptuously at the crowd of waiting votaries humiliated at her feet. Pride was her prevailing, her only passion; love and affection were strangers to her haughty nature. She reigned and ruled, the absolute queen, in thought, word and deed of the vast throng that followed in her footsteps, and fain would revel in her smile. Incholese attended in her train, and swore by the pontiff's mace, that he would give his right ear for a kiss from her sweet lips; he worried the saints with prayers and the priests with

bribes, to bring the haughty fair one to his arms, but prayers and bribes proved fruitless—the daughter of the Doge was above them all, and only smiled to drive her victim mad.

Inchese was proud and spirited, and so completely was he irritated at the repeated efforts he made to gain a single hour's social converse with the lofty Helen of his hopes, that he vowed at last at the risk of a special nuncio from his Holiness to go the length of his fortune to bring her upon a level with himself if he remained in the parallax but fifteen minutes.

The Spanish minister was married; but a star on the fashionable horizon higher than the Vesta of his own choice, prompted the proffer of his help, in the establishment of a medium point of lustre. The Senate did not assemble oftener to devise ways and means for the discharge of the public debt and for the safety of the State, than did Inchese and the minister, to humble the haughty heiress of the rich possessions of the Doge; and the conspiracy seemed as perilous and important as the great stratagem of the Duke de Ossunna against the government of Venice. A thousand plans were proposed, matured and put in execution, but their repeated failure served only to mortify the conspirators and make them more intent upon the execution of their plan. It was to no purpose that the Doge was invited with his family to spend a social hour, or that in return the invitation was given from the palace; the unpromising object of innumerable schemes, and proud breaker of hearts, still kept aloof—still maintained her ascendancy.

While these petty intrigues were going forward, a conspiracy of a more daring character was in the course of prosecution. It was nothing less than the conspiracy of the Spaniards against the government of Venice—a circumstance which at the present time forms no unimportant portion of Venetian history.

Every thing by the conspirators had been secretly arranged, and Bedmar, notwithstanding his being among those who were deepest in the plot, never once hinted the subject to Inchese, though at the time they were inseparable companions, and co-workers in establishing a standard of beauty for the Italian metropolis. This however may be easily accounted for; he knew the government was debtor to Inchese; he knew also of the intimacy that existed between the Doge and the gambler, and he was too familiar with intrigue not to suspect a discovery when the secret should be in the knowledge of one so interested; he therefore bit his lip and kept the matter to himself. Had there been a no less villain than Bedmar in the conspiracy, the plot might have succeeded and the Spaniards become masters of Venice. But the heart of Jaffier, one of the heads of the conspiracy, failed him, and he disclosed to Bartholomew Comino the whole affair. Comino was secretary to the Council of Ten, which Council he soon assembled and made known the confession of Jaffier. Comino was young and handsome, and he took the lead in the discovery of the plot and bringing the conspirators to justice. His intercourse with the Doge was dignified and manly, and at such a time with such a man, the proud Gloriana condescended to converse. She was won to familiarity, and requested the secretary to call at her apartment and tell her the history of an affair, in which she, with all the household of the Doge, were so deeply in-

terested. She insisted particularly that he should take the earliest opportunities to inform her of the further procedure of the Council with the faction. The secretary consented, and every intercourse tended to subdue her haughty spirit, and he was soon admitted to her friendship as an equal.

Bedmar was disgraced and sent back to Spain in exchange for Don Louis Bravo, the newly appointed minister. Inchese followed the fallen Marquis with his hearty curse, and vowed if so deceived by man again, the villain's life should appease his hate. The conspirators who were not screened by office were executed, and peace and tranquillity were soon restored to the State. The new minister being averse to the society of gamblers, Inchese and himself could not be friends—a singular enough circumstance that a titled gentleman from the great metropolis of Spain should despise the friendship of a gentleman gambler, highly exalted as was the famous Inchese. Bartholomew Comino in the discharge of his official functions, was compelled to visit and exchange civilities with the popular gambler. Inchese had observed the condescension of the empress of his heart's vanity towards this individual, and determined to avail himself of his friendship. He solicited an introduction to the south wing of the palace of the Doge, and to the scornful Gloriana. The palace of the Doge he had frequently visited, and as often gazed, till sight grew dim, upon the celebrated south wing, where, in all the indolence of luxurious ease, reposed the object of his anxious thoughts.

The last effort succeeded. Inchese was invited to the south wing—talked with Gloriana, who seemed another being since her intimacy with Comino—and resolved on a magnificent entertainment at his own Hall, where he knew the Doge and the most prominent members of the Senate would not refuse to give their attendance, and he devoutly hoped the influence of the secretary would bring the humiliated heiress. He was not disappointed. All came—all prepared for splendid revelry.

Inchese had but one servant whom he admitted to his *sacrum sancloium*, the only constant inmate of his house beside himself. Other servants he had to be sure, but they were employed only when occasion demanded them. Farragio was the prince of villains, and the only fit subject in Venice for a servant to the prince of gamblers. Eleven years he had waited on his table of ruin. His conscience had rubbed itself entirely away against his ebon heart and left a villain to the climax. He hated his master—hated his friends—hated the world—supremely hated mankind, and meditated deeds of blackest crime. Hell helped him in his malignant resolve, and the fell demon smiled when he whispered in his ear the sweet madness of revenge. Revenge for what? "Eleven years," said he, "I have labored in the kitchen of Inchese and performed his drudgery—eleven years I have been his messenger of good and evil. I have toiled and panted beneath my burdens of viands, rare and costly, and I have rested on my way with wine, and what I have devoured myself I have stolen—stolen and devoured in secret. I hate—hate—hate the world—and I will be—aye, *will* be revenged." He yelled with fiendish exultation at the thought.

Three weeks before the time appointed for the great festival in the Hall, Farragio was alone in his kitchen

preparing his own supper—soliloquizing as usual on his lonely and miserable situation. He remembered his youthful sports on the banks of the grand canal, and thought over the time when his mother called him from his little gondola beneath the Rialto, and sold him to Incholese—sold him for a slave. Eleven years had brought him to the vigor of manhood, and strengthened the purpose he had formed in youth of gratifying when he had the opportunity the only feeling that occupied his heart—revenge. While occupied in retrospection and smiling with seeming joy in the thought of executing his purpose, the latch of the yard door raised and the door itself slowly moved upon its long iron hinges; when about half opened a little figure in black limped upon the threshold and, bowing to Farragio, took his station by his side.

"Pretty warm for the season," said he, as he cast a glance at the fire where Farragio's supper was cooking.

"Pretty warm," replied Farragio, raising his head from the fire and wiping the perspiration from his forehead. He eyed the little gentleman closely, and from the worn and threadbare appearance of his coat, began to entertain some doubts in his mind touching his probable respectability. After surveying the stranger longer than politeness required, suddenly recollecting himself he removed his eyes from his dress and asked,

"Have you travelled far to-day, friend?"

"Travelled! ha, ha, ha, ha; no, I have been at your elbow for a month."

The eyes of the little gentleman flashed fire as he spoke, and Farragio for the first time in his life felt frightened. He retreated a few steps and repeated with a trembling voice—"at my elbow for a month—fire and misery, how—how can that be? I—I—never saw you in—in my life before."

"Well, Farragio," and he pronounced the name with great familiarity, "whether you ever saw me or not, I have been your constant attendant for a month past, and I have had a peculiar regard for you ever since you were born."

Farragio's astonishment increased, and he gazed for some minutes in mute wonder upon the little stranger. A little reflection, however, soon restored his courage, and in an unusually authoritative tone he demanded the name of his visitor, and the purport of his singular and unceremonious visit.

"Oh!" replied the little fellow with a careless shake of his head, "it's of no importance."

By this time the supper was ready, and placing his dishes upon the table, Farragio invited his guest to partake of the fare, which consisted of ham and chicken, with cheese, hot rolls and tea.

The little man did not wait for a second invitation, but immediately took his seat at the table and commenced breaking a roll with his fingers.

"Will you take some ham?" asked Farragio in a tone of true hospitality, and appearing to forget that his guest was an intruder upon the peace of his kitchen.

"Ham—no, no, no, I hate ham—hate it with a perfect hatred, and have hated it since the foun—foundation of the Chris—Chris—Christian—since the foundation of the world. The followers of Mahomet are right, and the outlaw Turk, that is outlawed by re—re—religious dispensations, which are always arbitrary in the extreme, I say he displays more sound judgment

than all the philosophers that ever lived, that is—I mean those of them who have ever had any thing to do with ho—ho—ugh—hog."

Farragio helped himself largely to ham, swearing he was no follower of Mahomet, and if he was, and held emperors from Mecca to Jerusalem, he'd eat ham till he died.

The little stranger manifested no surprise at this bold speech of Farragio, but continued to eat his roll in a very business like manner.

"Take some chicken," said Farragio after a short pause, which was permitted for the sake of convenience, "Take some chicken," and accompanying the request with an action suited to the unrestrained offering of a generous heart, he threw the west end of a rooster upon his plate.

"Chicken—chicken—yes, I like chicken, so did Socrates like it. Socrates was a favorite of mine. When he was dying he ordered a cock to be sacrificed to Esculapius—poor fellow, he thought his soul would ascend through the flame up to the gods, but he was mistaken; his soul was safe enough in other hands."

"I understood it sprouted hemlock," said Farragio knowingly.

"And where?"

"On the south side of the Temple of Minerva, wherever that was."

"Who gave you the information?"

"O, I—I saw—rea—hear—heard my master Incholese talk about once when he wished to appear like a philosopher before some of his company."

"Who told him?"

"Who? Why I've heard him say a thousand times that he was a real *Mimalone*, whatever that is, and for years had slept on *bindweed* and practised the arts of a fellow they call *Dic—Dip—Dith—Dithy*—"

"*Dithyrambus* I suppose you mean."

"Aye, that's the fellow."

"A particular friend of mine, I dined with him twice, and the last time left him drunk under the table."

"His soul sprouted grapes I've heard, and was the first cause of vineyards being planted in Edge e—e—Edge—"

"Egypt you mean to say."

"Yes."

"That's not exactly correct, but it will answer about as well as any thing else."

"Do you like cheese?"

"I was formerly very fond of it, but I once saw Cleopatra, Mark Antony's magnet as she was called, faint away at the sight of a skipper, and since then I've only touched cheese at times, and then sparingly.—I saw ten million skippers at once fighting over a bit of cheese not bigger than your thumb in that same Cleopatra's stomach, and that too on the very night she dissolved her costly ear-bob to match old Mark's greatness. But I never said any thing about it."

"You must be pretty old, I guess; I've often heard my master talk of that Clipatrick, and he said she died several hundred years ago. I've heard him say she was the very devil, and must have been trans, trans—"

"Transfused. I take the liberty of helping you along."

"Yes, transfused—her spirit transfused down through

mummies and the like, till it reached the old Doge's daughter, for he swears she's the very dev"—

"Don't take that name in vain too often; a little pleasantry is admissible, but jokes themselves turn to abuse when repeated too many times—say Triptolemus, a term quite as significant, and not so much used."

"Triptolemus, hey—and who's Triptolemus? I don't mean him. I mean the old dev—devil himself." Farragio shuddered as he uttered the last words, for the countenance of his heretofore pleasant and good humored companion changed to a frown of the darkest hue, and Farragio imagined he saw a stream of fire issuing from his mouth and nostrils; terrified, he dropped his knife and fork, and fled trembling into the farthest corner of his kitchen.

"Have you any wine?" asked the little gentleman, in a tone of condescension.

"Plenty," was the emphatic reply of Farragio, willing to get into favor again at any price, and away he went in search of wine. It was with difficulty the article was obtained, and Farragio risked his neck in the enterprise—the wine vault in the cellar of Incholese was deep, and the door strongly fastened; he was therefore obliged to climb to the ceiling of the cellar, crawl between the joists of the building, and drop himself full ten feet on the inside. He however surmounted every obstacle, and procured the wine. On his return to the kitchen with four or five bottles, curiosity prompted him to wait awhile at the door before he opened it to ascertain what his little visitor was about. He heard a noise like a draught through a furnace, and thought he saw fire and smoke pouring through the pannels of the door. It was some time before he recovered sufficient courage to enter, and then only, after the door had been opened by the little gentleman.

"Have you glasses?" said he, surveying the apartment, where none were to be seen, and Farragio having already commenced pouring the precious liquid into a cup, he added "I do not like to drink wine from a tea cup."

"Glasses—glasses, I—we—no—yes—yes, plenty of them," and off he started to another apartment for glasses.

"Now we'll have it," said the little gentleman; "wine is good for soul and body. I've seen two hundred and sixteen shepherdesses intoxicated at one time upon a mountain in Arcadia."

"They enjoyed the luxury of drinking wine to the full, I suppose."

"O, it's no uncommon thing—women love wine, and they're the best amateurs of *taste*,—but here's a health to Pythagoras, (turning off a glass,) a man of more affected modesty than sound judgment, but withal a tolerably clever sort of a fellow: I used to like him, and helped him to invent the word *philosopher*—it was a species of hypocrisy in us both. I never repented it, however, and have found it of much service to me, in my adventures upon this ugly world."

"You invented the word philosopher. I thought it was in existence from the beginning of time; inventor of words, good gracious! what an employment; now if I may be so bold, what business do you follow?"

"O, it's no matter. Pythagoras was a pretty good kind of a man, and"—

"I never heard of him; who was he any how?"

"Ha! ha! ha! you've much to learn—Pythagoras was a hypocrite, but he gained an immortality by it."

"How?"

"How? why if you've brains enough to understand, I'll tell you. The learned before his day were called ΣΟΦΟΣ, that is, *wise*, what they really were; but professing not to like the appellation, and through my instrumentality I must confess, for I suggested it, proposed that they should be called ΦΙΛΟΣ *the friend*, ΣΟΦΙΑΣ *of learning*, hence the word *philosopher*: but it's no difference; names are arbitrary at any rate, and I like Pythagoras about as well as any of his cotemporaries; they were all deceitful, fond of flattery, and as jealous a set of villains as ever tried to rival each other out of fame. Did't they all imitate each other in some things, and at the same time swear that they differed, and each was the founder of his own especial system, which was distinct and separate from the rest, when the real truth was, they had all only parts of the same system; and by their rivalry and meanness in keeping the parts distinct, for fear of losing a little of what they thought was glory, they have prevented the world from understanding them ever since. I like hypocrisy, but I like it on a large scale. Your grovelling hypocrite has't a soul big enough to burn. Man is only a half-made creature at best. If I had the making of him, I'd—but you're asleep," said he, looking up at Farragio who was nodding over his wine. "My long discourse has wearied you."

Farragio started. "No—O! no—not—not asleep. I was thinking that—thinking how that—I wondered how you liked the wine."

"Very much, very much; that's good wine—here, try this, it's better than yours." Farragio drank of the little gentleman's glass, and soon felt the effects of the draught upon his brain. He fancied himself a lord: his guest persuaded him he was one, and a far better man than his master. "Yes," said he, springing upon his feet at the mention of his master's name—"and I swear by all the horrors of my servitude, that I will soon convince him of my superiority." The effort was too much for his relaxed muscles, and he fell full length upon the floor. The little gentleman very carefully assisted him in rising, and handing him to a chair, presented another glass to his lips. He pledged his soul in the bumper, and reeled a second time to the floor. It was now past midnight, and the little gentleman thought he had better retire; he did so, during the insensibility of Farragio, and left him to repose "alone in his glory."

In the morning Farragio awoke sober, but his head ached violently; the lamp was still burning, and was the first thing to remind him of his last night's revel. After his surprise had abated, he examined the apartment to ascertain if the little gentleman had taken any thing away with him; he had left many of his master's fine dishes, and some silver spoons, in the kitchen, and felt anxious for their safety. Every thing was safe, and he pronounced the little stranger honest. In looking around he discovered a strange impression upon the floor, the print of a foot, circular, except at one point, where it branched out into four distinct toes, all of a size—the foot was about three inches in diameter. "Hang the rascal," he exclaimed, "I knew he had one short leg, but had I known he was barefoot I would have given him lodgings in the sewer."—"In the sewer" was

audibly echoed, and Farragio rushed from the room. The bell of his master's chamber rang. It reminded him that he was still a slave, and he went up cursing his fate and vowing an eternity of revenge.

For two or three days the little gentleman kept his distance, and Farragio bore the wine and its etceteras to his master's table unmolested, save by the discontented spirit that struggled in his bosom, and brooded over the deadly purpose it had given birth to. Farragio felt himself to be the meanest of slaves, but he possessed an ambition superior to his servitude. His intercourse with his little mysterious visitor, if it had failed to teach him the meaning of philosophy, had learned him to philosophize. "If," said he, "I am to wear the chain that binds me to my master's service, why do the feelings of my bosom prompt me to despise it? When I was young, I was happy in the yoke I wore, but years have brought another feeling, and I despise the yoke, and hate—*hate* the hand that fixed it on me. My curses cannot reach the mother that was so heartless as to make merchandize of her child, but my revenge shall fall on Incholese, my master—*master*, despicable word—and if it must exist, I'll be master and Incholese, aye Incholese, shall be my slave; the hand of death can hold him passive at my feet. Deep and deadly as my hate, shall be the revenge I seek—and by my soul I swear!"—A voice repeated "*thy* soul!" and the little gentleman in black was before him. Farragio, provoked beyond endurance at his intrusion, bit the blood from his lip with rage, and attempted to hurl him from his presence; thrice he essayed to seize him by the throat, but thrice he eluded the grasp, and the foaming Farragio beat upon the empty air; wearied with his exertion he sought a moment's respite and sunk upon a chair.

"It's my turn now," said the little gentleman, "and your fury, my dear fellow, will quickly give place to repentance. Go—faithless to thy oath—wait still upon thy master." For three days and nights the figure of the little gentleman, perfect in all its parts, kept before him; it was beside him at his meals, and floated in the wine he carried to the hall. In every drop that sparkled in the goblet the little figure swam—his threadbare coat and club foot were outlined in admirable distinctness, and the contumelious smile that followed the threat he made in the kitchen, played upon his lips in insupportable perfection: the figure was shadowed in the tea he drank and seemed tangible in the empty dish; it clung like vermin to his clothes, was under his feet at every step, dangled pendulous from his nose and was snugly stowed away in both its nostrils. Farragio felt him continually crawling upon the epidermis of his arms and legs, and carried him between his fingers and his toes. The figure danced in visible shadow upon the very expressions that fell from his lips, and roosted in number as an army upon the tester of his bed. Did the bell of his master summon him to his chamber or the hall, the figure, large as life, was in the door way to impede his passage; if he went to either place, it was between him and his master or with whomsoever else he was engaged. His goings out and his comings in, his lyings down and his risings up, were all molested by this singular Protean thing, which, though always the same figure, accommodated itself to any size. If he laid his hand upon any of the furniture of his kitchen, or felt in his pocket for his penknife or his toothpick, his fingers were

sure to encounter the elastic contour of his accommodating but most uncomfortable companion. On the third day his torment was excruciating, and the poor wretch seemed about to expire in unsufferable misery.

"Wretch that I am!" he exclaimed, when alone in his nether apartment—"Wretch that I am, born to misfortune and tormented while living by the execrable brood of hell." "*Execrable brood of hell!*" sang the little gentleman with a most musical sneer, as he rolled from all parts of the body of his victim and appeared in *propria persona* before him.

"I meant no offence," roared the affrighted Farragio.

"Nor is it taken as such," replied his polite tormentor, who appeared to be in a very pleasant humor, accompanying every word with a most condescending smile. Farragio stammered out "I was—you know when—sir—you are acquaint—that is you—you remember—the advice you gave me on the night when—I sa—you said I ought to be re—re—rev"—

"Revenged."

"Exactly."

"To blood."

"Aye, and more than blood."

"What! would you touch the soul?"

"Yes, and punish it forever."

"Would you have it transformed to millions of animalculæ, each to teem with life, and sensation the most acute, and continued in pain throughout eternity?"

"Aye, and longer, and for such sweet revenge I'd punish my own soul with his."

"Meet me to-morrow night, we'll fix it; success is certain."

Farragio hesitated, he was afraid of his accomplice; more than once he had suspected the smell of brimstone, and would have given worlds to be relieved from such acquaintanceship.

"Meet me to-morrow night," repeated the impatient little gentleman in a voice of thunder.

"At what hour?"

"Nine."

Farragio was about to offer an excuse, but the threatening aspect of his companion, and the remembrance of his misery warned him to acquiesce. He replied "I'll meet you," and the little gentleman disappeared.

At nine the confederates met, punctual to their engagement. Farragio was there through fear, the little stranger to effect some deeply hidden purpose. They talked of science and the arts, of philosophers, philosophy and religion. The little gentleman appeared to be perfect master of every subject, and astonished Farragio with his loquacity. He drank wine, and was much more familiar than at any previous visit; he sang, danced and left the impression of his foot as before. Farragio had prepared for the entertainment of his guest, and for two hours they rioted in the profusion of sweetmeats and wine, furnished from the sideboard and cellar of Incholese. At length said the little gentleman, "Mr. Farragio, I am happy of your acquaintance."

"Not at all," answered Farragio, whose vanity had been considerably excited.

"And you shall be happy of mine."

"And if my revenge shall be fully and entirely gratified, I'll thank you from my soul."

"And *with* your soul."

"With all my soul."

"Then we are friends for ever. Hear me—In a short time Incholese will hold a magnificent entertainment; nothing like it has ever happened to Venice since I have been interested for the welfare of its people. The great hall will be crowded with visitors—the four splendid chandeliers will be lighted, and without doubt the hall shall glitter more brilliant than the jewelled cavern of Aladdin. The beautiful, the young, the gay, will be there, and in the midst of the merriment old age will forget its infirmities and leap like youth. The old, however, will get weary and retire. When the Doge and his attendants have gone, pour the contents of this vial into the wine you carry up, and the morning will afford your heart a brimming revenge. Venice is just restored to tranquillity; the plot of the foolish Bedmar and his more foolish associates has failed, and the reason why I will tell you—it was, because I was not consulted; the conspirators relied in their own cunning and strength and were justly disappointed. The guardian genius of this republic and of all republics can be overcome, and prostrated by a power not inferior to my own, but times and seasons and circumstances must be consulted if even I succeed. Our little plot is of far less import, and with the exception of the Doge and a few of the high officers we can sweep the hall. Be firm to the purpose. Give them the contents of the vial in their wine, and in three nights after I will show you the souls of all, and then you may roll in vengeance for your wrongs. Farewell, Farragio; remember to follow strictly my injunctions." It was past midnight, and without another word the little gentleman took his leave.

Time rolled heavily along, and nothing but the bustle of preparation enabled Farragio to endure its tardiness.

The eventful evening came. The Doge with the members of the Senate and their wives, and many distinguished citizens and their families, graced the sumptuous feast. Comino, according to promise, led in the beautiful Glorianna. The chandeliers blazed like jasper in the sunbeams, and threw additional charms from their lustre around the "fairest of the fair." She walked amid their light—proud as the Egyptian queen whose beauty made slaves of kings and brought conquerors at her feet. Lightly went the revel on; song and wine followed each other in quick succession; each guest seemed gayest of the gay, and gave heart and soul to the bewitching joy.

The Doge retired, the elder citizens soon followed; one by one they dropped off till youth alone was left to roll the revel anthem on—and loud and long it rang, till merry peals broke on the morning's verge.

Farragio, true to his hellish purpose, mingled the contents of the vial with the wine. All drank—and as if by the power of enchantment were hurried on to doom.

In the morning, smiles were on their marble lips. Incholese sat like one rapt in ecstasy, and Glorianna's fingers were still upon the harp whose melody had charmed the host to bliss—a silent throng they lingered there.

The little gentleman was also true to his appointment—in three days he showed to Farragio the souls of his enemies. But his own looked from its infernal abode upon those—in a place of less torment than the bottomless abyss that foamed its fury upon him.

A LEAF FROM MY SCRAP BOOK.

My friend Bob for the most part made verses in commendation of the eyes and cheeks of Betty Manning. After her death, however, he at times left these to the worm, and wrote upon other matters.

One thing for which Bob was renowned was his disregard of everything like accuracy in his literary statements, and in his quotations from books. I find the following singular note appended to a little poem which with many others, fell to my care at his death.

"The flight of the Huma is in so rarified an atmosphere, that blood oozes from its pores; its plumage is constantly colored with it. The eyes, too, of this comrade of the clouds, unlike those of the eagle or hawk, have a sorrowful and lack lustre appearance."—*Spir.*

Bob must have found this note on the same page with the description of the "Chowchowtow." But that is no business of mine.

The verses to which the above note was appended were headed "*The Huma.*"

Mark how the sun flush dyeth
Earth and sky!

Bravely yon Huma flyeth
Lone and high.

Thine is a flight of glory
Bold bird of the bosom gory,
And mournful eye!—what story
Hath that eye?

What tale of sorrow telleth
That bosom?—Hark!

In yon high bright breast dwelleth
Pain low and dark.

O is it not thus ever
With human bard?

His wings of glory quiver
By no mist marred;

The clouds' high path he shareth,
His breast to heaven he bareth—
And a regal hue it weareth—

But—dark reward!

'Tis blood his breast that staineth—
His own hot blood.

Over thought's high realm he reigneth
His heart his food.

THE CORPUS JURIS.

The "*Corpus Juris*," which is written in Latin, has never been translated into any living tongue; yet it is the basis of law in nearly all Europe and America. It was written by Tribonian, Theophilus, Dorotheus, and John, and although called The Roman Law, is in nothing Roman but the name. It is in four parts—Institutes, Pandects or Digests, The Code, and The Novel Law. This celebrated book is full of pedantry, and abounds in the most whimsical platitudes. For example, in the chapter, "*De patria potestate*," "The father loses his authority over the son in many ways, firstly, when the father dies, secondly, when the son dies," &c. There is a Greek version of the Institutes by Angelus Politianus.

A LOAN TO THE MESSENGER.

NO. III.

The following is from a poet of no ordinary talent, whose main fault is indolence. He gave it me for my collection, where I believe it has slumbered until now, since its conception. I think it a very pretty song, and hope it will be a favorite with your readers, to whom I lend it for May.

J. F. O.

TO — —.

Come, fill the bowl,—'twill win a smile
To glad once more your drooping brow,
Nor scorn the spell that can beguile
One thought from all that wrings you now!
For who, in worlds so sad as this,
Would lose e'en momentary bliss?

Come,—touch the harp,—its notes will bring
At least a wreck of happier years,—
The songs our childhood, used to sing,—
Its artless joys,—its simple tears.
How blessed, if weeping could restore
Those bright glad days that come no more!

Then touch the harp! and free and fast
The tears I fain would weep shall flow:
And fill the bowl! the last, the last!
Then back to Life's deceitful show!
And waste no more a single tear
On Life, whose joys are sold so dear!

GEORGE LUNT.

GERMAN LITERATURE.

A Lecture on German Literature, being a Sketch of its history from its origin to the present day, delivered by request, before the Athenæum Society of Baltimore, on the 11th of February 1836, by GEORGE H. CALVERT, Translator of Schiller's Don Carlos: now first published.

A nation's literature is the embodied expression of its mind. That in a people, there be impulse, depth, individuality enough to give clear utterance to its thoughts, passions, and aspirations, and that these have the distinctness and consistency necessary to mould them into definite forms, denotes a degree of mental endowment and cultivation traceable in but few of the nations of whose history we have record. But few have attained to the creation and enjoyment of a literature. Regions of the globe there are, whole continents indeed of its surface, hitherto inhabited by races of men, who, like the cotemporaneous generations of brute animals, have only lived and died, leaving behind them nought but a tradition of their existence,—communities, in which the essentially human was too feebly developed to erect the brain-built structures, which, while they preserve and refine the spirit whence they arise, from it derive the indestructible character that perpetuates them, as honorable monuments of the past, and for the present ever-open temples whither the wise resort for worship and inspiration.

Out of the darkness that envelops all else of the primeval ages, the words of the Jewish writers shine upon the minds of every successive generation as brightly and fixedly as do the stars from the mysteri-

ous heavens upon the shifting appearances of our shallow earth; and the books of the Old Testament stand, the sole human relics of eldest time, as lofty objects of admiration to the literary as they are of wonder to the religious. Of the architectural and sculptural creations of the gifted Greeks, embodied in perishable marble, but a few fragments have been saved from the consuming breath of time; but in the poet's lines, fresh and perfect, lives the spirit which produced them. As audible and musical as is to-day the murmur upon the Chian shore of the same waves to which Homer listened, is still the sound of Grecian song, imparting through our ears as deep and new a pleasure as it did to those who fought at Salamis. The conquests Cæsar made with his sword, a few centuries wiped from the face of the earth, but time has not touched and cannot touch those of his pen; and, though the language wherein the imperial chiefs of Rome gave orders to the prostrate world, has passed from the mouths of men, so long as they shall value beauty and wisdom, will the cherished lines of Tacitus and of Virgil be reproduced for their enjoyment.

Of the many nations of antiquity, these three are the only ones that possessed enough of mind to have each a distinct literature.

Within a much shorter space of time than elapsed between the birth of Moses and the birth of Seneca, have grown up to the maturity needed for the cultivation of letters, double the number of modern nations, separately formed out of the depositories of northern hordes, who, overrunning central and southern Europe, settled upon the mouldering strata of the Roman Empire, infusing apparently by their mixture with the conquered people, a new vigor into the inhabitants of these regions. As the states of modern Europe date their origin from the confused period of this conquest, so does the literature of each trace its birth to the same, presenting in its history a bright and elaborate picture, standing forth on a rude and dark back ground.

Notable among them, for the depth and nature of its foundations, for the character of the influences which affected its progress, for the richness and fullness of its late development, and for its present power upon the general mind of the human race, is the literature of Germany. Little more than a sketch of its history is all that I can on this occasion undertake.

In order to present to your minds an outline whereby will be rendered easier the following of its course from its rise to the present day, I will, in the first place, label three great epochs in its progress, with the names which made them epochs. Of the first, however, can be given but the name of the work, that of its author being unknown. I allude to the *Nibelungenlied*, the Song of the Nibelungen, the great Epic of the Germans, written about the beginning of the thirteenth century, more than a hundred years before the birth of Chaucer. Luther makes the second epoch, and Goethe represents the third. We have here a period embracing six hundred years. But long before the production of the *Nibelungenlied*, and the cotemporaneous lyrical poetry, letters were cultivated in Germany and books written, which, though containing nothing worthy of preservation, deserve to be considered and respected as bold forerunners, that fitted the Germans to value the singers of the Nibelungen period, while for these they cultivated

the language into the degree of flexibility and fullness required for the medium of poetry. Charlemagne, who in the eighth century, conquered and converted Germany to Christianity, established schools in the monasteries, caused to be collected the ancient songs and laws, ordered the preaching to be in German, and had translations made from Latin. As the immediate result of this beginning, chronicles and translations in verse of the Bible, were written by the inmates of monasteries during the ninth, tenth, and eleventh centuries.

The first period of German literature, I have named after the *Nibelungenlied*, a work which is not only the greatest of its age, but stands alone and unapproached as a national epic in the literature of all modern Europe. This period is commonly called the Swabian, from the influence of the Swabian line of emperors, who commenced to reign as emperors of Germany in the twelfth century, and who, by their zealous and judicious encouragement of letters, made the Swabian dialect prevail over the Franconian, which had hitherto been predominant. In the Swabian dialect is written the Song of the Nibelungen, which, like the Iliad—according to the well supported theory of the great German philologist Wolff—is wrought into a compact whole out of the traditions, songs and ballads, current at the time of its composition. The name Nibelungen, is that of a powerful Burgundian tribe, whose tragic fate is the subject of the poem. Nibelungen is obviously a name derived from the northern mythology, and is transferred to the Burgundians, when these get possession of the fatal Nibelungen hoard of treasure. The time is in the fifth century, and the scene is on the Rhine and afterwards on the frontier of Hungary and Austria.

Chriemhild, a beautiful daughter of a king of the Burgundians, is wooed and won by Siegfried, a prince of Netherlands, who possesses an invisible cloak, a sword of magic power, the inexhaustible hoard of the Nibelungen, and, like Achilles, is invulnerable except in one spot. Brunhild, a princess, endowed, too, with supernatural qualities, weds at the same time king Gunther, Chriemhild's brother; having been won by force by Gunther, aided by Siegfried. Jealousy and discord grow up between the two princesses, and reach such a pitch, that Brunhild plots against the life of Siegfried, and has him treacherously assassinated by the brothers of his wife, who wound him through the vulnerable spot between his shoulders. After years of grief, during which she harbors designs of vengeance, Chriemhild accepts, as a means of avenging her wrongs, the offer of the hand of Etzel, king of the Huns, the Attila of history, and leaving Gunther's court, accompanies Etzel to Hungary. Hither, after a time, she invites with his champions, Gunther, who in the face of dark forebodings, accepts the invitation, and with a chosen army of Nibelungen, comes to Etzel's court, where by Chriemhild's contrivance, he and all his band are enclosed in an immense Minster and therein slain.

Such is the outline of the story of this poem, which consists of thirty-nine books, or *Adventures*, as they are called, extending to nearly ten thousand lines. Over the whole hangs the dark northern mythology, under whose mysterious influences the action proceeds. The narrative is full of life and picturesque beauty. The story is developed with life-like truth and sequence,

and with a unity of design unsurpassed in any poetic work. Naïf simplicity and tragic grandeur unite to give it attraction.

At the time when the song of the Nibelungen was written, Germany was richer than any European country in poetic literature. Besides this great Epic, many poems of an epic character were written, relating, in addition to national themes, to Charlemagne and his knights, King Arthur and his round table, and others noted in the times of chivalry. There too flourished the *Minnesinger*, that is, love-singers, numbers of them knights and gentlemen, who, in imitation of the Troubadours of southern France, cultivated poetry and sang of love and war. * The characteristics of the *Minnelieder*, or love songs, are simplicity, truth, and earnestness of feeling, joined with beautiful descriptions of nature. The golden age of German romantic poetry, was in the beginning of the thirteenth century. After the fall of the Hohenschauffen family from the imperial throne in the middle of this century, anarchy and civil war prevailed for a time in Germany. The nobility, given up to petty warfare, soon fell back from the state of comparative culture to which, by devotion to poetry, they had ascended, into rudeness and grossness.

Meanwhile the towns, particularly the imperial cities, which were directly under the emperor, were growing into importance. In these the civilization of the age centered. To them too, Poetry fled for preservation, and, deserted by nobles, took refuge with mechanics. And in a spirit that cannot be too warmly praised, was she welcomed. Zealously and earnestly did the worthy shoemakers, and carpenters of Nünberg, Augsburg, Strasburg, and other towns betake themselves to reading poetry, and writing verse,—for with all their good will and zeal and laborious endeavors, they could produce only a mechanical imitation of their predecessors. Nevertheless, much good did they do. For carrying on the business of verse-making, they formed themselves into guilds or associations, on the principle of those established by the different trades: hence their name of master-singers, an apprenticeship being required for admission into the guild. So respectable and so much respected were these associations, that knights and priests did not disdain to belong to them. Thus did the master-singers, though ungifted with the soul of poetry which animated the Minnesingers, keep alive the love of literature and preserve as it were its body. Their most prosperous period was in the 15th century, when several of their number laid the foundation of the German Drama, and by their writings, particularly the satirical, contributed to prepare the German mind for the influence of Luther. Especially distinguished were men with the unmusical names of Hans Folke, Hans Rosenplüt, and Hans Sacks. The last,—an industrious shoemaker who still found time to write numberless dramas, not without wit, spirit and invention,—still holds an honorable place in German Literature.

During the same period, the result of the tendency to intellectual development then manifested throughout Europe,—were first founded in Germanic Universities. The oldest is that of Prague, established by Charles IV in 1345. In imitation of it, that of Heidelberg was founded in 1386; and in the following century they multiplied all over Germany. Their effects were for a time injurious. By introducing Latin, they brought con-

tempt upon the native language, and as a consequence, contempt also upon native poetry. This influence lasted until within less than a century of the present time. It is only indeed fifty years since the practice, for a long while universal, of lecturing in Latin, was entirely disused in the universities of Germany. As the universities rose, literature sank. Latin usurped the place of German: scholastic philosophy, theology, jurisprudence, and medicine with its kindred studies,—for, as yet there was no science, engrossed these seats of mental labor. But even in the early stage of their existence, while delving blindly at veins, many of them not destined ever to yield a precious metal, they have a claim to be regarded with honor and thankfulness, not only as the sources of so much after-fertility, but that within their walls was disciplined and instructed, and stored with the manifold learning which made more fearful its gigantic powers, that mind whose startling flashes fixed, in the opening of the 16th century, the gaze of the world it was about to overspread with a purifying conflagration. In 1503 was first heard in public, lecturing in the university of Erfurt, on the physics and ethics of Aristotle, the voice of Martin Luther.

On the long undulating line of human progression, here and there appear, at wide distances apart, men, in whom seem to centre, condensed into tenfold force, the faculties and spirit of humanity, apparently for the purpose of furthering by almost superhuman effort, its great interests,—men who, through the union of deep insight with wisest action, utter words and do deeds, which so touch, as with the hand of inspiration, the chords of the human heart, that their fellow men start up as though a new spring were moved in their souls, and, shaking off the clogging trammels of custom, bound forward on their career with freer motion and wider aim. High among these gifted few, stands Luther,—the successful assertor, in the face of deeply founded and strongly fortified authority, of mental independence. This is not the occasion to dwell on the keen sagacity, the wise counsel, the hardy acts, the stern perseverance, the broad labors, wherewith this mighty German made good his bold position, and, partly the trumpet-tongued spokesman, and partly the creator of the spirit of his age, so powerfully affected the world's destiny. I have here to speak of his influence upon the literature of Germany. That influence was twofold. First, by the mental enfranchisement—whereof he was the agent and instrument—of a large mass of the German people, he gave an impetus to thought and a scope to intellectual activity, and thereby opened up the deep springs of the German mind; and secondly, by one great and unsurpassed literary effort, he fixed the language of his country. The bold spirit of inquiry, of which he set the example with such immense consequences—and with such immense consequences because it was congenial to his countrymen,—has been the chief agent in working out the results that in our age have given to German literature its elevated rank: while upon the dialect which, two hundred years after his death, was the pliant medium for the thoughts of Kant and the creations of Goethe, he exerted such a power, that it is called Luther's German.

When Luther began to preach and to write, Latin was the language of the learned. Towards the end of the 15th century, that is, about the period of his birth,

unsuccessful attempts were made to circulate translations of the ancient classics. The translations found few readers and made no impression. Cotemporaneous with Luther, and a forerunner of the great Reformer in attacking with boldness and skill the usurpations of the Roman hierarchy, was Ulrich von Hutten, a name much honored in Germany. But he wrote excellent Latin and wretched German. The union in one man of the power to fix upon himself, and hold as by a spell, the minds of his countrymen, with the power of a language-genius over his native tongue—a union consummated in Luther—was required, to raise the German language from its degraded, enfeebled condition, to its due place, as the universal medium of intercommunication among Germans of all classes.

About this time, two dialects contended for supremacy—if in a period of such literary stagnation their rivalry can be termed a contest. These were, the Low German, prevalent in Westphalia and Lower Saxony, and the High German, spoken in Upper Saxony. The latter had just obtained the ascendancy over the former in the Diet and the Courts of Justice. The High German, therefore, modifying it however, in his use of it, Luther adopted in his great work; and by the adoption for ever determined the conflict. This great work was the translation of the Bible.

While by speech and deed, writing, preaching, and acting, he fomented and directed the mighty struggle for liberty, whereto his bold words—called by his countryman Jean Paul "half-battles"—had roused the civilized world, Luther took time to labor at the task whose accomplishment was to forward so immensely his triumph, and which, executed as it was by him, is an unparalleled literary achievement. At the end of thirteen years, he finished his translation. "Alone he did it;" and alone it stands, pre-eminent in the world among cotemporaneous performances for its spiritual agency, and in Germany for its influence upon literature. Before him, there scarcely existed a written German prose. He presented to his country a complete language. With such a compelling and genial power did he mould into a compact, fully equipt whole, the crude and fluctuating elements of the German language of the 15th century, that it may be said, his mother tongue came from him suddenly perfected. And not only did he, in vigor, flexibility, precision, and copiousness, vastly excel all who had written before him, but not even could those who came after him follow in his footsteps in command over the new language, for a century. The time when the pliant, well-proportioned body he created was to indue the spirit of the German people, was postponed to a distant period: and of this very postponement, was he too the cause; for the religious and civil wars, the disputes and jealousies, consequent upon the great schism he produced, so engrossed during a long period the German mind, that literature languished. In the latter half of the 16th century, it was poor. In the 17th, through the impulse given to thought by the Reformation, it would have revived, but for the out-breaking of the terrible *thirty years' war*, which, remotely caused by the division between Catholics and Protestants, commenced in 1618 and lasted till 1648, and which not only during its continuance desolated and brutalized Germany, but left it impoverished, disorganized, and, by the protracted internal strife and foreign

participation therein, in spirit to a great degree denationalized.

Here in our rapid survey of German literature, it will be well for a moment to pause, and before entering upon the period in which it attained its full multifarious development, cast a look back upon the stages through which we have traced its progress.

We have seen, that in the 12th and 13th centuries, the mind of the German people manifested its native depth and beauty in the fresh rich bloom of a poetry, characterised in a rude age by tenderness and grandeur. Before this, it had evinced its ready capability, in the production of chronicles and translations in verse from the Bible, the moment opportunity was given it in the monasteries early founded by the enlightened spirit of Charlemagne. Afterwards, in the 14th and 15th centuries, in the wars and contests incident to the political development of Germany, the nobles—to whom, and the clergy, the knowledge of letters was at first confined—were drawn off by grosser excitements from the culture and encouragement of poetry. With the fine instinct that knows, and the aspiring spirit that strives after the highest, which denote a people of the noblest endowments, poetry—thrown aside as the plaything of idle hours by warrior knights—was cherished by peaceful artisans, whose zealous devotion vindicated their worthiness of the great gift about to be bestowed; by whose wondrous potency, not only were the hitherto barred portals of all pre-existing literature thrown down, but a highway was opened to all who should seek access by letters to the temples of wisdom or fame.

The invention of printing preceded the birth of Luther about half a century. This great event—infinity the greatest of a most eventful age—facilitated vastly his labors and made effective his efforts. It showered over Germany the new language and the new ideas embodied in his translation of the Bible and his other writings. Thus, through its means chiefly, the German mind was progressive, notwithstanding the long period, extending through a century, of internal convulsion, ending in physical exhaustion, which followed Luther's death. The language, nervous, copious, homogeneous, as it came from Luther, was fixedly established,—a standard by which the corruptions and ungerman words, introduced through the long and intimate intercourse with foreigners during the *thirty years' war*, could be cast out.

In the beginning of the 17th century, in the midst of the civil war, an attempt was made to revive literature by Martin Opitz, a Silesian. Silesia was then not included in the German empire. The language of the peasantry was bad Polish; but German had been introduced into the towns. Silesia suffered little from the *thirty years' war*. Here, therefore, was made the beginning of the endeavors which, after various fluctuations, resulted in the rich literary produce of the 18th century. Opitz was a scholar, versed in ancient literature as well as in that of France and of Holland, which latter had in the age of Hugo Grotius higher literary pretensions than at present. He endeavored to introduce a classical spirit into German poetry, and to create a new poetical language; but he was not a man of high genius, and therefore, though entitled to praise for his zeal and for having given to the German mind an impulse towards the path, so long deserted, neither he nor

his feeble followers are now read but by the literary antiquarian or historian. Through the 17th and first part of the 18th centuries, writers were not wanting; but their productions were without force or originality. Though heartily devoted to letters, they were powerless to revive literature. Their efforts betokened a craving for that which they could not supply. Vile imitations of French taste, extravagant romances, exaggerated sentiment, are the characteristics of the works wherewith it was attempted to supply the national want of a literature. The authors of these were, however, the precursors of a class, who, themselves shining luminaries compared to those who preceded them, were made pale by the brilliant light of the mighty spirits in whom and through whom the literature of Germany now stands the object of admiration and of study to the most cultivated scholars of all nations, and, by general acknowledgment, unsurpassed by that of any other people for richness, for depth and truth of thought and sentiment, for beauty in its forms and solidity of substance, for, in short, multifarious excellence.

Gottsched, Bodmer, Haller, Gellert, Rabener, Gleim, Kleist, Gessner, Hagedorn, are names worthy of honor, though their volumes are now seldom disturbed in their repose on the shelves of public libraries. They broke the long darkness with a promising streak of light, which expanded into day in the works of Klopstock, Winkelmann, Lessing, Herder, Wieland, Goethe, Schiller, Richter.

The two first named of the first class, Gottsched and Bodmer, are noted in German literature as the chiefs of two rival schools, in the merging of which into more enlarged views,—whereto their lively conflict greatly contributed,—appeared the second class. Gottsched aimed to create a German literature by imitating French models and introducing the French spirit. Bodmer warmly opposed Gottsched, and by translations from English authors,—far more congenial to the German people than French,—endeavored to produce good by English influence. This was in the first half of the 18th century. They both did service. Their keen rivalry excited the German mind. The fertile soil was stirred, and from its depths burst forth in thronging profusion a mighty progeny, as though the land of Herman and of Luther had been slow in bringing forth the children that were to make her illustrious, because they were a brood of giants, whose first cries startled even the mother that bore them. In one grand symphony ascended their matured voices, lifting up the minds of their countrymen to loftiest aspirations, and sounding in the uttermost parts of the earth, wherever there were ears that could embrace their artful music.

Accustomed to spiritless imitations, the souls of the deep-minded Germans were moved with unwonted agitation by the *Messiah* of Klopstock, of which the first books were published in the middle of the 18th century. A voice, free and vigorous, such as since Luther none had been heard, was eagerly heeded, and with warm acclaim all over Germany responded to. To literature a new impulse was given, to swell the which rose other voices, similar in strength and originality—especially those of Kant in philosophy, and Lessing in criticism. 'Mid this heaving and healthy excitement, came with maddening power the first wild outpourings of the master-spirit, not of Germany only, but of the

age. Twenty years after the *Messiah*, appeared the first works of the then youthful Goethe, whom in our day, but four years back, we have seen at the age of four score descend gently to the tomb, having reached the natural end of a life that was only less productive than that of Shakspeare. Ten years later, another mighty genius announced himself, the only one who has been honored with the title of Goethe's rival, and Schiller burst upon Germany and the world in the *Robbers*. Poets, philosophers, critics, historians—of highest endowment, genial, profound, of many-sided culture, world-famous, illustrate this brilliant epoch.

A brief description of the career and best productions of the most noted among them, will enable you to understand why, in the latter half of the 18th and the beginning of the 19th centuries, German literature suddenly reached so high a stage of perfection.

Klopstock has the high merit of being the leader of the glorious band, through whose teeming minds the want of a national literature was so suddenly and fully satisfied. Klopstock was the first who by example taught the Germans the lesson they were most apt at learning, that the French rules of taste are not needed for the production of excellence. Therefore is he called by Frederick Schlegel the founder of a new epoch, and the father of the present German literature. Born at Quedlinburg, a small town of North Germany, he was sent to school to the Schulpforte, then and now one of the most famous schools in Germany. As a boy, he was noted for warmth of feeling and patriotic enthusiasm. A youth under age, he conceived the idea of writing a national epic, taking for a subject the exploits of Henry I, Emperor of Germany. This design he however abandoned for that of a religious epic, and at twenty-one planned and commenced, before he knew of Milton's poems, his *Messiah*. In his own deep meditative mind, wrought upon by religious and patriotic zeal, originated and was matured the bold conception. Klopstock was in his twenty-fourth year when the first three books of the *Messiah* appeared. His countrymen, ever susceptible to religious appeals, and prepared at that period for the literary revolution, or, more properly, creation, of which the *Messiah* was the first great act, received it with an enthusiasm to which they had long been unused. The people beheld the young poet with veneration, and princes multiplied upon him honors and pensions. The remaining books were published gradually, and in the execution of his lofty work, the German bard felt, as was natural, the influence of the genius and precedent verse of Milton and of Dante. Like *Paradise Lost*, the *Messiah* has won for its author a reputation with thousands, even of his countrymen, where it has been read by one. Klopstock also attempted tragedy; but in this department he failed signally. Indeed, he had no clear notion of the essential nature of the drama, as may be inferred from the fact of his choosing as the subject for a tragedy, the death of Adam. But, as a lyrical poet, he is even greater than as an epic, and for the excellence of his odes justly has he been styled the modern Pindar. In these,—distinguished for condensation of thought, vigor of language, and poetic inspiration,—the Germans first learned the full capacity of their language in diction and rhythm.

As to Klopstock is due the praise of being the first to teach the Germans by great examples, that reliance

upon native resources, and independence of the contracting away of meager French conventional rules, were the only paths to the production of original, enduring literature; to Lessing belongs that of enforcing the wholesome lesson by precept. Lessing is the father of modern criticism. Born in Kaments, a small town of Lusatia, in 1729, five years later than Klopstock, he wrote at the age of twenty-two a criticism of the *Messiah*. Later, in his maturity, he produced his *Dramaturgie*, or, theatrical and dramatic criticism, and his *Laocoon*, or, the limits of poetry and the plastic arts. He sought always for first principles; and in the search he was guided by a rare philosophic acuteness, co-operating with strong common sense. His fancy—whereof a good endowment is indispensable to a critic—is ever subordinate to his reason; his fine sensibility to the beautiful, supplying materials for the deduction of principles of taste and composition by his subtle understanding. Though greater as a critic than as a poet or creator, he has nevertheless left three different works in the dramatic form, that are classics in German literature;—*Minna von Barnhelm*, a comedy; *Amelia Galotti*, a domestic tragedy; and *Nathan the Wise*, a didactic poem of unique excellence. He himself regarded as his best work his *Fables*, remarkable for sententiousness, simplicity of language, and pithy significance. His prose style, concise, transparent, forcible without dryness, is a model for the literary student. Not the least of his great services is, that he was the first to draw attention in Germany to Shakspeare, whose supremacy over all poets has since been no where more broadly acknowledged, and the causes of it no where more lucidly developed.

Cotemporary with Klopstock and Lessing, and, from his works and influence, deserving of being mentioned next to them, was Wieland, born in 1733 in Biberach, a town of Swabia. Wieland commenced writing at the age of seventeen, and finished at that of eighty, during which extended period he addicted himself to almost every department of authorship. He is the first German who translated Shakspeare. As the author of *Oberon*, his name is familiar to English readers. This is much the best work of Wieland, more remarkable for grace and sprightliness than force or originality. He drew largely from the Greeks, Italians, English and French, and though a poet and writer of high and various merit, but a small portion of the much he has written is now read.

Following chronological order in this fertile period, we come after Wieland to Herder, born at Mohrungen, a small town of Eastern Prussia, in 1744. Like Wieland, Goethe, and Schiller, Herder was drawn to Weimar by the munificent spirit of the Duchess Amalia, and her son, the grand Duke Augustus, illustrious and ever memorable, as enlightened fosterers of genius—shining examples to sovereigns, kingly or popular. Herder was appointed in his thirty-second year, court preacher at Weimar, and there passed the remainder of his life, in diversified usefulness, simultaneously inspecting schools and elaborating philosophical essays, learnedly elucidating the Old Testament, and at the same time reviving and awakening a taste for national songs. His greatest work, entitled *Ideas for the Philosophy of History*, is esteemed one of the noblest productions of modern times. Herder is called by Richter, a Christian Plato.

And here, next to Herder, and a congenial and profounder spirit, we will speak of Richter himself, born in

1763. Richter, better known by his Christian name, Jean Paul, is a fine sample of the German character. The truthfulness of the Germans, their deep religious feeling, their earnestness and their playfulness, (far removed from frivolity) their enthusiasm and their tendency to the mystical, their warm affections and aptness to sympathy, are all not only traceable in his works, but prominent in the broad vivid lines of his erratic pen. In the union of learning with genius, Richter surpasses Coleridge. His wonderful fictions are out of the reach of common readers, not more by their learned illustrations and their subtleties, than by their wild irregularity of form and arbitrary structure, whereby the world generally is deprived of the enjoyment of a fund of the most tender pathos, gorgeous description, bold, keen wit and satire, and the richest humor in modern literature. His two greatest works are on education, and on the philosophy of criticism. He was several years in writing each; and storehouses they are of deep and just thought, of searching analysis, and of great truths, evolved by the reason of one of the world's profoundest thinkers, and illuminated by flashes of genius of almost painful intensity. They are works, each of them, to be studied page by page. Nothing similar to or approaching them exists in English literature.

Of the writers who in this remarkable epoch belong to the first class in the highest department of letters, the poetical or creative, we have spoken—in the cursory manner necessary in a general sketch—of all, save the two greatest, Schiller and Goethe.

Frederick Schiller was born in 1759, at Marbach, a small town of Wurtemberg. In his mind seem to have been blended, and there strengthened, elevated, and refined, the qualities of his parents—the one, a man of clear upright mind; the other, a woman of more than common intelligence and taste, who both enjoyed the fortune of living to witness the greatness of their son. Schiller had the benefit of good early instruction. At the age of fourteen he was placed in a high school, just founded by the reigning Duke of Wurtemberg, and conducted with military discipline. Here, while his daily teachers were tasking him with irksome lessons, first of jurisprudence and afterwards of medicine, the chained genius, chafing like the lion in his cage, was brooding over the thoughts, and by stealth feeding with a translation of Shakspeare the cravings, which nature had implanted in him to produce one of her noblest works—a great poet. At eighteen he began, within the walls of the Duke's military school, *The Robbers*, often feigning sickness, that he might have a light in his room at night to transfer to paper his daring conception and burning thoughts. He postponed its publication until after he had finished his college course and had obtained the post of surgeon in the army, in his twenty-first year. The appearance of *The Robbers*, as a consequence of the formal drilling of the self-complacent pedagogues of the Duke of Wurtemberg, I have elsewhere* likened to the explosion of a mass of gunpowder under the noses of ignorant boys drying it before a fire to be used as common sand. Schiller himself, in after life, described it as "a monster, for which by good fortune the world has no original, and which I would not wish to be immortal, except to perpetuate an example of the offspring which genius, in its unnatural union with thralldom,

may give to the world." Never did a literary work produce a stronger impression. With enthusiastic admiration, the world hailed in it the advent of a mighty poet.

That which roused enthusiasm throughout Germany, roused anger in the sovereign of Wurtemberg; and while all eyes were turned towards the land whence this piercing voice had been heard, he from whose bosom it issued was fleeing from his home to avoid a dungeon. For having gone secretly to Manheim, in a neighboring state, to witness the performance of *The Robbers*, the Duke had the young poet put under arrest for a week, and Schiller, learning that for repeating the transgression a severer punishment awaited him, fled in disguise, choosing rather to face the appalling reality of sudden self-dependence than brook the tyranny of mind, which to the soaring poet was even more grievous than to the high-souled man. He quickly found friends. Baron Dalberg supplied him with money, while he lived, for a short time, under the name of Schmidt in a small town of Franconia, until Madam von Wollzogen invited him to her estate near Meinungen. Under this lady's roof he gave free scope to his genius, and produced two more dramas—*Fiesco*, and *Kabal und Liebe* (Court Intrigue and Love.) These, with the *Robbers*, constitute the first or untutored era of Schiller's literary life. With faults as glaring as their beauties are brilliant, they are now chiefly valued as the broad first evidence of that power, whose full exertion afterwards gave to the world *Don Carlos*, *Wallenstein*, and *Tell*, and to Schiller immortality. Their reputation obtained for him the post of poet to the Manheim theatre. Thence, after a brief period he went to Leipsic and to Dresden, developing his noble faculties by study and exercise. In 1789, at the age of thirty, he was appointed by the Grand Duke of Weimar, at the instigation of Goethe, professor of History in the university of Jena. Here and at Weimar he passed, in constant literary labor, the remainder of his too short life.

Schiller's great reputation rests, and will ever rest, unshaken, on his dramas. Regarding his first three, which we have named, as preparatory studies to his dramatic career, he has left six finished tragedies, viz—*Don Carlos*, *The Maid of Orleans*, *Wallenstein* (in three parts,) *Mary Stuart*, *The Bride of Messina*, and *William Tell*—works, in whose conception and execution the highest principles of art control with plastic power the glowing materials of a rich, deep, fervent mind, ordering and disposing them with such commanding skill, as to produce dramas, which are not merely effective in theatrical representation, and soul-stirring to the reader as pictures of passion, but which, by the rare combination of refined art with mental fertility and poetic genius, exhibit, each one of them, that highest result of the exertion of the human faculties—a great poem. Possessing, in common with other gifted writers, the various endowments needed in a dramatist and poet of the highest order, the individual characteristic of Schiller is elevation. The predominant tendency of his mind is ever upwards. Open his volumes any where, and in a few moments the reader feels himself lifted up into an ideal region. The leading characters in his plays, though true to humanity, have an ideal loftiness. You figure them to yourself as of heroic stature, such grandeur and nobleness is there in their strain of sentiment

* North American Review, for July 1834.

and expression. The same characteristic pervades his prose and lyrical poetry. Had he never written a drama, his two volumes of lyrical poetry would suffice to enthrone him among the first class of poets, so beautiful is it and at the same time of such depth of meaning, so musical and so thought-pregnant. No where is the dignity of human nature more nobly asserted than in the works of Schiller; as pure, and simple, and noble, as a man, as he is powerful and beautiful as a poet. In the full vigor of his faculties, his mind matured by experience and severe culture, and teeming with poetic plans, he died in 1805, having reached only his forty-sixth year.

Of Schiller's great rival and friend, Goethe, as of Schiller himself, I can, in the limited space allowed in such a lecture as this, only give you a rapid sketch.

John Wolfgang Goethe was born at Frankfort on the Maine in 1749, ten years before Schiller. "Selectest influences" leagued with nature to produce this wonderful man. To give its complete development to a mighty inward power, outward circumstances were most happily propitious. Upon faculties of the quickest sensibility, and yet of infinitely elastic power, wide convulsions and world-disturbing incidents bore with tempestuous force, dilating the congenial energies of the young genius, who suddenly threw out his fiery voice to swell the tumult round him, and announce the master spirit of the age. For a while, the thrilling melody of that voice mingled in concert with the deep tones of the passionate period whence it drew so much of its power. Soon, however, was it heard, uttering with calmer inspiration the words of wisdom, drawn from a source deeper than passion—passion subdued by the will, and tempered by culture. "It is not the ocean ruffled," says Jean Paul, "that can mirror the heavens, but the ocean becalmed."

Goethe's father was a prosperous honored citizen of Frankfort, improved by travel and study—a man of sound heart and sharp temper; his mother, a woman of superior mind and of genial character, to whom in her old age Madam de Stael paid a visit of homage, and who enjoyed the pleasure of introducing herself to her distinguished visitor with the words,—"I am the mother of Goethe." Under the guidance of such parents was Goethe's boyhood passed in the old free city of Frankfort, ever a place of various activity, where he witnessed when a child the coronation of an emperor of Germany, and the stir of a battle, fought in the neighborhood between Frederick the Great and the French—events of rare interest to any boy, and of deep import to one in whose unfolding a great poet was to become manifest. In due season he was sent to the university of Leipsic, famous then by the lectures of Gottsched, Grillert, Ernesti, and others. To the young Frankfort student the admired discourses of these sages of the time were but lessons in skepticism; their magisterial dicta and hollow dogmas being quickly dissolved in the fire of a mind, already in its youth competent to self-defence against error, though with vision too untried yet to pierce to the truth. From Leipsic he went to Strasburg, to complete his studies in the law, his father having destined him for a lawyer. A more imperious parent, however, had laid other commands on him, and while the words of law-professors were falling upon his outward ear, the inward mind was revolving the deeds of

Goetz von Berlichingen, and shaping the vast fragments of which in after years was built the wondrous world of *Faust*.

In his twenty-third year appeared *Goetz von Berlichingen*, the firstling of a pen, which, in the following sixty years, filled as many volumes with works of almost every form wherein literature embodies itself, a series of boundless wealth and unequalled excellence, to gain access to which, a year were well spent in daily labor to master the fine language it enriches. Two years later, appeared *Werter*, an agonizing picture of passion, which, like the first crude outburst of Schiller's genius, shot a thrill through the then agitated mind of Germany, and which Goethe afterwards, in the tranquillity of his purified faculties, looked back upon as a curious literary phenomenon. This work has never been directly translated into English (and a good translation of it were no easy achievement,) the book called "The Sorrows of Werter" being a translation of a French version, that does not give even the title of the original, which is, "The Sufferings of the Young Werther." And yet, by this doubly distorted image of a youthful ebullition, was the Protean giant for a long while measured in England, and through England, in America.

Soon after the publication of *Werter*, Goethe was invited to Weimar, where, honored and conferring honor, he lived the rest of his long and fruitful life. Appointed at once a member, he in a few years became president of the Council of State; and finally, after his return from Italy, at about the age of forty he was made one of the Grand Duke's Ministers, a post he for many years held. Directing the establishment and arrangement of museums, libraries, art-exhibitions, and theatrical representations, he contributed directly by practical labors, as well as by the brilliancy which the products of his pen shed upon his place of abode, to the fame and prosperity of Weimar.

In the poems of Shakspeare, is disclosed a mind, wherein capaciousness and subtlety, vigor and grace, clearness and depth, versatility and justness, combine and co-operate with such shifting ease and impressive effect, that ordinary human faculties are vainly tasked to embrace its perfectness and its immensity. Contemplating it, the keenest intelligence exhausts itself in analysis, and the most refined admiration ends in wonder. Inferior only to this consummation of human capabilities is the mind of Goethe, akin to Shakspeare's in the breadth and variety and subtlety of its powers. In comprehensiveness of grasp and ideal harmony in conceiving a poetic whole, the German approaches the mighty Englishman, and displays also in the delineation, or, more properly, the creation of characters, that instinctive insight and startling revelation of the human heart, which in Shakspeare almost at times make us think he were privy to the mystery of its structure. The same calmness and serene self-possession—a sign of supreme mental power—are characteristic of both. Like Shakspeare, Goethe never intrudes his personal individuality to mar the proportions of a work of art.

To pour out the wealth of a mind, which ranges over every province of human thought and action, Goethe adopts all the various forms in which poetry, according to its mood and object, moulds itself. In his epigrams, elegies, songs and ballads, he embodies the highest excellences of the *lyrical*. In *Egmont*, you have a bold

specimen of the romantic tragedy; in *Iphigenia*, a beautiful reproduction of the classical Greek; while *Torquato Tasso*, a drama of the most exquisite grace and refinement, occupies a middle ground between the two. To pass from this to *Faust*, is to be suddenly borne away from a quiet scene of rural beauty to a rugged mountain peak, whence, through a tempest, you catch glimpses of the distant sunny earth, and mid the elemental strife, beautiful in its terrors, hear sounds as though a heaven-strung æolian harp snatched music from the blast. In *Herman and Dorothea*, executed with matchless felicity, reigns the pure epic spirit. This one poem were enough to make a reputation. But the highest exhibition of Goethe's manifold powers is *Wilhelm Meister*, in which a mixed assemblage of fictitious personages, each one possessing the vital individuality and yet generic breadth of Falstaff and of Juliet, bound together in a vast circle of the most natural and complex relations, presents so truthful and significant and art-beautified a picture of the struggles and attainments, the joys and griefs, the labors and recreations, the capacities and failings of mortal men, that from its study we rise with strength freshened and feelings purified, and our vision of all earthly things brightened. Unhesitatingly characterizing this work as the greatest prose fiction ever produced, I close this brief notice of its wonderful author.

The writers I have named are they who have given existence and character to modern German literature. Yet, to omit all mention of a number of others, would be not only unjust to them, but an imperfection even in so rapid a sketch as this.

By the side of Lessing, I should have placed Winkelman, born in the beginning of the last century, whose history of ancient art is esteemed the best of all works in this department of criticism. It had great influence upon German literature. Among the poets who, next to the brilliant series already described, hold high places, are, Bürger, Koerner, (both known to English readers through translations), Voss—to whom, and to their own copious, flexible language, the Germans are indebted for the most perfect translations of Homer possessed by any people—Tieck, Novalis, Grilpazer. Besides these may be mentioned the Stolbergs, Hoelty, Tidge, Leisewitz, Mülner, Collin, Mathison, Uland. Among a crowd of novelists, distinguished are the names of Engel, Fouquet, Lafontaine, and Hoffman, and Thummel, whose satirical novels have a high reputation. Of miscellaneous writers there is a host, among whom should be particularized, Mendelssohn, Jacobi, Lichtenberg. In historians Germany is especially rich. Johan von Müller, Heeren, Niebuhr, Raumer, O. Müller, are writers whose merits are acknowledged throughout Europe, and acquaintance with whose works is indispensable to the scholar who would have wide views and accurate knowledge of the spirit of history. In criticism the two Schlegels have a European reputation. The "Lectures on the Drama" of Augustus William Schlegel constitute the finest critical work extant. Of the well known learning, profoundness, and acuteness of the German philologists, theologians and metaphysicians, it were superfluous here to speak. In short, to conclude, the Germans, endowed by nature with mental capabilities inferior to those of no people of the earth, and enjoying for the last half century a more general as well as a higher degree of education than any other, and thus

combining talent and genius with wide learning and laborious culture, possess a vast and various accumulation of productions, wherein are to be found in every province of letters works of highest excellence, which to the literary or scientific student, whatever be his native tongue, are inexhaustible sources of mental enjoyment and improvement.

LINES.

The following lines were composed in January 1830, while passing the night in the wilderness before a huntsman's fire, in company with a party of friends engaged in a hunting expedition.

Above, the starry dome;
Beneath, the frozen ground;
And the flickering blaze that breaks the gloom,
And my comrades sleeping sound.

Well may they sleep; their sportive toil
Has found a mirthful close,
And dreams of home, of love's sweet smile,
And prattling childhood void of guile,
Invite them to repose.

O! never more on me,
Such dear illusions e'en in sleep can fall;
Scared by the frown of stern reality
The forms my yearning spirit would recall.

The dead! the dead! The ne'er forgotten dead,
In slumber's shadowy realm so vainly sought,
Yet haunt my path, and hover round my bed,
Unseen, unheard, but present still to thought.

Breathe not their voices in the linnet's strain?
Glow not their beauties in the opening flower?
Fond fantasies of grief! alas! how vain,
While cruel memory tells "they are no more."

But this spangled roof is their mansion bright,
Though the icy earth is their lowly tomb;
And this mounting flame is their spirit's light,
That seeks its native home.

And that oak that frowns o'er the desolate waste,
While its withered arms are tossing wide,
As if to screen from the whirling blast
The scattered wreck of its summer pride—

'Tis I: thus left alone on earth,
Thus fixed in my spirit's lonely mood,
Mid the strifes of men, in the halls of mirth,
Or the desert's solitude.

For never can I stoop
To bandy malice with the base and vile;
And in the grave is quenched the cherished hope,
Kindled and fed by Beauty's favoring smile.

The grave! the grave! It will not restore
The victims to its hunger given;
And this weary spirit can rest no more,
Till it sleep with them to wake in heaven.

ALLITERATION.

"Pierce Plowman's Vision," by William Langland, in the reign of Edward III., is the longest specimen extant of alliterative poetry. It proceeds in this manner without rhyme, and with few pretensions to metre—

It befell on a Friday two friars I mette
Masters of the minours, men of great wytte.

READINGS WITH MY PENCIL.

NO. IV.

Legeris sine calamo est dormire.—Quintilian.

26. "There should always be some foundation of fact for the most airy fabric: and pure invention is but the talent of a liar."—*Byron, by Moore.*

This seems harsh judgment—but is it so, in reality? Ethically, as well as in a mere worldly view, I think it is. "There is nothing new under the sun," and he who tells what is not, lies—under a mistake, or otherwise. All fiction is woven on a web of fact, except the liar's fiction, which is all woof and no web, and so must soon fall to pieces from its own want of consistency. *Appropos!* I saw a play advertised, within the week, which was announced by the author, as founded neither in fact, fancy, or imagination!

27. "The piety implanted in Byron's nature—as it is, deeply, in all poetic natures," &c.—*Moore's Byron.*

Devotion arises very naturally from viewing the works of God with seriousness. If Byron had not some holy stirrings of devotion within him, when painting his loveliest pictures, I greatly err in my estimate of human nature. These remained, perhaps, to show him how much he had lost in his misanthropic musings over the dark and gloomy past: and had he followed gently those motions, with which, in thinking of the sublime and beautiful of nature, his mind was visited, it would have but been a compliance with a call from heaven, guiding him to true happiness.

28. "Ye that keep watch in heaven, as earth, asleep,
Unconscious lies—effuse your mildest beams:
Ye constellations!—while the angels strike,
Amid the spangled sky, their silver lyres!"

Thomson.

How vividly does this bold but beautiful figure at times come back upon me, when I have been walking at deep midnight—when the stillness that pervaded all around me was so deep and intense as to make me, for very fear of breaking it, restrain my breath: while the fine array of stars was gloriously marshalled in high heaven: the belted Orion—the Serpent showing its every fold between the Bears. Lyra had not set, the Eagle was just on the western edge, and the Dolphin's cluster near its precursor. The Canes, Major and Minor, were bright in the east; nearly over head was Capella, and the Gemini as bright as the prince of the Hyades, Aldebaran. Jupiter lighted his gas-like flame, eastward of Castor and Pollux, and meteors were flitting in various lines across the whole western sky. And again, on some still, clear, fair night—when the blood-red planet, Mars, was high in heaven, and the brighter and purer Jupiter, and the Dogstar were fading in the horizon—how have I stood, listening to nothing! while the hum of the fairies was melting in my ears! For what else can I call that deception of the fancy, or perhaps that real sound from an unknown source, which, in the most profound silence, is still sweetly rising up around us?

29. "Do not we all know that the whig laureate, Tom Moore, actually published in the Morning Chronicle, the substance of conversations which had occurred at the royal table itself, to which he had been incautiously admitted? And that the most pungent and piquant things in * * the Twopenny Post Bag, and the Fudge Family * * *, are derived from information picked up in the progress of social intercourse?"

Blackwood's Magazine for Nov., 1833.

I believe these invuendoes are now beyond all cavil. The excuse of Tom was, that George deserted his party, and that all's fair in politics. Whether or not this were reasonable excuse, casuists may settle; but there is one reflection incident to the anecdote, to which the years 1835-6 has given rise; and this is, how ungracefully looks the Irish Anacreon, after such a well-authenticated charge, in raising a breeze against poor Willis, for repeating what himself had said about O'Connell, as a public speaker merely, at a large dinner party of Lady Blessington's! The mote and the beam!

J. F. O.

AMERICAN SOCIAL ELEVATION.

The Spartan knew no other stimulus to exertion than the shining glories of war. From infancy to old age he was ever learning the skill and daring which belong to the battle field. His every mental development was martial in its tendency. He saw in every feature of his country's institutions an appeal to his warrior spirit. Imagine a band of young ambitious minds circled around some aged patriot, who, in the all-glowing language of arms, is describing the daring, the glorious achievement which had immortalized the Spartan character. Listen to him as he portrays the bravery unrivalled; the death unequalled, of those who fell at Thermopylae or Leuctra; as he calls upon their mighty shades to witness his words—and mark the youth how intent, how all-intent they grow as he proceeds; their eyes flashing with fire; their hands clenched; their teeth set. Do this, and you have a faint idea of that kind of influence which moulded and directed the mind of the Spartan. Is it wonderful that Sparta became the military school of antiquity? Thus taught, the highest worship of her youth was offered on the altars of war. Thus taught, their imagination was ever picturing the fierce onset, the high conflict, the battle won, and the laurel immortal which graced the victor's brow. Thus taught, they were ever ready to seize the sword and shield and rush to meet the invader. Thus taught, they served well their country and went to their fancied home in the distant *Elysia*, to join the heroes whom they had learned to admire, mourned and remembered by their countrymen.

We propose to point out those objects which actuate the American mind; to show their inadequacy to produce the general elevation of society, and humbly to suggest what should be the controlling stimulus. Need we ask what are the chief motives which influence our national mind? Need it be told that our young growing mind is fast becoming a money making, political mind? The most casual observer has only to glance at the state of things, to feel sensibly its truth. Observe that man of quick step and active air, as he moves through the street of the commercial city; how, all absorbed in himself, he passes heedlessly on, as if he were the only being in society: his mind is intensely bent on making a few dollars; and he is but one among the thousands. Observe the throngs of men who have met to-day on public exchange, to transact the business of thousands and millions. Mark this one in deep meditation; that one lively with a face brilliant with joy; here one telling in whispers some long expected news to one all attention; there one earnest in persuasion with one

feignedly reluctant. There is a variety of mental exercise, of thought, of emotion; but the desire of gain, the secret spring of action, is the chief mental development. Go into the extensive manufactory, and while with delighted mind you admire the beauties and power of invention, and believe the veil of the Holy of Holies of Science's temple to be lifted, and her mysteries revealed, reflect to what end these fruits of inventive genius are applied. Go upon the hill-top, and looking down upon the verdant meadow, the rich fields of grain, the orchard and vine-clad arbors, all in luxuriant growth, ask yourself, why so much industry in bringing forth the products of the soil. There is but one answer—the desire of gain. Nor are the manifestations of this desire seen only in the outward world; it is the deity of the fireside circle. It moulds the earliest thought, and directs its action. Around it bow in low submission the powers and affections of mind. For it, all, all which belongs to the man, mentally and physically, is offered a willing sacrifice.

Now, it may be asked, are the fruits of this desire the elevation of society, the full developments of the mind's faculties, the beautiful, the active, the useful, the noble? Being the controlling power which influences every thought and feeling, it becomes the sole arbiter of every action. Self-employment being its highest aim, it shapes every exertion to this end. It requires activity, unrelaxing activity—but it is not an activity for the promotion of general good. It requires sleepless attention, even such as belonged to the virgins who tended the sacred fires of Vesta's temple. But it is a watching which takes care of self. It requires the exertion of the intellectual powers, but only so far as to bemean them to its purposes. In fine, it concentrates the whole soul, its entire thoughts and feelings on a single point. And whatever attractions there may be around, however glorious or grand, it never turns from this point. This point is self.

Now, where in this system is that cultivation of mind, which lifts society from the depths of barbarism to the mountain heights of power and civilization? Where those brilliances and glories of intellect, which die not with nations but live in the admiration of all coming time? Where that eloquence of the heart which flows from the deep well of the affections? That eloquence which strengthens and chastens the social relations; which, silent, unobserved, connects men together by chains of sympathetic love and benevolence? Or where in this system, is that love of country, that lofty patriotism, which is the foundation of national character? What is patriotism? It is a love of ancestry; a love, the very antithesis of self; a love, which like the Christian's love, beautifies and elevates society. Can it exist in this money-getting age? As well might you bid yonder queen river of the west to roll backwards. Does it exist? Who can doubt that this is an age of degenerate patriotism? Patriotism! that which holds a nation up, which forgotten lets her fall into the common sepulchre of departed empires. Patriotism! alas! that the signs of the times are ominous that this people are fast bidding you a long, long farewell.

But the fruits, say the advocates of this money-seeking desire, are industry and wealth. We grant wealth as its result, and that it is not an effect of enchantment; but as there must be much labor, chiselling and ham-

mering, before the edifice can rise in beauty and magnificence, so in its acquisition there must be inflexible industry. But is it that kind of industry which unfolds and invigorates the mind, thereby producing social elevation and refinement? History informs us how some of the mighty cities of the east, by industry, rose to opulence, but laments over their low state of society, and as a consequence, their fall, like Lucifer from the halls of heaven, never to rise again. This industry, so beloved, so enticing in the view of the many, is directed to one end—individual gain. Considered in reference to the well-being of communities as a whole, it is a gilded fatality. It explores the deep centres of the earth, and brings forth its long buried riches; covers every river, sea, and lake with commerce; ransacks all nature, animate and inanimate. But what is all this, without a fully developed mind to direct, to manage, to enjoy? What would it avail us, though industry should roof our houses with diamonds, if there was not within a virtuous feeling, an elevation of thought? Does this money-loving industry purify and ennoble the social relations—show their nature and point out how they should be observed?—or, does it lift the mind to the contemplation of the ineffable glories and majesties of the eternal King of worlds?

We have said we grant wealth as the result of this desire, but it is not general wealth. All may strive, all may labor with intense anxiety and assiduity, but all will not gain the mountain's summit; a great majority must ever be at its base. Speculation, which is the mean of immense fortunes, bankrupts more than it enriches. The follies of mankind, their diversity of thought and feeling, their ignorance, their mistaken notions of pride, render it impossible for all to be alike successful. The result is obvious. The few, the mighty few, are the wealthy. Now, wealth in the present state of things is power; for the sicklied conception of the age has thrown around it all that is great or glorious. And it is a well founded principle that power, whatever its nature, will govern. Who can picture that state of society, governed by aristocratic wealth, untempered by the virtues of the heart and intellect?

Further; it is not only by the sacrifice of its mind that this age will acquire its wealth, but by the sacrifice of that of posterity. One generation stamps a character upon another. Whatever this age thinks and does, will more or less characterize the thoughts and actions of the succeeding.

Nor is this all. This, with coming generations, by their industry, by the stimulus of an unquenchable thirst for wealth, will, in all probability, accumulate countless riches—will, if we may speak thus figuratively, erect in our land immense moneyed houses filled with gold and silver, the reward of their desire. But these generations, like all things below, must pass away, and sink into the common tomb of the dead. Then these moneyed houses, though locked and barred, and ironed, will be burst open, and their gold and silver, amassed with miserly care, be made to flow in streams to slake the thirst of a debased posterity. And the result is beyond the power of human imagination. Having the wealth of their ancestors in their hands, and being, as man is, naturally prone to idleness, they will forget the industry of their fathers, and only think how they may live most lavishly, most splendidly. The gratification of the senses, attended

by its concomitants, vice and degradation, will be the sole desire of all human aspiration. Society—its beautiful dependences and proportions destroyed—will fall into fragments and return to original anarchy. Mind uncultivated, will shed no illuminations, but, like “expression’s last receding ray,” will be lost in the universal midnight of heart and intellect. For to this idol of their worship, sensual pleasure, they will bring as daily offerings the lovely and beautiful in the heart, the noble and sublime in the intellect. But amid all their dissipation, like the revellers at Belshazzar’s feast, surrounded by the luxuries and glittering splendors of earth, unsuspecting, the thunderbolt of their destruction will come upon them—fearfully, suddenly, to their annihilation.

We have now briefly shown the nature of this money-getting desire, and its inadequacy, from its total neglect of all mental cultivation, to promote the general elevation of society. There is another stimulus of American mind which sometimes combines with the desire of wealth—occasionally acts alone. It is an aspirancy for political fame.

Bear with us while we attempt very concisely to show its nature and effects. No one who looks abroad upon the present aspect of society can doubt the existence of such a desire. It is the controlling stimulus of our young educated mind. It has its origin in our nature, for man is naturally fond of distinction, fond of wielding the sceptre of governing power. Our institutions in their high and impartial wisdom have said, that all men possess equal rights; and upon this declaration rest the pillars which support the sky-dome of our national temple. But the mind of this age has perverted its original intent, and made it the all-stimulating cause of a thirst for political elevation. The state of society, its love of political excitement, its seeming willingness to reward political effort, likewise awaken and nourish this thirst.

What is its nature? It does not develop the various mental powers. It does not strengthen the affections or awaken their inborn eloquence. It does not teach us the nature of that great chain of relations which holds society in union. Being common to the many, and attainable but by the few, it creates an ungenerous rivalry among its votaries. All in fancy gaze upon the shining halo of greatness which encircles the rulers, and beholding the unbounded adoration paid it by the ruled, each resolves, in newness of purpose and strength, to gratify his selfish aim, though at the expense of the best hopes of society.

What is its effect? All the faculties of mind are applied and made subservient to one end—individual elevation. A fondness for excitement is created, and the mind is ever longing and panting for this excitement. Parties start up, and society is engrossed and agitated by party dissensions—dissensions which awaken and cherish old prejudices and sectional feelings, to the smothering of those which are purer and nobler; dissensions, which combine bad ambition and immature intellect; dissensions, which elicit cunning and chicanery, instead of throwing out the brilliant thought or touching the chord of high affection; dissensions, in which that calm serenity which chastens the powers, passions, and emotions which unfold the higher graces and charities of our nature, is unknown; dissensions in which patriotism, which is a love as universal, as it is noble and inspiring, is forgotten; dissensions, which terminate in the

elevation of some ambitious leader to the high throne of power; who, having reached the summit of his wishes, looks down upon the servile mass, and with the utmost complacency throws upon their bended necks the yoke of their bondage. Where is here the elevation of society, pure feeling, pure thoughts?

The same train of thought may be exemplified by a reference to those nations of antiquity, where now the “spirit of decay” has its abiding place. The history of ancient republics is familiar to every one; their unequalled greatness, their decline and fall are the school-boy’s tale. And what does this history tell him? That in times of great political excitement there was less virtue, less elevation of mind, less real patriotism; that what is noble or excellent in our nature, was lost amid the whirl of party dissensions; as in the times of the *Gracchi* when the first seed was sown which led to the fall of the “seven-hilled city”—or still later, when the mighty *Cæsar* rose, and the elements of old parties were stirred up and new ones created, until the imperial mistress of the world reeled and fell to the dust. This history likewise tells him that the same is true of the democracy of Athens—that in periods of high party contention the excellences and glories of mind, so congenial to that “bright clime of battle and of song,” were unknown, as in the ages of *Aristides* and *Socrates*, or of *Demosthenes* and *Æschines*, when the gold of the Macedonian bought their purest patriots.

We come now to the last point which we proposed to set forth. What is essential to the elevation of society? Before proceeding in its investigation, we would correct all misapprehensions. We would not have this age unmindful of the importance of wealth, but would have it exert due energy in its acquisition. Wealth, in the hands of enlightened mind, is a powerful mean in the improvement of morals and intellect, adorns the social structure by its offerings of the beauties and elegances of art and nature, dispenses far and near the comforts and blessings of life—and is one of the great levers by which society is raised to its highest elevation. Nor would we have this age unmindful of political interests. Politics, from the nature of the social organization, enter into and necessarily become an inherent characteristic of all society. There must be a government of laws; and whether the people or their representatives legislate, it is necessary that the people understand the nature and effect of legislation. Without such knowledge, the maxim, that power is ever stealing from the many to the few, would be too truly, fatally, verified; for the power-loving nature of man would be enabled, first, to throw around the mass an illusive gilded snare—afterwards, to crush it in its iron despotic grasp. There must then be both wealth and politics. But we would not have either wealth or politics the controlling desire of the mind; thus considered, they debase and destroy this mind. We would have them as subordinate instruments to one grand desire, the elevation of society. We would have them as the satellites which revolve in glorious harmony around the great sun; and we would not have them take the place of the sun, for then the system would be broken, the music of the spheres hushed, and all nature return to primeval chaos.

The promotion of the general well-being of society by a cultivation of the heart and intellect, is impliedly required of Americans, from the nature and structure of

our government. It was not reared by the gold of the conquered, or on the bones of the subject. It rose into being all glorious, the creation of free minds enlightened by the reason and experience of centuries. Being the opposite of despotism, it does not chain down the powers of mind or shrivel away their existence. Nor does it like Sparta, unchain the mind, only to stimulate its martial character; for the rainbow of peace is the circling arch of our national fabric. Founded in morals and intellect, it appeals to their cultivation as the means of its prosperity and perpetuity. It says to the mind, be free!—free, to expand in full bloom and vigor—free, to be noble—free, to rise and soar with the strength and majesty of the eagle! And it attaches a meaning to freedom of mind. That mind is free which is not bound to the will of party; which is not the slave of any imperious passion or desire. That mind is free which can love and rejoice over the prosperity of the Union. That mind is free which does not allow the still current of the soul's affections to be chilled by impure passion or feeling, but increases its onward flow in warmth and strength. That mind is free which thinks and acts as becomes the "noblest work" of Deity. That mind is free which enjoys a full and chaste development of all its powers, passions and emotions; which knows and observes its relations; which can concentrate its thoughts on a single point; which, when it looks abroad upon nature's works, beholds the reflected power and wisdom of a God; or, which, as it gazes upon the azure sky, the verdant forest, the beautiful river, the sparkling lake, the storm-rolling ocean, feels inexpressible delight and reverence. Such is the meaning which our government attaches to the phrase "freedom of mind." What in the nature of things can be clearer? Does it not require of this people a general cultivation of mind?

Consistency then with the objects of our government requires, that the great pervading desire of society should be its elevation by its universal mental cultivation. Such a desire is opposed to the selfish system—is the protecting angel of patriotism. It combines the excellences of intellect and pure ambition. It lifts the mind from low and grovelling objects to the contemplation of those which are purer and higher, delighting in the good, the exalted. In it is concentrated whatever is noble in morals, whatever is sublime and unanswerable in truth.

What is meant by universal mental cultivation? We find it not in the history of nations. The history of the world is no more than a record of human usurpations based on human ignorance. A powerful few have ever moulded and wielded the destinies of mankind. Learning has shone only to render more brilliant some kingly reign. Unlike the great luminary of day, which it should resemble, its beams have ever been confined within the compass of a court or palace. The mountain peaks only of society have felt its light, while at the base, where the great mass congregate, there has been utter darkness. True, we are told of remarkable eras in the history of learning—of the Augustan age, when all that was beautiful and powerful in thought, all that was magic in conception or grand in imagery, shone forth in the most attractive forms; of the reigns of queens Anne and Elizabeth, when the graces and elegances of English literature were unrivalled, as they appeared in the majestic imaginings of Shakspeare, the

nervous beauty and simplicity of Addison, and other master minds; of periods in the learning of Italy, when Dante, Tasso, Petrarch, gave a new name and a new being to Italian intellect. But was the state of society, as a whole, refined and elevated in any of these remarkable eras? The lights were chiefly intellectual, and belonged to the higher grades of society; besides, they shone but for a short time and departed, leaving the deeper darkness. Moreover, they were purely literary, and pure literature never reaches the mass of mind. True, it is perpetual, and shines down from age to age, as do the lights of those eras which now illumine in some degree the mind of the present; but it is only a reflection from eminence to eminence—the people see it, feel it not. We repeat it, learning has ever been confined to the few; the many have never known its invigorating influence.

Now, mind is the moving and guiding principle of all human action. Mind teaches the nature of the delicate and momentous relations which unite society, preserves their beauty and uniformity, develops their power and usefulness. This mind dwells with the mass of mankind. We would then, that society may be elevated, have the rays of knowledge penetrate and expand this mind. We would have the genius of learning courted and wooed from her mountain residence, that literature and science might come down, and walk radiant with truth and loveliness through every grade of the community. We would have the bright light struck out from the mind of the mass, and its illuminations reach the uttermost boundaries of the land, as extensive as the circling canopy of the sky. So speaks the voice of humanity, even as the voice of an angel.

Again: What is meant by universal mental cultivation? It is not the expansion of any single mental power or susceptibility. There should be no brilliancy of intellect unmelting by the radiance of moral feeling—no strength of passion or sentiment uninfluenced by other of the mind's faculties. There must be a mental balance, which is the great secret of all education. From the want of such balance, Ignorance, with her offspring, Superstition and Prejudice, has ever weighed down the intellectual scale and destroyed the noblest results of mental effort. That system should be discarded which develops only the powers of intellect. Variety, the high thought, the virtuous sentiment, the beautiful and sublime emotion, the chaste passion, all, in happy union, raise communities to power and happiness.

Surely, it is not illogical to maintain, that an endowment of diversified powers and affections of mind, impliedly requires their cultivation. Why the gift of reason, of memory, of imagination? Why the gift of moral and religious feeling, of love, of sympathy—or of any faculty? It would be absurd to say that they are mere trifles, mere butterfly appendages, to gratify taste or pleasure. Further, this diversity of mind, entering into, necessarily creates the numerous individual fibres which are the sources of the vigor and strength of the social frame. Is it not then evident, that the expansion of any one mental power to the neglect of all, or of some to the neglect of others, would take away more or less of this vigor and strength; would disfigure the social frame and destroy its beauty and harmony of proportion? Here, the mind suggests

an analogical argument. Look abroad over the material world. Is there sameness? Is there the exclusive development of any single feature? Is the earth's surface one barren, limitless plain? or its soil of one kind? or its deep mines all gold, or silver, or iron? Or do we behold a world of water, of inconceivable sublimity? No! There is the mountain, bold and rugged, bleak, or crowned with magnificent foliage, to awaken the emotions and give wings to the imagination; the valley of varied soil suited to the production of the comforts of life; the vein of gold, of silver, of iron, each and all, in happy effect, increasing the embellishments and blessings of society; and there are the river, the lake, and still worlds of water. What is there useful or harmonious, or ornamental, or enlivening, or grand, unseen in this, the Deity's material creation? Now, observe the mental world. There is reason, producing the solid and beneficial; memory and imagination, her hand-maids, assisting her vigor and research, and robing her in loveliness and brightness; the affections, diffusing throughout and throwing over all a glow of love, beauty, and peace; thus, preserving the necessary relations, and showing their glorious influences when developed and joined in union in this the Deity's mental creation. Should you take from the material world one of its parts, you would destroy its harmony and uniformity. A similar result would follow, should you take from the mental world one of its parts. Let there, then, be no single mental development since it destroys the other powers and their relations, but let there be a full growth of all to their greatest, their proudest stature. Let the systems of the past be forgotten, and in contemplation of the future, let us resolve that no one passion or desire of mind, shall erect its tyrant throne on the prostration of other nobler powers. For the mind fully cultivated is a "museum of knowledge," lives forever "serene in youthful beauty."

The principle of universal mental cultivation being set forth, its bearing and effect will be seen in its application to the various classes of society. First, in the professions, that of the law being the one of our adoption, and therefore most congenial to our thoughts, we select for illustration. The science of law considered strictly, only in reference to rules, forms, and the gathered opinions of centuries, may be styled an isolated system in character, cold and forbidding. But construed liberally, in all its relations and bearings, it embraces within its circle all that belongs to human action. It appeals to, and acts upon the good sense and good feeling of mankind. It is the protector of morals, and may be the defender of religion. It is the guardian and dispenser of social rights, and their invincible champion with power. It combats vice and ignorance, unravels the cunning and chicanery of men, and brings forth truth all beautiful and overwhelming. In short, founded in justice and the good of society, it becomes the conservator of religion, morals, and intellect. What should be the qualifications of the high priests who administer around the sacred altars of the judicial temple? They should sound deep the wells of knowledge, and be familiar with nice and subtle distinctions. They should know every motive of human conduct, from that which causes the most delicate to that which causes the most stupendous movements in society. They should examine well the passions, their sources and effect upon the

mind. They should look abroad upon society, understand its origin, the nature of its relations, their beautiful adaptations, their harmonious influences, and love to increase its glory and happiness by the cultivation of fresh virtues and excellences. They should, for this end, unlock the store-houses of wisdom and knowledge for original and sound principles, for apt illustration. They should be thoroughly indoctrinated in a spirit of true philosophy—of that philosophy which teaches the intimate nature of the transactions and interests of men—of that philosophy which teaches what should characterize every action whether in the family or in the outward world. They should be old acquaintances with the master spirits of literature and science, both in ancient and modern times; that "halo" of mingled character, of light, grace and magic, which encircles the Muses, should likewise be to them a fount of inspiration. Now, such a preparation presupposes a full development of minds—of minds, not only powerful in stern reason, but rich and dazzling in imagination, and useful in the exercise of all other powers; of minds, not only great in some one of the affections, but deeply imbued in all the higher and sympathetic feelings of the heart. Such being the case, these minds, which we may call by their prototypes, Marshalls and Wirts, will raise the profession to the loftiest pinnacle of eminence, will stamp its character for moral and intellectual power and usefulness. The same remarks apply to the other professions, and the same train of cause and effect will raise them to a similar eminence.

But is the elevation of the professions the elevation of society? So has thought the world, and generation after generation has passed away, and others and others have followed, and still it is thus thought. But it is time that this fatal delusion, which has hung like an incubus over society, blasting its bloom and vigor, should be dispelled—that all grades may rise to their rightful station. Never was suggested to mortal mind a fairer scheme, or one of more moral grandeur. The mechanic possessing the same mental gifts, enjoying the same rights, holding the same momentous relations to society as the professional man, should likewise have his heart and intellect fully developed. It is not sufficient that he be a mere mechanic. A mere mechanic is a child in the world of knowledge. It is not sufficient that he be a good workman, though he be as skilful and precise in the use of his instrument, as was the Moorish king Saladin, in Scott's story of the Talisman. In mere workmanship there is no illumination of intellect, no awakening of emotion, no refinement of passion. The principles of science are closely interwoven in every piece of mechanism. He should master well these principles, the effect of their application, consider them as the solid basis of the comforts and conveniences of life, and not the least among the means of human power and enjoyment. He should love his trade because of the science engrafted in it, because of its usefulness, because of its affording him an enduring place in Fame's temple. For this purpose, he should go back to the earliest, feeblest dawn of science, when first Israel's shepherds gazed upon the star-gemmed firmament, and mark its gradual but onward progress; how, at one period, it shone all luminous; how, at another, it went down in universal midnight; how again it revived under the touch of a few mighty geniuses, and rose

clustered with new principles and discoveries, with the glory and splendor of the sun itself. The productions of Newton and Franklin, and other great lights both of the past and present, should be the aliment of his mind; their thoughts, which when sought, come clear and inspiring from the living page, should be familiar to him as household words; and how they studied and thought, he should learn to study and think. And like them, whatever is important in the material world, above or below, he should make the playthings of his inquiring mind. And like them, he should not be ignorant of whatever is excellent in religion, useful in philosophy, enrapturing in song, or thrilling in eloquence. He will thus exhibit a mind not stinted in its growth, not controlled by any one desire, but a mind, like Milton's tree of paradise, weighed down with rich and delicious fruits—a mind, elevated, useful and polished. He will thus exalt his trade, and add to it new and brighter glories. But the elevation of professions and mechanical trades is not sufficient to produce the general elevation of society. They compose no more than half of the great mass of mind. There are yet the *merchant* and the *farmer*, who should be raised to a like eminence. Commerce, viewed in reference to buying and selling, retards the moral and intellectual improvement of mankind. Thus viewed, and connected with avarice for money, it would create a nation of pedlars. But, considered in its widest sense, as influencing the business and interests of men, and thus acting on thought and feeling, as entering into every social relation, as drawing on the resources of the earth, the air, and the water, as connected with foreign climes, and uniting nations by golden links of sympathy and interest, it is by far the most comprehensive and important of all life's vocations. The merchant then should possess a mind sure, deep and searching; nor should he be a novice in knowledge of any kind. What is peculiar to variety of soil and climate, what to the habits and feelings of countries, what to their wants and desires, should be fully known to him. What are the duties and obligations, arising from the many and weighty relations which his calling creates, should likewise be fully known to him. He should therefore be a historian, a philosopher, a scholar, and a Christian. Commerce will then rise to the highest degree of perfection and usefulness.

And is the mind of the farmer, amid all this moral and intellectual illumination, to remain uncultivated? Is he an isolated being, unconnected by any relations with society? or has he no obligations to perform in common with his fellow men? Has he not those varied mental endowments, which are the glory of his species, which exalt, adorn, bless, and refine? Or is he incapable of feeling the poetry of the emotions, delight, beauty, and sublimity? or of that warmth and exaltedness of sympathetic virtue, which stimulate and invigorate the spirit of love and benevolence? Is there no knowledge or science in agriculture? Agriculture is closely allied to commerce, and has a bearing greater or less on every pursuit in life. It may be called an unfailing source of national wealth and prosperity, supplying the wants of man, and imparting new life, and stirring, ceaseless activity to trade of every kind. Besides, its followers—uninfluenced by the vanities and vices of the world, so effeminating, so debasing to the mind—are the repositories of the integrity and patriotism of society. Indeed,

we may say that the farmer is the guardian of government, rights and laws; the watchman, sleeping neither by day nor by night, on the outposts of defence. We would then have his mind cultivated both morally and intellectually, that he may know and observe the duties imposed upon him by society—by Heaven. We would then have him conversant with all that is noble or mighty, with all that is inspiring or strengthening in literature, science, and philosophy, both in the ancient and modern world, for then agriculture shall become a fountain of power and usefulness, and a "wall of fire" around society.

And what is the effect of this principle thus applied to the various classes of society? Heretofore, and at present, to a certain extent, as we have before remarked, learning has ever belonged to a few, constituting a single class of society, and of course, the repositories of all moral and intellectual power and wisdom. And these, having the power in their own grasp, and standing on lofty stations and surrounded by a false show of glory and goodness, the result of admiring ignorance, mould and wield the destinies of society. To them the mass of mind looks up, as to oracular deities, with much the same faith and confidence as the ancient pagan, when consulting the Pytho of the Delphian shrine. Thus, the elevation of society has ever been characterized by the moral and intellectual education of a single class; and as this class has been cultivated, communities have risen or fallen. Thus, the history of society has ever been, like the waves of a rolling sea, a series of fluctuations. Now, this principle of universal mental cultivation, as above applied, destroys this usurping, tyrannizing system. It takes from the few the power of holding and disposing of the rights of the many, giving to the many the same mental superiority and knowledge. It presents not an isolated point, but raises all grades to the same glorious, elevated level.

The mind of society is composed, to a greater or less degree, by the mingling of purity and pollution. As the pure rivers of intellect and affection flow on, they are met by counter streams deeper and broader, emanating from the sources of evil and ignorance. Thus, good is counteracted, and its tendency destroyed by evil; thus, society is full of bitter animosities and contentions, and kept in a deleterious, feverish excitement, destructive of all noble effort. By the introduction of this principle, peace, active and beautiful, will calm the angry waters, and the countless currents of thought and feeling which sweep society, will only tend to the magnifying of one grand current flowing to universal good. Moreover, at the approach of this light, struck out of the mind of the mass, ignorance, though sitting upon her throne of centuries, shall find her throne to crumble from under her, and her reign over mankind to depart forever. Superstition, too, which has ever chained down the soaring spirit of mind, and destroyed the harmony and independence of society, shall find her power vanish—her altars prostrate—"her spell over the minds of men broken, never to unite again." In their place, whatever is glorious, noble, and sublime in mind, will reign supreme. And instead of any one desire giving tone productive of sordid selfishness to the thought and action of society; or instead of that levelling spirit, originating in lawless passion, which tramples upon and bids defiance to all law and good order—which marches

through society with the terror and fatality of a thousand plagues—from a union of the virtues of the heart and intellect, a spirit of high-mindedness will arise, full of nobleness and power, to guarantee the force of law, to strengthen the social ties, and, like the star of the east, which marked the coming of the Saviour, ensure to the world universal happiness.

Are the effects of this principle sufficient to create a motive conducive to the universal cultivation of mind—or is something more required? As an effect creative of a motive, we would merely refer to the immortality of mental achievement. It is a fact, known to every one of common observation, that a virtuous mind dies not with the clayey tenement, but lives forever in its hallowed results. It is founded in reason and philosophy. The mind of the past is not different in its essential characteristics from the mind of the present; and therefore, the thoughts and feelings of the past are in a measure congenial with our thoughts and feelings; and from this kindred sympathy, it is, that the intellect of the remotest antiquity lives in the intellect of the most distant future. Are Homer, or Cicero, or any of that galaxy of mind which casts so brilliant, so undying a lustre over the ancient world, forgotten? Are Milton and Shakspeare, or Newton and Franklin, or any of the illustrious moderns, whatever their sphere of action, forgotten? The beautiful fanes and consecrated groves, where genius was wont to shine in her full power and brightness; the elegances of art, her towering domes and her magnificent columns, once the centre of admiration; the luxuries and splendors of opulence, once affording rich continued gratification—where are they? They have passed away, like “shadows over a rock,” and are lost in the dust. But the mind which created them, admired them, enjoyed them, lives, will live, shall live, forever, forever.

H. J. G.

Cincinnati.

DYING MEDITATIONS

OF A NEW YORK ALDERMAN.

Let me review the glories that are past,
And nobly dine, in fancy, to the last;
Since here an end of all my feasts I see,
And death will soon make turtle soup of me!
Full soon the tyrant's jaws will stop my jaw,
A *bonne bouche* I, for his insatiate maw;
My tongue, whose taste in venison was supreme,
Whose bouncing blunders Gotham's daily theme,
In far less pleasant fix will shortly be
Than when it smack'd the luscious callipee.
Oh would the gourmand his stern claim give o'er,
And bid me eat my way through life once more!
And might (my pray'rs were then not spent in vain,)
A hundred civic feasts roll round again,
As sound experience makes all men more wise,
How great th' improvement from my own would rise!
What matchless flavor I would give each dish,
Whether of venison, soup, or fowl, or fish!
In this more spice—in that more gen'rous wine,
Gods, what ecstatic pleasure would be mine!
But no—ungratified my palate burns,
Departed joy to me no more returns;
And vainly fancy strives my death to sweeten,
With dreams of dinners never to be eaten.

The dawning of my youth gave promise bright
Of vict'ry in the gastronomic fight:
“Turtle!” I cried, when at the nurse's breast,
My cries for turtle broke her midnight rest;
Such pleasure in the darling word I found,
That turtle! turtle! made the house resound.
When, after years of thankless toil and pains,
The pedant spic'd with A B C my brains,
My cranium teem'd, like Peter's heav'nly sheet,
With thoughts of fish and flesh and fowls to eat;
The turtle's natural hist'ry charm'd my sense—
Adieu, forever, syntax, mood and tense!
And when in zoologic books I read,
That once a turtle liv'd without his head,
To emulate this feat I soon began,
And so became a Gotham Alderman.
A civic soldier, I no dangers fear'd,
Save indigestion or a greasy beard;
Forc'd balls were shot, I fac'd with hearty thanks,
And in the *attack on Turkey* led the ranks,
The fork my bayonet—the knife my sword,
And mastication victory secur'd.
Alas! that kill'd and eat'n foes should plague us,
And puke their way back through the œsophagus!
Ye murder'd tribes of earth and air and sea,
Dyspepsia hath reveng'd your deaths on me!
Ah! what is life? A glass of ginger beer,
Racy and sparkling, bubbling, foaming, clear;
But when its carbonated gas is gone,
What matter where the vapid lees are thrown?
In this eternal world to which I go,
I wonder whether people eat or no!
If so, I trust that I shall get a chair,
Since all my life I've striv'n but to prepare.
And holy writ—unless our preachers lie—
Says, “Eat and drink, to-morrow we must die.”
My faith was firm as ardent zeal could wish,
From Noah's ark full down to Jonah's fish.
Then may the pow'rs but give a starving sinner,
A *bid* to that eternal turtle dinner!

E. M.

IRENE.

I stand beneath the soaring moon
At midnight in the month of June.
An influence dewy, drowsy, dim,
Is dripping from yon golden rim.
Grey towers are mouldering into rest,
Wrapping the fog around their breast.
Looking like Lethe, see! the lake
A conscious slumber seems to take,
And would not for the world awake.
The rosemary sleeps upon the grave,
The lily lolls upon the wave,
And million cedars to and fro
Are rocking lullabies as they go
To the lone oak that nodding hangs
Above yon cataract of Serangs.

All Beauty sleeps!—and lo! where lies
With casement open to the skies
Irene with her destinies!
And hark the sounds so low yet clear,
(Like music of another sphere)
Which steal within the slumberer's ear,

Or so appear—or so appear!
 "O lady sweet, how camest thou here?
 "Strange are thine eyelids! strange thy dress!
 "And strange thy glorious length of tress!
 "Sure! thou art come o'er far off seas
 "A wonder to our desert trees!
 "Some gentle wind hath thought it right
 "To open thy window to the night,
 "And wanton airs from the tree-top
 "Laughingly through the lattice drop,
 "And wave this crimson canopy,
 "So fitfully, so fearfully,
 "As a banner o'er thy dreaming eye
 "That o'er the floor, and down the wall,
 "Like ghosts the shadows rise and fall—
 "Then, for thine own all radiant sake,
 "Lady, awake! awake! awake!

The lady sleeps!—oh, may her sleep
 As it is lasting, so be deep,
 No icy worms about her creep!
 I pray to God that she may lie
 Forever with as calm an eye—
 That chamber changed for one more holy,
 That bed for one more melancholy!
 Far in the forest dim and old,
 For her may some tall vault unfold,
 Against whose sounding door she hath thrown
 In childhood many an idle stone—
 Some tomb which oft hath flung its black
 And vampire-wing-like pannels back,
 Fluttering triumphant o'er the palls
 Of her old family funerals.

E. A. F.

VERBAL CRITICISMS.

Guessing and Reckoning. Right merry have the people of England made themselves at the expense of us their younger brethren of this side of the Atlantic, for the manner in which we are wont to use the verbs, to guess and to reckon. But they have unjustly chided us therefor, since it would not be difficult to find in many of the British Classics of more than a century's standing, instances of the use of these words precisely in the American manner. In the perusal of Locke's *Essay on Education* a short time since, I noticed the word guess made use of three times in our way. In section 28 he says, "Once in four and twenty hours is enough, and no body, *I guess*, will think it too much;" again, in section 167, "But yet, *I guess*, this is not to be done with children whilst very young, nor at their entrance upon any sort of knowledge;" and again, in section 174, "And he whose design it is to excel in English poetry, would not, *I guess*, think the way to it was to make his first essay in Latin verses."

Was John Locke a Yankee? Or have the people of the United States preserved one of the meanings of the verb to guess which has become obsolete in England?

In several passages of the English version of the New Testament the word reckon is used as the people in many parts of the United States are in the habit of using it. In the Epistle to the Romans, chapter 8, verse 18, is an instance, "For *I reckon* that the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed to us."

"Take and tell." "If you do so I will take and tell father," such is the constant language of children. What will they take? Is the expression a contraction of some obsolete phrase? Who can tell me if it is to be met with in print?

Had have. I have for some time noticed this corruption in conversation. It has lately crept into print. Here are instances of it, "Had I have gone, I should not have met her," "If I had have been at the sale I would not have bought it at that price." I have a suspicion that a rapid pronunciation of "would have," "should have," and "could have," has given rise to this. "I'd have gone," "I'd have come," and similar phrases have probably introduced it, the contraction answering as well for *had as would, could, and should*. It is very awkward and incorrect.

Fully equal. This is a tautologous expression in constant use. "This work is *fully equal* to its predecessor." The writer means to say that the last work is equal to the first; but what is the use of the *fully*, unless there can be an equality which is *not full* and perfect?

Eventuate. The editor of Coleridge's *Table Talk*, very justly denounces this Americanism. He says it is to be met with in Washington Irving's *Tour to the Prairies*. If so, so much the worse for the book. It is a barbarism, "I pray you avoid it." We do not need the word, so that it cannot be sneaked in, under the plea of necessity. The English verb, *to result*, means all, I presume, that the fathers of *eventuate* design that it shall mean. If we may coin *eventuate* from event, why not *processiate* from process, *contemptiate* from contempt, *excessiate* from excess, and a hundred more, all as useful and elegant as *eventuate*?

Directly. Many of the English writers of the present day, use this word in a manner inelegant and unsanctioned, I am convinced, by any standard author. They appear to think that it has the same meaning as the phrase "as soon as." For instance: "The troops were dismissed *directly* the general had reviewed them." "The House of Lords adjourned *directly* this important bill had passed." I am happy to find that the writers in this country have not fallen into it.

Mutual. When persons speak of an individual's being a *mutual friend* of two others, who perhaps may not know each other, they attach a meaning to the word mutual which does not belong to it. A and B may be mutual friends, but how C can be the mutual friend of A and B it is difficult to comprehend. Where is the mutuality in this case? We should say, C is the common friend of A and B. Several of the associations for interment which have lately been instituted, have seized upon the word *mutual* and used it very absurdly. They style themselves "Mutual Burial Societies." How can two individuals *bury each other*? and yet this is implied by the term "*mutual*."

Is not the familiar phrase, "now-a-days," a corruption of "in our days?"

"If I am not mistaken." This is evidently wrong. If what I say to another is misunderstood, I am *mistaken*, but if I misunderstand what is said to me, I am *mistaking*, and so we should speak and write.

Degrees of perfection. "The army," says president Monroe, in one of his messages, "has arrived at a *high degree of perfection*." There can be no degrees of perfection. Any thing which is *perfect* cannot become *more*

perfect, and any thing which falls short of perfection is in a degree of imperfection.

"*Is being built.*" This form of expression has met with many and zealous advocates. It is an error almost exclusively confined to print. In conversation we would say, "the house is *getting* built," and no one would be in doubt as to our meaning. *Being built* is the past or perfect participle, which according to Lindley Murray, signifies action perfected or finished. How then can prefixing the word *is* or *are*, words in the present tense, before it, convert this meaning into another signifying the continuation of the building at this moment? We say, "the house *being built* the family moved in," and imply absolute completion by the phrase *being built*, as people are not in the habit of moving into unfinished houses. To say that the house is being built, is no more than saying that the house is built, and by this we understand that the building is completely finished, not that the work is still going on.

I do not know that any of Shakspeare's hundred and one commentators has noticed the pun in Hamlet's address to his father's ghost, "Thou comest to me in such a *questionable* shape, that I will *speak* to thee." Perhaps the great bard meant to exhibit the coolness of his hero by placing a jest in his mouth. Hamlet immediately after proceeds to *question* the spirit.

Editorial.

LYNCH'S LAW.

Frequent inquiry has been made within the last year as to the origin of Lynch's law. This subject now possesses historical interest. It will be perceived from the annexed paper, that the law, so called, originated in 1780, in Pittsylvania, Virginia. Colonel William Lynch, of that county, was its author; and we are informed by a resident, who was a member of a body formed for the purpose of carrying it into effect, that the efforts of the association were wholly successful. A trained band of villains, whose operations extended from North to South, whose well concerted schemes had bidden defiance to the ordinary laws of the land, and whose success encouraged them to persevere in depredations upon an offending community, was dispersed and laid prostrate under the infliction of Lynch's law. Of how many terrible, and deeply to be lamented consequences—of how great an amount of permanent evil—has the partial and temporary good been productive!

"Whereas, many of the inhabitants of the county of Pittsylvania, as well as elsewhere, have sustained great and intolerable losses by a set of lawless men who have banded themselves together to deprive honest men of their just rights and property, by stealing their horses, counterfeiting, and passing paper currency, and committing many other species of villainy, too tedious to mention, and that those vile miscreants do still persist in their diabolical practices, and have hitherto escaped the civil power with impunity, it being almost useless and unnecessary to have recourse to our laws to suppress and punish those freebooters, they having it in their power to extricate themselves when brought to justice

by suborning witnesses who do swear them clear—we the subscribers, being determined to put a stop to the iniquitous practices of those unlawful and abandoned wretches, do enter into the following association, to wit: that next to our consciences, soul and body, we hold our rights and property, sacred and inviolable. We solemnly protest before God and the world, that (for the future) upon hearing or having sufficient reason to believe, that any villainy or species of villainy having been committed within our neighborhood, we will forthwith embody ourselves, and repair immediately to the person or persons suspected, or those under suspicious characters, harboring, aiding, or assisting those villains, and if they will not desist from their evil practices, we will inflict such corporeal punishment on him or them, as to us shall seem adequate to the crime committed or the damage sustained; that we will protect and defend each and every one of us, the subscribers, as well jointly as severally, from the insults and assaults offered by any other person in their behalf: and further, we do bind ourselves jointly and severally, our joint and several heirs &c. to pay or cause to be paid, all damages that shall or may accrue in consequence of this our laudable undertaking, and will pay an equal proportion according to our several abilities; and we, after having a sufficient number of subscribers to this association, will convene ourselves to some convenient place, and will make choice of our body five of the best and most discreet men belonging to our body, to direct and govern the whole, and we will strictly adhere to their determinations in all cases whatsoever relative to the above undertaking; and if any of our body summoned to attend the execution of this our plan, and fail so to do without a reasonable excuse, they shall forfeit and pay the sum of one hundred pounds current money of Virginia, to be appropriated towards defraying the contingent expenses of this our undertaking. In witness whereof we have hereunto set our hands, this 22d day September 1780."

CRITICAL NOTICES.

SPAIN REVISITED.

Spain Revisited. By the author of "A Year in Spain." New York: Harper and Brothers.

Some three months since we had occasion to express our high admiration of Lieutenant Slidell's *American in England*. The work now before us presents to the eye of the critical reader many if not all of those peculiarities which distinguished its predecessor. We find the same force and freedom. We recognize the same artist-like way of depicting persons, scenery, or manners, by a succession of minute and well-managed details. We perceive also the same terseness and originality of expression. Still we must be pardoned for saying that many of the same *niaiserie*s are also apparent, and most especially an abundance of very bad grammar and a superabundance of gross errors in syntactical arrangement.

With the *Dedictory Letter* prefixed to *Spain Revisited*, we have no patience whatever. It does great credit to the kind and gentlemanly feelings of Lieutenant Slidell, but it forms no inconsiderable drawback upon

our previously entertained opinions of his good taste. We can at no time, and under no circumstances, see either meaning or delicacy in parading the sacred relations of personal friendship before the unscrupulous eyes of the public. And even when these things are well done and briefly done, we do believe them to be in the estimation of all persons of nice feeling a nuisance and an abomination. But it very rarely happens that the closest scrutiny can discover in the least offensive of these dedications any thing better than extravagance, affectation or incongruity. We are not sure that it would be impossible, in the present instance, to designate gross examples of all three. What connection has the name of Lieutenant Upshur with the present Spanish Adventures of Lieutenant Slidell? None. Then why insist upon a connection which the world cannot perceive? The Dedicatory letter, in the present instance, is either a *bona fide* epistle actually addressed before publication to Lieutenant Upshur, intended strictly as a memorial of friendship, and published because no good reasons could be found for the non-publication—or its plentiful professions are all hollowness and falsity, and it was never meant to be any thing more than a very customary public compliment.

Our first supposition is negated by the stiff and highly constrained character of the *style*, totally distinct from the usual, and we will suppose the less carefully arranged composition of the author. What man in his senses ever wrote as follows, from the simple impulses of gratitude or friendship?

In times past, a dedication, paid for by a great literary patron, furnished the author at once with the means of parading his own servility, and ascribing to his idol virtues which had no real existence. Though this custom be condemned by the better taste of the age in which we live, friendship may yet claim the privilege of eulogizing virtues which really exist; if so, I might here draw the portrait of a rare combination of them; I might describe a courage, a benevolence, a love of justice coupled with an honest indignation at whatever outrages it, a devotion to others and forgetfulness of self, such as are not often found blended in one character, were I not deterred by the consideration that when I should have completed my task, the eulogy, which would seem feeble to those who knew the original, might be condemned as extravagant by those who do not.

Can there be any thing more palpably artificial than all this? The writer commences by informing his bosom friend that whereas in times past men were given up to fulsome flattery in their dedications, not scrupling to endow their patrons with virtues they never possessed, he, the Lieutenant, intends to be especially delicate and original in his own peculiar method of applying the panegyric plaster, and to confine himself to qualities which have a real existence. Now this is the very sentiment, if sentiment it may be called, with which all the toad-eaters since the flood have introduced their dedicatory letters. What immediately follows is in the same vein, and is worthy of the ingenious Don Puffando himself. All the good qualities in the world are first enumerated—Lieutenant Upshur is then informed, by the most approved rules of circumbendibus, that he possesses them, one and each, in the highest degree, but that his friend the author of "*Spain Revisited*" is too much of a man of tact to tell him any thing about it.

If on the other hand it is admitted that the whole epistle is a mere matter of form, and intended simply

as a public compliment to a personal friend, we feel, at once, a degree of righteous indignation at the profanation to so hollow a purpose, of the most sacred epithets and phrases of friendship—a degree, too, of serious doubt whether the gentleman panegyricized will receive as a compliment, or rather resent as an insult, the being taxed to his teeth, and in the face of the whole community, with nothing less than all the possible accomplishments and graces, together with the entire stock of cardinal and other virtues.

Spain Revisited, although we cannot think it at all equal to the *American in England* for picturesque and vigorous description (which we suppose to be the forte of Lieutenant Slidell) yet greatly surpasses in this respect most of the books of modern travels with which we now usually meet. A moderate interest is sustained throughout—aided no doubt by our feelings of indignation at the tyranny which would debar so accomplished a traveller as our countryman from visiting at his leisure and in full security a region so well worth visiting as Spain. It appears that Ferdinand on the 20th August, 1832, taking it into his head that the Lieutenant's former work "*A Year in Spain*" (*esta indigesta produccion*) *esta llena de falsedades y de groceras calumnias contra el Rey N. S. y su augusta familia*, thought proper to issue a royal order in which the book called *un ano en Espana* was doomed to seizure wherever it might be found, and the clever author himself, under the appellation of the Signor Ridell, to a dismissal from the nearest frontier in the event of his anticipated return to the country. Notwithstanding this order, the Lieutenant, as he himself informs us, did not hesitate to undertake the journey, knowing that, subsequently to the edict in question, the whole machinery of the government had undergone a change, having passed into liberal hands. But although the danger of actual arrest on the above-mentioned grounds was thus rendered comparatively trivial, there were many other serious difficulties to be apprehended. In the Basque Provinces and in Navarre the civil war was at its height. The diligences, as a necessary consequence, had ceased to run; and the insurgents rendered the means of progressing through the country exceedingly precarious, by their endeavors to cut off all communications through which the government could be informed of their manoeuvres. The post-horses had been seized by the Carlist cavalry to supply their deficiencies, "and only a few mules remained at some of the post-houses between Bayonne and Vitoria."

The following sketch of an ass-market at Tordeillas seems to embody in a small compass specimens of nearly all the excellences as well as nearly all the faults of the author.

By far the most curious part of the fair, however, was the ass-market, held by a gay fraternity of gipseas. There were about a dozen of these, for the most part of middle stature, beautifully formed, with very regular features of an Asiatic cast, and having a copper tinge; their hands were very small, as of a race long unaccustomed to severe toil, with quantities of silver rings strung on the fingers. They had very white and regular teeth, and their black eyes were uncommonly large, round-orbed, projecting, and expressive; habitually languid and melancholy in moments of listlessness, they kindled into wonderful brightness when engaged in commending their asses, or in bartering with a purchaser. Their jet-black hair hung in long curls down their back, and they were nearly all dressed in velvet, as Andalusian majos, with quantities of buttons made from peonies and half

peacas covering their jackets and breeches, as many as three or four hanging frequently from the same eyelet-hole. Some of them wore the Andalusian leggin and shoe of brown leather, others the footless stocking and sandal of Valencia; in general their dress, which had nothing in common with the country they were then in, seemed calculated to unite ease of movement and freedom from embarrassment to jauntiness of effect. Albof them had a profusion of trinkets and amulets, intended to testify their devotion to that religion which, according to the popular belief, they were suspected of doubting, and one of them displayed his excessive zeal in wearing conspicuously from his neck a silver case, twice the size of a dollar, containing a picture of the Virgin Mary holding the infant Saviour in her arms.

Four or five females accompanied this party, and came and went from the square and back, with baskets and other trifles, as if engaged at their separate branch of trade. They had beautiful oval faces, with fine eyes and teeth, and rich olive complexions. Their costume was different from any other I had seen in Spain, its greatest peculiarity consisting in a coarse outer petticoat, which was drawn over the head at pleasure instead of the mantilla, and which reminded me of the manta of Peru, concealing, as it did, the whole of the face, except only a single eye.

I asked a dozen people where these strange beings were from, not liking to peer the question at themselves; but not one could tell me, and all seemed to treat the question as no less difficult of solution than one which might concern the origin of the wind. One person, indeed, barely hinted the possibility of their being from Zamora, where one of the faubourgs has a colony of these vermin, for so they are esteemed. He added, moreover, that a late law required that every gipsy in Spain should have a fixed domicile, but that they still managed, in the face of it, to gratify their hereditary taste for an unsettled and wandering life. He spoke of them as a pack of gay rogues and petty robbers, yet did not seem to hold them in any particular horror. The asses which they were selling they had probably collected in the pueblos with a view to this fair, trading from place to place as they journeyed, and not a few they had perhaps kidnapped and coaxed away, taking care, by shaving and other embellishments, to modify and render them unknown.

I was greatly amused in observing the ingenious mode in which they kept their beasts together in the midst of such a crowd and so much confusion, or separated them for the purpose of making a sale. They were strung at the side of the parapet wall, overlooking the river, with their heads towards it and pressing against it, as if anxious to push it over, but in reality out of sedulousness to avoid the frequent showers of blows which were distributed from time to time, without motive or warning, on their unoffending hinder parts, and withdraw them as far as possible from the direction whence they were inflicted. As they were very much crowded together, there was quite a scuffling work for an ass to get in when brought back from an unsuccessful effort to trade, or when newly bought, for these fellows, in the true spirit of barter, were equally ready to buy or sell. The gipsy's staff, distributing blows on the rumps of two adjoining beasts, would throw open a slight aperture, into which the nose of the intruding ass would be made to enter, when a plentiful encouragement of blows would force him in, like a wedge into a riven tree. The mode of extracting an ass was equally ingenious, and, if any thing, more singular; continually pressing their heads against the wall with all their energy, it would have required immense strength, with the chance of pulling off the tail if it were not a strong one, to drag them forcibly out; a gipsy, taking the tail of the required animal in one hand, would stretch his staff forward so as to tap him on the nose, and, thus encouraged, gently draw him out.

The ingenuity of these gipsies in getting up a bargain, trusting to be able to turn it to their own account, was marvellous. Mingling among the farmers, and engaging them in conversation on indifferent subjects, they would at length bring them back to the favorite theme of asses, and eventually persuade them to take a look at theirs. "Here is one," measuring the height of an individual with his staff, "which will just suit you;—what will you give for him? Come, you shall have him for half his worth, for one hundred reals—only five dollars for an ass like this," looking at him with the admiration of a connoisseur in the presence of the Apollo; "truly, an animal of much merit and the greatest promise—*de mucho merito y encarecimiento*—he has the shoulders and breast of an ox; let me show you the richness of

his paces," said the gipsy, his whole figure and attitude partaking of his earnestness, and his eye dilating and glowing with excitement. He had brought the unwary and bewildered countryman, like a charmed bird, to the same point as the eloquent shopkeeper does his doubting customer when he craves permission to take down his wares, and does not wait to be denied. Vaulting to the back of the animal, he flourished his staff about its head, and rode it up and down furiously, to the terror of the by-standers' toes, pricking it on the spine with his iron-pointed staff to make it frisky, and pronouncing the while, in the midst of frantic gesticulations an eloquent eulogium on its performances and character, giving it credit, among other things, for sobriety, moderation, long suffering, and the most unassailable qualification of chastity. To add to the picturesque oddity of the scene, an old monk stood hard by, an interested spectator of some chaffering between a young woman and a seller of charms and trinkets stationed beneath an awning, and no accessory was wanting to render the quaint little picture complete.

In our notice of the *American in England*, we found much fault with the style—that is to say, with the mere English of Lieutenant Sidel. We are not sure whether the volumes now before us were written previously or subsequently to that very excellent work—but certain it is that they are much less abundant than it, in simple errors of grammar and ambiguities of construction. We must be pardoned, however, for thinking that even now the English of our traveller is more obviously defective than is becoming in any well educated American—more especially in any well educated American who is an aspirant for the honors of authorship. To quote individual sentences in support of an assertion of this nature, might bear with it an air of injustice—since there are few of the best writers of any language in whose works single faulty passages may not readily be discovered. We will therefore take the liberty of commenting in detail upon the English of an entire page of *Spain Revisited*.—See page 188, vol. i.

Carts and wagons, caravans of mules, and files of humbler asses came pouring, by various roads, into the great vomitory by which we were entering, laden with the various commodities, the luxuries as well as the necessities of life, brought from foreign countries or from remote provinces, to sustain the unnatural existence of a capital which is so remote from all its resources, and which produces scarce any thing that it consumes.

This sentence, although it would not be too long, if properly managed, is too long as it stands. The ear repeatedly seeks, and expects the conclusion, and is repeatedly disappointed. It expects the close at the word "*entering*"—at the word "*life*"—at the word "*provinces*"—and at the word "*resources*." Each additional portion of the sentence after each of the words just designated by inverted commas, has the air of an after-thought engrafted upon the original idea. The use of the word "*vomitory*" in the present instance is injudicious. Strictly speaking, a road which serves as a vomitory, or means of egress, for a population, serves also as a means of ingress. A good writer, however, will consider not only whether, in all strictness, his words will admit of the meaning he attaches to them, but whether in their implied, their original, or other collateral meanings, they may not be at variance with some portion of his sentence. When we hear of "*a vomitory* by which we were *entering*," not all the rigor of the most exact construction will reconcile us to the phrase—since we are accustomed to connect with the word *vomitory*, notions precisely the reverse of those allied to the subsequent word "*entering*." Between the participle "*laden*" and the nouns to which it refers (carts,

wagons, caravans and asses) two other nouns and one pronoun are suffered to intervene—a grammatical arrangement which when admitted in any degree, never fails to introduce more or less obscurity in every sentence where it is so admitted. Strict syntactical order would require (the pronoun "we" being followed immediately by "laden") that—not the asses—but Lieutenant Slidell and his companions should be laden with the various commodities.

And now, too, we began to see horsemen jantily dressed in slouched hat, embroidered jacket, and worked spatterdashes, reining fiery Andalusian coursers, each having the Moorish carbine hung at hand beside him.

Were horsemen, in this instance, a generic term—that is, did the word allude to horsemen generally, the use of the "slouched hat" and "embroidered jacket" in the singular, would be justifiable—but it is not so in speaking of individual horsemen, where the plural is required. The participle "reining" properly refers to "spatterdashes," although of course intended to agree with "horsemen." The word "each," also meant to refer to the "horsemen," belongs, strictly speaking, to the "coursers." The whole, if construed by the rigid rules of grammar, would imply that the horsemen were dressed in spatterdashes—which spatterdashes reined the coursers—and which coursers had each a carbine.

Perhaps these were farmers of the better order; but they had not the air of men accustomed to labor; they were rather, perhaps, Andalusian horse-dealers, or, maybe, robbers, of those who so greatly abound about the capital, who for the moment, had laid aside their professional character.

This is an exceedingly awkward sentence. The word "maybe" is, we think, objectionable. The repetition of the relative "who" in the phrases "who so greatly abound" and "who for the moment had laid aside," is the less to be justified, as each "who" has a different antecedent—the one referring to "those" (the robbers, generally, who abound about the capital) and the other to the suspected "robbers" then present. But the whole is exceeding ambiguous, and leaves a doubt of the author's true meaning. For, the words "Andalusian horse-dealers, or, maybe, robbers of those who abound about the capital," may either imply that the men in question were some of a class of robbers who abounded, &c. or that they were men who robbed (that is, robbers of) the Andalusian horse-dealers who abounded, &c. or that they were either Andalusian horse-dealers, or robbers of those who abound about the capital—i. e. of the inhabitants of the suburbs. Whether the last "who" has reference to the robbers, or to those who abound, it is impossible to learn from any thing in the sentence itself—which, taken altogether, is unworthy of the merest tyro in the rules of composition.

At the inn of the Holy Ghost, was drawn up a highly gilded carriage, hung very low, and drawn by five gaily decorated mules, while two Andalusians sat on the large wooden platform, planted, without the intervention of springs, upon the fore-wheels, which served for a coach-box.

This sentence is intelligible enough, but still badly constructed. There is by far too great an interval between the antecedent "platform" and its relative "which," and upon a cursory perusal any reader would be led to suppose (what indeed the whole actually implies) that the coach-box in question consisted not of

the platform, but actually of the fore-wheels of the carriage. Altogether, it may safely be asserted, that an entire page containing as many grammatical errors and inaccuracies of arrangement as the one we have just examined, will with difficulty be discovered in any English of American writer of even moderate reputation. These things, however, can hardly be considered as more than inadvertences, and will be avoided by Lieutenant Slidell as soon as he shall feel convinced (through his own experience or through the suggestions of his friends) how absolutely necessary to final success in any undertaking is a scrupulous attention to even the merest minutiae of the task.

ANTHON'S SALLUST.

Sallust's Jugurthine War, and Conspiracy of Catiline, with an English Commentary, and Historical Indexes. By Charles Anthon, L. L. D. Jay-Professor of Ancient Literature in Columbia College, and Rector of the Grammar School. Sixth edition, corrected and enlarged. New York: Harper and Brothers.

In respect to external appearance this is an exceedingly beautiful book, whether we look to the quality of its paper, the clearness, uniform color, and great accuracy of its typography,* or the neatness and durability of its covering. In this latter point especially the Harpers and other publishers would do well, we think, to follow up the style of the present edition of Sallust—dropping at once and forever that flimsy and unsatisfactory method of binding so universally prevalent just now, and whose sole recommendation is its cheapness—if indeed it be cheaper at all. These are things of which we seldom speak—but venture to mention them in the present instance with a view of seizing a good opportunity. No man of taste—certainly no lover of books and owner of a library—would hesitate at paying twice as much for a book worth preservation, and which there is some possibility of preserving, as for one of these fragile ephemera which it is now the fashion to do up in muslin. We think in short the interest of publishers as well as the taste of the public would be consulted to some purpose in paying more attention to the mechanics of book making.

That Mr. Anthon has done more for our classical literature than any man in the country will hardly be denied. His Lempriere, to speak of nothing else, is a monument of talent, erudition, indefatigable research, and well organized method, of which we have the greatest reason to be proud, but which is perhaps more fully and more properly appreciated in any other climate than our own. Of a former edition of his Sallust, two separate reprints, by different editors, total strangers to the author, have appeared in England, without any effort on his part, as we are very willing to believe, for procuring a republication of his labors. The correct and truly beautiful edition now before us, leaves nothing to be desired. The most striking emendation is the placing the narrative of the Jugurthine war before the conspiracy of Catiline. This arrangement, however, as Mr. Anthon we believe admits, has the merit of novelty in America alone. At least we understand him to make this admission in saying that the order he has

* In the course of a very attentive perusal we have observed only one typographical error. On page 130, near the top, we see *Fatigatus a satre* in place of *fratre*.

observed is no novelty on the continent of Europe, as may be discovered from the works of the President De Brosses, the Abbé Cassagne, and M. Du Rozoir. At all events we have repeatedly seen in England editions of Sallust, (and we suppose them to have been English editions,) in which the Jugurthine war preceded the Conspiracy. Of the propriety of this order there can be no doubt whatever, and it is quite certain to meet with the approbation of all who give themselves even a moment's reflection on the subject. There is an obvious anachronism in the usual arrangement—for the rebellion of Catiline was nearly fifty years subsequent to the war with Jugurtha. "The impression produced, therefore, on the mind of the student," (we here use the words of our author,) "must necessarily be a confused one when he is required to read the two works in an inverted order. In the account of Catiline's conspiracy, for example, he will find frequent allusions to the calamitous consequences of Sylla's strife with Marius; and will see many of the profligate partisans of the former rallying around the standard of Catiline; while in the history of the Jugurthine war, if he be made to peruse it after the other, in the ordinary routine of school reading, he will be introduced to the same Sylla just entering on a public career, and standing high in the favor and confidence of Marius. How too will he be able to appreciate, in their full force, the remarks of Sallust relative to the successive changes in the Roman form of government, and the alternate ascendancy of the aristocratic and popular parties, if he be called upon to direct his attention to results before he is made acquainted with the causes that produced them?"

The only reason assigned for the usual arrangement is founded upon the order of composition—Sallust having written the narrative of the Conspiracy before the account of the Jugurthine war. All the MSS. too, have followed this order. Mr. Anthon, however, justly remarks that such an argument should weigh but little when positive utility is placed in the opposite scale.

An enlarged commentary on the Jugurthine War, is another improvement in the present edition. There can be no doubt that the notes usually appended to this portion of Sallust were insufficient for the younger, if not for all classes of pupils, and when this deficiency is remedied, as in the present instance, by the labors of a man not only of sound scholarship, but of great critical and general acumen, we know how to value the services thus rendered to the student and to the classical public at large. We subjoin one or two specimens of the additional notes.

Page 122. "*Ingenti egregia facinora.*" "*The splendid exertions of intellect.*" *Facinus* denotes a bold or daring action, and unless it be joined with a favorable epithet, or the action be previously described as commendable, the term is always to be understood in a vituperative sense. In the present passage, the epithet *egregius* marks the character of the action as praiseworthy.

Page 122. "*Quippe probitatem, &c.*" "Since it (i. e. fortune) can neither give, nor take away integrity, activity, nor other praiseworthy qualities." *Industria* here means an active exercise of our abilities.

We might add (with deference) to this note of Professor Anthon's, that *industria*, generally, has a more variable meaning than is usually given it, and that the word, in a great multiplicity of instances, where ambiguities in translation have arisen, has allusion to

mental rather than to physical exertion. We have frequently, moreover, remarked its connection with that idea which the moderns attach to the term *genius*. *Incredibili industria, industria singulari*, are phrases almost invariably used in the sense we speak of, and refer to great mental power. Apropos, to this subject—it is remarkable that both Buffon and Hogarth directly assert that "genius is nothing but labor and diligence."

Page 133. "*Vos in mea injuria,*" &c. "*You are treated with contempt in the injustice which is done me.*" *Despicere* always implies that the person despising thinks meanly of the person despised, as compared with himself. *Contemnere* denotes the absolute vileness of an object.

We may here observe that we have no English equivalent to *despicere*.

Page 135. "*Quod utinam,*" &c. "*But would that I may see.*" The use of *quod* before many conjunctions, &c. merely as a copulative, appears to have arisen from the fondness of the Latin writers for the connexion by means of relatives.

Page 135. "*Emori.*" "*A speedy death.*" The infinitive here supplies the place of a noun, or more correctly speaking, is employed in its true character. For this mood, partaking of the nature of a noun, has been called by grammarians "the verb's noun" (*ονομα ρηματος*.) The reason of this appellation is more apparent, however, in Greek, from its taking the prepositive article before it in all cases; as *το γραφειν, τον γραφειν, τα γραφειν*. The same construction is not unknown in English. Thus Spencer—

For not to have been dipped in Lethe lake,
Could save the son of Thetis from to die.

Besides the new arrangement of matter, and the additional notes on the Jugurthine war, the principal changes in the present edition are to be found in two convenient Indexes—the one Geographical, the other Historical. We are told by Mr. Anthon that his object in preparing them was to relieve the Annotations from what might have proved too heavy a pressure of materials, and have deterred from, rather than have invited, a perusal. The geographical and historical matter is now made to stand by itself.

The account of Sallust himself, and especially the critical examination of his writings, which appeared in the ordinary way in previous editions, is now resolved into the form of a dialogue, and has gained by the change much force and vivacity, without being at all deteriorated in other respects. Upon the whole, any farther real improvement in the manner of editing, printing, or publishing a Sallust would seem to be an impossibility.

PARIS AND THE PARISIANS.

Paris and the Parisians in 1835. By Frances Trollope, Author of "*Domestic Manners of the Americans,*" "*The Refugee in America,*" &c. New York: Published by Harper and Brothers.

We have no patience with that atra-bilious set of hyper-patriots, who find fault with Mrs. Trollope's book of *flumflummery* about the good people of the Union. We can neither tolerate nor comprehend them. The work appeared to us (we speak in all candor, and in sober earnest) an unusually well-written performance, in which, upon a basis of downright and positive truth, was erected, after the fashion of a porcelain pagoda, a very brilliant, although a very brittle fabric of mingled banter, philosophy, and spleen. Her mere political

opinions are, we suppose, of very little consequence to any person other than Mrs. Trollope; and being especially sure that they are of no consequence to ourselves we shall have nothing farther to do with them. We do not hesitate to say, however, that she ridiculed our innumerable moral, physical, and social absurdities with equal impartiality, true humor and discrimination, and that the old joke about her *Domestic Manners of the Americans* being nothing more than the *Manners of the American Domestic*, is like most other very good jokes, excessively untrue.

That our national soreness of feeling prevented us, in the case of her work on America, from appreciating the real merits of the book, will be rendered evident by the high praise we find no difficulty in bestowing upon her *Paris and the Parisians*—a production, in whatever light we regard it, precisely similar to the one with which we were so irreparably offended. It has every characteristic of the *Domestic Manners of the Americans*—from the spirit of which work, if it differs at all, the difference lies in the inferior quantity of the fine wit she has thought proper to throw away upon our Parisian friends.

The volume now issued by the Harpers, is a large octavo of 410 pages, and is embellished with eleven most admirable copperplate engravings, exclusive of the frontispiece. These designs are drawn by A. Hervieu, and engraved by S. H. Gimber. We will give a brief account of them all, as the most effectual method of imparting to our readers (those who have not seen the work and for whom this notice is especially intended) a just conception of the work itself.

Plate 1 is the "*Louvre*." A picture gallery is seen crowded with a motley assemblage of all classes, in every description of French costume. The occasion is an exhibition of living artists, as the world chooses to call the exhibition of their works. Poussin, (consequently) Raphael, Titian, Correggio and Rubens, are hidden beneath the efforts of more modern pencils. In the habiliments of the company who lounge through the gallery, the result of newly acquired rights is ludicrously visible. One of the most remarkable of these, says our authoress, is the privilege enjoyed by the rabble of presenting themselves dirty instead of clean before the eyes of the magnates. Accordingly, the plate shows, among a variety of pretty *toques*, *cauchoises*, *chaussures*, and other more imperial equipments, a sprinkling of round-eared caps, awkward *casquettes*, filthy *blouses*, and dingy and ragged jackets.

Plate 2 is "*Morning at the Tuilleries*." It represents that portion of the garden of "trim alleys" which lies in front of the group of Petus and Aria. In the distance are seen various figures. In the foreground we descry three singular-looking personages, who may be best described in the words of Mrs. Trollope herself.

It was the hour when all the newspapers are in the greatest requisition; and we had the satisfaction of watching the studies of three individuals, each of whom might have sat as a model for an artist who wished to give an idea of their several peculiarities. We saw, in short, beyond the possibility of doubt, a royalist, a doctrinaire, and a republican, during the half hour we remained there, all soothing their feelings by indulging in two sous' worth of politics, each in his own line.

A stiff but gentlemanlike old man first came, and having taken a journal from the little octagon stand—

which journal we felt quite sure, was either '*La France*' or '*La Quotidienne*'—he established himself at no great distance from us. Why it was that we all felt so certain of his being a legitimatist I can hardly tell you, but not one of the party had the least doubt about it. There was a quiet, half-proud, half-melancholy air of keeping himself apart; an aristocratical cast of features; a pale, care-worn complexion; and a style of dress which no vulgar man ever wore, but which no rich one would be likely to wear to-day. This is all I can record of him: but there was something pervading his whole person too essentially loyal to be misunderstood, yet too delicate in its tone to be coarsely painted. Such as it was, however, we felt it quite enough to make the matter sure; and if I could find out that old gentleman to be either doctrinaire or republican, I never would look on a human countenance again, in order to discover what was passing within.

The next who approached us we were equally sure was a republican: but here the discovery did little honor to our discernment; for these gentry choose to leave no doubt upon the subject of their *clique*, but contrive that every article contributing to the appearance of the outward man shall become a symbol and a sign, a token and a stigma of the madness that possesses them. He too held a paper in his hand, and without venturing to approach too nearly to so alarming a personage, we scrupled not to assure each other, that the journal he was so assiduously perusing was '*Le Réformateur*.'

Just as we had decided what manner of man it was who was stalking so majestically past us, a comfortable looking citizen approached in the uniform of the National Guard, who sat himself down to his daily allowance of politics with the air of a person expecting to be well pleased with what he finds, but, nevertheless, too well contented with himself and all things about him to care overmuch about it. Every line of this man's jocular face, every curve of his portly figure, spoke contentment and well being. He was probably one of that very new race in France, a tradesman making a rapid fortune. Was it possible to doubt that the paper in his hand was '*Le Journal des Debats*?' Was it possible to believe that this man was other than a prosperous doctrinaire?

Plate 3 is "*Pro patria*"—and represents two uniformed soldiers in a guard-room of the National Guard.

Plate 4 is entitled "*Ce soir, à la Porte St. Martin*—" "*J'y serai*," and is full of humor. Two conspirator-like republicans stand in the gardens of the Luxembourg, with short staffs, conical hats, dark bushy eyebrows, fierce mustaches, and countenances full of fate. The hand of the one is clasped in the hand of the other with a vice-like impressiveness and energy, while the taller, looking furtively around him, lays his hand upon the shoulder of his associate, and is whispering some most momentous intelligence in his ear. This plate is explained thus in the words of Mrs. T.

It seems, that ever since the trials began, the chief duty of the gendarmes (I beg pardon, I should say of La Garde de Paris) has been to prevent any assembling together of the people in knots for conversation and gossipings in the courts and gardens of the Luxembourg. No sooner are two or three persons observed standing together, than a policeman approaches, and with a tone of command pronounces "*Circulez Messieurs!—circulez s'il vous plait*." The reason for this precaution is, that nightly at the Porte St. Martin a few score of *jeune gens* assemble to make a very idle and unmeaning noise, the echo of which regularly runs from street to street, till the reiterated report amounts to the announcement of an *émeute*. We are all now so used to these harmless little *émeutes* at the Porte St. Martin, that we mind them no more than General Lobau himself: nevertheless it is deemed proper, trumpery

as the cause may be, to prevent any thing like a gathering together of the mob in the vicinity of the Luxembourg, lest the same hundred-tongued lady, who constantly magnifies the bootings of a few idle mechanics into an *émeute*, should spread a report throughout France that the Luxembourg was besieged by the people. The noise which had disturbed us was occasioned by the gathering together of about a dozen persons; but a policeman was in the midst of the group, and we heard rumors of an *arrestation*. In less than five minutes, however, every thing was quiet again: but we marked two figures so picturesque in their republicanism, that we resumed our seats while a sketch was made from them, and amused ourselves the while in fancying what the ominous words could be that were so cautiously exchanged between them. M. de L—— said there could be no doubt they ran thus:

'Ce soir à la Porte St. Martin!'

Answer:—'J'y serai!'

Plate 5 is the "*Tuileries Gardens on Sunday*," in which the prominent and characteristic group is a "*chère maman*" in half toilet, and seated beneath a tree reading, or attempting to read, while her children, attended by their *bonne*, are frolicking about her knees.

Plate 6 is "*Porte St. Martin*," and commemorative of one of the thousand and one little *émeutes* which have now become too much a matter of course at Paris to excite very serious attention, and which are frequently (so we are assured by Mrs. Trollope) quieted by no more effective artillery than that of a slight shower of rain. The prominent figures in the plate, are two gentlemen of the National Guard, who are vehemently struggling to secure a desperate and mustached republican, equipped *cap à pie* à la Robespierre, and whose countenance is indicative of deadly resolve, while a little urchin in a striped jacket, not having before his eyes the horrors of an *arrestation*, and being probably body squire to the republican, shoulders manfully a banner somewhat larger than himself, and, standing upon tiptoe, amuses himself with bellowing *Vive la République!*

Plate 7 is a "*Soirée*," in which the peculiarities of Parisian sociability are humorously sketched. All the countenances are especially French. The prominent group is that of two little awkward-looking specimens of imperial noblesse who are making love upon a *chaise-longue*. The opinions of Mrs. Trollope are quite orthodox in the matter of hereditary grace. Some of her good things upon this topic we must be allowed to quote, for the sake of their point, without being responsible for their philosophy.

I have heard that it requires three generations to make a gentleman. Those created by Napoleon have not yet fairly reached a second; and with all respect for talent, industry, and valor, be it spoken, the necessity of the slow process very frequently forces itself upon one's conviction at Paris.

It is probable that the great refinement of the post-imperial aristocracy of France may be one reason why the deficiencies of those now often found mixed up with them is so remarkable. It would be difficult to imagine a contrast in manner more striking than that of a lady who would be a fair specimen of the old Bourbon noblesse, and a bouncing *maréchale* of imperial creation. It seems as if every particle of the whole material of which each is formed, gave evidence of the different birth of the spirit that dwells within. The sound of the voice is a contrast; the glance of the eye is a contrast; the step is a contrast. Were every feature of a *dame de l'Empire* and a *femme noble* formed precisely in

the same mould, I am quite sure that the two would look no more alike than Queen Constance and Nell Gwyn.

Nor is there at all less difference in the two races of gentlemen. I speak not of the men of science or of art; their rank is of another kind: but there are still left here and there specimens of decorated greatness, which look as if they must have been dragged out of the guard-room by main force; huge mustached *militaires*, who look, at every slight rebuff, as if they were ready to exclaim, 'Sacré nom de D——! Je suis un héros, moi! vive l'Empereur!'

And again. My parvenue duchess is very remarkable indeed. She steps out like a corporal carrying a message. Her voice is the first, the last, and almost the only thing heard in the salon that she honors with her presence—except it chance indeed, that she lower her tone occasionally to favor with a whisper some gallant *décoré* military, scientific, or artistic, of the same standing as herself; and, moreover, she promenades her eyes over the company as if she had a right to bring them all to roll-call.

Notwithstanding all this, the lady is certainly a person of talent; and had she happily remained in the station in which both herself and her husband were born, she might not, perhaps, have thought it necessary to speak quite so loud, and her *bons mots* would have produced infinitely greater effect. But she is so thoroughly out of place in the grade to which she has been unkindly elevated, that it seems as if Napoleon had decided on her fate in a humor as spiteful as that of Monsieur Jourdain, when he said—'Your daughter shall be a Marchioness in spite of all the world; and if you provoke me I'll make her a Duchess.'

Plate 8 is "*Le roi citoyen*." He is represented as a well-looking, portly, middle-aged man, of somewhat dignified appearance. His dress differs from that of any common citizen only by a small tri-colored cockade in the hat, and he walks quite at his leisure with one hand clenching a rough-looking stick, and the other thrust in his breeches-pocket. A republican, habited in full Robespierrian costume, is advancing towards him with a very deliberate air, and eyeing him nonchalantly through a *lorgnon*.

Plate 9 is entitled "*Prêtres de la Jeune France*." The flowing curls, the simple round hat, the pantaloons, &c. give them the appearance of a race of men as unlike as possible to their stiff and primitive predecessors. They look flourishing, and well pleased with themselves and the world about them: but little of mortification or abstinence can be traced on their countenances; and if they do fast for some portion of every week, they may certainly say with Father Philip, that 'what they take prospers with them marvellously.'

Plate 10 is the "*Boulevard des Italiens*," with a view of *Tortoni's*. The main group is "a very pretty woman and a very pretty man," who are seated on two chairs close together and flirting much to their own satisfaction, as well as to the utter amazement and admiration of a young urchin of a Savoyard, or professor of the *gait science*, who, forgetting the use of his mandoline, gazes with open mouth and eyes at the enamored pair. To the right is seen an exquisite of the first water promenading with an air of ineffable grace, and deliberately occupied in combing his luxuriant tresses.

Plate 11 is called "*Vla les restes de notre révolution de Juillet!*" and like all the other engravings in the volume is admirable in its design, and especially in its expression. In the back ground are seen the monuments erected at the *Marché des Innocens* over some revolutionary heroes, who fell here and were buried near the

tain, on the 29th July 1830. A mechanic leans against a rail and is haranguing with great energy a young girl and a little boy, who listen to him with profound attention. His theme is evidently the treatment of the prisoners at the Luxembourg. We cannot too highly praise the exquisite piquancy of the whole of these designs.

In conclusion, we recommend *Paris and the Parisians* to all lovers of fine writing, and vivacious humor. It is impossible not to be highly amused with the book—and there is by no means any necessity for giving a second thought to the political philosophies of Madame Trollope.

PAULDING'S WASHINGTON.

A Life of Washington. By James K. Paulding. New York: Harper and Brothers.

We have read Mr. Paulding's *Life of Washington* with a degree of interest seldom excited in us by the perusal of any book whatever. We are convinced by a deliberate examination of the design, manner, and rich material of the work, that, as it grows in age, it will grow in the estimation of our countrymen, and, finally, will not fail to take a deeper hold upon the public mind, and upon the public affections, than any work upon the same subject, or of a similar nature, which has been yet written—or, possibly, which may be written hereafter. Indeed, we cannot perceive the necessity of anything farther upon the great theme of Washington. Mr. Paulding has completely and most beautifully filled the vacuum which the works of Marshall and Sparks have left open. He has painted the boy, the man, the husband, and the Christian. He has introduced us to the private affections, aspirations, and charities of that hero whose affections of all affections were the most serene, whose aspirations the most God-like, and whose charities the most gentle and pure. He has taken us abroad with the patriot-farmer in his rambles about his homestead. He has seated us in his study and shown us the warrior-Christian in unobtrusive communion with his God. He has done all this too, and more, in a simple and quiet manner, in a manner peculiarly his own, and which mainly because it is his own, cannot fail to be exceedingly effective. Yet it is very possible that the public may, for many years to come, overlook the rare merits of a work whose want of arrogant assumption is so little in keeping with the usages of the day, and whose striking simplicity and *naïveté* of manner give, to a cursory examination, so little evidence of the labor of composition. We have no fears, however, for the future. Such books as these before us, go down to posterity like rich wines, with a certainty of being more valued as they go. They force themselves with the gradual but rapidly accumulating power of strong wedges into the hearts and understandings of a community.

From the preface we learn, that shortly after the conclusion of the late war, Mr. Paulding resided for several years in the city of Washington, and that his situation ringing him into familiar intercourse with "many respectable and some distinguished persons" who had been associated with the Father of his Country, the idea was then first conceived of writing a *Life* of that great man which should more directly appeal to the popular feeling

of the land, than any one previously attempted. With this intent, he lost no opportunity of acquiring information, from all authentic sources within his reach, of the private life, habits and peculiarities of his subject. We learn too that the work thus early proposed was never banished from the mind of the author. The original intention, however, was subsequently modified, with a view of adapting the book to the use of schools, and "generally to that class of readers who have neither the means of purchasing, nor the leisure to read a larger and more expensive publication." Much of the information concerning the domestic life of Washington was derived immediately from his contemporaries, and from the "present most estimable lady who is now in possession of Mount Vernon." In detailing the events of the Revolution, the author has principally consulted the public and private letters of Washington.

The rich abundance of those delightful anecdotes and memorials of the private man which render a book of this nature invaluable—an abundance which has hardly more delighted than astonished us—is the prevailing feature of Mr. Paulding's *Washington*. We proceed, without apology, to copy for the benefit of our readers such as most immediately present themselves.

Although it is of little consequence who were the distant ancestors of a man who, by common consent, is hailed as the Father of his Country, yet any particulars concerning his family cannot but be a subject of curiosity. In all my general reading I have only chanced to meet with the name of Washington three or four times in the early history and literature of England. In the diary of Elias Ashmole, founder of the Ashmolean Museum, are the following entries:—

"June 12th, 1643. I entered on my command as comptroller of the ordnance."

"June 18th. I received my commission from Colonel Washington."

Hume, in his account of the siege of Bristol, has the following passage:—"One party led by Lord Grandison was beaten off and its commander himself mortally wounded. Another, conducted by Colonel Bellasis, met with a like fate. But Washington, with a less party, finding a place in the curtain weaker than the rest, broke in, and quickly made room for the horse to follow." This was in 1643. Five years afterwards, that delinquent monarch, Charles I., suffered the just consequences of his offences against the majesty of the people of England, and from that time the cause of royalty appeared desperate. The more distinguished and obnoxious adherents of the Stuarts exiled themselves in foreign lands, and the date of the supposed arrival of the first Washington in Virginia, accords well with the supposition that he may have been the same person mentioned by Ashmole and Hume. In an old collection of poetry, by Sir John Mordaunt and others, there is a fine copy of verses to the memory of Mr. Washington, page to the king, who died in Spain. In the year 1640, William Legge, Earl of Dartmouth, married Elizabeth, daughter of Sir William Washington. But the name and family of Washington are now extinct in the land of our forefathers. When General Washington was about making his will, he caused inquiries to be instituted, being desirous to leave some memorial to all his relations. The result was a conviction that none of the family existed in that country. But the topic is rather curious than important. The subject of this biography could receive little additional dignity through a descent from the most illustrious families of Christendom. He stands alone in the pure atmosphere of his own glory. He derived no title to honors from his ancestry, and left no child but his country to inherit his fame.

The house in which Washington was born stood about half a mile from the junction of Pope's Creek with the Potomac, and was either burned or pulled down long previous to the revolution. A few scanty relics alone remain to mark the spot which will ever be sacred in the eyes of posterity. A clump of old decayed

fig trees, probably coeval with the mansion, yet exists; a number of vines, and shrubs, and flowers still reproducing themselves every year as if to mark its site, and flourish among the halloved ruins; and a stone, placed there by Mr. George Washington Custis, bears the simple inscription, "Here, on the 11th of February," (O.S.) "1732, George Washington was born."

The spot is of the deepest interest, not only from its associations, but its natural beauties. It commands a view of the Maryland shore of the Potomac, one of the most majestic of rivers, and of its course for many miles towards Chesapeake Bay. An aged gentleman, still living in the neighborhood, remembers the house in which Washington was born. It was a low pitched, single-storied, frame building, with four rooms on the first floor and an enormous chimney at each end on the outside. This was the style of the better sort of houses in those days, and they are still occasionally seen in the old settlements of Virginia.

On page 106, vol. I. we find the following interesting particulars:

It has been related to me by one whose authority I cannot doubt, that the first meeting of Colonel Washington with his future wife was entirely accidental, and took place at the house of Mr. Chamberlayne, who resided on the Pamunkey, one of the branches of York River. Washington was on his way to Williamsburg, on somewhat pressing business, when he met Mr. Chamberlayne, who, according to the good old Virginia custom, which forbids a traveller to pass the door without doing homage at the fire-side of hospitality, insisted on his stopping an hour or two at his mansion. Washington complied unwillingly, for his business was urgent. But it is said that he was in no haste to depart, for he had met the lady of his fate in the person of Mrs. Martha Custis, of the White House, county of New Kent, in Virginia.

I have now before me a copy of an original picture of this lady, taken about the time of which I am treating, when she captivated the affections of Washington. It represents a figure rather below the middle size, with hazel eyes, and hair of the same colour, finely rounded arms, a beautiful chest and taper waist, dressed in a blue silk robe of the fashion of the times, and altogether furnishing a very sufficient apology to a young gentleman of seven and twenty for delaying his journey, and perhaps forgetting his errand for a time. The sun went down and rose again before Washington departed for Williamsburg, leaving his heart behind him, and, perhaps, carrying another away in exchange. Having completed his business at the seat of government, he soon after visited the White House, and being accosted, as my informant says, to energetic and persevering action, won the lady and carried her off from a crowd of rivals.

The marriage took place in the winter of 1739, but at what precise date is not to be found in any record, nor is it, I believe, within the recollection of any person living. I have in my possession a manuscript containing the particulars of various conversations with old Jeremy, Washington's black servant, who was with him at Braddock's defeat, and accompanied him on his wedding expedition to the White House. Old Jeremy is still living while I am now writing, and in full possession of his faculties. His memory is most especially preserved, and, as might be expected, he delights to talk of Massa George. The whole series of conversations was taken down verbatim, in the peculiar phraseology of the old man, and it is quite impossible to read the record of this living chronicle of the early days of Washington, without receiving the full conviction of its perfect truth.

The following account of his last illness is copied, we are told, from a memorandum in the handwriting of Tobias Lear, his private secretary and confidential friend, who attended him from first to last.

On Thursday, Dec. 12, the general rode out to his farms at about ten o'clock, and did not return home till past three. Soon after he went out the weather became very bad; rain, hail, and snow falling alternately, with a cold wind. When he came in, I carried some letters to him to frank, intending to send them to the post-office. He franked the letters, but said the weather was too bad to send a servant to the office that evening. I observed to him that I was afraid he had got wet; he said, no; his great coat had kept him dry; but his neck appeared to be wet—the snow was hanging on his hair.

He came to dinner without changing his dress. In the even-

ing he appeared as well as usual. A heavy fall of snow took place on Friday, which prevented the general from riding out as usual. He had taken cold (undoubtedly from being so much exposed the day before,) and complained of having a sore throat; he had a hoarseness, which increased in the evening, but he made light of it, as he would never take any thing to carry off a cold,—always observing, 'Let it go as it came.' In the evening, the papers having come from the post office, he sat in the room with Mrs. Washington and myself, reading them till about nine o'clock; and when he met with any thing which he thought diverting or interesting, he would read it aloud. He desired me to read to him the debates of the Virginia Assembly on the election of a senator and governor, which I did. On his retiring to bed he appeared to be in perfect health, except the cold, which he considered as trifling—he had been remarkably cheerful all the evening.

About two or three o'clock on Saturday morning he awoke Mrs. Washington, and informed her that he felt very unwell, and had an ague. She observed that he could scarcely speak, and breathed with difficulty, and she wished to get up and call a servant; but the general would not permit her, lest she should take cold. As soon as the day appeared, the woman Caroline went into the room to make a fire, and the general desired that Mr. Rawlins, one of the overseers, who was used to bleeding the people, might be sent for to bleed him before the doctor could arrive. I was sent for—went to the general's chamber, where Mrs. Washington was up, and related to me his being taken ill between two and three o'clock, as before stated. I found him breathing with difficulty, and hardly able to utter a word intelligibly. I went out instantly, and wrote a line to Dr. Plask, and sent it with all speed. Immediately I returned to the general's chamber, where I found him in the same situation I had left him. A mixture of molasses, vinegar, and butter was prepared, but he could not swallow a drop; whenever he attempted he was distressed, convulsed, and almost suffocated.

Mr. Rawlins came in soon after sunrise and prepared to bleed him; when the arm was ready, the general, observing Rawlins appeared agitated, said, with difficulty, 'Don't be afraid;' and after the incision was made, he observed the orifice was not large enough; however, the blood ran pretty freely. Mrs. Washington, not knowing whether bleeding was proper in the general's situation, begged that much might not be taken from him, and desired me to stop it. When I was about to untie the string, the general put up his hand to prevent it, and, as soon as he could speak, said, 'More.'

Mrs. Washington still uneasy lest too much blood should be drawn, it was stopped after about half a pint had been taken. Finding that no relief was obtained from bleeding, and that nothing could be swallowed, I proposed bathing the throat externally with sal volatile, which was done; a piece of flannel was then put round his neck. His feet were also soaked in warm water, but this gave no relief. By Mrs. Washington's request, I despatched a messenger for Doctor Brown at Port Tobacco. About nine o'clock, Dr. Craik arrived, and put a blister of cantharides on the throat of the general, and took more blood, and had some vinegar and hot water set in a teapot, for him to draw in the steam from the spout.

He also had sage-tea and vinegar mixed and used as a gargle, but when he held back his head to let it run down, it almost produced suffocation. When the mixture came out of his mouth some phlegm followed it, and he would attempt to cough, which the doctor encouraged, but without effect. About eleven o'clock, Dr. Dick was sent for. Dr. Craik bled the general again; no effect was produced, and he continued in the same state, unable to swallow any thing. Dr. Dick came in about three o'clock, and Dr. Brown arrived soon after; when, after consultation, the general was bled again: the blood ran slowly, appeared very thick, and did not produce any symptoms of fainting. At four o'clock the general could swallow a little. Calomel and tartar emetic were administered without effect. About half past four o'clock he requested me to ask Mrs. Washington to come to his bedside, when he desired her to go down to his room, and take from his desk two wills which she would find there, and bring them to him, which she did. Upon looking at one, which he observed was useless, he desired her to burn it, which she did; and then took the other and put it away. After this was done, I returned again to his bedside and took his hand. He said to me, 'I find I am going—my breath cannot continue long—I believed from the first attack it would be fatal. Do you arrange and re-

cord all my military letters and papers; arrange my accounts and settle my books, as you know more about them than any one else; and let Mr. Rawlins finish recording my other letters, which he has begun.' He asked when Mr. Lewis and Washington would return? I told him that I believed about the twentieth of the month. He made no reply.

The physicians arrived between five and six o'clock, and when they came to his bedside, Dr. Craik asked him if he would sit up in the bed: he held out his hand to me and was raised up, when he said to the physician—'I feel myself going; you had better not take any more trouble about me, but let me go off quietly; I cannot last long.' They found what had been done was without effect; he laid down again, and they retired, excepting Dr. Craik. He then said to him—'Doctor, I die hard, but I am not afraid to go; I believed from my first attack I should not survive it; my breath cannot last long.' The doctor pressed his hand, but could not utter a word; he retired from the bedside and sat by the fire, absorbed in grief. About eight o'clock, the physicians again came into the room, and applied blisters to his legs, but went out without a ray of hope. From this time he appeared to breathe with less difficulty than he had done, but was very restless, continually changing his position, to endeavor to get ease. I aided him all in my power, and was gratified in believing he felt it, for he would look upon me with eyes speaking gratitude, but unable to utter a word without great distress. About ten o'clock he made several attempts to speak to me before he could effect it; at length he said, 'I am just going. Have me decently buried; and do not let my body be put into the vault in less than two days after I am dead.' I bowed assent. He looked at me again and said, 'Do you understand me?' I replied, 'Yes, sir.' 'Tis well,' said he. About ten minutes before he expired, his breathing became much easier: he lay quietly: he withdrew his hand from mine, and felt his own pulse. I spoke to Dr. Craik, who sat by the fire; he came to the bedside. The general's hand fell from his wrist; I took it in mine, and placed it on my breast. Dr. Craik placed his hands over his eyes; and he expired without a struggle or a sigh.

We proceed with some farther extracts of a like kind taken at random from the book.

His manly disinterestedness appeared, not only in thus divesting himself of the means of acquiring glory, perhaps of the power of avoiding defeat and disgrace, but in a private act which deserves equally to be remembered. While the British fleet was lying in the Potomac, in the vicinity of Mount Vernon, a message was sent to the overseer, demanding a supply of fresh provisions. The usual penalty of a refusal was setting fire to the house and barns of the owner. To prevent this destruction of property, the overseer, on receipt of the message, gathered a supply of provisions, and went himself on board with a flag, accompanying the present with a request that the property of the general might be spared.

Washington was exceedingly indignant at this proceeding, as will appear by the following extract of a letter to his overseer.

"It would," he writes, "have been a less painful circumstance to me to have heard that, in consequence of your non-compliance with the request of the British, they had burned my house, and laid my plantation in ruins. You ought to have considered yourself as my representative, and should have reflected on the bad example of communicating with the enemy, and making a voluntary offer of refreshment to them with a view to prevent a conflagration."

And here I will take what seems to me a proper opportunity of refuting a false insinuation. In the edition of Plutarch's Lives, translated by John and William Langhorne, and revised by the Reverend Francis Wrangham, M. A., F.R.S., there is the following note appended to the biography of Cato the Censor, whose kindness is said to have extended to his cattle and sheep: "*Yet Washington, the Tertius Cato of these latter times, is said to have sold his old charger!*"

On first seeing this insinuation of a calumny founded on hearsay, I applied to Colonel Lear, who resided at Mount Vernon, and acted as the private secretary of Washington at the time of his death, and many years previously, to learn whether there was any foundation for the report. His denial was positive and unequivocal. The horse of Washington, sold, not by him, but one of his heirs, after his death, was that which he was accustomed to ride about his plantation after his retirement from pub-

lic life. The aged war-horse was placed under the special care of the old black servant who had served the same campaigns with him; was never rode after the conclusion of the war, and died long before his illustrious master.

As illustrating his character and affording an example of his great self-command, the following anecdote is appropriate to my purpose. It is derived from Judge Breckenridge* himself, who used often to tell the story. The judge was an intemperate humorist, and, on a particular occasion, fell in with Washington at a public house. They supped at the same table, and Mr. Breckenridge essayed all his powers of humor to divert the general; but in vain. He seemed aware of his purpose, and listened without a smile. However, it so happened that the chambers of Washington and Breckenridge adjoined, and were only separated from each other by a thin partition of pine boards. The general had retired first, and when the judge entered his own room, he was delighted to hear Washington, who was already in bed, laughing to himself with infinite glee, no doubt at the recollection of his stories.

He was accustomed sometimes to tell the following story:—On one occasion, during a visit he paid to Mount Vernon while president, he had invited the company of two distinguished lawyers, each of whom afterwards attained to the highest judicial situations in this country. They came on horseback, and, for convenience, or some other purpose, had bestowed their wardrobe in the same pair of saddle-bags, each one occupying his side. On their arrival, wet to the skin by a shower of rain, they were shown into a chamber to change their garments. One unlocked his side of the bag, and the first thing he drew forth was a black bottle of whiskey. He insisted that this was his companion's repository; but on unlocking the other, there was found a huge twist of tobacco, a few pieces of corn-bread, and the complete equipment of a wagoner's pack-saddle. They had exchanged saddle-bags with some traveller on the way, and finally made their appearance in borrowed clothes that fitted them most ludicrously. The general was highly diverted, and amused himself with anticipating the dismay of the wagoner when he discovered this oversight of the men of law. It was during this visit that Washington prevailed on one of his guests to enter into public life, and thus secured to his country the services of one of the most distinguished magistrates of this or any other age.

Another anecdote of a more touching character is derived from a source which, if I were permitted to mention, would not only vouch for its truth, but give it additional value and interest. When Washington retired from public life, his name and fame excited in the hearts of the people at large, and most especially the more youthful portion, a degree of reverence which, by checking their vivacity or awing them into silence, often gave him great pain. Being once on a visit to Colonel Blackburn, ancestor to the exemplary matron who now possesses Mount Vernon, a large company of young people were assembled to welcome his arrival, or on some other festive occasion. The general was unusually cheerful and animated, but he observed that whenever he made his appearance, the dance lost its vivacity, the little gossipings in corners ceased, and a solemn silence prevailed, as at the presence of one they either feared or revered too much to permit them to enjoy themselves. He strove to remove this restraint by mixing familiarly among them and chatting with unaffected hilarity. But it was all in vain; there was a spell on the little circle, and he retired among the elders in an adjoining room, appearing to be much pained at the restraint his presence inspired. When, however the young people had again become animated, he arose cautiously from his seat, walked on tiptoe to the door, which was ajar, and stood contemplating the scene for nearly a quarter of an hour, with a look of genuine and benevolent pleasure that went to the very hearts of the parents who were observing him.

In regard to the style of Mr. Paulding's Washington, it would scarcely be doing it justice to speak of it merely as well adapted to its subject, and to its immediate design. Perhaps a rigorous examination would detect an occasional want of euphony, and some inaccuracies of syntactical arrangement. But nothing could be more out

* Author of *Modern Chivalry*.

of place than any such examination in respect to a book whose forcible, rich, vivid, and comprehensive English, might advantageously be held up, as a model for the young writers of the land. There is no better literary manner than the manner of Mr. Paulding. Certainly no American, and possibly no living writer of England, has more of those numerous peculiarities which go to the formation of a happy style. It is questionable, we think, whether any writer of any country combines as many of these peculiarities with as much of that essential negative virtue, the absence of affectation. We repeat, as our confident opinion, that it would be difficult, even with great care and labor, to improve upon the general manner of the volumes now before us, and that they contain many long individual passages of a force and beauty not to be surpassed by the finest passages of the finest writers in any time or country. It is this striking character in the *Washington* of Mr. Paulding—striking and peculiar indeed at a season when we are so culpably inattentive to all matters of this nature, as to mistake for style the fine airs at second hand of the silliest romancers—it is this character we say, which should insure the fulfilment of the writer's principal design, in the immediate introduction of his book into every respectable academy in the land.

WALSH'S DIDACTICS.

Didactics—Social, Literary, and Political. By Robert Walsh. Philadelphia: Carey, Lea, and Blanchard.

Having read these volumes with much attention and pleasure, we are prepared to admit that their author is one of the finest writers, one of the most accomplished scholars, and when not in too great a hurry, one of the most accurate thinkers in the country. Yet had we never seen this collection of *Didactics*, we should never have entertained these opinions. Mr. Walsh has been peculiarly an anonymous writer, and has thus been instrumental in cheating himself of a great portion of that literary renown which is most unequivocally his due. We have been not unfrequently astonished in the perusal of the book now before us, at meeting with a variety of well known and highly esteemed acquaintances, for whose paternity we had been accustomed to give credit where we now find it should not have been given. Among these we may mention in especial the very excellent Essay on the acting of Kean, entitled "*Notices of Kean's principal performances during his first season in Philadelphia*," to be found at page 146, volume i. We have often thought of the unknown author of this Essay, as of one to whom we might speak, if occasion should at any time be granted us, with a perfect certainty of being understood. We have looked to the article itself as to a fair oasis in the general blankness and futility of our customary theatrical notices. We read it with that thrill of pleasure with which we always welcome our own long-cherished opinions, when we meet them unexpectedly in the language of another. How absolute is the necessity now daily growing, of rescuing our stage criticism from the control of illiterate mountebanks, and placing it in the hands of gentlemen and scholars!

The paper on *Collegiate Education*, beginning at page 165, volume ii, is much more than a sufficient reply to that Essay in the *Old Bachelor* of Mr. Wirt,

in which the attempt is made to argue down colleges as seminaries for the young. Mr. Walsh's article does not uphold Mr. Barlow's plan of a National University—a plan which is assailed by the Attorney General—but comments upon some errors in point of fact, and enters into a brief but comprehensive examination of the general subject. He maintains with undeniable truth, that it is illogical to deduce arguments against universities which are to exist at the present day, from the inconveniences found to be connected with institutions formed in the dark ages—institutions similar to our own in but few respects, modelled upon the principles and prejudices of the times, organized with a view to particular ecclesiastical purposes, and confined in their operations by an infinity of Gothic and perplexing regulations. He thinks, (and we believe he thinks with a great majority of our well educated fellow citizens) that in the case either of a great national institute or of State universities, nearly all the difficulties so much insisted upon will prove a series of mere chimeras—that the evils apprehended might be readily obviated, and the acknowledged benefits uninterruptedly secured. He denies, very justly, the assertion of the *Old Bachelor*—that, in the progress of society, funds for collegiate establishments will no doubt be accumulated, independently of government, when their benefits are evident, and a necessity for them felt—and that the rich who have funds will, whenever strongly impressed with the necessity of so doing, provide, either by associations or otherwise, proper seminaries for the education of their children. He shows that these assertions are contradictory to experience, and more particularly to the experience of the State of Virginia, where, notwithstanding the extent of private opulence, and the disadvantages under which the community so long labored from a want of regular and systematic instruction, it was the government which was finally compelled, and not private societies which were induced, to provide establishments for effecting the great end. He says (and therein we must all fully agree with him) that Virginia may consider herself fortunate in following the example of all the enlightened nations of modern times rather than in hearkening to the counsels of the *Old Bachelor*. He dissents (and who would not?) from the allegation, that "the most eminent men in Europe, particularly in England, have received their education neither at public schools or universities," and shows that the very reverse may be affirmed—that on the continent of Europe by far the greater number of its great names have been attached to the rolls of its universities—and that in England a vast majority of those minds which we have revered so long—the Bacons, the Newtons, the Barrows, the Clarkes, the Spencers, the Miltons, the Drydens, the Addisons, the Temples, the Hales, the Clarendons, the Mansfields, Chatham, Pitt, Fox, Wyndham, &c. were educated among the venerable cloisters of Oxford or of Cambridge. He cites the Oxford Prize Essays, so well known even in America, as direct evidence of the energetic ardor in acquiring knowledge brought about through the means of British Universities, and maintains that "when attention is given to the subsequent public stations and labors of most of the writers of these Essays, it will be found that they prove also the ultimate practical utility of the literary discipline of the

colleges for the students and the nation." He argues, that were it even true that the greatest men have not been educated in public schools, the fact would have little to do with the question of their efficacy in the instruction of the mass of mankind. Great men cannot be *created*—and are usually independent of all particular schemes of education. Public seminaries are best adapted to the generality of cases. He concludes with observing that the course of study pursued at English Universities, is more liberal by far than we are willing to suppose it—that it is, demonstrably, the best, inasmuch as regards the preference given to classical and mathematical knowledge—and that upon the whole it would be an easy matter, in transferring to America the general principles of those institutions, to leave them their obvious errors, while we avail ourselves as we best may, of their still more obvious virtues and advantages.

We must take the liberty of copying an interesting paper on the subject of Oxford.

The impression made on my mind by the first aspect of Paris was scarcely more lively or profound, than that which I experienced on entering Oxford. Great towns were already familiar to my eye, but a whole city sacred to the cultivation of science, composed of edifices no less venerable for their antiquity than magnificent in their structure, was a novelty which at once delighted and overpowered my imagination. The entire population is in some degree appended and ministerial to the colleges. They comprise nearly the whole town, and are so noble and imposing, although entirely Gothic, that I was inclined to apply to the architecture of Oxford what has been said of the schools of Athens;

"The Muse alone unequal dealt her rage,
And graced with noblest pomp her earliest stage."

Spacious gardens laid out with taste and skill are annexed to each college, and appropriated to the exercises and meditations of the students. The adjacent country is in the highest state of cultivation, and watered by a beautiful stream, which bears the name of Isis, the divinity of the Nile and the Ceres of the Egyptians. To you who know my attachment to letters, and my veneration for the great men whom this university has produced, it will not appear affectation, when I say that I was most powerfully affected by this scene, that my eyes filled with tears, that all the enthusiasm of a student burst forth.

After resting, I delivered next morning, my letter of introduction to one of the professors, Mr. V—, and who undertook to serve as my *cicerone* through the university. The whole day was consumed in wandering over the various colleges and their libraries, in discoursing on their organization, and in admiring the Gothic chapels, the splendid prospects from their domes, the collection of books, of paintings, and of statuary, and the portraits of the great men who were nursed in this seat of learning. Both here and at Cambridge, accurate likenesses of such as have by their political or literary elevation, ennobled their *alma mater*, are hung up in the great halls, in order to excite the emulation of their successors, and perpetuate the fame of the institution. I do not wish to fatigue you by making you the associate of all my wanderings and reflections, but only beg you to follow me rapidly through the picture-gallery attached to the celebrated Bodleian library. It is long indeed, and covered with a multitude of original portraits, but from them I shall merely select a few, in which your knowledge of history will lead you to take a lively interest.

I was struck with the face of Martin Luther the reformer. It was not necessary to have studied Lavater to collect from it, the character of his mind. His features were excessively harsh though regular, his eye intelli-

gent but sullen and scowling, and the whole expression of his countenance, that of a sour, intemperate, overbearing controversialist. Near him were placed likenesses of Locke, Butler, and Charles II., painted by Sir Peter Lely; with the countenance of Locke you are well acquainted, that of Butler has nothing sportive in it—does not betray a particle of humor, but is, on the contrary, grave, solemn, and didactic in the extreme, and must have been taken in one of his splenetic moods, when brooding over the neglect of Charles, rather than in one of those moments of inspiration, as they may be styled, in which he narrated the achievements of Hudibras. The physiognomy of Charles is, I presume, familiar to you, lively but not "spiritual." Lord North is among the number of heads, and I was caught by his strong resemblance to the present king; so strong as to remind one of the scandalous chronicles of times past.

The face of Mary queen of Scots next attracted my notice. It was taken in her own time, and amply justifies what historians have written, or poets have sung, concerning her incomparable beauty. If ever there was a countenance meriting the epithet of lovely in its most comprehensive signification, it was this, which truly "vindicated the veracity of Fame," and in which I needed not the aid of imagination to trace the virtues of her heart. In reading Hume and Whitaker I have often wept over her misfortunes, and now turned with increased disgust from an original portrait of Elizabeth, her rival and assassin, which was placed immediately above, and contributed to heighten the captivations of the other by the effect of contrast. The features of Elizabeth are harsh and irregular, her eye severe, her complexion bad, her whole face, in short, just such as you would naturally attach to such a mind.

Among the curiosities of the gallery may be ranked a likeness of Sir Phillip Sydney, done with a red hot poker, on wood, by a person of the name of Griffith, belonging to one of the colleges. It is really a monument of human patience and ingenuity, and has the appearance of a good painting. I cannot describe to you without admiration another most extraordinary freak of genius exhibited here, and altogether unique in its kind. It is a portrait of Isaac Tuller, a celebrated painter in the reign of Charles II., executed by himself *when drunk*. Tradition represents it as an admirable likeness, and of inebriety in the abstract, there never was a more faithful or perfect delineation. This anecdote is authentic, and must amuse the fancy, if we picture to ourselves the artist completely intoxicated, inspecting his own features in a mirror, and hitting off, with complete success, not only the general character, but the peculiar stamp, which such a state must have impressed upon them. His conception was as full of humor as of originality, and well adapted to the system of manners which the reigning monarch introduced and patronized. As I am on the subject of portraits, permit me to mention three to which my attention was particularly called on my visit to the University of Dublin. They were those of Burke, Swift, and Bishop Berkeley, done by the ablest masters. The latter must have had one of the most impressive physiognomies ever given to man, "*the human face divine*." That of Burke is far inferior, but strongly marked by an indignant smile; a proper expression for the feelings by which his mind was constantly agitated towards the close of his life. The face of Swift from which you would expect every thing, is dull, heavy and unmeaning.

Portrait painting is the *forte*, as it has always been the passion of this country. Happily for the inquisitive stranger, every rich man has all his progenitors and relatives on canvass. The walls of every public institution are crowded with benefactors and pupils, and no town hall is left without the heads of the corporation, or the representatives of the borough. The same impulse that prompts us to gaze with avidity on the persons of our cotemporaries, if there be any thing prominent in their character, or peculiar in their history, leads us to turn a curious and attentive eye on the likenesses of the

"mighty dead," whose souls as well as faces are thus in some degree transmitted to posterity. Next to my association with the living men of genius who render illustrious the names of Englishmen, no more sensible gratification has accrued to me from my residence in this country, than that of studying the countenances of their predecessors; no employment has tended more efficaciously to improve my acquaintance with the history of the nation, to animate research, and to quicken the spirit of competition.

I quitted Oxford with a fervent wish that such an establishment might one day grace our own country. I have uttered an ejaculation to the same effect whenever the great monuments of industry and refinement which Europe displays exclusively, have fallen under my observation. We have indeed just grounds to hope that we shall one day eclipse the old world.

"Each rising art by just gradation moves,
Toil builds on toil, and age on age improves."

The only paper in the *Didactics*, to which we have any decided objection, is a tolerably long article on the subject of *Phrenology*, entitled "Memorial of the Phrenological Society of ——— to the Honorable the Congress of ——— sitting at ———." Considered as a specimen of mere burlesque the *Memorial* is well enough—but we are sorry to see the energies of a scholar and an editor (who should be, if he be not, a man of metaphysical science) so wickedly employed as in any attempt to throw ridicule upon a question, (however much maligned, or however apparently ridiculous) whose merits he has never examined, and of whose very nature, history, and assumptions, he is most evidently ignorant. Mr. Walsh is either ashamed of this article now, or he will have plentiful reason to be ashamed of it hereafter.

COOPER'S SWITZERLAND

Sketches of Switzerland. By an American. Philadelphia: Carey, Lea and Blanchard.

These very interesting sketches are merely selections from a work of much larger extent, originally intended for publication, but which, as a whole, is, for private reasons, suppressed. There is consequently on this account, and on some others, several *vacuums* in the narrative. Mr. Cooper commenced the year 1828 in Paris, whence, after a short stay, he paid a visit to England. In June he returned to France by the way of Holland and Belgium. The narrative embraced in vol. i commences at Paris after his return from England, and terminates at Milan. The remainder of the year 1828, and the years 1829, 1830, and 1831, with part of 1832, were passed between Italy, Germany, France and Belgium. Volume ii recommences at Paris, and a great portion of it is occupied with matters relating to other countries than that which gives a title to the book.

We either see, or fancy we see, in these volumes, and more particularly in the Preface affixed to them, a degree of splenetic ill humor with both himself and his countrymen, quite different from the usual manner of the novelist, and evincing something akin to resentment for real or imaginary ill usage. He frankly tells us among other things, that had the whole of his intended publication seen the light, it is probable their writer would not have escaped some imputations on his patriotism—for in making the comparisons that naturally arose from his subject, he has spoken in favor of American principles much oftener than in favor of American

things. He then proceeds with a sneer at a "numerous class of native critics," and expresses a hope that he may be permitted at least to assert, that "a mountain fifteen thousand feet high is more lofty than one of fifteen hundred, and that Mont Blanc is a more sublime object than Butter Hill." We quote a specimen of the general tone of this Preface.

The writer does not expect much favor for the political opinions that occasionally appear in these letters. He has the misfortune to belong to neither of the two great parties that divide the country, and which, though so bitterly hostile and distrustful of each other, will admit of no neutrality. It is a menacing symptom that there is a disposition to seek for a base motive, whenever a citizen may not choose to plunge into the extremes that characterize the movements of political factions. This besetting vice is accompanied by another feeling, that is so singularly opposed to that which every body is ready to affirm is the governing principle of the institutions, that it may do no harm slightly to advert to it. Any one who may choose to set up a semi-official organ of public opinion, called a newspaper, however illiterate, base, flagrantly corrupt, and absolutely destitute of the confidence and respect of every man in the community, may daily pour out upon the public his falsehoods, his contradictions, his ignorance, and his corruption, treating the national interests as familiarly as "household terms," and all because he is acting in an admitted vocation; the public servant, commissioned to execute the public will, may even turn upon his masters, and tell them not only in what light they are to view him and his conduct, but in what light they are also to view the conduct of his associates in trust; in short, tell them how to make up their judgments on himself and others; and all because he is a public servant, and the public is his master: but the private citizen, who merely forms a part of that public, is denounced for his presumption, should he dare to speak of matters of general concernment, except under such high sanction, or as the organ of party.

It may be well to say at once, that this peculiar feeling has not been permitted to influence the tone of these letters, which have been written, in all respects, as if the republic did not contain one of those privileged persons, honored as "patriots" and "godlikes," but as if both classes were as actually unknown to the country as they are certainly unknown to the spirit and letter of its institutions.

The spirit of these observations seems to be carried out (we cannot say with what degree of justice,) in many other portions of the book. On page 71, vol. i, we observe what follows.

Among other books, I have laid my hands, by accident, on the work of a recent French traveller in the United States. We read little other than English books at home, and are much given to declaiming against English travellers for their unfairness: but, judging from this specimen of Gallic opinion, our ancient allies rate us quite as low as our quondam fellow subjects. A perusal of the work in question has led me to inquire further into the matter, and I am now studying one or two German writers on the same interesting subject. I must say that thus far, I find little to feed national vanity, and I begin to fear (what I have suspected ever since the first six months in Europe) that we are under an awkward delusion respecting the manner in which the rest of Christendom regards that civilization touching which we are so sensitive. It is some time since I have made the discovery, that 'the name of an American is not a passport all over Europe,' but on the other hand, that where it conveys any very distinct notions at all, it usually conveys such as are any thing but flattering or agreeable. . . . I shall pursue the trail on which I have fallen, and you will probably hear more of this, before these letters are brought to a close.

At page 113 of the same volume we have something of the same nature, and which we confess astonished us in no little degree.

We have just had a visit from two old acquaintances—Manhattanese. They tell me a good many of our people are wandering among the mountains, though they are the first we have seen. There is a list of arrivals published daily in Berne; and in one of them I found the name of Captain C—, of the Navy; and that of Mr. O., an old and intimate friend, whom it was vexatious to miss in a strange land. Mr. and Mrs. G—, of New York, are also somewhere in the cantons. Our numbers increase, and with them our abuse; for it is not an uncommon thing to see, written in English in the travellers' books kept by law at all the inns, pasquinades on America, opposite the American names. What a state of feeling it betrays, when a traveller cannot write his name, in compliance with a law of the country in which he happens to be, without calling down upon himself anathemas of this kind! I have a register of twenty-three of these gratuitous injuries. What renders them less excusable, is the fact, that they who are guilty of the impropriety would probably think twice before they performed the act in the presence of the party wronged. These intended insults are, consequently, so many registers of their own meanness. Let the truth be said; I have never seen one, unless in the case of an American, or one that was not written in English! Straws show which way the wind blows. This disposition, in our kinsmen, to deride and abuse America, is observed and freely commented on by the people of the continent, who are far from holding us themselves in the highest respect.

And again, on page 327, vol. ii.

I have made this comparison as the last means I know of to arouse you from your American complacency on the subject of the adjectives *grand*, *majestic*, *elegant* and *splendid*, in connection with our architecture. The latter word, in particular, is coming to be used like a household term; while there is not, probably, a single work of art, from Georgia to Maine, to which it can with propriety be applied. I do not know a single edifice in the Union that can be considered more than third rate by its size and ornaments, nor more than one or two that ought to be ranked even so high. When it comes to capitals, and the use of the adjectives I have just quoted, it may be well to remember, that there is no city in the Republic that has not decidedly the air and the habits of a provincial town, and this too, usually without possessing the works of art that are quite commonly found in this hemisphere, even in places of that rank, or a single public building to which the term *magnificent* can with any fitness be adjudged.

We can only say, that if the suppressed portions of Mr. Cooper's intended publication embraced any thing more likely than these assertions and opinions to prove unacceptable to American readers at large, it is perhaps better, both for his own reputation, and for the interest of his publishers, that he finally decided upon the suppression. Yet Mr. Cooper may be right, and not having the fear of punishment sufficiently before our eyes, we, for ourselves, frankly confess that we believe him to be right. The passages which remain of a similar nature to those we have quoted, will only serve we hope, to give additional piquancy to these admirable Sketches. As a work affording extensive and valuable information on the subject of Switzerland, we have seen nothing in any shape, at all equal to the volumes before us.

The extract we now subjoin, will prove beyond doubt, that the fine descriptive powers of the author of the *Prairie*, are in as full vigor as ever.

It is at all times a very difficult thing to convey vivid and, at the same time, accurate impressions of grand scenery by the use of words. When the person to whom the communication is made has seen objects that have a general similarity to those described, the task certainly becomes less difficult, for he who speaks or writes may illustrate his meaning by familiar comparisons; but who in America, that has never left America, can have a just idea of the scenery of this region? A Swiss would readily comprehend a description of vast masses of granite capped with eternal snow, for such objects are constantly before his eyes; but to those who have never looked upon such a magnificent spectacle, written accounts, when they come near their climax, fall as much short of the intention, as words are less substantial than things. With a full consciousness of this deficiency in my craft, I shall attempt to give you some notion of the two grandest aspects that the Alps, when seen from this place, assume; for it seems a species of poetical treason to write of Switzerland and be silent on what are certainly two of its most decided sublimities.

One of these appearances is often alluded to, but I do not remember to have ever heard the other mentioned. The first is produced by the setting sun, whose rays of a cloudless evening, are the parents of hues and changes of a singularly lovely character. For many minutes the lustre of the glacier slowly retires, and is gradually succeeded by a tint of rose color, which, falling on so luminous a body, produces a sort of "roseate light;" the whole of the vast range becoming mellowed and subdued to indescribable softness. This appearance gradually increases in intensity, varying on different evenings, however, according to the state of the atmosphere. At the very moment, perhaps, when the eye is resting most eagerly on this extraordinary view, the light vanishes. No scenic change is more sudden than that which follows. All the forms remain unaltered, but so varied in hue, as to look like the ghosts of mountains. You see the same vast range of eternal snow, but you see it ghastly and spectral. You fancy that the spirits of the Alps are ranging themselves before you. Watching the peaks for a few minutes longer, the light slowly departs. The spectres, like the magnified images of the phantasmagoria, grow more and more faint, less and less material, until swallowed in the firmament. What renders all this more thrillingly exquisite is, the circumstance that these changes do not occur until after evening has fallen on the lower world, giving to the whole the air of nature sporting in the upper regions, with some of her spare and detached materials.

This sight is far from uncommon. It is seen during the summer, at least, in greater or less perfection, as often as twice or thrice a week. The other is much less frequent; for, though a constant spectator when the atmosphere was favorable, it was never my fortune to witness it but twice; and even on these occasions, only one of them is entitled to come within the description I am about to attempt.

It is necessary to tell you that the Aar flows toward Berne in a north-west direction, through a valley of some width, and several leagues in length. To this fact the Bernese are indebted for their view of the Oberland Alps, which stretch themselves exactly across the mouth of the gorge, at the distance of forty miles in an air line. These giants are supported by a row of outposts, any one of which, of itself, would be a spectacle in another country. One in particular, is distinguished by its form, which is that of a cone. It is nearly in a line with the Jung Frau,* the virgin queen of the Oberland. This mountain is called the Niesen. It stands some eight or ten miles in advance of the mighty range, though to the eye, at Berne, all these accessories appear to be tumbled without order at the very feet of their principals. The height of the Niesen is given by Ebel at 5584 French, or nearly 6000 English feet, above the

* Jung Frau, or the virgin; (pronounced Yoong Frew.) The mountain is thus called, because it has never been scaled.

lake of Thun, on whose margin it stands; and at 7340 French, or nearly 8000 English feet above the sea. In short, it is rather higher than the highest peak of our own White Mountains. The Jung Frau rises directly behind this mass, rather more than a mile nearer to heaven.

The day, on the occasion to which I allude, was clouded, and as a great deal of mist was clinging to all the smaller mountains, the lower atmosphere was much charged with vapor. The cap of the Niesen was quite hid, and a wide streak of watery clouds lay along the whole of the summits of the nearer range, leaving, however, their brown sides misty but visible. In short the Niesen and its immediate neighbors looked like any other range of noble mountains, whose heads were hid in the clouds. I think the vapor must have caused a good deal of refraction, for above these clouds rose the whole of the Oberland Alps to an altitude which certainly seemed even greater than usual. Every peak and all the majestic formation was perfectly visible, though the whole range appeared to be severed from the earth, and to float in air. The line of communication was veiled, and while all below was watery, or enfeebled by mist, the glaciers threw back the fierce light of the sun with powerful splendor. The separation from the lower world was made the more complete, from the contrast between the sombre hues beneath and the calm but bright magnificence above. One had some difficulty in imagining that the two could be parts of the same orb. The effect of the whole was to create a picture of which I can give no other idea, than by saying it resembled a glimpse, through the windows of heaven, at such a gorgeous but chastened grandeur, as the imagination might conceive to suit the place. There were moments when the spectral aspect just mentioned, dimmed the lustre of the snows, without injuring their forms, and no language can do justice to the sublimity of the effect. It was impossible to look at them without religious awe; and, irreverent though it may seem, I could hardly persuade myself I was not gazing at some of the sublime mysteries that lie beyond the grave.

A fortnight passed in contemplating such spectacles at the distance of sixteen leagues, has increased the desire to penetrate nearer to the wonders; and it has been determined that as many of our party who are of an age to enjoy the excursion, shall quit this place in a day or two for the Oberland.

MELLEN'S POEMS.*

The Martyr's Triumph; Buried Valley; and other Poems.
By Grenville Mellen. Boston, 300 pp.

We took up this book with the conviction that we should be pleased with its contents, and our highly wrought expectations have not in any degree been disappointed. It is as high praise as we are able to bestow upon it, that we have read most of its contents with the very associations around us, which are required for the perfect production of the impressions intended to be produced by the poet—and that we have, in each and all, still found those impressions strengthening and deepening upon our minds, as we perused the pages before us. "The Buried Valley," in which is portrayed the well remembered tragedy of the avalanche, which, in 1526, buried a peaceful cottage situated at the foot of the White Mountains, with all its inhabitants, at midnight, is not perhaps the best, though a most deeply interesting part of the volume. It is too unequal in its style, and at times too highly wrought, perhaps, as a picture. But the idea which it gives the reader of the

wild and magnificent spot upon which this terrible catastrophe occurred is perfect, and the description of the circumstances and incidents of the scene most faithful.

The Scenery of the White Mountains of New Hampshire forms the inspiration of another poem also in this collection, which we boldly place beside any emanation from the most gifted of our poets. We allude to "Lines on an Eagle," on pp. 130 and 131. We must be chary of our space, and can therefore give but a single stanza, in corroboration of our opinion.

Sail on, thou lone imperial bird,
Of quenchless eye and tireless wing;
How is thy distant coming heard,
As the night-breezes round thee ring!
Thy course was 'gainst the burning sun,
In his extremest glory—how!
Is thy unequal'd daring done,
Thou stoop'st to earth so lowly now!

The "Martyr's Triumph" is a most splendid poem, and deserves all the praise it has received from reader and critic. What can be more beautiful than the exordium?

Voice of the viewless spirit! that hast rung
Through the still chambers of the human heart,
Since our first parents in sweet Eden sung
Their low lament in tears—thou voice, that art
Around us and above us, sounding on
With a perpetual echo, 'tis on thee,
The ministry sublime to wake and warn!—
Full of that high and wondrous Deity,
That call'd existence out from Chaos' lonely sea!

And what more purely inspired than the following?

Thou wast from God when the green earth was young,
And man enchanted ro'ed amid its flowers,
When faultless woman to his bosom clung,
Or led him through her paradise of bowers;
Where love's low whispers from the Garden rose,
And both amid its bloom and beauty bent,
In the long luxury of their first repose!
When the whole earth was incense, and there went
Perpetual praise from altars to the firmament.

And these are but single "bricks from Babel." Specimens, only, of the beauty and grace with which the poem abounds.

Were we looking for faults, doubtless we should be able to find them, for who is faultless? But that is not our aim. Yet would we suggest to the author that the use of the word *dulce* in stanza six, is somewhat forced,—and though a sweet word in itself, is yet "like sweet bells jangled, harsh, and out of tune," on account of its rarity, which induces the reader to note its strangeness rather than to admire its application. The whole book abounds with proofs of Mellen's fine musical ear, and therefore does it seem to us a fault that he should have suffered the compositor to do him the injustice of printing such a line as this.

"Before Ill-starr'd Dunstan's waving wood!"

But it is for the minor, or shorter pieces which the volume contains, that it is most highly to be valued. Mellen is delightful in his "occasional poems." Take the following, addressed to one of the sweetest singers, whose strains, like angel-harmonies from heaven, ever floated upon the rapt ear of the poet, as a proof.

TO HELEN.

Music came down from Heaven to thee,
A spirit of repose—
A fine, mysterious melody,

* We have received this notice of Mellen's Poems from a personal friend, in whose judgment we have implicit reliance—of course we cannot deviate from our rules by adopting the criticism as Editorial.

That ceaseless round thee flows;
Should Joy's fast waves dash o'er thy soul,
In free and reckless throng,
What Music answers from the whole,
In thy resistless song!

Oh! Music came a boon to thee,
From yon harmonious spheres;
An influence from eternity,
To charm us from our tears!
Should Grief's dim phantoms then conspire
To tread thy heart along,
Thou shalt but seize thy wavy lyre,
And whelm them all in song!

Yes, thine's a blest inheritance,
Since to thy lips 'tis given;
To lure from its long sorrows hence
The spirit pall'd and riven!
Go, unto none on earth but thee
Such angel tones belong;
For thou wert born of melody,
Thy soul was bath'd in song!

There are many such, as, for instance, "To Sub Rosa," "Death of Julia," "The Eagle," "The Bugle," "To Gabriella R—, of Richmond," &c. &c.

Mellen is distinguished for his lyric powers. His Odes are all very fine. That "To Music," in the volume before us, is deserving of particular mention, as indeed are those "To Shakspeare," "To Byron," "To Lafayette," and others, written on several public occasions.

The volume has but one general fault, and that is, its deficiency in the lighter and gayer strain, in which we have private proofs that Mellen certainly excels. It were to be regretted that the poet did not throw into his collection some touches of that delicate and graceful humor, which none can more happily hit off than himself. The general tone of the volume is grave, if not indeed severe—though relieved by many exquisite verses like those already alluded to, and of which the following may serve as another specimen.

TO SUB ROSA.

Lady, if while that chord of thine,
So beautifully strung
To music that seem'd just divine,
Still sweetly round me rung,
I should essay a higher song
Than humblest minstrel may,
Shame o'er my lyre would breathe the wrong,
And lure my hand away.

Forgive me then if I forbear,
Where thou hast done so well,
Nor o'er my harp strings idly dare
What I should feebly tell.
'Tis woman that alone can breathe
These hoiter fancies free—
Ah, then, be thine the fadeless wreath
I proudly yield to thee.

O.

We may add to the critique of our friend O. that in looking over cursorily the poems of Mellen, we have been especially taken with the following spirited lyric.

STANZAS,

Sung at Plymouth, on the Anniversary of the landing of our Fathers, 22d Dec. 1820.

Wake your harp's music!—louder—higher,
And pour your strains along,
And smite again each quiv'ring wire,
In all the pride of Song!
Shout like those godlike men of old,
Who daring storm and foe,

On this bless'd soil their anthem roll'd,
Two hundred years ago!

From native shores by tempests driven,
They sought a purer sky,
And found beneath a wilder heaven,
The home of liberty!
An altar rose—and prayers—a ray
Broke on their night of woe—
The harbinger of Freedom's day,
Two hundred years ago!

They clung around that symbol too,
Their refuge and their all;
And swore while skies and waves were blue,
That altar should not fall.
They stood upon the red man's sod,
'Neath heaven's unpillar'd bow,
With home—a country—and a God,
Two hundred years ago!

Oh! 'twas a hard unyielding fate
That drove them to the seas,
And Persecution strove with Hate,
To darken her decrees:
But safe above each coral grave,
Each booming ship did go—
A God was on the western wave,
Two hundred years ago!

They knelt them on the desert sand,
By waters cold and rude,
Alone upon the dreary strand
Of Ocean'd solitude!
They look'd upon the high blue air,
And felt their spirits glow,
Resolved to live or perish there,
Two hundred years ago!

The Warrior's red right arm was bar'd,
His eye flash'd deep and wild;
Was there a foreign footstep dar'd
To seek his home and child?
The dark chiefs yell'd alarm—and swore
The white man's blood should flow,
And his hewn bones should bleach their shore,
Two hundred years ago!

But lo! the warrior's eye grew dim,
His arm was left alone;
The still black wilds which shelter'd him,
No longer were his own!
Time fled—and on this hallow'd ground
His highest pine lies low,
And cities swell where forests frown'd,
Two hundred years ago!

Oh! stay not to recount the tale,
'Twas bloody—and 'tis past;
The firmest cheek might well grow pale,
To hear it to the last.
The God of Heaven, who prospers us,
Could bid a nation grow,
And shield us from the red man's curse,
Two hundred years ago!

Come then great shades of glorious men,
From your still glorious grave;
Look on your own proud land again,
Oh! bravest of the brave!
We call ye from each mould'ring tomb,
And each blue wave below,
To bless the world ye snatch'd from doom,
Two hundred years ago!

Then to your harps—yet louder—higher—
And pour your strains along,
And smite again each quiv'ring wire,
In all the pride of song!
Shout for those godlike men of old,
Who daring storm and foe,
On this bless'd soil their anthem roll'd,
TWO HUNDRED YEARS AGO!

SOUTHERN LITERARY MESSENGER.

VOL. II.

RICHMOND, JUNE, 1836.

No. VII.

T. W. WHITE, PROPRIETOR.

FIVE DOLLARS PER ANNUM.

RIGHT OF INSTRUCTION.*

The receipt of your letter afforded me much pleasure, not only on account of the interesting subject it treats of, but as a gratifying evidence of your remembrance of me. I fear, however, that you will have reason to repent of your kindness, as I shall presume upon it to task your patience with some observations in defence of my old federal notions upon your doctrine of instructions. I will endeavor to show that the extracts made in the Enquirer from the speeches of Messrs. King, Jay and Hamilton, in the New York Convention, do not sustain (even if we are to take the report of them to be verbally correct) the doctrine or right as it is contended for in Virginia. I understand that doctrine to be, that the instructions of a State Legislature to a Senator of the United States, are an authoritative, constitutional, lawful command, which he is bound implicitly to obey, and which he cannot disobey without a violation of his official duty as a Senator, imposing upon him the obligation to resign his place if he cannot, or will not, conform to the will of his Legislature. I confess that this doctrine appears to me to be absolutely incompatible with the cardinal principles of our Constitution, as a representative government; to break up the foundations which were intended to give it strength and stability, and to impart to it a consistent, uniform and harmonious action; and, virtually, to bring us back to a simple, turbulent democracy, the worst of all governments—or rather, no government at all. I do not mean to enter upon the broad ground of argument of this question, with which you are so well acquainted, but to examine, as briefly as I can, but probably not so much so as your patience would require, the federal authorities which the writer in the Enquirer believes he has brought to the support of his opinions.

I cannot put out of the discussion, although I will not insist upon, the objection to the authority of the reports of the speeches alluded to, especially when it turns upon a question of extreme accuracy in the use of certain precise words and phrases, any departure from which would materially affect the sense of the speaker. We see daily in the reports of congressional debates, the most important mistakes or misrepresentations, unintentionally made, not of expressions merely, but of the very substance and meaning of the speakers; sometimes reporting the very reverse of what they actually said. I have occasion to know the carelessness with which these reports are frequently made, and, indeed, the impossibility of making them with accuracy. What a man writes he must abide by, in its fair and legitimate meaning; but what another writes for him,

however honest in the intention, cannot be so strictly imputed to him. There is also an objection to *extracts*, even truly recited, inasmuch as they are often qualified or modified by other parts of the writing or speech. As I have not, immediately at hand, the debates of the New York Convention, I am unable, just now, to see how far this may have been the case in the speeches from which the quotations are made. I must, therefore, at present, be content to take them as they are given in the Enquirer, and even then it appears to me that they are far from covering the Virginia doctrine of instructions. Let us see. Mr. King is represented to have said, that "the Senators will have a *powerful check* in those who wish for their seats." This is most true—and in fact it is to this struggle for place that we owe much of the zeal for doctrines calculated to create vacancies. Mr. King proceeds—"And the State Legislatures, if they find their delegates erring, can and will *instruct* them. Will this be no check?" The two checks proposed, in the same sentence and put upon the same footing, are the vigilance of those who want the places of the Senators, and the instructions which the State Legislatures can and will give to them. They are said to be, as they truly are, *powerful checks*, operating with a strong influence on the will and discretion of the Senator, but not as subjecting him, as a *matter of duty*, either to the reproaches of his rivals or the opinions of the Legislature. To do this, a check must be something more than powerful; it must be irresistible, or, at least, attended by some means of carrying it out to submission—some penalty or remedy for disobedience. I consider the term *instruct*, as here used, to mean no more than counsel, advise, recommend—because Mr. King does not intimate that any right or power is vested in the Legislature to compel obedience to their instructions, or to punish a refractory Senator as an official delinquent. It is left to his option to obey or not, which is altogether inconsistent with every idea of a *right to command*. Such a right is at once met and nullified by a right to refuse. They are equal and contrary rights. As we are upon a question of verbal criticism, and it is so treated in the Enquirer, we may look for information to our dictionaries. To *instruct*, in its primitive or most appropriate meaning, is simply to *teach*—and instruction is the act of *teaching*, or *information*. It is true that Johnson gives, as a more remote meaning, "to inform authoritatively." Certainly, the Legislature may *instruct*, may *teach*, may *inform* a Senator, and whenever they do so it will be with no small degree of authority from the relation in which they stand to each other; but the great question is, not whether this would be an impertinent or improper interference on the part of the Legislature, but whether the Senator is bound, by his official oath or duty, implicitly to obey such instructions; whether he violates a duty he ought to observe, or usurps a power which does not belong to him, if he declines to submit to these directions, if he cannot receive the lesson thus taught, or adopt the information thus imparted to him. Does

* Some months ago a number of the "Richmond Enquirer," containing an argument in favor of the mandatory right of a State Legislature to instruct a Senator of the United States, was forwarded to the author of this article. That argument was supported by the alleged opinions of Messrs. King, Jay and Hamilton, as expressed in the Convention of New York—and we think this reply well deserves publication. It is from the pen of a ripe scholar and a profound jurist.

the spirit of our Constitution (for clearly in terms it does not) intend to make a Senator of the *United States* a mere passive instrument or agent in the hands of a *State Legislature*. Is he required by any legal or moral duty or obligation, to surrender into the hands of any man or body of men, his honest judgment and conscientious convictions of right? To act on *their* dictation and *his own* responsibility; responsible to his country for the consequences of his vote, and to his own conscience and his God for the disregard of his oath of office, which bound him to support that Constitution which his instructions may call upon him to violate, *as he conscientiously believes*. It will be a miserable apology for him to say, that he has done this because he was so ordered by a body of men, who may have thought or cared very little about it, and may hold a different opinion the next year without remorse or responsibility. But if he cannot obey, must he save his conscience by resigning his seat? This is the most unsound and untenable of all the grounds assumed in this discussion. If it is the *official duty* of the Senator to do and perform the will of his constituents, or rather of those who gave him his office, then he violates or evades that duty by resigning; and he may, in this way, not only abandon his duty, but as effectually defeat the will and intention of his Legislature as by actually voting against it. To return to Mr. King—how does he propose or expect that this check of legislative instructions is to act upon the Senator? What is the nature of the obligation he considers to rest upon the Senator to obey them? He does not pretend that there is any power in the Legislature to enforce their instructions or cause them to be respected. He does not suggest that disobedience is a violation of duty on the part of the Senator, or the assumption of any right that does not practically and constitutionally belong to him; that he falls under any just odium or reproach, if after an honest and respectful consideration of the instructions, he shall believe it to be his duty to disregard them. Mr. King does not, by the most remote implication, intimate, that a State Legislature may, through the medium of instructions, directly or indirectly, put a limitation on the *term of service* of a Senator, which they will do if it is his duty to resign whenever they shall choose to require of him to do what, as an honest man, a good citizen, and faithful officer, he cannot do. If instructions have the authority contended for, there is no exception; it is a perfect right or it is no right. The Senator cannot withdraw himself from it, however imperious the requisition may be, or however iniquitous the design in making it. The Senator has a discretion to judge of it in all cases or in no case. He may take counsel of his own conscience and judgment in every call upon him—or in none. The check that Mr. King promises from the State Legislatures upon their Senators, is nothing more than the natural influence they will have upon the minds and conduct of the Senators, and this, in my apprehension, is more likely to be too much than too little. What does Mr. K. say will be the consequence of a refusal on the part of a Senator to obey? Not that he is corrupt—or unfaithful—or ought to resign—but simply that they will be "*hardy men*." Assuredly they will be so; I wish we had more of these hardy men, for certainly there are occasions on which public men, holding the destinies of their country

in their hands, ought to be hardy, and must be so in opposition to the apparent and immediate, but transient, will of the people; and it is such hardy men who have deserved and received the gratitude and thanks of the people they saved by opposing them. The brightest names on the pages of history are those of such hardy men. The same answer meets the commentary on the word "*dictating*"—used, or said to be used, by Mr. King.

I would here make a remark upon this report of Mr. King's speech, which shows how carelessly the report was made, or how loose Mr. King was in his choice of words. In the beginning of the passage quoted, he refers to the *State Legislatures*, as the bodies who are to check, by their instructions, the wanderings of the Senators. In the conclusion he is made to say—"When they (the Senators) hear the voice of the *people* dictating to them their duty," &c. Now, it can hardly be pretended that the *Legislature* and the *people* are identically the same; or that a vote of the Legislature by a majority of one—or by any majority, can always be said to be the voice of the people. It is as probable that they may misrepresent the people, as that the Senators should misrepresent them. It is not uncommon for the people to repudiate the acts of their Legislature. It was understood to be so in Virginia, on the late question on the conduct of her Senators. The solemn and deliberate opinion upon any subject, of the body from which an officer derives his appointment, will always be received with great respect, as coming from a high source and with much authority, but the Senator, acting on the responsibility he owes to the *whole country*, must take into his view of the case the effect of his instructions upon the whole; he must not shut his eyes from examining the occasion which produced the instructions—the circumstances attending them—the means by which they were obtained—the errors, or passions, or prejudices which may have influenced and deceived those who voted for them; in short, he must carefully and conscientiously examine the whole ground, and finally decide for himself on the double responsibility he owes to his *own State* and to the *United States*; to those who appointed him to office and to himself, and his own character. There is no doubt that this examination will be made with a disposition sufficiently inclined to conform himself to the wishes of his constituents.

Mr. Jay expressed himself with more discrimination and caution than Mr. King; and no inference can be drawn from what he says, that there is any right or power in a State Legislature to demand obedience or resignation from a Senator, to their instructions. He considers their instructions to be, what in truth and practice they have always been, nothing more than advice or information coming from a high source and entitled to great respect. He says, "the Senate is to be composed of men appointed by the State Legislatures. They will certainly choose those who are most distinguished for their general knowledge. I presume they will also instruct them."

In these reported debates, *Hamilton* is represented to have said—that "it would be a *standing instruction* of the larger States to increase the representation." Observe, this is not applied to the *Senators* only, but to the delegates or representatives of the States in Con-

gress, in both Houses, and has no reference to any right of instruction by the State Legislatures to their Senators; *that* was not the subject of the debate; nor is it intimated by *whom* or in what manner these standing instructions are to be given. The meaning of General Hamilton, I think, is obvious, and has no bearing on our question. The phrase, *standing instruction*, means that it is so clearly the interest of the larger States to increase their representation, that their delegates will always consider themselves to be bound, to be instructed by that *interest*, by their duty to their States, to vote for such increase. They will so *stand instructed*, at all times and without any particular direction from their States; they will always take it for granted, that it is their duty to increase the representation. The very phrase distinguishes it from the case of *specific instructions* made, from time to time, on particular measures as they shall arise for deliberation and decision in the national legislature. But General Hamilton, as quoted, proceeds to say—"The people have it in their power to *instruct* their representatives, and the State Legislatures which appoint their Senators may enjoin it (that is the increase of the representation) also upon them." I may here repeat that all this is true; but by no means reaches the point to which this right of instruction is now carried. The people may instruct, and the legislatures may enjoin, and both will always, doubtless, be attended to with a deep respect and a powerful influence; but if with all this respect and under this influence, the representative or the Senator cannot, in his honest and conscientious judgment, submit himself to them, does he violate his official duty, and is he bound to relinquish his office? This is the question, and no affirmative answer to it, or any thing that implies it, can be found in any of the writings or speeches of the gentleman alluded to; nor, as I believe, in any of the writings or speeches of any of the distinguished men at that time. The doctrine is of a later date; it is not coeval with the Constitution, nor with the men who formed it. Much reliance is placed, by the writer in the Enquirer, on the strict meaning of the word *enjoin*; it is thought to be peculiarly imperative. Conceding, for the argument, that this precise word was really used by the speaker, it is certain that in speaking, and even in writing, this word is not always used in the strict sense attributed to it. Cases of common parlance are familiar and of daily occurrence, in which it is used only to mean a strong, emphatic recommendation or advice—or a forcible expression of a wish, and not an absolute right to command. If, however, we turn to the dictionary, Johnson tells us that to enjoin is "to direct—to order—to prescribe; it is more authoritative than direct, and *less imperious than command*." Not one of his illustrations or examples employ it in the strong sense of power now contended for.

"To satisfy the good old man,
I would bend under any heavy weight
That he'll enjoin me to."

Here the submission or obedience is altogether voluntary; with no right or power in the "good old man" to require or compel it. Again,

"Monks and philosophers, and such as do continually enjoin themselves."

The extracts from the speeches in the New York Convention, even if accurately reported, and strictly

construed, do not seem to me to maintain the present Virginia doctrine of instructions. Allow me to repeat it, for it is *that*, and not something which may approach it, which is our subject of difference and argument. It is—whether a Senator of the United States is under any moral or constitutional obligation—whether he is bound as a faithful and true officer, or as a good citizen of the *Republic of the United States*, to obey the instructions of the Legislature of *his State*, when they require him to do an act which in his deliberate judgment and conscientious conviction, is contrary to his duty to his country, to all the States, and to *his own State*; to the Constitution, under and by which he holds his office and his power, and to the oath he has taken to support that Constitution? This is the question truly stated—can the power or authority of a changing, irresponsible body, which directs one thing this year (as we have repeatedly seen) and another the next, or, if it were not this changeling—force him to violate his oath, or absolve him from the responsibility, if he do so? If a Senator of Virginia or Delaware were to receive instructions to give a vote which he truly believed would be a violation of the rights, and injurious to the interests, of every other state of the confederacy, as secured to them by the Constitution, although it might be of some local advantage to Virginia or Delaware, should that Senator, acting as he does as a Senator, not for his particular State only, but for the States also whose rights he violates, obey such instructions? Can there be a doubt of the reply to this question? Will you say he should obey or resign—that another may come who will obey? I deny that his duty imposes any such alternative upon him. On the contrary, it is particularly his duty *not to resign* for such a reason or such an object. It would be to abandon the duty he owes to the Constitution and the other States, at the very moment when they need his services in their defence; and not only to abandon them, but to surrender his post and his power to one who, in his estimation, is so far their enemy as to take the post for the very purpose of violating them. It would be to desert "the general welfare" which he has sworn to defend and promote, in order to give his place and power to one who will sacrifice the general welfare to some local and particular interest or object. To desert it in such circumstances, may produce the same evils and consequences, as if he were to remain and obey his instructions. His vote or his absence may turn the question.

As the incidental arguments, not upon the direct question, attributed to Messrs. Jay and Hamilton, are now relied upon to support this doctrine of instructions, I will cheerfully refer to these great men, adding to them the name of Mr. Madison, and endeavor to show, from better evidence than reported debates, what were really their opinions upon this asserted power of the State Legislatures, and in what manner they thought Senators were amenable to their Legislatures for their acts and votes in the National Congress. I shall do this, not on the authority of reported speeches, but by adverting to what they have written and published, as the true spirit and doctrines of the Constitution. To be brief, I will give you the summing up of the argument in the "*Federalist*," in favor of the powers of the Senate under the Constitution. I refer to the numbers 62 and 63, written by Mr. Madison; but,

as it is understood, giving the opinions and views of the illustrious triumvirate. Their whole argument and exposition of the powers, duties, and responsibilities of the Senators, are utterly inconsistent with the control upon them now set up on the part of the State Legislatures. It is not merely that this right of instruction is no where mentioned or alluded to, as one of the means by which the Senators are to be kept to their duty, but such a right cannot be reconciled with the benefits intended by the Constitution to be derived from the permanency of that body—from its independence and its elevation above, or protection from, the caprices and fluctuations of popular feeling, often improperly called popular opinion. Allow me particularly to turn your attention to a few passages from Mr. Madison's examination of the "Constitution of the Senate." His second reason for having a Senate, or second branch of the Legislative Assembly, is thus stated: "The necessity of a Senate is not less indicated by the propensity of all single and numerous assemblies to yield to the impulse of sudden and violent passions, and to be seduced by factious leaders into intemperate and pernicious resolutions." If this is true of the House of Representatives of the United States; if their intemperate and pernicious resolutions are to be guarded against and controlled by the more sedate and permanent power of the Senate, how much stronger is the reason when applied to the Legislatures of the States? Having their narrow views of national questions, and their local designs and interests as the first objects of their attention, it seems to me to be a strange absurdity to put the Senate as a guard and control over the House of Representatives, and then to have that Senate under the direction and control of the Legislatures of the States—or it may be, on a vital question, under the direction of the Legislature of the smallest State in the Union. Are there no local impulses and passions to agitate these Legislatures? no factious leaders to seduce them into intemperate and pernicious resolutions—and to induce them to prefer some little, local advantage, to "the general welfare." To give to the Senate the power, the will, and the courage to oppose and control these sudden and violent passions in the more popular branch of our national legislature, Mr. Madison says, "It ought moreover to possess *great firmness*, and consequently ought to hold *its authority* by a tenure of considerable duration." But what can that firmness avail, how will it be shaken, of what possible use will it be, if the Senator is bound to follow the dictates of a changing body, subject, emphatically to sudden impulses and seductions, at a distance from the scene of his deliberations, and deprived of the sources of information which he possesses, and acting in a *different sphere of duty* from that he moves in? Firmness in an agent who has no will of his own, no right to act but on the dictation of another, would not only be superfluous, but a positive evil and disqualification. It would produce struggles and perhaps refusal, where his duty was to submit. The more pliable the instrument in such a case, the better would it answer the purposes it was designed for. To be firm, says Mr. Madison, the Senator must *hold his authority* by a tenure of considerable duration. But how can this be, if he is to hold it from year to year as the Legislature of his State may change its opinion on the same subject, and require him to follow these changes or to

resign his place? The tenure of the Constitution, as Mr. Madison understood it, is essentially changed by this doctrine. These changes of opinions and measures are, in the opinion of Mr. Madison, a great and dangerous evil in any government, and show "the necessity of some stable institution"—such as our Senate was intended to be—but such as it cannot be on this doctrine of instructions.

But this great man and enlightened statesman, jealous enough of the rights and liberties of the people, does not stop here in explaining the uses of the Senate. It is not the passions of Legislatures only that are to be guarded against by the conservative power of that body. He thinks that it "may be sometimes necessary as a defence to the people against their own *temporary errors and delusions*;" he justly applauds the *substantary interference* in critical moments, of some respectable and temperate body of citizens, "to check the misguided career, and to suspend the blow meditated by the people against themselves, until reason, justice, and truth can regain their authority over the public mind." He considers the Senate as "an anchor against popular fluctuations;" and he certainly never imagined that the capstan and cable were in the hands of the State Legislatures, to remove the anchor at their pleasure. He truly says, that in all free governments, the cool and deliberate sense of the community ought and *ultimately* will prevail; but he did not believe that this cool and deliberate sense would be found, on the spur of the occasion, in a popular body liable to intemperate and sudden passions and impulses, and the seductions of factious leaders. It was to control and check such movements, and not to be controlled by them, that the Senate was constituted; and to check and suspend them until the deliberate and cool sense of the community can be obtained; which, when fairly ascertained, will be recognized and respected by the Senate as fully and certainly as by the Legislatures of the States. The members of these Legislatures have no means of knowing the public sentiments, which are not equally open to the Senators; nor are their inducements to conform to them more persuasive or strong. Mr. Madison goes so far as to say, that as our governments are entirely *representative*, there is "a total exclusion of the people in their collective capacity, *from any share* in them." If then, the will of the people, declared by themselves, should not move a Senator from his own conviction of his duty, when he believes the act required of him is contrary to that duty, and such is the constitutional right and obligation of his office, shall he be driven to a violation of that duty or a relinquishment of that right, by a second-hand, doubtful, equivocal, and, perhaps, false, expression of that will, by and through an intermediate body, no better informed of the cool and deliberate sense of the community than he is himself—no better disposed than he is to satisfy the public sentiment, and not half so well informed as he is of the tendency and consequences of the measure in question?

To meet the objections to the dangerous power of the Senate, continued for so long a period as six years, and to quiet the alarm that had been raised on that subject, Mr. Madison states what he supposed to be the check or protection provided by the Constitution against their usurpations, and which he thought amply sufficient. What is that check? Is it any right in the appointing

Legislatures to direct his conduct and his votes, and to revoke his powers, directly or indirectly, if he refuse his obedience? If for any cause, justifiable and honest or not so, they wish to deprive him of his office, to annul the appointment made by a preceding legislature or by themselves, may they do so by giving him instructions at their pleasure, desiring nothing but to accomplish their own objects, and in a total disregard of his judgment, conscience, and duties, and then say to him, knowing that he would not and could not obey their mandate, resign your place, and put it at our disposal, that we may gratify some new favorite, or promote some design of our own. The next Legislature may choose to drive out the new favorite and reinstate the old one; and thus this Senate, instead of being an anchor to the State, a stable and permanent body to save us from sudden gales and storms, will in practice, be floating on the surface, fixed to nothing, and driven to and fro by every change of the wind. *Instruction and resignation* are not the means proposed by Mr. Madison to protect us from the corruption or tyranny of the Senate. He suggests no interference, in any way, on the part of the State Legislatures with their Senators, nor any control over them, during their continuance in office; but finds all the safety he thought necessary, and all that the Constitution gives, in the "*periodical change of its members*." In addition to this, much reliance, no doubt, was placed, and ought to be so, on the expectation, that the State Legislatures would appoint to this high and responsible office, only men of known and tried character and patriotism, having themselves a deep stake in the liberties of their country, and bound by all the ties of integrity and honor to a faithful discharge of their trust.

If the Constitution—for that is our government, and by that must this question be decided—intended to reserve this great controlling power to the State Legislatures, over the Legislature of the United States, for such it is as now claimed, we should have found some provision to this effect, some evidence of this intention, either expressed, or by a fair and clear implication, in the instrument itself. Nothing of the kind appears. We should have further found some form of proceeding to compel a refractory Senator to obey the lawful, authoritative mandate of his State Legislature. It is an anomaly in any government to give an authority to a man or body of men, without any power to enforce it, to carry it out into practice and action; to make it effectual. To give a right to command, and to furnish no means to compel obedience, no process to punish a disregard to the order, is indeed like Glendower's power to call spirits, but not to make them come. To say that I have a right to order another to do or not to do an act, but that it is left to his discretion to obey me or not, is a contradiction in terms. It is no right, or at least no more than one of those imperfect rights which create no obligation of respect. If I give to my agent a command which, by the terms and tenure of his agency, by the limitations of his authority, he is bound to obey, and he refuses to do so, I may revoke his power, or rather he had no power for the act in question; he is not my agent, and cannot bind me beyond his lawful authority, or in contradiction to my lawful command. On the other hand, that *I am bound by his acts* is a full and unquestionable proof that he has acted by and within his powers, and

that I had no right to give the command which he has disobeyed. There cannot be a lawful command, and a lawful disobedience on the same subject. If by the terms of the power of attorney, which is the contract between the principal and his agent, certain matters are left to the judgment and discretion of the attorney, or are within the scope of his appointment, without any reservation of control on the part of the principal; then no such control exists, and this is most especially the case when the rights and interests of other parties are concerned in the execution of the power and trust.

Will it be said that the obligation of a Senator to obey the instructions of his Legislature, although not found in the Constitution, results from the circumstance that he received his appointment and power from that body? It is impossible to sustain this ground. I recur to the case of a common agent to whom a full and general power is given, irrevocable for six years; and, to make the case more apposite, in the execution of which power the rights and interests of other parties are deeply concerned, so that, in fact, the agent is the attorney of those parties as well as of the one from whom he receives his appointment. Will any one pretend that an agent so constituted and thus becoming the attorney of all, with the right and power to bind all by his acts, is afterwards to be subject to the direction of any one of the parties in any proposed measure bearing on the general interest, merely because his immediate appointment came from that party? When he is appointed, his powers and his duties extend far beyond the source of his authority, and are, consequently, placed beyond that control. His responsibility is to all for whom he is the agent, and he is false to his trust if he surrenders himself to the dictates of any one, or sacrifices the general to a particular interest. The President and Senate appoint the judges, but it does not result from this that judges are to be under the dictation and control of the executive. So of any other officer acting within the sphere of his authority. The President by his general power may remove him, for that or for any other cause, or for no cause, but while he holds the office, he exercises its powers at his own discretion, and is not bound to obey the appointing power. In a despotism the master holds the bridle and the lash over every slave he appoints to execute his will, but in a free representative government it is the law that is to be executed and obeyed, and the officer, in performing his prescribed duties, is independent of every power but that of the law. This is indispensable to the harmonious action of the whole system.

I do not know whether the advocates of this doctrine of instructions extend it to trials or impeachments before the Senate. If they do not, I would ask on what distinct principle do they exempt such cases from this legislative right of dictation? The claim is broad and general, covering all the powers, duties, and acts of a Senator. Who is authorized to make the exceptions? By what known rule are they to be made, or do they depend upon an arbitrary will? Is this will or power lodged in the State Legislatures? Then they make the exception or not, at their pleasure; they may forbear to interfere in one impeachment—and they may send in their dictation in another, according as, in their discretion, it may or may not be a case calling for their interference. Their power over their Senator, to compel him

to obey or resign, is in their own hands, and they may issue their mandate to him to condemn or acquit the accused, or they may leave him to his own judgment and conscience as they may deem it to be expedient. Such is the state of the case, if the right of discrimination, of making exceptions from the general power of control, is vested in the Legislatures themselves. Is it then given to the other party, that is, to the Senator? Then the power resolves itself into an empty name; or rather into just what I say it should be, a recommendation entitled to great deference and respect, but with no obligation to obedience. If the Senator has an admitted discretion to obey or not to obey the instructions of his Legislature, *according to the nature of the case in which they are given*, then the right of the Legislature to give them is not absolute in any case, but it is left to the judgment of the Senator to decide for himself whether the case be one in which he can and ought to follow their instructions or not. There is no special exception of impeachments, and the right to exempt them from this legislative control, if it exist at all, must depend upon the nature of the case, and, of consequence, what is the nature of a case which entitles it to this exemption must be decided by the Legislature or by their Senator. We have seen the effect of either alternative. In truth, this power of control must be co-extensive with the powers and duties of the Senator, or it is nothing.

To give you the strongest case against my argument, I will suppose that the Constitution had said—"The State Legislatures may *instruct* their Senators," and had said no more; would this have created an imperious obligation on the Senator implicitly to obey the instructions? Would disobedience forfeit his office directly, or virtually by making it his *duty* to resign it? I think not. It would have been no more than a constitutional, perhaps a superfluous, recognition of the right of the State Legislatures to interfere so far and in this way, with the measures of the federal government, to give their opinions, their recommendation, their counsel, to their Senators; but the Senators would afterwards be at liberty, nay it would be their duty, to act and vote according to their own judgment and consciences, on the responsibility which they *constitutionally* owe to their constituents, which is found, as Mr. Madison says, in the *periodical change* of the members of the Senate. The Constitution knows no other check upon the Senators; no other responsibility to the State Legislature, while the Senator acts within and by the admitted powers of his office.

But I am wearying you to death. Let me conclude this interminable epistle by referring to an authority which no man living holds in higher reverence than you do. About a week or ten days before the death of that great and pure man, a true and fearless patriot, *Chief Justice Marshall*, I called to see him. This question of instructions was then in high debate in your papers. I said to him that I thought the Virginia doctrine of instructions was inconsistent with all the principles of our government, and subversive of the stability of its foundations. He replied in these words—"It is so; indeed the Virginia doctrines are incompatible not only with the government of the United States, but with *any* government." These were the last words I heard from the lips of *John Marshall*.

H.

PERDICARIS.

Mr. Editor,—In introducing the following pieces to your notice, permit me to say a few words of the gentleman whose lectures on the condition and prospects of his native Greece have occasioned them to be offered to you. Perdicaris is a native of Berea in Macedonia, a place memorable not only for classic but for sacred associations. He left his country while a youth, about the commencement of the Greek revolution; and after travelling for some time in Syria and Egypt, was brought off by an American vessel of war, from Smyrna, where his situation as a Greek was extremely perilous. His education having been completed in this country, he engaged as a teacher of the Greek language, first at the Mount Pleasant Institution, Amherst, Massachusetts, and subsequently at Washington College, Hartford, Connecticut. Being now about to return to his native country, he is perfecting his acquaintance with the United States and their institutions, by travel; while at the same time he aims by lectures delivered in the various cities, to excite an interest in the public mind in the prospects and condition of his own country. It appears to be his most earnest wish, to remove some false ideas with respect to his native land, which have been too generally prevalent, and which even the tone of Byron's poetry—friend of Greece as he was—has tended to confirm. In the accounts of Perdicaris, we discover that his country is still worthy of her ancient fame, that she possesses, and has possessed for years, numerous and eminent scholars, noble institutions of learning, a national poetry of no ordinary merit, an active and intelligent population, and a general diffusion of enlightened public spirit, of which it is as gratifying as it is unexpected, to be informed.

Of the two following pieces, the one is a translation, executed with Mr. Perdicaris's assistance, from Christopoulos, who has been styled the Modern Anacreon. It has in the original, an amusing and touching simplicity, which I have not, I fear, succeeded in preserving. The second piece must speak for itself.

FROM THE ROMANCE OF CHRISTOPOULOS.

Orb of day, thus rising splendid,
Through the glowing realms of air!
Be thy course for once suspended,
For a message to my fair.
Two of thy bright rays be darted;
Let them, as the maid they greet,
Say, her lover, faithful-hearted,
Worships humbly at her feet.
He, of late so full of pleasure,
Tell her, now can scarce draw breath;
Living parted from his treasure,
He is like one sick to death.
Hour by hour, his pain enhancing,
Brings the final struggle near;
Death, with stealthy tread advancing,
Claims the spirit lingering here.
If he die, let her lament him;
Let her not forget the dead;
Let a message kind be sent him,
To the shores he now must tread.
If perchance where he is resting
In the cold and dreamless sleep,

She should pass, her steps arresting,
One soft tear there let her weep.
These, dear Sun, for me repeating,
Then pursue thy brilliant way;
But the words of this sad greeting,
O forget them not, I pray!

—
TO G. A. PERDICARIS.

We hail thee, Greek, from that far shore,
Young Freedom's chosen land of yore!
There were her first high Pæans poured—
There proved in fight her virgin sword—
There fell her eldest-martyr'd brave,
The heroes of the mount and wave!
We hail thee! Not a breast that burns
With but a spark of patriot fire,
But to thy country's altar turns,
And listens to thy country's lyre.
Grecian, forgive the idle thought!
We deemed old Hellas' spirit fled.
Yes! when thy brethren bravely fought
On plains where rest the immortal dead,
We scarce cast off the unworthy fear,
Scarce hoped that Greece might yet be free:
It seemed a boon too bright, too dear
For our degenerate age to see
A newly-won Thermopylæ.
And e'en if Grecian valor burst
Its chains, we little deemed thy clime
That generous *intellect* had nursed
That shone so bright in elder time.
But who could catch thy burning words,
The changes of thy speaking eye,
And deem that time, or tyrant swords
Could bid the Grecian spirit die?
Thanks for the lesson thou hast given!
It shows, where Freedom once hath dwelt,
Though every bolt of angry Heaven
Age after age should there be dealt,
There is a power they cannot kill;
The proud, free spirit of the race
Lives on through woe and bondage still,
The eternal Genius of the place.
Yes! Hear the lesson, distant lands,
Where Goth and Russ with iron rod
Press down and cramp in servile bands
The living images of God!
Hear, Poland! soon shall dawn the day
Of liberty and peace for thee!
And thou, where Rhine's blue waters play!
And thou, once glorious Italy!
And thou, my country, be thou true!
The great of former days arise,
The same bright path again pursue
That marked their ancient victories.
Greece is thy rival for renown!
Arouse thee to the noble strife!
Thou must not lose thy glory's crown,
Well won by many a hero's life!
No! Onward still, ye noble pair,
Each mindful of the illustrious past,
The struggle and the triumph share,
And ever may that triumph last!

MS.S. OF BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.*

PROPOSALS

That P. S. and A. N. be immediately invited into the Junto.

That all new members be qualified by the four qualifications, and all the old ones take it.

That these queries copied at the beginning of a book, be read distinctly each meeting, a pause between each while one might fill and drink a glass of wine.

That if they cannot all be gone through in one night, we begin the next where we left off, only, such as particularly regard the funds to be read every night.

That it be not hereafter the duty of any member to bring queries, but left to his discretion.

That an old declamation be, without fail, read every night when there is no new one.

That Mr. Briental's Poem on the Junto be read over once a month, and hum'd in consort† by as many as can hum it.

That once a month in spring, summer and fall, the Junto meet in the afternoon in some proper place across the river for bodily exercise.

That in the aforesaid book be kept minutes thus:

Friday, June 30, 1732.

Present A, B, C, D, E, F, etc.

Figure denotes the queries answered.

1. H. P. read this maxim, viz. or this experiment, viz. or etc.

5. Lately arrived one ——— of such a profession or such a science, etc.

7. X. Y. grew rich by this means, etc.

That these minutes be read once a year at the anniversary.

That all fines due be immediately paid in, and the penal laws for queries and declamations abolished, only he who is absent above ten times in the year, to pay 10s. towards the anniversary entertainment.

That the secretary, for keeping the minutes, be allowed one shilling per night, to be paid out of the money already in his hands.

That after the queries are begun reading, all discourse foreign to them shall be deemed impertinent.

When any thing from reading an author is mentioned, if it exceed a line, and the Junto require it, the person shall bring the passage or an abstract of it in writing the next night, if he has it not with him.

When the books of the library come, every member shall undertake some author, that he may not be without observations to communicate.

How shall we judge of the goodness of a writing? or what qualities should a writing on any subject have, to be good and perfect in its kind?

Answer 1. To be good it ought to have a tendency to benefit the reader by improving his virtue or his knowledge.

The method should be just, that is, it should proceed regularly from things known to things unknown, distinctly and clearly, without confusion.

* These pieces, from the pen of Dr. Franklin, have never appeared in any edition of his works, and are from the manuscript book which contains the *Lecture and Essays* published in former numbers of the *Messenger*.

† Concert was thus spelt in the beginning of the last century. See many examples in the *Teller*, etc.

The words used should be the most expressive that the language affords, provided they are the most generally understood.

Nothing should be expressed in two words that can as well be expressed in one; i. e. no synonymes should be used or very rarely, but the whole be as short as possible, consistent with clearness.

The words should be so placed as to be agreeable to the ear in reading.

Summarily,—It should be smooth,
clear, and
short,

For the contrary qualities are displeasing.

But taking the query otherwise:

An ill man may write an ill thing well; that is, having an ill design he may use the properest style and arguments (considering who are to be readers) to attain his ends.

In this sense, that is best wrote which is best adapted for attaining the end of the writer.

Can a man arrive at perfection in this life, as some believe; or is it impossible, as others believe?

Perhaps they differ in the meaning of the word perfection.

I suppose the perfection of any thing to be only the greatest the nature of that thing is capable of.

Thus a horse is more perfect than an oyster, yet the oyster may be a perfect oyster, as well as the horse a perfect horse.

And an egg is not so perfect as a chicken, nor a chicken as a hen; for the hen has more strength than the chicken, and the chicken more life than the egg—yet it may be a perfect egg, chicken, and hen.

If they mean a man cannot in this life be so perfect as an angel, it is true, for an angel by being incorporeal, is allowed some perfections we are at present incapable of, and less liable to some imperfections that we are liable to. If they mean a man is not capable of being so perfect here as he is capable of being in heaven, that may be true likewise.

But that a man is not capable of being so perfect here as he is capable of being here, is not sense; it is as if I should say, a chicken in the state of a chicken is not capable of being so perfect as a chicken is capable of being in that state.

In the above sense there may be a perfect oyster, a perfect horse, a perfect ship, why not a perfect man? that is, as perfect as his present nature and circumstances admit?

Question. Wherein consists the happiness of a rational creature?

Answer. In having a sound mind and a healthy body, a sufficiency of the necessaries and conveniences of life, together with the favor of God and the love of mankind.

Q. What do you mean by a sound mind?

A. A faculty of reasoning justly and truly, in searching after such truths as relate to my happiness. Which faculty is the gift of God, capable of being improved by experience and instruction into wisdom.

Q. What is wisdom?

A. The knowledge of what will be best for us on all occasions and the best ways of attaining it.

Q. Is any man wise at all times and in all things?

A. No: but some are much more frequently wise than others.

Q. What do you mean by the necessaries of life?

A. Having wholesome food and drink wherewith to satisfy hunger and thirst, clothing, and a place of habitation fit to secure against the inclemencies of the weather.

Q. What do you mean by the conveniences of life?

A. Such a plenty * * * *

Query.—Whether it is worth a rational man's while to forego the pleasure arising from the present luxury of the age in eating and drinking and artful cookery, studying to gratify the appetite, for the sake of enjoying a healthy old age, a sound mind and a sound body, which are the advantages reasonably to be expected from a more simple and temperate diet?

Whether those meats and drinks are not the best that contain everything in their natural tastes, nor have any thing added by art so pleasing as to induce us to eat or drink when we are not athirst or hungry, or after thirst and hunger are satisfied; water, for instance, for drink, and bread, or the like, for meat?

Is there any difference between knowledge and prudence?

If there is any, which of the two is most eligible?

Is it justifiable to put private men to death for the sake of the public safety or tranquillity, who have committed no crime? As in case of the plague to stop infection, or as in the case of the Welshmen here executed.

If the sovereign power attempts to deprive a subject of his right, (or, what is the same thing, of what he thinks his right,) is it justifiable in him to resist if he is able?

What general conduct of life is most suitable for men in such circumstances as most of the members of the Junto are? or of the many schemes of living which are in our power to pursue, which will be most probably conducive to our happiness?

Which is the best to make a friend of, a wise and good man that is poor, or a rich man that is neither wise nor good?

Which of the two is the greatest loss to a country, if they both die?

Which of the two is happiest in life?

Does it not, in a general way, require great study and intense application for a poor man to become rich and powerful, if he would do it without the forfeiture of his honesty?

Does it not require as much pains, study and application, to become truly wise and strictly good and virtuous, as to become rich?

Can a man of common capacity pursue both views with success at the same time?

If not, which of the two is it best for him to make his whole application to?

The great secret of succeeding in conversation, is to admire little, to hear much, always to distrust our own reason, and sometimes that of our friends; never to pretend to wit, but to make that of others appear as much as possibly we can; to hearken to what is said and to answer to the purpose.

Ut jam nunc dicat jam nunc debentia dici.

LOSING AND WINNING.

By the author of the "Cottage in the Glen," "Sensibility," &c.

Think not, the husband gained, that all is done;
The prize of happiness must still be won;
And, oft, the careless find it to their cost,
The lover in the husband may be lost;
The graces might, alone, his heart allure—
They and the virtues, meeting, must secure.

Lord Lyttleton.

Can I not win his love?

Is not his heart of "penetrable stuff?"
Will not submission, meekness, patience, truth,
Win his esteem?—a sole desire to please,
Conquer indifference?—they must—they will!
Aid me, kind heaven—I'll try!

Ænon.

It was a bright and beautiful autumnal evening. The earth was clad in a garb of the richest and brightest hues; and the clear cerulean of the heavens, gave place, near the setting sun, to a glowing 'saffron color,' over which was hung a most magnificent drapery of crimson clouds. Farther towards both the north and south, was suspended here and there a sable curtain, fringed with gold, folded as but one hand could fold them. They seemed fitting drapery to shroud the feet of Him, who "maketh the clouds his chariot, who rideth upon the wings of the wind."

Such was the evening on which Edward Cunningham conducted his fair bride into the mansion prepared for her reception. But had both earth and heaven been decked with ten-fold splendor, their beauty and magnificence would have been lost on him; for his thoughts, his affections, his whole being were centered in the graceful creature that leaned on his arm, and whom he again and again welcomed to her new abode—her future home. He forgot that he still moved in a world that was groaning under the pressure of unnumbered evils; forgot that earthly joy is oft-times but a dream, a fantasy, that vanishes like the shadow of a summer cloud, that flits across the landscape, or, as the morning vapor before the rising sun; forgot that all on this side heaven, is fleeting, and changeable, and false. In his bride, the object of his fondest love, he felt that he possessed a treasure whose smile would be unclouded sunshine to his soul; whose society would make another Eden bloom for him. It was but six short months since he first saw her who was now his wife; and for nearly that entire period he had been in 'the delirium of love,' intent only on securing her as his own. He had attained his object, and life seemed spread before him, a paradise of delight, blooming with roses, unaccompanied by thorns.

Joy and sorrow, in this world, dwell side by side. In a stately mansion, two doors only from the one that had just received the joyful bridegroom and happy bride, dwelt one who had been four weeks a wife. On that same bright evening she was sitting in the solitude of her richly furnished chamber, her elbows resting on a table, her hands supporting her head, while a letter lay spread before her, on which her eyes, blinded by tears, were rivetted. The letter was from her husband. He had been from home nearly three weeks, in which time she had heard from him but once, and then only by a brief verbal message. The letter that lay before her had just arrived; it was the first she had ever received from her husband, and ran thus:—

Mrs. Westbury—Thinking you might possibly expect to see me at home this week, I write to inform you

that business will detain me in New York some time longer.

Yours, &c.

FREDERIC WESTBURY.

For a long time the gentle, the feeling Julia, indulged her tears and her grief without restraint. Again, and again, she read the laconic epistle before her, to ascertain what more might be made of it than at first met the eye. But nothing could be clothed in plainer language, or be more easily understood. It was as brief, and as much to the point as those interesting letters which debtors sometimes receive from their creditors, through the agency of an attorney. "Did ever youthful bride," thought she, "receive from her husband such a letter as this?" He strives to show me the complete indifference and coldness of his heart toward me. O, why did I accept his hand, which was rather his father's offering than his own? Why did I not listen to my reason, rather than to my fond and foolish heart, and resist the kind old man's reasonings and pleadings? Why did I believe him when he told me I should win his son's affections? Did I not know that his heart was given to another? Dear old man, he fondly believed his Frederic's affections could not long be withheld from one whom he himself loved so tenderly—and how eagerly I drank in his assurances! Amid all the sorrow that I felt, while kneeling by his dying bed, how did my heart swell with undefinable pleasure, as he laid his hand, already chilled by death, upon my head, gave me his parting blessing, and said that his son would love me! Mistaken assurance! ah, why did I fondly trust it? Were I now free!—free!—would I then have the knot untied that makes me his for life? Not for a world like this! No, he is mine and I am his; by the laws of God and man, we are one. He must sometimes be at home; and an occasional hour in his society, will be a dearer bliss than aught this world can bestow beside. His father's blessing is still warm at my heart! I still feel his hand on my head! Let me act as he trusted I should act, and all may yet be well! Duties are mine—and thine, heavenly Father, are results. Overlook my infirmities, forgive all that needs forgiveness, sustain my weakness, and guide me by thine unerring wisdom." She fell on her knees to continue her supplications, and pour out her full soul before her Father in heaven; and when she arose, her heart, if not happy, was calm; her brow, if not cheerful, was serene.

Frederic Westbury was an only child. He never enjoyed the advantages of maternal instruction, impressed on the heart by maternal tenderness—for his mother died before he was three years old, and all recollection of her had faded from his memory. Judge Westbury was one of the most amiable, one of the best of men; but with regard to the management of his son, he was too much like the venerable Israelitish priest. His son, like other sons, often did that which was wrong, 'and he restrained him not.' He was neither negligent in teaching, nor in warning; but instruction and discipline did not, as they ever should do, go hand-in-hand; and for want of this discipline, Frederic grew up with passions uncontrolled—with a will unsubdued. He received a finished education, and his mind, which was of a high order, was richly stored with knowledge. His pride of character was great, and he looked down with contempt on all that was dishonorable or vicious. He had a chivalrous generosity, and a frankness of dispo-

sition that led him to detest concealment or deceit. He loved or hated with his whole soul. In person he was elegant; his countenance was marked with high intellect and strong feeling; and he had the bearing of a prince. Such was Frederic Westbury at the age of four-and-twenty.

About a year before his marriage, Frederic became acquainted with Maria Eldon, a young lady of great beauty of person, and fascination of manner, who at once enslaved his affections. But against Miss Eldon, Judge Westbury had conceived a prejudice, and for once in his life was *obstinate* in refusing to indulge his son in the wish of his heart. He foresaw, or thought he did so, the utter ruin of that son's happiness, should he so ally himself. He had selected a wife for his son, a daughter-in-law for himself, more to his own taste. Julia Horton was possessed of all that he thought valuable or fascinating in woman. Possibly Frederic might have thought so too, had he known her, ere his heart was in possession of another; but being pointed out to him as the one to whom he must transfer his affections, he looked on her with aversion as the chief obstacle to the realization of his wishes. Julia was born, and had been educated, in a place remote from Judge Westbury's residence; but from her infancy he had seen her from time to time, as business led him into that part of the country in which her parents resided. In her childhood she entwined herself around the heart of the Judge; and from that period he had looked on her as the future wife of his son. His views and wishes, however, were strictly confined to his own breast, until, to his dismay, he found that his son's affections were entangled. This discovery was no sooner made than he wrote a pressing letter to Julia, who was now an orphan, to come and make him a visit of a few weeks. The reason he gave for inviting her was, that his health was rapidly declining, (which was indeed too true,) and he felt that her society would be a solace to his heart. Julia came; she saw Frederic; heard his enlightened conversation; observed his polished manners; remarked the lofty tone of his feelings; and giving the reins to her fancy, without consulting reason or prudence, she loved him. Too late for her security, but too soon for her peace, she learned that he loved another. Dreading lest she should betray her folly to the object of her unsought affection, she wished immediately to return to her native place. But to this Judge Westbury would not listen. He soon discovered the state of her feelings, and it gave him unmingled satisfaction. It augured well for the success of his dearest earthly hope; and as his strength was rapidly declining, consumption having fastened her deadly fangs upon him, to hasten him to the grave, he gave his whole mind to the accomplishment of his design. At first his son listened to the subject with undisguised impatience; but his feelings softened as he saw his father sinking to the tomb; and, in an unguarded hour, he promised him that he would make Julia his wife. Judge Westbury next exerted himself to obtain a promise from Julia that she would accept the hand of his son; and he rested not until they had mutually plighted their faith at his bed-side. To Frederic this was a moment of unmingled misery. He saw that his father was dying, and felt himself constrained to promise his hand to one woman, while his heart was in possession of another.

Julia's emotions were of the most conflicting charac-

ter. To be the plighted bride of the man she loved, made her heart throb with joy, and her faith in his father's assurance that she would win his affections, sustained her hope, that his prediction would be verified. Yet when she marked the countenance of her future husband, her heart sank within her. She could not flatter herself into the belief, that its unmingled gloom arose solely from grief at the approaching death of his father. She felt that he was making a sacrifice of his fondest wishes at the shrine of filial duty.

Judge Westbury died; and with almost his parting breath, he pronounced a blessing upon Julia as his daughter—the wife of his son—most solemnly repeating his conviction that she would soon secure the heart of her husband!

Immediately on the decease of her friend and father, Julia returned home, and in three months Frederic followed her to fulfil his promise. He was wretched, and would have given a world, had he possessed it, to be free from his engagement. But that could never be. His word had been given to his father, and must be religiously redeemed. "I will make her my wife," thought he; "I promised my father that I would. Thank heaven, I never promised him that I would love her!" Repugnant as such an union was to his feelings, he was really impatient to have it completed; for as his idea of his duty and obligation went not beyond the bare act of making her his wife, he felt that, that once done, he should be comparatively a free man.

"I am come," said he to Julia, "to fulfil my engagement. Will you name a day for the ceremony?"

His countenance was so gloomy, his manners so cold—so utterly destitute of tenderness or kindly feeling, that something like terror seized Julia's heart; and without making any reply, she burst into tears.

"Why these tears, Miss Horton?" said he. "Our mutual promise was given to my father; it is fit we redeem it."

"No particular time was specified," said Julia timidly, and with a faltering voice. "Is so much haste necessary?"

"My father wished that no unnecessary delay should be made," said Frederic, "and I can see no reason why we should not as well be married now, as at any future period. If you consult my wishes, you will name an early day."

The day was fixed, and at length arrived, presenting the singular anomaly of a man eagerly hastening to the altar, to utter vows from which his heart recoiled, and a woman going to it with trembling and reluctance, though about to be united to him who possessed her undivided affections.

The wedding ceremony over, Mr. Westbury immediately took his bride to his elegantly furnished house; threw it open for a week, to receive bridal visits; and then gladly obeyed a summons to New York, to attend to some affairs of importance. On leaving home, he felt as if released from bondage. A sense of propriety had constrained him to pay some little attention to his bride, and to receive the congratulations of his friends with an air of satisfaction, at least; while those very congratulations congealed his heart, by bringing to mind the ties he had formed with one he could not love, to the impossibility of his forming them with the one whom he idolized. When he had been absent about ten days,

he availed himself of an opportunity to send a verbal message to his wife, informing her that he was well, and should probably be at home in the course of two weeks; but when that period was drawing toward a close, his business was not completed, and as home was the last place he wished to visit, he resolved to protract his absence, so long as he had a reasonable excuse. "I must write, and inform her of the change in my plan," thought he, "decency demands it, yet how can I write? My dear Julia!—my dear wife! No such thing—she is not dear to me!"

*'Ce cœur au moins, difficile à domter,
Ne peut aimer ni par ordre d'un père,
Ni par raison.'*

She is my wife—she is Mrs. Westbury—she is mistress of my house, and must share my fortune—let that suffice her! It must have been for these that she married me. A name! a fortune! an elegant establishment! Mean! ambitious! heartless! Thou, Maria—bright, beautiful, and tender—thou wouldest have married me for myself! Alas, I am undone! O, my father!" Under the influence of feelings like these, he wrote the laconic epistle which cost his bride so many bitter tears.

It was at the close of about two weeks from this, that Julia was sitting one evening in her parlor, dividing the time betwixt her work and a book, when the door-bell rang, and a minute after the parlor door opened, and Mr. Westbury entered. With sparkling eyes and glowing cheeks, she sprang forward, her hand half extended to meet him—but his ceremonious bow, and cold "good evening Mrs. Westbury," recalled her recollection; and scarcely able to reply to his civility, she sank back on her chair. She thought she was prepared to see him cold and distant—thought she expected it—but she had deceived herself. Notwithstanding all her bitter ruminations on her husband's indifference toward her, there had been a little under current of hope, playing at the bottom of her heart, and telling her he might return more cordial than he went. His cold salutation, and colder eyes, sent her to her seat, disappointed, sick at heart, and nearly fainting. In a minute, however, she recovered her self-possession, and made those inquiries concerning his health and journey, that propriety dictated. In spite of himself, she succeeded in some degree in drawing him out. She was gentle, modest, and unobtrusive—and good sense and propriety were conspicuous in all she said. Beside, she looked very pretty. Her figure, though rather below the medium size, was very fine, her hand and foot of unrivalled beauty. She was dressed with great simplicity, but good taste was betrayed in every thing about her person. She wore her dress, too, with a peculiar grace, equally remote from precision and negligence. Her features were regular, and her complexion delicate; but the greatest attraction of her face, was the facility and truth with which it expressed every feeling of the heart. When Mr. Westbury first entered the parlor, an observer might have pronounced her beautiful; but the bright glow of transient joy that then kindled her cheek, had faded away, and left her pale—so pale, that Mr. Westbury inquired, even with some little appearance of interest, "whether her health was as good as usual?" Her voice, which was always soft and melodious, was even softer and sweeter than usual, as she answered "that it was." Mr. Westbury at length went so far as to make some

inquiries relative to her occupations during his absence, whether she had called on the new bride, Mrs. Cunningham, and other questions of similar consequence. For the time he forgot Maria Eldon; was half unconscious that Julia was his wife—and viewing her only as a companion, he passed an hour or two very comfortably.

One day when Mr. Westbury came in to dinner, Julia handed him a card of compliments from Mr. and Mrs. Brooks, who were about giving a splendid party.

"I have returned no answer," said Julia, "not knowing whether you would wish to accept the invitation or not."

"For yourself, you can do as you please, Mrs. Westbury—but I shall certainly attend it."

"I am quite indifferent about the party," said Julia, "as such scenes afford me little pleasure; but should be pleased to do as you think proper—as you think best." Her voice trembled a little, as she spoke; for she had not yet become sufficiently accustomed to Mr. Westbury's brusque manner toward herself, to hear it with perfect firmness. "I should think it very suitable that you pay Mr. and Mrs. Brooks this attention," Mr. Westbury replied.

Nothing more was said on the subject, and Julia returned an answer agreeable to the wishes of her husband.

The evening to visit Mrs. Brooks at length arrived, and Julia repaired to her chamber to dress for the occasion. To render herself pleasing in the eyes of her husband was the sole wish of her heart, but how to do this was the question. She would have given the world to know his taste, his favorite colors, and other trifles of the like nature—but of these she was completely ignorant, and must therefore be guided by her own fancy. "Simplicity," thought she—"simplicity is the surest way; for it never disgusts—never offends, if it does not captivate." Accordingly, she arrayed herself in a plain white satin—and over her shoulders was thrown a white blond mantle, with an azure border, while a girdle of the same hue encircled her waist. Her toilet completed, Julia descended to the parlor, her shawl and calash in her hand. Mr. Westbury was waiting for her, and just casting his eyes over her person, he said—"If you are ready, Mrs. Westbury, we will go immediately, as it is now late." Most of the guests were already assembled when they arrived at the mansion opened for their reception, and it was not quite easy to get access to the lady of the house, to make their compliments. This important duty, however, was at length happily accomplished, and Mr. Westbury's next effort was to obtain a seat for his wife. She would have preferred retaining his arm, at least for a while, as few persons present were known to her, and she felt somewhat embarrassed and confused; but she durst not say so, as, from her husband's manner, she saw that he wished to be free from such attendance. In such matters the heart of a delicate and sensitive woman seldom deceives her. Is it that her instincts are superior to those of men?

Julia had been seated but a short time before Mr. and Mrs. Cunningham approached her, and entered into a lively conversation. This was a great relief to Julia, who could have wept at her solitary and neglected situation, alone, in the midst of a crowd. Mrs. Cunningham

was in fine spirits, and her husband appeared the happiest of the happy. Not that he appeared particularly to enjoy society—but his blooming wife was by his side, and his eyes rested on her with looks of the tenderest love—while the sound of her voice seemed constantly to awaken a thrill of pleasure in his heart. After conversing with Julia awhile, Mrs. Cunningham said—

“Do you prefer sitting to walking, Mrs. Westbury? Pray take my arm, and move about with us a little—it looks so dull for a person to sit through a party.”

Julia gladly accepted the offer, and was soon drawn away from herself, in listening to the lively rattle of her companion, who, although only a resident of a few weeks in the city, seemed already acquainted with all the gentlemen, and half the ladies present. An hour had been passed in this manner, and in partaking of the various refreshments that were provided—to which Julia did little honor, though this was of no consequence, as Mrs. Cunningham amply made up all her deficiencies of this kind—when the sound of music in another room attracted their attention. Julia was extremely fond of music, and as their present situation, amid the confusion of tongues, was very unfavorable for its enjoyment, Mr. Cunningham proposed that they should endeavor to make their way to the music room. After considerable detention, they succeeded in accomplishing their object, so far at least as to get fairly within the door. Considering the number of persons present, and how few there are that do not prefer the music of their own tongues to any other melody, the room was remarkably still—a compliment deserved by the young lady who sat to the piano, who played and sang with great skill and feeling. Julia's attention was soon attracted to her husband, who was standing on the opposite side of the room, leaning against the wall, his arms folded across his breast, his eyes resting on the performer with an expression of warm admiration, while a deep shade of melancholy was cast over his features. Julia's heart beat tumultuously. “Is it the music,” thought she, “or the musician that thus rivets his attention? Would I knew who it is that plays and sings so sweetly!” She did not remain long in doubt. The song finished, all voices were warm in its praise.

“How delightfully Miss Eldon plays! and with what feeling she sings!” exclaimed Mrs. Cunningham. “I never listened to a sweeter voice!”

The blood rushed to Julia's head, and back again to her heart, like a torrent; a vertigo seized her; and all the objects before her, were, for a moment, an indistinct, whirling mass. But she did not faint; she did not even betray her feelings, though she took the first opportunity to leave the room, and obtain a seat. For a long time she was unconscious of all that was passing around her; she could not even think—she only felt. Her husband's voice was the first thing that aroused her attention. He was standing near her with another gentleman; but it was evident that neither of them were aware of her proximity.

“Mrs. Brooks looks uncommonly well to-night,” said Mr. Westbury's companion; “her dress is peculiarly becoming.”

“It would be,” said Mr. Westbury, “were it not for those blue ribbands; but I can think no lady looks well who has any of that odious color about her.”

“It is one of the most beautiful and delicate colors in

the world,” said the other gentleman. “I wonder at your taste.”

“It does finely in its place,” said Mr. Westbury—“that is—in the heavens above our heads—but never about the person of a lady.”

Julia wished her mantle and her girdle in Africa—“Yet why?” thought she. “I dare say he is ignorant that I have any of the color he so much dislikes, about me! His heart belongs to another, and he cares not—minds not, how she is clad whom he calls wife.”

Mr. Westbury and his friend now moved to another part of the room, and it was as much as Julia could do, to answer with propriety the few remarks that a passing acquaintance now and then made to her. At length the company began to disperse, and presently Julia saw Mr. Westbury leading Miss Eldon from the room. His head was inclined toward her; a bright hectic spot was on his cheek, and he was speaking to her in the softest tone, as they passed near where Julia was sitting. Miss Eldon's eyes were raised to his face, while her countenance wore a mingled expression of pain and pleasure. Julia had just time enough to remark all this, ere they left the room. “O, that I were away!” thought she—“that I were at home!—that I were—in my grave!” She sat perfectly still—perfectly unconscious of all that was going forward, until Mr. Westbury came to her, inquiring “whether she meant to be the last to take leave?” Julia mechanically arose, mechanically made her parting compliments to Mrs. Brooks—and scarcely knew any thing till she arrived at her own door. Just touching her husband's hand, she sprang from the carriage, and flew to her chamber. For a while she walked the floor in an agony of feeling. The constraint under which she had labored, served but to increase the violence of her emotion, now that she was free to indulge it. “O, why did I attend this party?” at length thought she—“O, what have I not suffered!” After a while, however, her reason began to operate. “What have I seen, that I ought not to have expected?” she asked herself. “What have I learned that I knew not before?” except, she added, “a trifling fact concerning my husband's taste.” Julia thought long and deeply; her spirits became calm; she renewed former resolutions; looked to heaven for wisdom to guide, and strength to sustain her—and casting aside the mantle, which would henceforth be useless to her, she instinctively threw a shawl over her shoulders to conceal the unlucky girdle, and, though the hour was late, descended to the parlor. Mr. Westbury was sitting by a table, leaning his head on his hand. It was not easy for Julia to address him on any subject not too exciting to her feelings—and still more difficult perfectly to command her voice, that its tones might be those of ease and cheerfulness; yet she succeeded in doing both. The question she asked, led Mr. Westbury to look up, and he was struck by the death-like paleness on her cheek. Julia could by an effort control her voice; she could in a degree subdue her feelings; but she could not command the expression of her countenance—could not bid the blood visit or recede from her cheeks at her will. She knew not, indeed, that at this time she was pale; her own face was the last thing in her mind. Mr. Westbury had no sooner answered her question, than he added—“You had better retire, Mrs. Westbury. You look as if the fatigues of the evening had been too much for you.”

"*Fatigues of the evening!*—*Agonies* rather," thought Julia; but thanking him for his "kind" advice, she immediately retreated to her chamber.

Until this evening, Mr. Westbury had scarcely seen Miss Eldon since his marriage. He had avoided seeing her, being conscious that she retained her full power over his heart; and his sense of rectitude forbade his indulging a passion for one woman, while the husband of another. Miss Eldon suspected this, and felt piqued at his power over himself. Her heart fluttered with satisfaction when she saw him enter Mrs. Brooks's drawing-room; and she resolved to ascertain whether her influence over his affections were diminished. She was mortified and chagrined, that even here he kept aloof from her, giving her only a passing bow, as he walked to another part of the room. It was with unusual pleasure that she complied with a request to sit to the piano, for she well knew the power of music—of her own music over his heart. Never before had she touched the keys with so much interest. She did her best—that best was pre-eminently good—and she soon found that she had fixed the attention of him whom alone she cared to please. After singing one or two modern songs, she began one that she had learned at Mr. Westbury's request, at the period when he used to visit her almost daily. It was Burns's "*Ye banks and braes o' bonnie Doon,*" and was with him a great favorite. When Miss Eldon came to the lines—

"Thou mind'st me of departed joys,
Departed, never to return!"—

she raised her eyes to his face, and in an instant he forgot every thing but herself. "Her happiness is sacrificed as well as my own," thought he; and leaning his head against the wall of the room, he gave himself up, for the time, to love and melancholy. The song concluded, however, he regained some control over his feelings, and still kept at a distance from her; nay—conquered himself, so far as to repair to the drawing-room, to escape from her dangerous vicinity. He saw her not again until she was equipped for her departure. Then she contrived to get near him, and threw so much sweetness and melancholy into her voice, as she said "good night, Mr. Westbury," that he was instantly disarmed—and drawing her arm within his, conducted her from the room.

"How," said he, in a low and tremulous tone, "how, Maria, could you sing *that* song, to harrow up my feelings? Time was, when to be near thee—to listen to thee, was my felicity; but now, duty forbids that I indulge in the dangerous delight."

Miss Eldon replied not—but raised her eyes to his face, while she repressed a half-drawn sigh. Not another word was uttered until they exchanged "adieu" at her carriage door.

Two or three weeks passed away without the occurrence of any incident calculated to excite peculiar uneasiness in the heart of Julia. True, her husband was still the cold, the ceremonious, and occasionally the abrupt Mr. Westbury; he passed but little even of his leisure time at home; and she had never met his eye when it expressed pleasure, or even approbation. But he did not grow more cold—more ceremonious; the time he passed at his own fireside, rather increased than diminished—and for all this she was thankful.

Her efforts to please were unceasing. Her house was kept in perfect order, and every thing was done in time, and well done. Good taste and good judgment were displayed in every arrangement. Her table was always spread with great care, and if her husband partook of any dish with peculiar relish, she was careful to have it repeated, but at such intervals as to gratify rather than cloy the appetite. In her dress she was peculiarly neat and simple, carefully avoiding every article of apparel that was tinged with the "odious color." She had naturally a fine mind, which had had the advantage of high cultivation; and without being obtrusive, or aiming at display, she strove to be entertaining and companionable. Above all, she constantly endeavored to maintain a placid, if not a cheerful brow, knowing that nothing is so repulsive as a discontented, frowning face. She felt that nothing was unimportant that might either please or displease her husband; his heart was the prize she was endeavoring to win; and the happiness of her life depended on the sentiments he should ultimately entertain toward her. Every thing she did was done not only properly, but gracefully; and though she never wearied in her efforts, she would oftentimes sigh that they were so unsuccessful. She sometimes feared that her very anxiety to please, blinded her as to the best manner of doing so; and would often repeat with a sigh, after some new, and apparently useless effort—

"*Je le servirais mieux, si je l'eusse aimé moins.*"

The first thing to disturb the kind of quiet that Julia enjoyed, was the prospect of another party. One morning, while at the breakfast table, a card was brought in from Mr. and Mrs. Parker, who were to be "at home" on Friday evening. After looking at the card, Julia handed it to Mr. Westbury in silence.

"It will be proper that we accept the invitation," said Mr. Westbury.

The remembrance of the agony she endured at the last party she attended, caused Julia's voice to tremble a little, as she said—

"Just as you think best—but for my own part, I should seldom attend a party for the sake of enjoyment."

"If Mrs. Westbury thinks it proper to immure herself as if in a convent, she can," said Mr. Westbury; "for myself, I feel that society has claims upon me that I wish to discharge."

"I will go if you think there would be any impropriety in my staying away," said Julia.

"Situating as you are, I think there would," said Mr. Westbury.

"Situating as I am?" thought Julia; "what does he mean? Does he refer to my station in society? or does he fear that the world will think me an unhappy wife, that wishes to seclude herself from observation?"

In the course of the morning, Julia called on Mrs. Cunningham, and found that lady and her husband discussing the point, whether or not they should attend Mrs. Parker's party.

"Are you going, Mrs. Westbury?" asked Mrs. Cunningham.

"Yes—Mr. Westbury thinks we had better do so," Julia replied.

"Hear that, Edward!" said Mrs. Cunningham. "You perceive that Mr. Westbury likes that his wife should enjoy the pleasures of society."

Mr. Cunningham looked a little hurt, as he said—"my dear Lucy, am I not *more than willing* to indulge you in every thing that will add to your happiness? I have only been trying to convince you how much more comfortable we should be by our own fireside, than in such a crowd as must be encountered at Mrs. Parker's. For myself, the society of my wife is my highest enjoyment, and of her conversation I never grow weary."

"Thank you for the compliment, dear," said Mrs. Cunningham—"and we will settle the question at another time."

One of the first persons Julia distinguished amid the company, as she entered Mrs. Parker's drawing-room, was Mrs. Cunningham, who gave her a nod, and an exulting smile, as much as to say—"you see I have carried the day!" Julia had endeavored to arm herself for this evening's trial, should Miss Eldon make one of the company; and accordingly she was not surprised, and not much moved, when she saw her husband conversing with that young lady. She was too delicate in feeling, too refined in manner, to watch them, even long enough to catch the expression of Mr. Westbury's face; but resolutely turning her eyes another way, she endeavored to enter into conversation with the persons near her.

Mr. Westbury had not been in Mrs. Parker's drawing-room half an hour, ere Miss Eldon contrived to place herself in such a situation as to render it impossible for him to avoid addressing her; and this point once gained, to escape from her was impracticable. A strong sense of honor alone led him to wish to escape, as to be near her was to him the most exquisite happiness; but the greater the delight, the more imminent the danger; of this he was sensible, and it was not without some resistance that he yielded to her fascination. Could she once secure his attention, Miss Eldon well knew how to get at his heart; and at those moments when she was sure that no ear heard, and no eye observed her but his own, she let an occasional touch of the *penseroso* mingle so naturally with her half subdued sprightliness, as to awaken, in all their original strength, those feelings, and those regrets, he was striving to subdue. For the time he forgot every thing but that they mutually loved, and were mutually unhappy. They had been standing together a considerable length of time when they were joined by Mr. Cunningham, who abruptly remarked—

"You don't enjoy yourself this evening, Westbury."

"What makes you think so?" Mr. Westbury inquired.

"You look worn out, just as I feel," answered Mr. Cunningham. "How strange it is," he added, "that married men will ever suffer themselves to be drawn into such crowds!"

"Why not married men, as well as bachelors?" asked Miss Eldon.

"Because they relinquish real happiness and comfort, for a fatiguing pleasure—if pleasure it can be called," answered Cunningham. "One's own hearth and one's own wife, is the place, and the society, for unalloyed enjoyment. Am I not right, Westbury?"

Miss Eldon turned her eyes on Mr. Westbury, as she waited to hear his answer, and an expression, compounded of curiosity, contempt, and satisfaction, met his eye. It was the first time he had ever remarked an

unlovely, an unamiable expression on her countenance. He calmly replied to Mr. Cunningham—

"Unquestionably the pleasures of domestic life are the most pure, the most rational, that can be enjoyed."

"O, it is strange," said Mr. Cunningham, "that any one can willingly exchange them for crowded rooms, and pestilential vapors, such as we are now inhaling! There is nothing to be gained in such a company as this. Take any dozen, or half dozen of them by themselves, and you might stand some chance to be entertained and instructed; but bring them all together, and each one seems to think it a *duty* to give himself up to frivolity and nonsense. I doubt whether there have been a hundred sensible words uttered here to-night, except by yonder circle, of which Mrs. Westbury seems to be the centre. There seems to be something like rational conversation *there*."

Mr. Westbury turned his eyes, and saw that Julia was surrounded by the *élite* of the party—who all seemed to be listening with pleased attention to a conversation that was evidently carried on between herself and Mr. Eveleth, a gentleman who was universally acknowledged as one of the first in rank and talent in the city. For a minute Mr. Westbury suffered his eyes to rest on Julia. Her cheek was suffused with the beautiful carmine tint of modesty, and her eyes were beaming with intellectual light—while over her features was spread a slight shade of care, as if the heart were not perfectly at ease. "She certainly looks very well," was Mr. Westbury's thought; and his feeling was one of gratified pride, that she who was inevitably his wife, did not find her proper level amongst the light, the vain, and the frivolous.

"You have been delightfully attentive to your wife, this evening, my dear," said Mrs. Cunningham to her husband, as soon as they were seated in their carriage on their way home.

"I am not sensible of having neglected you, Lucy," said Mr. Cunningham.

"No—I suppose not; nor of having been very attentive to another!"

"I certainly am not. To whom do you allude?"

"I suppose," said Mrs. Cunningham, "that Mr. Westbury is equally unconscious of having had his attention engrossed by any particular individual."

"You surely cannot mean that I was particularly attentive to Miss Eldon, Lucy?"

"O, how could I mean so?" said Mrs. Cunningham, with a kind of laugh that expressed any thing rather than pleasure, or good humor. "I really wonder how you came to recollect having seen such a person as Miss Eldon to-night!"

"Your remark concerning Westbury brought her to my mind," said Mr. Cunningham.

"How strange!" said his wife. "And how extreme that young lady's mortification must have been, that she could not detain two newly married gentlemen near her for more than an hour and a half at one time! Seriously, Mr. Cunningham, the company must have thought that you and Westbury were striving which should do her most homage."

"And seriously, my dear Lucy," said Mr. Cunningham, taking the hand of his wife, which she reluctantly permitted him to detain—"seriously, it was merely ac-

cidental that I spoke to Miss Eldon this evening. There is not a person on earth to whose society and conversation I am more completely indifferent—so, take no offence, love, where none was meant. There is no one whose conversation can compensate me for the loss of yours; and it is one reason why I so much dislike these crowds, that, for a time, they necessarily separate us from each other."

The following morning, Mrs. Cunningham called on Mrs. Westbury, who, at the moment of her arrival happened to be in her chamber—but she instantly descended to receive her visitor. When Mrs. Westbury left the parlor a short time previous, her husband was there; but he had disappeared, and she supposed he had gone out. He was, however, in the library, which adjoined the parlor, and the door between the two rooms was not quite closed. After the compliments of the morning, Mrs. Westbury remarked—

"I was somewhat surprised to see you at Mrs. Parker's last evening."

"Surprised! why so?"

"You recollect the conversation that took place on the subject, the morning I was at your house?"

"O, yes—I remember that Mr. Cunningham was giving a kind of dissertation on the superior pleasures of one's own chimney-corner. Really, I wish he did not love home quite so well—though I don't despair of teaching him, by and by, to love society."

"Can it be possible that you really regret your husband's attachment to home?" asked Mrs. Westbury.

"Yes, certainly—when it interferes with my going out. A man and his wife may surely enjoy enough of each other's society, and yet see something of the world. At any rate, I shall teach Ned, that I am not to be made a recluse for any man!"

"Have you no fears, my dear Mrs. Cunningham," said Mrs. Westbury, "that your want of conformity to your husband's taste, will lessen your influence over him?"

"And of what use is this influence," asked Mrs. Cunningham, "unless it be exerted to obtain the enjoyments I love?"

"O, pray beware," said Mrs. Westbury, with much feeling,—"beware lest you sacrifice your happiness for a chimera! Beware how you trifle with so invaluable a treasure as the heart of a husband!"

"Pho—pho—how serious you are growing," said Mrs. Cunningham. "Actually warning and exhorting at twenty years of age! What a preacher you will be, by the time you are forty! But now be honest, and confess that you, yourself, would prefer a ball or a party, to sitting alone here through a stupid evening with Westbury."

"Then to speak truth," said Julia, "I should prefer an evening at home to all the parties in the world—balls I never attend, and do not think stupidity necessary, even with no other companion than one's own husband."

"Then why do you attend parties if you do not like them?"

"Because Mr. Westbury thinks it proper that I should."

"And so you go to him, like miss to her papa and mamma to ask him what you must do?" said Mrs. Cun-

ningham, laughing. "This is delightful, truly! But for my part, I cannot see why I have not as good a right to expect Edward to conform to my taste and wishes, as he has to expect me to conform to his. And so Westbury makes you go, whether you like to or not?"

"No, indeed," said Mrs. Westbury. "I never expressed to him my aversion to going, not wishing him to feel as if I were making a great sacrifice, in complying with his wishes."

"Well, that is pretty, and dutiful, and delicate," said Mrs. Cunningham, laughing again. "But I don't set up for a *pattern* wife, and if Edward and I get along as well as people in general, I shall be satisfied. But to turn to something else. How do you like Miss Eldon?"

"I am not at all acquainted with her," said Julia.

"You have met her several times," said Mrs. Cunningham.

"Yes, but have never conversed with her. Her appearance is greatly in her favor; I think her very beautiful."

"She is called so," said Mrs. Cunningham; "but somehow I don't like her looks. To tell the plain truth, I can't endure her, she is so vain, and artful, and self-complacent."

"I have not the least acquaintance with her," repeated Julia; "but it were a pity so lovely a face should not be accompanied by an amiable heart. Are you much acquainted with her?"

"Not personally. Indeed I never conversed with her for ten minutes in my life."

"Then you may be mistaken in thinking her vain and artful," said Mrs. Westbury.

"O, I've seen enough to satisfy me fully as to that point," said Mrs. Cunningham. "When a young lady exerts herself to engross the attention of newly married men, and when she looks so self-satisfied at success, I want nothing more. She can have no delicacy of feeling—she must be a coquette of the worst kind."

It was now Mrs. Westbury's turn to change the subject of conversation, and simply remarking—"that we should be extremely careful how we judge of character hastily"—she asked some question that drove Miss Eldon from Mrs. Cunningham's mind. Soon after the visitor departed, and Julia returned to her chamber.

In the evening when Mr. Westbury came in, he found Julia reading, but she immediately laid down her book, and resumed her work. She thought it quite as impolite to pursue the solitary pleasure of reading while her husband was sitting by, as to have done so with any other companion; and she knew no reason why he was not as much entitled to civility as a stranger, or common acquaintance. It was not long before Mr. Westbury inquired "what book had engaged her attention." It was Dr. Russel's *Palestine*.

"It is a delightful work," said Julia. "I have just read an extract from Chateaubriand, that I think one of the most elegant passages I ever met with."

"I should like to hear it," said Mr. Westbury. Julia opened her book, and the passage lost none of its beauty by her reading. She read the following:—

"When you travel in Judea the heart is at first filled with profound melancholy. But when, passing from solitude to solitude, boundless space opens before you, this feeling wears off by degrees, and you experience a

secret awe, which, so far from depressing the soul, imparts life, and elevates the genius. Extraordinary appearances everywhere proclaim a land teeming with miracles. The burning sun, the towering eagle, the barren fig-tree, all the poetry, all the pictures of Scripture are here. Every name commemorates a mystery, every grotto announces a prediction, every hill re-echoes the accents of a prophet. God himself has spoken in these regions, dried up rivers, rent the rocks, and opened the grave. The desert still appears mute with terror, and you would imagine that it had never presumed to interrupt the silence, since it heard the awful voice of the Eternal."

Julia closed the volume, and Mr. Westbury, after bestowing just praise on the extract she had read, took up the work, and proposed to read to her if she would like it. She thanked him, and an hour was very pleasantly spent in this manner. A little time was occupied in remarking on what had been read, when, after a short silence, Mr. Westbury inquired of Julia, "whether she saw much of Mrs. Cunningham."

"Not a great deal," was Julia's answer.

"She was here this morning?" said Mr. Westbury. "She was," replied Julia.

"Do you intend to be intimate with her?" inquired Mr. Westbury.

"I have no intention about it," said Julia—"but presume I never shall, as I fear our views and tastes will prove very discordant."

"I am happy to hear you say so," said Mr. Westbury. "I am not prepossessed in her favor, and greatly doubt whether an intimacy with her would be salutary. Such a person as I conceive her to be, should be nothing more than an acquaintance."

Nothing more was added on the subject, and Julia wondered, though she did not ask, what had given her husband so unfavorable an impression of Mrs. Cunningham's character. The truth was, he overheard the conversation of the morning, which he would have frankly confessed to his wife, but for a kind of delicacy to her feelings, as he had heard her remarks as well as those of Mrs. Cunningham. He knew that it was not quite honorable to listen to a conversation without the knowledge of the parties; but he could not close the library door without betraying his proximity; he wished not to see Mrs. Cunningham; he therefore remained quiet, and heard their whole colloquy.

A few days after this circumstance occurred, an invitation to another party was received. Mr. Westbury looked at the card first, and handing it to Julia, said:

"I would have you act your pleasure with regard to accepting this invitation."

"It will be my pleasure," said Julia, hesitating and coloring a little—"it will be my pleasure to consult yours."

"I have little choice about it," said Mr. Westbury, "and if you prefer declining to accepting it, I would have you do so."

"Shall you attend it?" asked Julia, while a shade of anxiety passed over her features.

"Certainly not unless you do," Mr. Westbury replied.

"Then," said Julia, "if it be quite as agreeable to you, I had a thousand times rather spend it at home,

alone with"—she checked herself, colored crimson, and left the sentence unfinished.

The morning after the levee, Mrs. Westbury was favored with another call from Mrs. Cunningham.

"Why, on earth were you not at Mrs. B——'s last night?" asked she almost as soon as she entered the house. "You can imagine nothing more splendid and delightful than every thing was."

"You were there then?" said Julia.

"Yes, certainly—though I went quite late. Edward was sick of a violent head-ache, and I was obliged to see him safely in bed before I could go; but nothing would have tempted me to miss it."

"How is Mr. Cunningham this morning?" Julia inquired.

"Much better—though rather languid, as is usual after such an attack. But I came in on an errand this morning, and must despatch business, as I am somewhat in haste. Mrs. T—— is to give a splendid party next week—by the way, have you received a card yet?"

"I have not," said Julia.

"Neither have I—but we both shall. I want to prepare a dress for the occasion, and came in to look at the one you wore to Mrs. Parker's, as I think of having something like it."

Mrs. Westbury was about to ring the bell, and have the dress brought for her visitor's inspection, but Mrs. Cunningham stopt her by saying,

"No, no—do not send for it. Let me go with you to your wardrobe, I may see something else that I like."

Mrs. Westbury complied, and they went up stairs together. Mrs. Cunningham was delightfully free in examining the articles exposed to her view, and expressed such warm admiration of many of them, such an ardent desire to possess the like, that it was rather difficult to forbear telling her they were at her service. The blood mantle, with a blue border, struck her fancy particularly, and Mrs. Westbury begged her to accept it, saying "that she should probably never wear it again, as the color was not a favorite with her husband."

Mrs. Cunningham hastened home, delighted with her acquisition, and immediately hastened to the chamber, to which her husband was still confined by indisposition, to display to him her prize.

"See what a beautiful little affair that dear Mrs. Westbury has given me," she cried. "How lucky for me that Mr. Westbury don't like blue, else I should not have got it, I suppose, though, she could spare this, and fifty other things, as well as not. Why, Edward, you don't know what a delightful wardrobe she has! Really, you must indulge me a little more in this way, I believe."

"I am sure no one looks better dressed than yourself, Lucy," said Mr. Cunningham, in a languid voice.

"O, I try to make the most of every thing I have," said Mrs. Cunningham; "but really, Edward, Mrs. Westbury has twice as much of all sorts of apparel as I have."

"And her husband has more than four times as much property as I have," answered Mr. Cunningham.

"Supposing he has," said his wife, "that need make no difference in the article of dress. And then her house is so charmingly furnished—every part of it! I was in her chamber, just now, and it looks elegantly. Every thing in it is of the richest and most beautiful kind. I declare I almost envied her so many luxuries."

"We surely have every thing necessary to comfort, my dear Lucy," said Mr. Cunningham. "Our happiness does not depend on the splendor of our furniture, but on our affection for each other. You would be no dearer to my heart, in the paraphernalia of a duchess, diamonds and all, than you are in your simple morning dress; and I hope you do not love me the less, for not being able to furnish my house in the style of Mr. Westbury's."

"O, no—of course not," said Mrs. Cunningham, in a tone utterly devoid of all tenderness or feeling; "but then I should not love you the less for having beautiful things, I suppose. And, really, Edward, I think one of the best ways in which a husband can show his love to his wife, is by gratifying her in dress, furniture, company, and so-forth. Talking about love don't amount to much after all!"

"He must ruin himself, then, to show his love," said Mr. Cunningham, throwing his head back on the easy-chair, with a mingled expression of mental and bodily pain on his features.

Mrs. Cunningham, however did not look up to mark the expression of his countenance, but half-muttered in reply to his remark—

"I never knew a man who was too *stingy* to dress his wife decently, fail to excuse himself on the ground of necessity. How I do detest to hear a man talk of *ruin*, if his wife only asks for a new pair of shoes!"

Mr. Cunningham was too deeply wounded to attempt a reply; and Mrs. Cunningham, having vented something of her discontent in this gentle ebullition, flirted out of the chamber, without even casting a glance toward her sick, and now afflicted husband.

In due time Mrs. T——'s invitation was received, and this it was Mr. Westbury's wish that Julia should accept. Without manifesting the least reluctance she consented, and Mr. Westbury went so far as to thank her for her cheerful compliance with his wishes. This was a very slight courtesy, but there was something in Mr. Westbury's voice when he spoke, that went straight to Julia's heart, and she left the room to conceal the strong emotion excited by so very trivial a cause. "She certainly strives to please me, be the motive what it may," thought Mr. Westbury, when left alone—"and though I *cannot love her*, honor—nay, gratitude demands that I make her as happy as circumstances will allow." He took a pen, and hastily writing a few lines, enclosed a bank note of considerable value, and left the little packet on her work-table, that she might see it as soon as she returned. He then left the house. When Julia resumed her seat by her table, the packet was the first thing that attracted her notice. She hastily opened it, and read as follows:—

"As Mrs. Westbury is too delicate and reserved ever to make known a want, she may have many which are unthought of by him who is bound to supply them. Will she receive the enclosed, not as a gift, but as her right? Perhaps a new dress may be wanted for Mrs. T——'s levee; if not, the enclosed can meet some of those calls on benevolence, to which report says Mrs. Westbury's ear is ever open. And if Mrs. Westbury will so far overcome her timid delicacy, as freely to make known her wants whenever they occur, she will greatly oblige her husband."

Julia pondered long on this note. It was ceremonious and cold—cold enough!—yet not so *frozen* as the only letter she had ever received from him. Perhaps it was his way of letting her know that he wished her to dress more elegantly and expensively. "I will not remain in doubt; I will know explicitly," thought she—and taking a pen in her turn, she wrote the following:

"Mr. Westbury is so munificent in supplying every want, that his wife has none to make known. If there is any particular dress that would gratify Mr. Westbury's taste, Mrs. Westbury would esteem it a great favor would he name it, and it would be her delight to furnish herself accordingly. She accepts with gratitude, *not as her right*, but as a gift, the very liberal sum enclosed in Mr. Westbury's note."

Julia placed her note on Mr. Westbury's reading-desk in the library, and felt an almost feverish impatience to have an answer, either verbal or written. For more than an entire day, however, she was doomed to remain in suspense, as her husband made no allusion either to his note or her own, though the one she laid on his desk disappeared on his first visit to the library. But her suspense at length terminated. On going to her chamber she observed a little box on her dressing-table. On raising it, she discovered a note that was placed beneath it. The note ran thus:—

"Mr. Westbury highly approves the elegant simplicity of Mrs. Westbury's style of dress, and in consulting her own taste, she will undoubtedly gratify his. He has *but once* seen her wear an unbecoming article. The contents of the accompanying box were selected, not for their intrinsic value or splendor, but because they correspond so well with Mrs. Westbury's style of dress and of beauty. If she will wear them to Mrs. T——'s, she will gratify the giver."

Julia opened the box, and a set of beautiful pearls met her view. "How delicate, how kind, and how cold he is!" thought she. "O, how trifling the value of these gems, compared to one particle of his love!—Yet for his sake I will wear them—not as my adorning—may *that* ever be the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, but as proof of my desire in all things to please him, and meet his approbation."

Mrs. T——'s rooms were well filled with the elegant and fashionable, on the evening on which her house was opened to receive company. But the heart of Julia was not in such scenes. The more she saw of fashionable life the less she liked it. Emulation, envy, detraction, and dissimulation were obtruding themselves on her notice, amid gaiety and splendor. Her conscientious scruples as to the propriety of thus mixing with the world, increased rather than diminished. "I promised," thought she, while she was surveying the gay assembly—"I promised, in all things lawful, to obey my husband—but is this *lawful* for me? It is my duty—it is my *pleasure* to comply with all his wishes, where superior duties do not forbid; but is it allowable for me to try to please him *thus*? His heart is the prize at which I aim, but will 'the end sanctify the means?' Can I expect a blessing from above on my efforts, while my conscience is not *quite* clear as to the rectitude of the path I pursue? Can I not have moral courage enough to tell him my scruples? and dare I not hazard the consequences?" Julia's reflections were interrupted by the approach of Mrs. Cunningham.

"How serious you look, Mrs. Westbury," said she. "Really, you and Mr. Cunningham would do well together, for you are both more grave in a party than any where else. Mr. Cunningham actually tries my patience by his disrelish for society. I do believe he is now quite well; yet he made indisposition an excuse for not coming with me to-night! But," said she, lowering her voice almost to a whisper, "I shall show him that I can be *obstinate* as well as he! He chooses to stay at home—I choose to come out—and if he will not come with me, neither will I stay with him. I should rather live in a cottage in the country, and have done with it, for there I should have nothing to expect but stupidity; but to live in the midst of elegant society, and yet be constrained to immure one's self, is intolerable, and I will not submit to it!"

Mrs. Westbury had not the pain of replying to a speech from which both her heart and her judgment revolted, as Mr. Eveleth at that moment addressed her. He soon engaged her in a conversation which was continued for an hour, and would have been continued still longer, but for a general movement of the company, which separated them. Not long after, Mr. Eveleth found himself near Miss Eldon, who was chatting with two or three gentlemen. Mr. Westbury was standing hard by, but his back was toward them, and Mr. Eveleth did not observe him.

"Are you acquainted with Mrs. Westbury, Miss Eldon?" Mr. Eveleth inquired.

"No, not in the least," said Miss Eldon, "and do not wish to be. She looks altogether too *fade* for me."

"*Fade*!" said Mr. Eveleth—"I should think that the last word that would apply to Mrs. Westbury in any way. She is certainly animated both in countenance and manner, and she talks better than any lady I ever conversed with. Her thoughts have something of masculine strength and range, delightfully modified by feminine grace and delicacy. Her manner is perfectly ladylike and gentle."

"Every thing she says must sound well," remarked another gentleman. "She has woman's most potent charm, in perfection—a voice whose tones are all music."

"Perhaps it is all just as you say," said Miss Eldon, "but really, I never saw a lady that appeared to me more perfectly insipid, or less attractive. I hope"—but the tone of Miss Eldon's voice contradicted her words—"I hope her husband sees her with your eyes, rather than mine."

"I do—I will!" thought Mr. Westbury, who had heard all the conversation, with a variety of conflicting emotions. "*Fade*!" reiterated he, as Miss Eldon uttered the word,—"Tis false!" He glanced his eyes towards Julia, who stood on the opposite side of the room, talking with a lady. She was dressed in black, a color that finely contrasted with her pearls, which proved to be very becoming. Her cheek was a little flushed, and her whole face beaming with animation. "*Fade*! 'tis false!" Mr. Westbury's pride was piqued. Julia was Mrs. Westbury—his wife! could he patiently hear her thus unjustly spoken of? Was there anything noble in that mind that could thus speak of a rival? How grateful to his feelings were the remarks of Mr. Eveleth! How clearly he read the feelings of Miss Eldon in the tone of voice in which she uttered her last

remark! He waited to hear no more, but moving towards a table that was spread with refreshments, filled a plate, and carried it to Julia. It was the first attention of the kind he had ever paid her, and her face was eloquent indeed, as she looked up with a smile, and said "thank you." He stood by her for a few minutes, made some common-place remarks, even took a grape or two from her plate, and then turned away. It was one of the happiest moments of Julia's life! There was something indescribable in his manner, that a delicate and feeling woman could alone have seen or appreciated, of which Julia felt the full force.

When the party broke up, Miss Eldon contrived again to secure Mr. Westbury's arm. She saw that he purposely avoided her, whether from new-born indifference, or principle, she could not determine; but having boasted to quite a number of her *confidential friends* of his passion for herself, and the reluctance with which he had complied with his father's command to marry Julia, who had made the most *indecorous advances*—she resolved, if art or maneuvering could accomplish it, to maintain the appearance of power over him. From the first she exulted in her conquest of Mr. Westbury's heart. She admired his person—his fortune she *loved*; and bitter was her mortification, unbounded her displeasure, when his hand was bestowed on another. To make it appear that he still loved her; to wring the heart of his wife, and detract from her character, were now the main springs of her actions whenever she met them. The sight of Julia's pearls, which she thought should have been her own, awakened, on this evening, peculiarly bitter feelings. The hand—the heart even, of Mr. Westbury were trifles, when compared with such beautiful ornaments, except as they were the medium through which the latter were to be obtained.

A ten-minutes conversation with her *ci-devant* lover was all her art could accomplish during the evening at Mrs. T——'s, until she secured his arm on going out. In the entry they were detained by the crowd at the door, and looking round, they saw Mrs. Westbury, together with Mr. and Mrs. Eveleth, examining a bust of Gen. Lafayette, which stood on a pedestal, near the foot of the staircase. With a smile on her beautiful features, which very slightly softened a compound expression of scorn and malignity, Miss Eldon said—

"Really, Mrs. Westbury has made a conquest! Mr. Eveleth is devoted in his attentions, and enthusiastic in his encomiums! Do you not begin to be jealous?"

"Not in the least," Mr. Westbury replied. "The attentions and approbation of such a man as Mr. Eveleth are an honor to any lady; and Mrs. Westbury's rigid sense of virtue and propriety will prevent her ever receiving improper attentions, should any one be disposed to offer them. She has too much delicacy and refinement to court the attentions even of her own husband, much less those of the husband of another!"

Miss Eldon was stung with mortification, and dropping her head, that her face might be concealed by her hood, she said, in a voice tremulous from conflicting passions—

"How little did I ever expect to hear Frederick Westbury speak to me in a severe tone!"

"Severe! Maria—Miss Eldon? Does common justice to Mrs. Westbury sound harshly in your ear?"

"Certainly not—but your tone—your manner are not

what they were, and I had hoped that no circumstances, no new engagements, would prevent your retaining a kindly feeling towards one whom—" she hesitated—"One whom I once loved," said Mr. Westbury, finishing the sentence for her. "Yes, you well know that I once loved you."

"Once?" interrupted Miss Eldon. "But this is man's fidelity!"

"Miss Eldon, you astonish me," said Mr. Westbury. "I am married; my wife commands my respect—nay, my admiration; and duty, honor, every thing commands that all former ties, however tender, should be broken. Our happiness, our respectability demands that henceforth we be only common acquaintance."

"Be it so—farewell!" said Miss Eldon, with irrepressible bitterness of expression, and snatching her hand from beneath his arm, she sprang forward and took that of her brother, who had just issued from the parlor.

"Is that—can that be Maria Eldon?" thought Mr. Westbury—"the amiable! the feeling! the refined Maria! Where has my love, my admiration, my passion for her gone? or rather, by what blindness were they at first excited? Does she wish to retain—nay, does she claim the heart of the husband of another? What perversion of principle is here!"

The crowd at the door was by this time nearly dispersed, and Mr. Westbury, advancing to the trio that still remained near the bust, drew his wife's arm within his, and bidding Mr. and Mrs. Eveleth "good night," led her to their carriage.

"How have you enjoyed yourself this evening?" Mr. Westbury inquired, as soon as the carriage-door was closed, and the coachman had mounted his box.

"Quite as well as I ever do scenes of similar character," Julia answered.

"Do you not then relish society?"

"Not very well in such large masses," said Julia.

"To my apprehension, very large parties counteract the purpose for which social feelings were implanted within us."

"Then you *disapprove*, as well as *disrelish*, them?" said Mr. Westbury.

"I fear they are not quite innocent," said Julia. "So far as my observation has extended, they have little tendency to increase benevolence, or any of the finer feelings of the heart. I have often feared, that vanity and thirst for admiration, were the causes that draw together one half of the crowd; and a vulgar love of luxuries the other."

"Those causes surely do not influence all those who attend large assemblies," said Mr. Westbury. "Such persons as Mr. and Mrs. Eveleth, for instance, are entirely above them."

"Undoubtedly," said Julia. "Still I believe the rule as general as any other."

"Does not the elegant and instructive conversation of such a man as Mr. Eveleth reconcile you to the crowd?" Mr. Westbury inquired.

"Certainly not," said Julia. "How much more highly such conversation would be enjoyed—how much greater benefit derived from it, in a small circle. Artificial delicacy and refinement—artificial feeling—artificial good-nature—artificial friendship, are the usual compound that make up large companies. Had Mr. and Mrs. Eveleth spent this evening with us, in our

quiet parlor, how much greater would have been the enjoyment! how much more profitably the time might have been occupied!"

"It might," said Mr. Westbury. "Mr. Eveleth has great colloquial powers. His conversation is at once brilliant and instructive. I know no gentleman who equals him in this particular."

"I cannot say quite as much as that," said Julia, "though he certainly converses uncommonly well."

"Who can you name that is his equal?" asked Mr. Westbury.

Julia hesitated a little, and blushed a great deal, though her blushes were unseen, as she said—"In conversational powers, I think my present companion is very rarely, if ever excelled. And why," she added, "such gentlemen should mingle in crowds, where their talents are in a great measure lost, instead of meeting in select circles, where they could find congenial minds—minds, at least, in some degree capable of appreciating them, I cannot conceive. But I suppose my ideas of rational enjoyment, of elegant society are very singular." She stopped short, fearing she was saying too much, but Mr. Westbury requested her to proceed. After a minute's hesitation she said—

"I think the crowded drawing room should be abandoned to those who are capable of no higher enjoyment than gossip, nonsense, flirtation, and eating oysters, confections and creams; and that people of talent, education, principle, and refinement, should associate freely in small circles, and with little ceremony. In such kind of intercourse, new friendships would be formed and old ones cemented, the mind and heart would be improved, and the demons of envy and detraction excluded. After an evening spent in such a circle, the monitor within would be at peace, and the blessing and protection of Heaven could be sought, without a feeling of shame, and self-condemnation."

"Then your *conscience* is really at war with large parties?" said Mr. Westbury.

"I cannot deny that it is," Julia answered. "Impelled by circumstances, I have striven to think they might sometimes be innocently attended, and perhaps they may; but I confess that the reproaches of my own conscience are more and more severe, every time I repeat the indulgence. Whatever they be to others, I am constrained to believe they are not innocent for me."

Mr. Westbury made no reply, for at that moment the carriage stopped at their own door, and the subject was not again resumed.

Every party was sure to procure for Mrs. Westbury the favor of a call from Mrs. Cunningham. On the following morning, at as early an hour as etiquette would allow, she made her appearance.

"I could not stay away this morning," she said, the moment she entered. "I am so vexed, and so hurt, that I must have the sympathy of some friendly heart; and you are a friend to every one, especially when in trouble."

"What troubles you, Mrs. Cunningham?" Mrs. Westbury inquired.

"You recollect," said Mrs. Cunningham, "what I said to you last night about Mr. Cunningham's indisposition. Well, as soon as I got home, I ran up stairs, of course, you know, to see how he was, expecting to

find him abed and asleep. Judge how I felt, when I found my bed as I left it, and no husband in the chamber. I flew down stairs, and searched every room for him, but in vain. I then rang for Peggy, and asked 'if she knew where Mr. Cunningham was.' 'La, ma'am,' said she, 'I'm sure I don't know. He went out just after you did. He called me to give charge about the fires, and said he was going out. I thought he had altered his mind and was going to Mrs. T——'a.' I dismissed the girl, and went to my chamber, in an agony, as you may suppose. I declare I hardly know what I did or thought for three long hours—for it was so long before Mr. Cunningham came home! I don't know what I said to him when he came, but he was not the kind, affectionate creature, that he ever has been, for he almost harshly told me 'to cease my upbraidings'—*upbraidings!* think what a word—for if I sought pleasure where I liked, I must not quarrel with him for doing the same! My dear Mrs. Westbury, I could not make him tell me where he had been, do all I could—and I have horrible surmises. What shall I do? I am sick at heart, and almost distracted."

"Will you follow my advice, my dear Mrs. Cunningham?" said Mrs. Westbury, who truly pitied her distress, much as she blamed her.

"O, yes—I will do any thing to feel happier than I now do. Really my heart is broken," and she burst into a passion of tears.

Mrs. Westbury attempted to soothe her, and then said—

"Forgive me, if I wound, when I would only heal. You have been a little imprudent, and must retrace your steps by conforming to the taste of your husband. He does not like crowds, and you must in part relinquish them for his sake."

"And is not that hard?" said Mrs. Cunningham. "Why should he not conform to my taste, as well as I to his? Why must men always have their own way?"

"That point it is not worth while to discuss," said Mrs. Westbury. "Your happiness, my friend, is at stake. Can you hesitate an instant which to relinquish, those pleasures, which, after all, are so unsatisfying, or the approbation, the happiness, perhaps the heart, even, of your husband?"

"But why," persisted Mrs. Cunningham, "need he be so obstinate? You see he could go out and stay till two in the morning! It seems as if he did it on purpose to torment me," and she again burst into tears.

"I have not the least doubt," said Mrs. Westbury, "that would you yield to Mr. Cunningham's wishes—would you let him see that you care more about pleasing him than yourself, he would cheerfully, and *frequently* perhaps, accommodate himself to your taste. Few men will bear being *driven*, and they would be objects of our contempt if they would, for authority is divinely delegated to them; but there are *very few* who have not *generosity* enough to take pleasure in gratifying the wife, who evidently strives to meet his wishes, and is willing to sacrifice her own pleasures, that she may promote his happiness."

"But I can't see," said Mrs. Cunningham, "why my happiness is not of as much consequence as my husband's. I can't see, why all *sacrifice* should be on my side!"

"Do you not perceive," said Mrs. Westbury, "that

the sacrifices you make, are made to secure your happiness and not to destroy it?"

"I don't know," said Mrs. Cunningham. "I can't bear to have Ned think to manage me as he would a little child, and then punish me, as he did last night, if I don't do just as he says. I don't think it fair! And I don't know as it would be of any avail, should I follow your advice. Some men will be ugly, do what you will! And why should you understand *managing* the men better than I do? You are two or three years younger!"

"I never studied how to *manage* them," said Mrs. Westbury; "but I have thought a good deal on the best way of securing domestic happiness; and reason, observation, and the word of God teach me, that would the wife be happy and beloved, she must 'be in subjection to her own husband.' He may not always be reasonable, but she cannot 'usurp authority,' without at once warring against Heaven, and her own peace, and respectability. Think of it, my dear Mrs. Cunningham, ruminate upon it, and in your decision be careful not to let *will* influence you to sacrifice a greater good for a less. It is not degrading for a wife to submit to her husband. On the contrary, she never appears more lovely than when cheerfully and gracefully yielding up her own wishes, that she may comply with his. Women were not made to rule; and in my view, the wife who attempts to govern, and the husband who submits to be governed, are equally contemptible."

"What an admirable wife you would be for a tyrant!" exclaimed Mrs. Cunningham. "I never heard the doctrine of *passive obedience* more strenuously inculcated. Indeed, you would make a tyrant of any man!"

"If any thing would disarm the tyrant," said Mrs. Westbury, "I think this *passive obedience* would do it, if at the same time, it were a *cheerful* obedience. But happily, you have no tyrant to disarm. Your husband, I am satisfied, would be easily pleased. Try, my friend, for a little while, to yield to him, and see if you do not meet a rich reward."

"Well, I will think of it," said Mrs. Cunningham, "and perhaps shall do as you advise; for really I am very wretched now. O, dear, I do wish the men were not so obstinate! so overbearing! so selfish!"

For some time things went on very calmly with Julia. Though there was nothing tender, or even affectionate in the manner of her husband, there was a gradual alteration, sufficient to keep hope alive, and stimulate her to exertion. He spent more and more of his leisure time at home, and was at least becoming *reconciled* to her society. Julia's system of visiting had been partially adopted, and Mr. Westbury enjoyed it highly. Mr. and Mrs. Eveleth, and a few other friends of congenial minds, had been invited to drop in occasionally without ceremony; the invitation had been complied with, and Mr. Westbury and Julia had returned a few visits of this kind. Thus many evenings had been pleasantly, and profitably spent. Another great comfort to Julia, was, that her husband had cheerfully permitted her to decline several invitations to attend large parties, and had sometimes remained at home with her himself, and even when he had thought best, on his own part, to accept the invitation, he had been absent but a short

time, and had then returned to pass the remainder of the evening with his wife.

But after awhile, this faint gleam of sunshine began to fade away. A cloud of care seemed settling on Mr. Westbury's brow, he passed less and less time at home, till at length Julia scarcely saw him, except at meal-times. "What is the matter?" thought Julia. "Am I the cause? is Miss Eldon? or is it some perplexity in his affairs?" She longed to inquire. If she had displeased him, she wished to correct whatever had given displeasure. If his sadness was in any way connected with Miss Eldon, of course she could in no way interfere; but if it originated in any cause foreign to either, she ardently desired to offer her sympathy, and share his sorrows. Day after day passed, without producing any favorable change, and Julia's feelings were wrought up to agony. She resolved, at all hazards, to inquire into the cause of his depression.

He came in late one evening, and taking a seat near the table, beside which Julia was sitting, leaned his head on his hand. Half an hour passed without a word being uttered. "Now is my time," thought Julia. "Yet how can I do it? What can I say? A favored wife would seat herself on his knee, entwine his neck with her arms, and penetrate his very heart—but I, alas, should only disgust by such freedom?" She drew a sigh, and summoning all her courage, said, in a timid voice—

"I fear I have unwittingly offended you."

Mr. Westbury looked up in some surprise, and assured her "that she had not."

"You have absented yourself from home so much of late," said Julia, "that I feared your own fireside was becoming less agreeable to you than ever."

"Business of importance," said Mr. Westbury, "has of late demanded all my time, and to-morrow I must start for New York."

"For New York!" said Julia. "To be absent how long?"

"That," said Mr. Westbury, "must depend on circumstances. I may be absent some time."

"May I not hope to hear from you occasionally?" Julia assumed courage to ask.

"Yes—I will certainly write, from time to time."

"He does not ask me to write," thought Julia, with a sigh. "He is quite indifferent how she fares whom he calls his wife!"

The following morning witnessed the departure of Mr. Westbury, and Julia was left to painful conjecture as to the cause of his dejection. Three weeks passed away, in each of which she received a letter from him, comporting exactly with his manner toward her—friendly and respectful, but neither tender nor confiding.

At the close of that period Julia was one day alarmed by the unceremonious entrance of a sheriff's officer. He was the bearer of a writ of attachment, with orders to seize all the furniture.

"At whose suit do you come?" Julia asked the officer.

"At Mr. Eldon's, madam. He holds a note of some thousands against Mr. Westbury, and thinks no time to be lost in making it secure. You have jewels of value, madam, which I was ordered to include in the attachment."

"Will you allow me a few minutes for reflection?"

said Julia, whose faculties seemed benumbed by the suddenness of the blow.

"Certainly, madam, certainly—any accommodation in my power I shall be happy to grant."

"What can I do? what ought I to do?" thought Julia. "O, that Mr. Westbury were at home! Mr. Eveleth—yes—I will send for him; he can advise me, if the officer will only wait."

"Will you suspend your operations for half an hour, sir," asked Julia, "that I may send for a friend to advise and assist me?"

"Why, my time is very precious, madam, and my orders to attach were peremptory; nevertheless, half an hour will make no great difference, so to oblige you, I will wait."

The pale and trembling Julia instantly despatched a servant for Mr. Eveleth, and in twenty minutes that gentleman arrived. He was instantly made acquainted with the business in hand, and without hesitation receipted for the furniture, and dismissed the officer. Julia felt relieved of an enormous burden, when the officer left the house—though in her trepidation she scarcely comprehended how he was induced to go, and leave every thing as it was. As soon as she was sufficiently composed and collected to take a pen, she wrote to her husband, giving an account of all that had transpired. Her letter despatched, she had nothing to do but wait in torturing suspense, till she should either see or hear from him. On the third evening, as she was sitting with her eyes resting on the carpet, alternately thinking of her husband, and of her own embarrassing situation, and at times raising her heart to heaven for strength and direction—as she was thus sitting, in deep and melancholy musing, Mr. Westbury entered the apartment. Quick as thought she sprang towards him, exclaiming—

"O, my dear husband, how glad I am that you are come! But what is the matter?" she cried, as he sank into a chair—"you are very ill!"

"I find that I am," said Mr. Westbury. "My strength has just sufficed to fetch me home."

Julia took his hand, and found it was burning with fever, and instantly despatching a servant for a physician, she assisted her husband to his chamber. The medical gentleman soon arrived, and pronounced Mr. Westbury in a confirmed fever. For twenty days, Julia was in an agony of suspense. With intense anxiety she watched every symptom, and administered every medicine with her own hand, lest some mistake should be made. It was in vain that the physician entreated her to take some care of herself; she could do nothing, think of nothing, but that which related to her husband. When nature was completely exhausted, she would take an hour's troubled repose, and then be again at her post. On every account, the thought of his death was terrible. "To be lost to me," thought she, "is unutterably dreadful—but, O, it is a trifle when compared to being lost to himself! He is not fit for heaven. He has never sought the intercession of the great Advocate, through whom alone we can enter on eternal life." How fervently did she pray that his life might be prolonged! that he might come forth from his affliction like "gold seven times refined!"

Mr. Westbury was exceedingly reduced, but there had been no symptom of delirium, though weakness

and pain compelled him to remain almost constantly silent. Occasionally, however, he expressed his gratitude to Julia for her unremitting attentions; begged her, *for his sake*, to take all possible care of her own health, for if her strength should fail, such another nurse—so tender—so vigilant—could not be found. Julia entreated him to take no thought for her, as she doubted not that her heavenly Father would give her strength for the discharge of every duty. Sometimes, when he was uttering a few words of commendation, she panted to say—“*Aimez moi, au lieu de me louer*,” but with a sigh she would bury the thought at the bottom of her heart, and proceed in the discharge of her duties. Oftentimes she would kneel for an hour together, at his bedside, when he appeared to be sleeping, with his hand clasped in hers, dividing the time between counting his fluttering pulse, and raising her heart to heaven in his behalf.

But Julia's constitution was unequal to the task she had undertaken. Protracted fatigue and anxiety did their work, and on the day that her husband was pronounced convalescent, she was conveyed to a bed of sickness. Unlike Mr. Westbury, she was in a constant state of delirium, induced by mental anxiety, and unremitting watching. Most touchingly would she beg to go to her husband, as he was dying for want of her care. It was in vain that she was told he was better—was rapidly recovering; the impression was gone in an instant, and her mind reverted to his danger. Her physician was anxious that Mr. Westbury should visit her chamber, as soon as he could do so with safety, hoping that the sight of him might change the current of her thoughts, and remove that anxiety that greatly heightened her fever. At the end of ten days he was able to be supported to her chamber, and advancing to the bedside, he said—

“My dear Julia, I am able to come and see you.”

“Thank heaven,” said Julia, clasping her hands—and then raising her eyes, she added—“Heavenly Father, I thank thee! But how sick you look,” she continued; “O, pray go to bed, and I will come and nurse you. I shall very soon be *rested*, and then they will let me come.”

“I will sit by, and watch and nurse you now, Julia,” said Mr. Westbury—“so try to go to sleep—it will do you good.”

“You called me *Julia*,” said she, smiling; “O, how sweetly that sounded! But I will mind you, and try to sleep, for my head feels strangely.”

She closed her eyes, and Mr. Westbury sat at the head of the bed, watching her with intense interest. Presently her lips moved, and he leaned forward to hear what she was saying.

“O, should he die,” she murmured in the softest tone—“O, should he die without ever loving me!—die, without knowing how much—how fondly I loved him! And, O,” she added, in a whisper, while an expression of deep solemnity settled on her features—“O, should he die without ever loving the blessed Saviour!—that would be the most dreadful of all!”

Presently a noise in the street disturbed her, and she opened her eyes. She did not see her husband, as she had turned her face a little on the other side, and calling the nurse, she said—

“Do beg them to make less noise; they will kill my

dear husband—I know just how it makes his poor head feel,” and she clasped her own with her hands.

Mr. Westbury's feelings were much moved, and his debility was such he could with difficulty restrain them. He found he must return to his own chamber, and taking his wife's hand, he said—

“I hope to be able to come and see you now, every day, my dear Julia.”

“O, do,” she said—“and always call me Julia, will you?—it sounds so kindly!”

Scenes similar to this were constantly recurring for the next ten days. Mr. Westbury continued to gain strength, though his recovery was somewhat retarded by his visits to Julia's chamber, while she was gradually sinking under the violence of her disease. The hopes, however, which her physician gave of her recovery, were not delusive. Within three weeks of the time of her seizure, a crisis took place, and the next day she was pronounced out of danger.

Soon after this, Mr. Westbury was able to attend a little to business, but all the time he was in the house, was spent in Julia's chamber. One day, after she had so far recovered her strength as to be able to sit up for an hour or two at a time, he chanced to be left alone with her.

“My dear Julia,” said he, as he took her emaciated hand, and folded it between his own—“I can never express my gratitude to you for your kind attentions to an unworthy husband; nor my thankfulness to heaven that your precious life did not fall a sacrifice to your efforts to save mine. I hope to prove by my future conduct, that I have learned to appreciate your value.”

He spoke in the softest tones of love, while his eyes were humid with tears.

“Do you, then, love me?” said Julia.

“Love you!—yes, most tenderly—with my whole heart,” said Westbury; “more than any thing—more than every thing else on earth!”

Julia leaned her head on his shoulder, and burst into tears.

“Why do you weep, Julia?” said Westbury.

“O, I am so happy!” said Julia. “There wants but one thing to make my cup of blessedness quite full.”

“And what is that, dearest?”

“That you should give your first—your best affections where alone they are deserved—to your Creator.”

“I trust, my dear wife,” said Mr. Westbury, with deep feeling, “I trust that your precious intercessions for me at the throne of mercy, have been answered. My bed of sickness was a bed of reflection, of retrospection, of remorse, and, I hope, of true penitence. I feel as if in a new world; ‘old things have passed away, and all things have become new.’”

Julia clasped her hands together, leaned her face upon them, and for a long time remained perfectly silent. At length she raised her head, and said—

“Your fortune, I suppose, is gone—but what of that! It was a trifle—a toy—compared with the blessings now bestowed. A cottage—any place will be a paradise to me, possessing the heart of my husband, and he a believer!”

“My dear Julia,” said Westbury, “my fortune is unimpaired. I was in danger of sustaining great loss, through the embarrassments of my banker in New York, but all is now happily adjusted. The difficulty

here, was the result of malice. Eldon was embittered against me, I doubt not, through the influence of his sister—of whom it is unnecessary to speak to you. He heard of my difficulties, and knowing that he should be perfectly safe, purchased that note against me, that he might avenge her, by increasing my embarrassments. I have been recently informed that that unhappy girl looked on your *pearls* with peculiar malignity. Her feelings were too bitter, and too strong for concealment. Poor girl—I fear that she and her brother are kindred in heart, as well as blood. I now look with something like terror, at the gulph into which I wished to plunge myself, and from which my dear father alone saved me. I can never be sufficiently thankful, for being turned, almost by force, from my rash and headstrong course; and for having a wife bestowed on me, rich in every mental and moral excellence—who loves me for myself, undeserving as I am, and not for my wealth."

It was now June; and as soon as Julia's strength was equal to the fatigue, Mr. Westbury took her into the country for change of air. They were absent from the city some months, and made, in the course of the summer, several delightful excursions in various parts of the country. A few days after their return to their house in town, Julia asked Mr. Westbury "if he had seen or heard any thing of the Cunninghams."

"I have seen neither of them," said Mr. Westbury, "but hear sad accounts of both. Mrs. Cunningham is now with a party at Nahant. She has been extremely gay, perhaps I might say *dissipated*, during the whole season, and her reputation is in some danger. Cunningham has become an inveterate gamester, and I am told that his face shows but too plainly, that temperance is not among his virtues."

"Poor creatures," said Julia, "how I pity them for their folly—their madness!"

"I pity *him* most sincerely," said Mr. Westbury, "in being united to a woman who selfishly preferred her own *pleasure* to her husband's *happiness*. Her I have not yet learned to pity. She richly deserves all she may suffer. Had she taken your advice, Julia—for most touchingly did I hear you warn her!—she might now have been happy, and her husband respectable. Now, they are both lost!—O, that every woman would learn where her true strength—her true happiness lies!—O, that she would learn, that to yield is to conquer! to submit, is to subdue! None but the utterly ignoble and abandoned, could long resist the genial influence of a cheerful, meek, patient, self-denying wife; nay—instances are not wanting, in which the most profligate have been reclaimed through the instrumentality of a *consistently* amiable and virtuous woman! If the whole sex, my dear Julia, would imbibe your spirit, and follow your example, the effect would soon be manifest. Men would be very different creatures from what they now are, and few wives would have occasion to complain of unkind and obstinate husbands. A vast deal is said of the influence of women on society, and they, themselves, exult in their power; but how seldom, comparatively, do they use it, to benefit themselves, or the world! Let it be a woman's first desire to make her husband good, and happy, and respectable—and seldom will she fail of attaining her object, and at the same time, of securing her own felicity!"

THE SWAN OF LOCH OICH.

A solitary wild swan may be seen on Loch Oich. It has sailed there for twenty or thirty years, in summer and winter. It had a mate, but about twenty years ago the master of a trading vessel (more wantonly barbarous than the Duke of Cumberland when he burned the old castle of Invergarra,) shot the bird. The Glengary swan, however, kept its solitary range. Last winter three other swans lighted on the lake; they remained a month or two, and it was thought the recluse would depart with them, but it had apparently no desire to change its wonted station. As swans have been known to live upwards of a century, we hope this faithful bird will escape accident and cruelty, and live through two or three generations more, to grace the shores of Loch Oich.

Inverness Courier.

Beautiful bird of the Scottish lake,
With plumage pure as the light snow-flake,
With neck of pride and a wing of grace,
And lofty air as of royal race—
Beautiful bird, may you long abide
And grace Loch Oich in your lonely pride.

Bright was the breast of the "loch," I ween,
Its crystal wave and its sapphire sheen;
And bright its border of shrub and tree,
And thistle-bloom in its fragrantcy—
When to thy side thy fair mate prest,
Or skimmd the lake with her tireless breast.

But she is not! and still, to thee,
Are the sunny wave and the shadowing tree,
The mossy brink and the thistle flower,
Dear, as to thee in that blessed hour!
What is the spell o'er thy pinion thrown
That binds thee here, fair bird, alone?

Does the vision bright of thy peerless bride
Still skim the lake and press thy side?
And haunt the nook in the fir-tree's shade?
And press the moss in the sunny glade?
And has earth nothing, to thee, so fair,
As the gentle spirit that lingers there?

Oh, 'tis a wondrous, wizard spell!
The human bosom its force can tell;
The heart forsaken bath felt, like thine,
The mystic web with its fibres twine,
Constraining still in the scenes to stay,
Where all it treasured had passed away.

Bird of Loch Oich, 'tis well! 'tis well!
You yield your wing to the viewless spell;
Oh, who would seek, with a stranger eye,
For blooming shores and a brilliant sky
And range the earth for the hopeless art,
To find a home for a broken heart?

Oh, I would linger, though all alone,
Where hallowed love its light has thrown,
And hearth and streamlet and tree and flower,
Are link'd in thought with a blessed hour;
Home of my heart, those scenes should be
As thy own Loch Oich, fair bird to thee.

Maine.

ELIZA.

OTTO VENIUS.

Otto Venius, the designer of "Le Theatre moral de la Vie Humaine," illustrates Horace's "*Raro antequam scelestum deseruit pede pœna clauda*," by sketching Punishment with a wooden leg.

DIARY OF AN INVALID.

NO. I.

ULEA HOLSTEIN—A TALE OF THE NORTHERN SEAS.

When I was at Nantucket last summer, trying the virtue of sea-bathing and sea-breezes, for a wearisome chronic disease, I used to resort to every imaginable form of innocent recreation, as a relief to the pain and ennui occasioned by my bodily indisposition. One day, as I was sitting on one of the rocks which project into the sea, observing the multitude of fishing craft that were plying about the island, my attention was arrested by the very remarkable appearance of the commander of a large whale ship. His figure was not strikingly tall or robust; but there were an energy and determination in his look, that seemed to turn his every sinew into iron; while, upon a closer observation, one might read in his upright and noble countenance, a soul of high moral bearing, and a mind unruffled by the passing vexations of life. Such a person always awakens interest, however transiently we may pass him; and although we may not stop, at the time, to define our sentiments, we are struck with something like veneration and awe, when we behold in the midst of hardship, toil, and danger, the tranquillity which marks a mind superior to the accidents of life. But this was not all. One acquainted with human nature, might see under this stern exterior, the generous nature, which would scorn to trample on the weak, or pass by the suffering. I was irresistibly drawn to make some acquaintance with this mariner, but found some difficulty in framing any excuse to accost one of appearance and accent so foreign. Accident soon accomplished the introduction, for which I had taxed my ingenuity in vain. In attempting to descend from my eminence, my decrepid limbs refused their office, and I fell headlong on a shoal of rocks, among which I was scrambling with much pain, when I felt myself raised gently, but powerfully, by a muscular arm. I turned in my distress to see by what kind hand I was assisted, when the eye of the hardy seaman met my inquiring glance. Pity and benevolence shone on his countenance, and I felt even in that moment of corporeal suffering, that the kindred tie of man—yes, of friendship, united us. His first words struck me as being of foreign accent, but his language was that of sympathy, which is read by all nations, and now flowed warm from the heart. After placing me comfortably on the sand, he hastened to his boat lying near, to bring some restoratives in which sailors have much faith. I was soon relieved by his attentions, and desiring to make some return for his kindness, inquired to whom I was indebted for assistance, and in what manner I could show my gratitude. To this the stranger replied, that the action itself brought sufficient reward, since he had been able to relieve a fellow creature. Our acquaintance began from this time, and I gradually drew from him a history of his past life, which had been one of trial and adventure. His narrative was given in our own language, which he spoke very intelligibly, having been long conversant with our seamen.

"In early life I lost my parents, who resided in one of the trading ports of Denmark; and with them perished my fair hopes of ease and affluence. When about

nineteen years old, my independent spirit, being no longer contented to owe a scanty maintenance to my paternal relatives, I joined a whaling company, that were fitting out for a voyage in the Northern Ocean. My feelings, when I had resolved to bid farewell, probably forever, to all the scenes of my childhood, and break the ties that bound my youthful heart, to home, friends, and country, and to embark in the adventurous and toilsome life of a whaler, were melancholy enough and calculated to daunt the heart of the bravest; but the desire of independence nerved my courage, and I embarked in a whale ship manned by six men, and accompanied by three other vessels of larger size. The captain and half the hands had made the cruise before with great success, but the rest of us were raw recruits, and suffered much from the hardships of our new mode of life. We steered directly towards the northwest, intending to put in at the Shetland Islands, and wait for the breaking up of the ice at the north pole, when the whales are most abundant, following the increased flow of the tides. We hoped to encounter many of these monsters between these islands and Iceland, where the plan was to refit and spend a part of the summer in preparing our freight to take home. But how uncertain are human calculations! Our voyage was prosperous even beyond our hopes, for some time; we passed the stormy isles of Scotland in safety, and rode the blue billows of the Atlantic, looking ahead with great anxiety for the objects of our cruise. A few days only had elapsed, when some of our experienced harpooners saw tokens of one at a distance, and all hands were set to make ready. It is impossible to describe the excitement this notice produced, in minds so weary of the dullness of inaction, as ours were. The enormous animal was now manifest, from the whirlpool he had created around him. Our boats did not venture near until his frolic was over, and we saw his broad back even with the water. And now the skilful seamen with unerring aim darted the harpoon, and away launched and roared the whale, making the ocean heave with his throes; but our darts were in him, and after he had tried our cable's length several times, he was exhausted and became an easy conquest. This seemed a glorious achievement to me. I was so completely enraptured with the bold and perilous excitement, that I lost all the tender recollections of home, and desired only to be a renowned whaler. Our successes continued, and we mastered several whales, before we were warned that we were coming upon the region of ice. This was indicated by a hoarse crashing sound and a wide heaving of the sea, as if some body of tremendous dimensions had been thrown into it. Our commander feared we had delayed too long, and gave orders to make speedy sail for our destined port. For some time we made good headway, and all hearts were cheered, when, on the utmost verge of the horizon, we discerned the faint outline of land, which we hoped would prove to be the coast of Iceland, for which we now steered with all our press of sail. But just at this time, while we were making observation in the direction of our course, a moving mountain hove in view; at first like a cloud resting on the water, but soon the wary eye of the fisherman saw it fraught with danger, and with dread. An iceberg! an iceberg! and the panic ran through all the ranks, for our course was right in the track of the

horrific apparition. To recede was impossible, as the wind would be against us; our utmost exertions were strained to clear the passage in time, for before it heaved a mountain of waters, and behind it yawned a devouring gulph. The three hours of intense interest and uncertainty which passed, seemed like one moment drawn out to eternity. But we did clear its track so as to receive only a slight shock. As soon as the danger was over a reaction followed, almost too great for human nature; our nerves from being strained to their utmost tension, were suddenly relaxed to the weakness of infancy; our first desires were for stimulants which threw us into wild excitement; and our ships exhibited one scene of revelry and recklessness. In this situation we rushed unconsciously on a reef of rocks from which escape seemed impossible. We were already in pitchy darkness, driving among the breakers, which we heard with still greater force roaring ahead. It evidently appeared that we had forsaken our passage, and were on an unknown coast where shipwreck and death awaited us. This was the situation of our ship; we could not hear a sound from the other vessels amidst the roar of waters, but we supposed that they also were beating on rocks from which it was impossible to move them. Daylight only was necessary to confirm our despair, and its first rays shone on a scene of horror too great for utterance. We beheld our ship just in the jaws of destruction, while the other three had cleared a passage, and were free of the rocks, but dared not come within the force of the breakers. In vain we held out the signal of distress; in vain they lowered their boats and attempted to stem the whirlpool. Instant destruction would have been their fate. I saw my companions clinging to the broken masts and spars; but I made no effort: I sunk under the impending weight of that power whose bounty and mercy I had forgotten or despised in my days of prosperity, and whose incensed justice and vengeance I was now to feel.

"In this state of mind, I rose up and looked calmly upon the raging deep, feeling that the 'sweat of its great agony' was tranquillity to the vortex that awaited me. One after another of the men were carried off, as the ship split to pieces, but I remained, with two others, on a part of the bows, which seemed rivetted to the rock. I thought a few hours at most must terminate our existence, as the waves were gaining upon our remaining planks. My fellow sufferers clung to life with the tenacity of drowning men; they ascended our quivering mast, to see if any human habitations were discernible on this unknown coast, but nothing was visible but a girdle of steep rocks. While they were straining their vision, and in the wildness of desperation piercing the loud clamor of the waters with their shrieks, three little specks appeared in the direction of the shore; they gradually came nearer, until we perceived they were fishing-boats, each guided by two men. My companions besought me to unite with them in making every possible signal of distress. Our signals were understood, and we soon saw that their object was to rescue us, for they held out a token of recognition, and rowed fast until they came within the whirl of the tides, which obliged them to fall back and try another channel. We could distinctly see that they were baffled in every attempt and almost ready to abandon us; when one of their number, with skill nearly superhu-

man, darted his boat between two pointed rocks, in so narrow a passage that we expected to see it dashed to pieces every moment. But his fearless courage bore him through—the next instant he sprang on our shattered planks, drew a few hurried breaths, and then informed us, in the dialect of our own land, that they had seen our signals while out fishing, and had come to our relief; but at the same time told us of the danger we must run of being dashed to pieces, in attempting to steer through the breakers. 'But,' said he, 'we will trust in God and do our best; keep up a good heart, I will lash you firmly to the boat, and if you will put your hope in the Almighty Deliverer in time of peril, I will try to save you.' He then looked fixedly in our faces to see whether we agreed to the conditions; my companions without hesitation answered, that they would venture; death was inevitable if they remained. But I, though fearing death most of all, could not resolve to feign, what I did not feel, *trust and hope in God*; on the contrary, I felt that his every attribute was justly arrayed against me. In anguish, I exclaimed, 'leave me to perish, God is my enemy—I shall sink from this gulph into a lower.' 'Sinful dying man,' he said, 'would you set bounds to the mercy of the Lord? Cry, rather, Lord, save me or I perish, for now is the accepted time, this is the day of salvation.' I caught the inspiration that glowed on his tongue—I seized his hand, saying, 'I am ready.' In a few moments his little boat was amidst the boiling surge, sometimes lost in the tumultuous waves, but the mariner grasped the helm with a firm hand, and shot through the jagged rocks with the rapidity of lightning. Our deliverance was hailed by the other boats with a shout of joy, which was returned by us with all our remaining strength. Our kind deliverers perceiving our bodies and spirits exhausted by the combined suffering of fear, cold, and hunger, cheered us with the warmest expressions of sympathy, and the hope of speedily enjoying all the comforts of their hospitable homes. They steered their boats into a little sheltered bay surrounded by overhanging hills. As we approached the shore, they informed us that it was the coast of their own dear Iceland, whose snow-capt mountains and green valleys, they would not exchange for any other spot in creation.

"As I breathed its pure atmosphere, and pressed the young verdure which was just appearing from beneath the mantle of snow, which had shrouded it for many long months, I felt as if I were treading the unsullied shores of a better world. Our good fisherman conducted our failing footsteps over the wild and slippery rocks into a beautiful valley. The frosts which had locked up nature during the long winter, had yielded to the influence of the returning sun, which sent the rejoicing current through the veins of every living thing. The stunted trees put on their garniture of green in token of joy, the lichens and mosses brightened in the genial ray, and all blended in a smile of love and gratitude. We reached the cottage of the fisherman, sheltered by overhanging rocks on one side, from the icy winds; and were welcomed by its inmates with the looks and offices of kindness. They consisted of a mother and three children. The countenance of the former, notwithstanding the national peculiarity of features, was pleasing, expressing both intelligence and benevolence.

The oldest of her offspring was a girl of extremely prepossessing appearance. You would not, perhaps, in your country, call her beautiful, for she had not the slender figure and the delicate features which you associate with the idea of female loveliness; but the laughing blue eye lighted up with its beam, a face which seemed the mirror of her heart; her cheek was now mantled with rosy smiles, now moistened with the tear of sympathy or affection. Her hair was light, scarcely tinged with the sunny glow, but it was in unison with her fair complexion, and curled slightly around a neck of transparent whiteness. Her age might be fourteen, but there was so much childish gaiety in her manner, that you would have supposed her much younger. Her brothers were manly, noble looking boys, several years younger than herself. Never shall I forget the compassionate look with which the matron placed a seat near the warm fire, while with gentle voice she chid the curiosity of her little group, saying, 'the stranger is cold and tired, and we must do all we can to make him comfortable.' They instantly retreated—but the two oldest hung over her shoulder, earnestly whispering in her ear. I guessed that I was the subject of their discourse, by hearing the mother reply in a low voice—'Yes Ulea, you may run and milk Minny, and Korner, get the potatoes ready, and the fish too. By the time you return, he will be dry and warm, I hope.' With delighted countenances, they shot out of the cottage, and the good woman busied herself in mending up the fire, and spreading a couch of soft skins, on which she invited me to rest my weary limbs. I attempted to speak my gratitude to heaven, and to her, but the words were stifled by the strength of my feelings, which gushed out in tears. She seemed to understand the nature of my emotions. Her tone was soothing and encouraging. 'God is good,' she said, 'and not only saves us in perils, but provides a table in the desert. He puts it in the hearts of strangers to show kindness, and makes us feel that we are all brethren, the children of his care and bounty.' 'How,' said I; 'in this remote spot of creation, have you learned these heavenly precepts?' 'Our lives,' she answered, 'are crowned with blessings, and the greatest of all is, that of our dear missionary, who guides our erring footsteps in the way of duty, as he points our hopes to a brighter world.' While she was speaking, Ulea returned, exclaiming, 'Ah! mother, Minny seemed to know how much haste I was in, for she stood right still; and here is Korner too, with the fish and potatoes—let us set the dinner for the poor stranger.' In a few moments the repast was on the table, and I had scarcely taken the seat provided, before my young hosts pressed me to eat of one and another dish, telling me that 'this was the richest milk because Minny gave it, and these fish were taken by Korner's green rocks.' I had scarcely finished a hearty meal, when Holstein (for that was the name of the good fisherman) came in, attended by our other deliverers and my two comrades, who having received their hospitality, came with them to consult whether any attempt could be made to save what remained on the wreck. Holstein thought it probable no vestige of the wreck itself was left. But the other fishermen said it might have drifted over the rocks, and still contain something valuable. Under this possibility we followed our conductors to the scene of destruction; but we found

it as Holstein had predicted; only a scattered plank here and there marked the place of ruin. Emotions of awe and gratitude filled my soul, when I beheld the vortex from which heaven had rescued us; but my fellow sufferers evinced mortification and disappointment, when their last hope was extinguished, and they saw themselves thrown on the charity of strangers, even for a change of raiment. This was particularly observable in the manner of Osman, a young adventurer, who had joined our expedition from a romantic turn for novelty and excitement. He was a singular compound of opposite qualities; sometimes exhibiting the hardihood and bold daring of his father, who was a Dane, then all the impassioned sentiment joined with the frivolity of an Italian, which he was on his mother's side. Since there remained nothing more to feed this adventurous excitement, his mind seemed to dwell on the loss he had sustained, particularly that of his wardrobe and musical instruments. Notwithstanding the occasion, which was fit to call forth only feelings of a solemn nature, I could not help being interested for him, when I heard him bewailing the loss of these resources of dress and music.

"His person was very striking, calculated to engage the attention of a stranger. A tall and graceful figure was united to a face of perfect symmetry, over which the light of full dark hazel eyes shone in alternate fire and softness. Until this time I had only observed him under passions of another kind, and was astonished at the pathetic strains in which he mourned over the extinction of his prospects. The fishermen endeavored in their sincere but homely language to comfort him, proffering the only help in their power—a share in their fishing spoils and a passage to Denmark, when another whaling expedition should visit the island. His youth and apparent sensibility interested us all in his favor, and induced us to do all in our power to promote his happiness.

"It was concluded that we should each remain with our hosts, and assist in such labor as we were able to do, in making preparations for a fishing cruise. I became more and more attached to the dear members of Holstein's family. Their daily avocations were simple and homely, but their minds were pure and elevated, deriving their highest enjoyments from the contemplation of a better world.

"Ulea engaged much of my interest. She was at that most pleasing of all ages, when we see the simplicity of childhood blended with the thoughts and reflections of a riper age; when the heedless word is followed by the conscious blush, and we love while we rebuke the tongue that speaks all the heart feels.

"Time glided pleasantly away, even in Iceland. We spent the evenings and inclement days in cheerful recreation, or in reading; which is a great, and almost universal resource among these Icelanders: it is thus they pass their long wintry nights—one 'making vocal the poetic, or historic page.'

"Osman became our constant and welcome visitor. He constructed an instrument, on which he made very sweet music; and frequently sung the sentimental airs of his country. This, joined to his talent for wild and impassioned recitation, charmed the listening ear of all, but it vibrated to the heart of Ulea. Her delight did not show itself like her brother's in noisy ecstasy; but

her eyes filled with tears, and her heart throbbed with silent emotion. 'Mother,' she would say, 'Osman's singing reminds me of what I have heard about the harps of the angels.' 'It is pretty, my child, but I had rather hear the fisherman's welcome home.' 'That, mother, is because our father sings it. But when Osman sings I think of a happier world than this.' 'You are mistaken, my dear, if you think Osman's songs have any thing good in them. I have listened to them, and I think they are only calculated to make people discontented with what God has allotted them, and to fill the mind with foolish fancies.' 'Ah! mother, how can you wonder that his songs are melancholy, when he is far away from all that he loves, and that he has nothing to console him for the beautiful world he has left! You know he loves to climb our steep rocks, to see the sun go down behind Hecle. I did not know how grand our volcano could look, until he pointed to it, as the sun's last beams rested on its snowy scalp.' Then he told me of Italy his country, where the mountains are crowned with snow, while flowers blow in the valleys—birds sing in the branches of trees, which bear golden fruit—the air is filled with the fragrance that breathes from the vineyards, and the bowers that never wither. Then there are temples in every grove, and the ruins of ancient cities, which people come to visit from every country. Do you wonder that he was happy in that lovely land? 'No doubt, the inhabitants have much to be thankful for; but not more than we have. Would you, Ulea, be willing to exchange our own loved island for Italy, with all its charms?' 'No, dear mother, but I only wish Iceland was like it.' 'This is a vain, and I fear a sinful thought, and I shall tell Osman, when you walk with him again, to talk of something more profitable.'

"The fishermen were generally occupied in building or refitting boats for the approaching expedition, in which they were assisted by our hardy comrade, while Osman and myself were left to occupy or amuse ourselves as we chose. I remarked the gradual influence he was gaining over the unconscious heart of the young Ulea. I mourned over it, for I feared that he was incapable of a deep and lasting attachment. I saw that her family were blinded by their artless confidence, to the insidious poison that threatened to destroy their happiness. I could not bear to be the first to interrupt their peace. What should I do? I revolved in my mind the whole affair, and at last resolved that I would watch the conduct of Osman narrowly, and without being suspected, penetrate the secret of his soul. With this design I mingled more frequently in his pleasures, joined the little circle when he descended on the scenes of his early life—beautiful Italy! whose charms were always associated with female loveliness, whose atmosphere breathed of love. This was the theme of his glowing narration, and his dark eye seemed to catch inspiration from the kindling blush of Ulea. After he had sung one or two of the most melting Italian airs, I was roused from my ruminating fit by Ulea's remarking—'Steinkoff has grown very silent of late. Osman's songs, I believe, make him sad.' 'Quite otherwise,' I replied, 'and if he will listen, I will sing a song of the olden time myself.' They exclaimed in one voice, 'he will, he shall!' 'No need for compulsion,' he said, 'I will hear it with pleasure.' Without prelude I began—

Soon as the wintry blasts were o'er,
The maiden roamed the vale,
To hear the cheerful robin pour
His sweet notes on the gale.

Then he, the faithless-hearted knight,
Told of his own lov'd bowers,
Where birds sing in the chequered light
To the bright opening flowers.

And when the light of parting day
Gleamed on the distant hill,
She climbed the steep and rocky way,
Or lingered by the rill.

Then he, the faithless-hearted knight,
Sung of that region bland,
Where sunset paints with golden light,
The skies, the sea, the land.

When down the long, long night let fall
Her curtains o'er the earth,
And nature lay in silence, all
Beneath the pall of death.

Then he, the faithless-hearted knight,
Spoke of his country fair—
How the moon walks heaven in silv'ry light,
And the breath of flowers, is the air.

And he whispered the tale of love in her ear,
And the maiden, believing his truth,
Left the home of her childhood; but sorrow and care
Fled with her, and faded her youth.

I kept my eye on Osman: I wished to read his conscience. As the strain proceeded, his glance met mine; he saw my suspicions. Conscious that they were well founded, his countenance fell—he bit his lip in anger, and revenge fired his blood. Far differently was the innocent heart of Ulea wrought on. 'I could weep,' she said 'for the poor maiden. Who would have thought the fair spoken knight would be false? But I hope it is only a tale of the olden time, fair and false as the lover of whom it sings.' 'It may be so,' I said; 'but let it serve as a warning to young maidens, how they listen to tales of love.' Osman left the cottage while I was speaking. I saw the dark cloud lower on his brow, and I resolved to bring him to an acknowledgment of his passion, while he was under the influence of resentment—an unguarded hour with us all. I found him walking hurriedly, and muttering the words, 'Villain, he shall pay dearly for this insult.' I accosted him in a calm voice. I told him that my design was not to irritate or insult him, but to warn him in time of the danger of a passion which was growing upon himself daily, while he could not be insensible to the influence he was gaining over the affections of an unsuspecting girl. 'And how does it concern you, cold hearted wretch,' he exclaimed, 'that I have excited the sympathy, the love of the only amiable being on this desolate island? Know, that love scorns the interference of such meddlers. It is enough that we can trust each other, and woe be to him who gives his counsel unadvisedly.' With these last words he raised his arm in menace. 'Osman,' I replied, 'you know I am superior to your threats. Unless you openly declare your love to the parents of Ulea, I shall consider myself bound to guard her from your arts.' 'Beware,' he exclaimed, 'how you injure me with her, or this dagger drinks your blood.' Saying this, he strode away, and I returned with a heavy heart to the cottage. Not that I was personally afraid of Osman; I never feared the arm of man: but I had a

trying office to perform—to destroy the confidence of an amiable family, to show them that they had cherished in their bosoms a serpent, instead of a friend. It was evident that Osman wished to conceal his passion even from her who was the object of it. I determined before another interview, to endeavor to awaken her to the impropriety and danger of giving any encouragement to his attentions. The following day he did not come as usual. 'How long the day seems,' said Korner, 'when Osman does not come. Ulea thinks so too, for she has not spoken a word to-day.' 'I have been thinking,' replied Ulea, 'that he looked last night as if something disturbed him. Did you observe him, Steinkoff? I hope nothing has happened.' I said in a low tone, 'Nothing, I believe. Suppose we walk: perhaps we may meet him.' She sprang forward, animated with the hope; and we followed the winding path by which he generally came. I proposed that we should see which of us could first attain the top of a picturesque eminence which hung over our path, and from which there was a fine view of the neighboring cottages. She readily consented to make the trial, and arriving at the goal first, exultingly chid my loitering steps. She little knew that my real motive was to obtain a private interview with her. I began by saying, 'Osman's gait is fleetier than mine, Ulea.' 'O yes,' she said, 'I shall never forget the charming evening we came here together; and a bright smile irradiated her features. 'His society is fascinating, but it may be dangerous to you. Already he has given you a distaste to the pleasures of your childhood, and he has presented in their place the attractions of an ideal world. Beware how you lend your pure and unsuspecting ear to the seductive charms of his conversation. He has confessed to me that he loves you; that you are the only being in this island that has power to interest him.' 'Oh! Steinkoff, ought you not rather to pity than to blame him? He has told me, that were it not for me, he would end his miserable existence—that every one else looks coldly on him. How can I think unkindly of him? He would protect me against all harm. When I told him of my cousin Ormond, who would not go into the far Greenland seas, until my father promised him that his little pet Ulea, should be his when he returned, he only said, May that day be distant, for then you will not care for Osman. And he asked me if I should be quite happy when I should be Ormond's wife.' 'And what was your answer?' I asked anxiously. 'I did not answer at all; because I have not seen him for a long time, and he seems like a stranger to me—I wish not to think of it now.' I could no longer repress my indignation. 'My dear girl,' I said, 'trust Osman no further, he will destroy your peace, your innocence. I know him well; for present gratification he would not scruple to involve your whole family in wretchedness. I say this, because I will not see impending ruin coming on the child of my benefactor, if I can avert it.' I saw Ulea start, while surprise and terror were painted on her countenance. I turned to ascertain the cause, and beheld Osman within a few steps of me. 'Wretch,' he cried, 'have you dared to betray me? Revenge has nerved my arm, and my sword shall drink your blood, even were the form I love best between us.' At that instant he rushed upon me; but fury blinded his sight, and his weapon missed its aim. This redoubled his wrath; he prepared for ano-

ther thrust, and my superior muscular strength could not have saved me from the mortal stroke, had not Ulea in a phrenzy of despair, thrown herself between us, and received in her side the stab that was intended for me. Time can never efface the horror of that moment, when I saw her fall under the murderous stroke, and the red current pouring from her side. 'Monster!' I exclaimed, 'you have verified your threat. Would to God, this were my heart's blood instead of hers!'

"I raised the lifeless girl—I pressed her to my bosom. In the agony of my soul I entreated her to speak—to say that she forgave me. But all was silent, save the ebbing pulsations of her heart. Osman had fled the moment he saw what he had done. How should I obtain assistance, or even get a little water to revive her, if life was not extinct? Necessity is fruitful of invention—I lifted the pale form, and hastened to a near rivulet—I bathed her temples—I stanchied the blood with the cooling current, and bound the wound with my handkerchief. I heard a faint sigh—I thought it was her last. Imagine my joy, when she opened her eyes, awaking as from a long sleep. I whispered, 'Speak not, it will exhaust you; I will carry you home—you will soon be better.' She cast her eyes towards heaven, to signify that her home would soon be there. I was advancing with a quick step, when I heard the voices of the children in search of us. They stopt their merry gambols, and stood in amazement. I broke the silence by telling them that Ulea was very ill, that they must run home and tell their mother not to be alarmed, but endeavor as soon as possible to prepare a cordial and a bed, for I should reach the cottage in a few minutes. I hoped this would be some preparation for what was to follow. The mother met me at the door, with a look of anguish and of doubt. I motioned to her to be silent, while we administered some of the restorative: we then laid Ulea on the bed. I watched by her a few moments, and seeing she had fallen into a gentle sleep, I took the hand of the agonized mother, whose suppressed sobs shook her whole frame. I supported her to a retired spot, where the burst of her grief might be unheard by the languid sufferer.

"I paused to gather firmness for the disclosure; I lifted up my heart to heaven for assistance. She seized my hand convulsively—'Tell me all—but my heart anticipates it before you speak. Oh Steinkoff! it is the hand of man, yes, of a trusted villain, that has dealt the blow. My soul has labored under a mysterious weight this day—unseen but impending evil hung over me. Oh my God! prepare me to drink the bitter cup, and to trust in thee though thou slay me.'

"I related all—my suspicions of Osman—my conversation with him, the threat he had given, and then all the incidents of the sad catastrophe. 'Oh my child!' exclaimed the transported parent, 'art thou then guiltless? has he not laid mine honor in the dust? If not, I can bear all.' I concluded by encouraging her to hope the wound was not mortal, and that speedy medical aid might relieve it.

"Korner was immediately despatched for his father, and the nearest physician. We then returned to Ulea, whom we found still sleeping, but uneasily. Her mother kissed her forehead; she waked smiling, and said, 'Oh, mother! are you here? I thought I was passing through a dark valley to the bright world you have so

often described to us. And I was not at all afraid, for a light guided me safely through. Do you know what it was? I do—it was whispered to my heart—it was the Saviour's presence! Mother, you must not weep; I rejoice, because I feel that it will be so. O! yes, I shall soon join the song of the angels—much sweeter than that I used to dream of. Mother, my heart is sinful—I loved to hear of the beauty and love of this world; but that is all passed away now. I hope God will forgive him who wished to lead me astray—and you, Steinkoff, my guardian angel on earth, with what joy shall I welcome you there.' She saw my emotion—it excited her own: the effect I dreaded followed—the blood gushed out from her side, and she swooned away.

"Her father arrived, attended by the doctor; the last with heartfelt sorrow assured us, that all attempts to revive her were useless—that the slumber of death was even now on the gentle girl. The father, in his desolation of soul, sought the throne of mercy, and we united in committing the spirit of the beloved one to the Shepherd of Israel, and prayed that 'his rod and staff might comfort and support her.' Her freed spirit winged its flight, just as the sun's last rays gleamed on her pillow, which all with uplifted hearts blessed as the omen of that spirit's future happiness.

"We sorrowed, but not as those without hope. What saith the scripture? 'The hope of the righteous is as an anchor of the soul, sure and steadfast.'

"I assisted in depositing the beautiful clay in the earth, and planted over it the evergreen fir. It was a dear spot to me, and as long as I remained on the island I resorted to it, to commune with the image of her who was once the animating spirit of all that surrounded me.

"Soon after her death, an opportunity offered for my return to Denmark. I embraced it, promising, if circumstances should ever induce me to visit Iceland, that I would seek the hospitable mansion of Holstein. I never saw Osman again, but I was told by the owner of a boat on the coast, that he had been seen on the night of the fatal encounter, to leap into a fishing craft lying on the beach, and disappear.

"Thus I have given you some particulars connected with my past life. I have rushed into busy scenes—I have tried to forget my own sorrows in relieving the distresses of others—but in vain; the image of that bleeding form haunts me. I long for the hour when the kind hand of death shall blot the recollection forever from my memory."

v.

THE LAUGHING GIRL.

Lines suggested on viewing a Painting of a Female laughing.

Oh, let me laugh out, till my eye-lashes glisten
With tear-drops, which joy, like affliction, will bring;
Be not vex'd my dear Hal—I *must* laugh, you may listen,
And count the shrill echoes that cheerily ring.

Hark! to the morning gun,
Hail to thee! rising sun,
Dances my heart with exuberant glee.
The sky-lark from earth
Flies to heaven with its mirth,
But it cannot ha! ha! and be merry like me.

Mine is no half-suppressed drawing-room titter,
Strangled before it escapes from the lips;
Nor the sardonic smile, than wormwood more bitter,
Which might wither those flowers the honey-bee sips;

But the fountain of joy,
Without care or alloy,
Springs in my bosom—refreshes my heart.
Forest and river, then,
Echo my laugh again—
Never may gladness from Julia depart.

Look not so grave, gentle Henry, at me,
As if you would say all my griefs are to come;
No gloom in the morn of my life can I see,
And my laugh will scare sorrow away from our home.
Pleasure unending
Our footsteps attending,
One brilliant May day through our lifetime shall last.
Time shall not wear us,
No trouble come near us,
But the future be gilded by light from the past.

Now laugh, for my sake, dearest Hal, and the kiss
Which you sued for, I'll give, if you cordially roar.
Well done!—never barter a pleasure like this,
Were a crown to be purchased by laughing no more.
In contentment and health,
Tho' untrammel'd by wealth,
True bliss from the store of our hearts we may draw.
Let us laugh as we glide
O'er mortality's tide,
And cheer our last days with a rattling ha! ha!

E. M.

COURT DAY.

To a northern traveller in the southern states, there is scarcely any thing more novel or entertaining than a *Court Day*. Familiar as the occasion and its scenes may be to a Virginian, there is something in the whole aspect of this monthly festival which rivets the attention of a stranger. And I have not been without my suspicions that the influence of this custom and its adjuncts upon society, manners, and character has never been appreciated. In our northern country there are no occasions upon which the whole population of a county, even as represented by its leading freeholders, convenes at one spot. County courts are attended by functionaries, litigants, and very near neighbors, but not, as in the south, by the gentry and yeomanry of a whole district.

The consequence of such an arrangement as that of the south is, that all the landholders and gentlemen of a neighborhood become mutually acquainted, and lay the foundation for friendly and hospitable reciprocities, which may be continued through life. The whole texture of society has a tincture from this intermingling. It is undeniable, that while aristocratic family pride, and chivalrous elevation of bearing, exist nowhere in greater vigor than at the south, there is a freer intercourse on the court-house-lawn between the richest planter and the honest poor man, than is ever witnessed in the manufacturing districts of Connecticut or Pennsylvania. This constant mingling of the aged with the young, tends to keep up national characteristics and to perpetuate an-

cient habits and sentiments. And let an old-fashioned man be allowed to whisper in the ear of this innovating age that all is not antiquated which is old, and that the hoary stream of tradition brings down with it not only prejudices, but wholesome predilections.

To enjoy a genuine and unsophisticated Court Day, one must select a county in the heart of the real Old Dominion, where emigration has not too much thinned the population, nor foreign settlers made the mass heterogeneous. It should be moreover in a region where the increase of villages has not modified the ancient character of the large estates.

I have in my mind's eye the very *beau idéal* of an old Virginia Court House. The edifice itself is neither large nor lofty, but "time-honored" and solid, and embosomed in a grove of locusts, which at the May Court fill the air with their balsamic odor. The lawn, which surrounds the house and grove, has not the deep green of our northern commons, nor is the earth so perfectly hidden by matted grass, but it is sufficiently soft and fresh to tempt many a group of loungers. But the scene becomes more lively as the day advances. Stalls and booths are rapidly erecting, and wagons of vendibles are disposed in rows; no doubt by pertinacious wanderers from New England. The porches of two or three plain-looking stores are filling rapidly with visitors who are arriving every moment. A northerner is amazed at the number of equestrians, and the ease and non-chalance with which even little boys manage their spirited horses. I must pass a thousand traits which in the hands of Irving or Kennedy would afford a tempting picture. The cordiality of greeting with which Virginians meet is delightful; and from ample trial I am able to pronounce it sincere and available. This heartiness is encouraged by such monthly gatherings. It is vain to object to this vehement shaking of hands and emphatic compellation. As my old pastor used to say, "The form without the power is better than neither;" and as Solomon says, "He that is a friend must *show* himself friendly." By the time of dinner, a thousand morsels of business, postponed during the month, have been transacted; a thousand items of precious little family news have been exchanged; hundreds of clusters, under porch or tree, have discoursed of the reigning political topic; or mayhap, the mighty mass has all been moved toward some little eminence to hear the eloquence of a genuine "stump-speech."

From my very heart, northman as I am, I admire and affect this good remnant of olden time. May no revised code ever disannul it, no sapient convention ever parcel out your counties into little municipal fragments!

I state it as an opinion very deliberately formed in my own mind, after some opportunities of comparison, that the elocution of southern men is more easy, more graceful, more natural, more vivacious, and more pathetic, than that of their northern compatriots. This is fairly to be traced to the influence of such occasions as the one which I describe. The moveable and excitable throng of a court-house-green is precisely the audience which awakens and inspires the orator. The tide of feeling comes back upon him at every happy appeal, and redoubles his energy. It was the Athenian *populace*, who "spent their time in nothing else, but either to tell or to hear some new thing," (what a picture of a court day!) which made the Athenian orator. The

practice of addresses to the literal and real constituency by every aspirant, brings into trial, very early, all the eloquence of the state. The manner of the best models is in some small degree perpetuated. The mere listening to such men as Patrick Henry, and John Randolph, not to mention the living, affords a school of eloquence to the youth of the country, and cultivates the taste of the people. And then in every little group upon yonder green, there is an ardor of conversation on political topics, which, as feeling rises, approaches to the character of harangue. I have never heard the impassioned conversation of southern men, in a tavern or by the way-side, without observing the natural tendency to a higher tone of elocution than would be tolerated in a similar circle at the north.

Whether the practice of "whittling," during conversation, has any connexion with ease of utterance, is a question too abstruse for my present cursory investigation. The celebrated doctor Rush used jocosely to characterize some of his southern students, by their "*R-phobia et Cacoethes secundi*." It may be noted as a token of the "free-and-easy" manner of certain courts, that we have seen advocates whittling during a defence, and judges whittling on the bench.

But finally, and most seriously, I trust no fanaticism of a faction at the north will ever so far prevail against the good sense and sound feeling of the community, as to interrupt the genial flow of hospitality, with which in every *individual* case I have known, northern men have been received by the gentlemen of old Virginia.

A NORTHERN MAN.

A BIRTH-DAY TRIBUTE.

When the dark shadows of approaching ills

Have fallen on the spirit, and depressed
Its proudest energies—when fear instils
Its dastard maxims in the noblest breast,
Preventing action and denying rest—
When, undefined in distance, dimly glow
Spectres of evil, till, by fancy drest,
The illusive phantoms on the vision grow,
And giants seem to wield the impending blow—

When, wearied by uncertainty, we pray

For what we fear, and deprecate suspense—
When gleams of hope are painful as a ray
Flashing at midnight from a light intense,
And leave the darkness of despair more dense—
When pleasure's cup is tasteless, and we seek
No more the brief relief we once drew thence—
When comes no sabbath in the lingering week
Harassing thought to end, or coming bliss to speak—

When even "desire it faileth," and the voice

Of softest music irritates the ear—
When the glad sun makes fields and groves rejoice,
While to our eyes the prospect still is drear—
When the mild southern gale, that used to cheer
With its bland fragrance, while it cooled the brow
With lingering fever wasted, pained and sore,
Has lost its power to charm—"tis then we know
The worth of woman's love, and what to her we owe.

Her holy love is like the gentle rill,
 Born where a fountain's waters bright are playing,
 (As from the birth of time they have, and will
 Till time shall end,) in noiseless beauty straying
 O'er golden sands, through verdant meads, and staying,
 To irrigate and freshen, as it flows
 Where man's proud works around in ruin lying,
 Proclaim the triumph of his many foes,
 Lust, passion, jealousy, and all the fiends he knows.

And worse than these his breast will enter in,
 And each in turn his labored love control.
 The fond idolatry, which is not sin
 When woman loves—that yielding of the soul,
 Which hardly asks return, but gives the whole,
 He knoweth not; but, in the folds of pride,
 He seeks his gloomy spirit to enroll:
 Then her, who loves him most, he'll basely chide,
 And with his bitter words her constancy deride.

Aye! thus infatuate, he will delight
 To lord it o'er the fond, devoted one
 Who breathes, but lives not, absent from his sight,
 If, for a moment, sorrow is unknown,
 Ambition gratified, or foes o'erthrown.
 But when his soul is darkened with alarms,
 And piercing thorns are in his pathway strown,
 He yields a willing pris'ner to her charms,
 And seeks to rest his head where love her bosom warms.

But as the savage, when his eyes behold
 The bright creations of the artist's mind,
 Where light and shade the loveliest forms enfold,
 And chastened taste with nature's lore is joined,
 Pauses in ecstasy; yet seeks to find
 What hath his untaught spirit so subdued,
 But all in vain; so man, to love resigned,
 Can comprehend not what hath so endued
 Fair woman with the power to soothe his nature rude.

He gazeth on the rill that is her love,
 But cannot pierce the bower of modesty
 Where roses, and where lilies twine above
 Its fount, and load the air with fragrantcy.
 He hears its voice of heavenly melody;
 He sees, above, the bow of beauty spanned;
 He drinks; the draught has power his soul to free
 From all its ills; he feels his heart expand;
 He bears a charmed life; he walks on Eden land.

Creature of impulse! but of impulse trained
 To do the bidding of a gentle heart,
 What man by years of study hath not gained,
 Thy spirit's teaching doth to thee impart.
 To him the unknown, to thee the easy art,
 To sway his reason and control his will;
 And when the unbidden gusts of passion start,
 To lay the whirlwind and bid all be still,
 And Peace, the vacant throne of Anarchy, to fill.

* * * * *
 My cherished one! this tributary lay
 Upon thy natal morn thy husband brings;
 The gathered thoughts of many a weary day.
 Weary, save that thy soul, on Fancy's wings,
 Borne as a bird that towards its eyrie springs,
 Flew where was thine to hold communion sweet:
 Save that each blissful memory, that clings

Around my heart, would, as a dream, repeat
 Unnumbered vanished hours, with love and joy replete.

As, when the orb that makes the day, declines,
 The twilight hour prolongs its cheering reign,
 My sun (thy love) through memory's twilight shines,
 Till its fair morning breaks on me again.
 Then shall my song resume in bolder strain
 The praises of thy sex, while I behold
 The loveliness, whose image I retain
 Within my heart—then shall my arms enfold
 Her who hath been to me, more than my lay hath told.

MY FIRST ATTEMPT AT POETRY.

Ever since I could write my name, I have been troubled with a disease which is spreading alarmingly in this our day and generation—I mean *Cacoethes Scribendi*; and the best antidote I have ever been able to discover for it, I received lately from the "Literary Messenger"—the rejection of my articles. At that time I imagined myself perfectly cured; but, unlike some other diseases, this can be had more than once, and the man who could invent some vaccinating process to prevent it, would deserve more gratitude from the present generation than the discoverer of vaccination against small pox.

I remember distinctly my first attempt at poetry. I was quietly resting under the shade of a stately elm, one bright summer day, turning over the leaves of a favorite author, and listening to the merry carols of a mock-bird that had perched on a thorn just before me. There was a beautiful lawn gently declining from the knoll where I lay, to the river's edge, green with luxuriant long grass, interspersed with the simple lily of the valley. There seemed to be a general thanksgiving of nature, and every thing tended to inspire my juvenile muse. After sundry bitings of the nails, and scratchings of the head,* I succeeded in pencilling on a blank leaf of the "Lady of the Lake," lines "To a Mocking Bird." No sooner had the fever of composition resolved itself into three stanzas, than the mock-bird, the green elms and humming waters, lost all their enchantment, and I hurried home to copy my verses and send them to the printing-office. I selected the whitest sheet of gilt-edged paper I had, made a fine nib to my pen, and soon finished a neat copy, which was forthwith deposited in the office of a respectable hebdomadal. Publication day came, and so did the carrier. Of all ugly boys, I used to think that carrier was the ugliest; but when he handed me the paper that I doubted not contained the first effort of unfledged genius, I thought he had the finest face and most waggish look I had ever seen—and in good truth, I never was so glad to see the fellow in my life. Wonderful metamorphosis! thought I, eagerly snatching the paper from him. But judge, oh! gentle reader, of my surprise and mortification, at not finding my cherished little poem either in the poet's corner, or even among the advertisements. The phiz of the carrier changed to its accustomed ugliness as if by magic, and, as he passed out of the door, he cast on

* Be careful, when invention fails,
 To scratch your head, and bite your nails.—Swift.

me a sardonic leer, grin'd "a ghastly smile," and "left me alone in my glory." I had too much philosophy, however, to remain long in a passion, or to suffer myself to be unhappy for such a trifle. I contented myself, therefore, as well as I could, and determined never to write another line until my first effort saw the light. How fortunate for you, kind reader, and perhaps for me, had my young muse then been nip'd in her incipient budding. But that first effort did see the light the next week, and 'Solomon in all his glory' was not so happy as I. You who have written and published, can have some idea of the sensations produced by the success of a first essay. Those who never have, cannot imagine the pleasure, the fluttering of heart, the gratified ambition, and the flattered vanity of him thus first dignified with print. Since then I have been rejected, but never so mortified as when my first poem did not appear when expected. And since then I have written, published, been republished and quoted, which is surely glory enough for one man, but have never been so happy as when my maiden effort first appeared among the blacksmiths' and tailors' advertisements of a village newspaper.

THY HOME AND MINE.

Is this thy home? The wild woods wave
 Their branches in the mountain breeze—
 And nature to thy mansion gave
 A treasure in those noble trees.
 Here flows a river bright and pure
 Along its silver-winding way,
 While on its white and pebbled shore
 A fairy group of children play.
 Here calm and clear looks heaven's blue dome—
 This is thy lovely Highland home!

This is thy home—at evening's hour
 A social band assemble here,
 With converse sweet and music's power,
 To chase each gloomy thought of care.
 Affection's gentle language speaks
 In every eye thine eyes behold—
 Here revels love on beauty's cheeks
 And bids her braid her locks of gold.
 In search of bliss you need not roam—
 But this is not—is not my home!

My home is where the waters roll
 Deep, wide and blue to ocean's caves—
 How sweetly soothing to the soul
 The murmur of their dashing waves!
 Oft has their music charmed mine ear
 At twilight's soft and dewy hour—
 When one I fondly love was near
 To feel with me its witching power,
 And watch the billows crown'd with foam,
 Break on thy walls, my lowland home!

My home! how soon that single word
 Can cause regretful tears to flow!
 It thrills on feeling's finest chord—
 Still does it make my bosom glow.
 Oh what a fountain of delight

Does that one little sound unseal!
 When far away, to mem'ry's sight
 What scenes of bliss does it reveal!
 'Tis the voice of nature bids me come
 To thy shrine of love—my own sweet home!

Wealth may be ours, and fame may spread
 With trumpet-voice our names afar—
 In honor's cause we may have bled
 And braved the crimson tide of war—
 But wealth, and fame, and glory's crown
 Are bubbles which a breath may burst,
 As quickly as a breath hath blown;
 They cannot slake the burning thirst
 For happiness—for this we roam,
 And this is only found at home! E. A. S.

SECOND LECTURE

Of the Course on the Obstacles and Hindrances to Education, arising from the peculiar faults of Parents, Teachers and Scholars, and that portion of the Public immediately concerned in directing and controlling our Literary Institutions.

On Parental Faults.

When I last had the honor of addressing you, I promised that I would endeavor to expose all such parental faults as obstruct the progress of correct education. This promise I will now proceed to fulfil, with only one prefatory request, which is, that if any individuals present shall apply a single remark to themselves, to bear it constantly in mind that such application is made by their own consciences—not by me. My observations will all be general—their should be particular, and should be carried home to their own bosoms and business; or all that I shall say, might as well be uttered to so many "deaf adders," as to intelligent, rational, and moral beings.

Having been a parent myself for nearly forty years, and a close observer of other parents ever since I turned my attention particularly to the subject of education, I have much experience to "give in" relative to parental faults and vices. Whether this experience will avail any thing towards their cure, or even their mitigation, your own feelings and judgment can alone decide. The picture which I shall endeavor to draw will be a very revolting one, although not in the slightest degree caricatured or aggravated. But not less revolting is the sight of cancers in the human body, which require to be both seen and thoroughly examined before they can be extirpated. The cancers of the mind, however, as all faults and vices may justly be called, are infinitely harder to cut out; for in all these cases the victim and the operator must be the same person. Here, according to the old adage, every one must be his own doctor—since all that can be done for him by others is to tell him of his malady, and to convince him, if possible, in spite of his self-love and blindness, of its highly dangerous tendency, as well as of its certainly fatal termination, unless he himself will most earnestly and anxiously set about its cure. To produce this conviction in all my hearers who need it, arduous as the undertaking may be, is the sole purpose for which I now address you.

Although the obstacles to the progress of correct views on the subject of education, as well as to the adoption of the best means for promoting this all-important object, be too numerous easily to determine which are the most pre-eminently mischievous, I shall begin with those which appear to constitute the very "head and front of the offending." These are created under the parental roof itself, where the first elements of education are almost always acquired, and where it is most obvious that *if any but good seed are sown*, the most precious part of the child's subsequent existence must be spent rather in the toilsome, painful business of extirpating weeds, than of bringing to perfection such plants as yield the wholesome bread of life. Hence, in a great measure, the little benefit, in numberless instances, from going to school; because, the short time generally allowed for this purpose (particularly in the case of girls) is too often occupied solely in clearing away and rooting out from the mind *that* which must necessarily be removed before any useful and lasting knowledge can well be implanted.

The first parental fault which I shall notice, is that by which children are first affected. It begins to influence them with the first dawns of intellect—augments as that expands—accumulates like compound interest, and never ceases to exert its baneful power until fixed for life. This fault is the glaring and frequent contradictions between parental precepts and examples, although the least experience will suffice to convince any one who will consult it, that the latter will forever be followed rather than the former; nor will any thing ever check it but the fear of some very severe punishment—the rod (for example) on the back of the far less guilty child, instead of the shoulders of the parental tempter. The father or mother who calculates on their children totally abstaining, unless by external force, from any vicious indulgence whatever, of which they see their parents habitually guilty, counts on a moral impossibility. As well might they expect water not to boil when sufficient heat is long enough applied, or dry tinder not to burn when brought in contact with fire; for these appliances are to water and tinder what vicious parental examples will always prove to the juvenile mind. Woe, double and triple woe, be to those who set them, for they incur the most awfully dangerous responsibility of rendering their children utterly worthless! I confidently appeal, as in a former lecture, to the experience of every one who now hears me, and I beseech them to ask themselves how many drinking, gambling, profane, lazy, idle fathers have they ever known whose sons were exempt from these vices? How many have they ever known who habitually gave way to bursts of anger and wrath—to a rude, dictatorial, despotic, quarrelsome disposition, especially in the privacy of home, which many seem to think a suitable place for acting as they would be ashamed or afraid to act in public, where they would meet with somewhat more formidable checks than helpless wives and children; how many such fathers can any recollect, whose sons did not resemble and probably surpass them in all their worst habits? Equally sure, too, will the daughters be to follow their mamma's goodly examples, should they also habitually display any of those faults or vices that are calculated to sully the purity of the female character, or in any way to degrade and

render it odious. With such facts continually before the eyes of all parents, what supreme folly and madness—nay, what deadly guilt must be theirs, who do not avoid setting bad examples to their children, as they would shun the utmost extremity of misery!

Among those parental faults which soonest begin to work incalculable mischief, is the habitual practice of talking and acting in such a manner, in regard to the whole class of teachers, that by the time their children are sent to school they learn to look upon the entire tribe of schoolmasters and schoolmistresses as belonging to a class much inferior to that of their parents, and to consider their being placed under such supervision as a kind of purgatorial punishment. I once knew a gentleman in whose mind these early notions had taken deep root, who used to say, that he could never pass through a pine-wood resembling that in which his first schoolhouse stood, without being thrown into a cold perspiration by it. Without doubt he had been exposed to the parental practice I am now condemning, the almost inevitable consequence of which is, to create contempt and aversion for teachers, reluctant obedience, distrust in their capacities to teach, and not unfrequently open insubordination. Manners and polite deportment are deemed quite hidden mysteries to these teachers, or matters with which the parents never designed they should meddle—it being frequently intimated that they never had opportunities for acquiring the first, nor feel any interest in teaching the last, farther than to protect themselves from injury and insult. Awkwardness, if not rudeness also, is often deemed an almost inseparable part of their character; and their pupils are not unfrequently encouraged by parental smiles to laugh at and ridicule "the poor schoolmaster or mistress," instead of being checked by timely reproof in all such conduct. If there happen to be the faint semblance of a little wit or humor in these remarks, many silly parents take the first opportunity of retailing them with evident pleasure, even in the child's presence; and the silly delight manifested at this supposed proof of marvellous precocity, completely overcomes all sense of the culpability of the act, or of its very pernicious influence on the dispositions of the child. At most it is pronounced to be quite a venial peccadillo, amply compensated by the intellectual smartness which it evinces. The seeds of vanity, self-conceit, and censoriousness are thus sown in the youthful mind as soon as they can take root, and by the very hands too whose sacred duty it is to protect it from all harm.

Closely allied to the foregoing fault is the ever restless haste of very many parents to make men and women of their children sooner than nature intended. It may well be called the hot-bed system, and like that from which it takes its name, produces plants out of season, incapable of withstanding necessary exposure to the open atmosphere and the vicissitudes of climate. The consequence is, that the period of scholastic education is most injuriously shortened, particularly for girls. The boys are pushed forward into professions, and turned loose to act for themselves, with a mere smattering of literature and science—often before any power for serious reflection has been acquired, or indeed could well be formed in such juvenile, inexperienced minds, in regard to the great, complicated duties of life, the objects most worthy of pursuit, and the all-important

principles which should ever govern them in fulfilling the first, as well as in attaining the last. False estimates of human life, aggravated by innumerable miscarriages in their ill-digested plans, necessarily follow; and the poor youths are most unjustly condemned for failure in pursuits wherein they have been either forced or suffered from most foolish and mischievous indulgence to engage, long before they had maturity either of body or mind sufficient to render success even probable. They are stimulated—nay, often driven to sea, on the vast, tempestuous ocean of life, without compass or rudder to their little barks, and then are most grievously abused for getting wrecked, when the pilots who should have steered their fragile vessels had most unpardonably abandoned their trust. But should the frequent occurrence of such a calamity create any surprise, when we find so many, even of those who know better, so far yielding to the popular error, as to manage their sons in this way? It is quite enough to overcome all their wisest resolves, to be told by the majority of their acquaintance, that “it is a shame to keep their boys so long in leading-strings—they should be doing something for themselves.” This sapient admonition usually settles every doubt, and the unfortunate youths, in all the perilous immaturity of boyhood, are forthwith converted into men, left to think and act for themselves. But their mental outfits for so arduous a business being entirely inadequate, their outfits of property are not unfrequently squandered, and irretrievably lost, several years prior to the time when they could reasonably be expected to understand their only true and legitimate uses. Hence we have many examples of young men who have actually run quite through their estates but a little beyond the time when they should have been first put into possession of them, and who have lost all respectability of character at a period when they should be only commencing their career of active life. If these unfortunate victims of parental folly—may I not say, wickedness—then open their eyes to their real situation, it will often be only to shut them again in utter despair, and plunge into all the fathomless depths of dissipation and vice, as their only refuge from the hopeless misery, the inextricable ruin in which they too late perceive that they have involved themselves. Hasty, inconsiderate marriages are often found to cap the climax of all this wretchedness, by adding helpless women and children to the number of sufferers, and thereby immeasurably augmenting the miseries of a condition which, without this, would seem to admit of scarcely any farther aggravation. A similar catastrophe often befalls our girls who have had the deadly misfortune to be subjected to this hot-bed system. With unformed constitutions, and still more unformed minds, they are hurried into situations where they have to act the parts of *women*, before they are rid of the dispositions, inclinations, and follies of *children*. They not unfrequently marry and become mothers, while yet distant from the age of maturity, and thus have to fulfil the all-important duty of forming the hearts, minds, and principles of children, when, in fact, they are little more than children themselves. Loss of life is, in many instances, the forfeit paid for such premature marriages. But should they escape this awful sacrifice, they rarely fail to have their constitutions broken down, their powers of useful exertion greatly impaired or irrevocably lost;

and an early grave, often—alas! too often, closes the heart-rending scene over these poor, unfortunate victims of parental mismanagement, at a time when probably they would just have reached the meridian of mature life, had they been properly prepared for all the momentous duties of wives and mothers, before they were compelled to fulfil them. Their helpless offspring are thus bereft of maternal nurture, when the parent was just beginning probably to understand what it ought to be—and how holy, how sacred she should esteem her obligations, to fulfil it most unremittingly to the children of her bosom. The same forcing process is then applied to the innocent little survivors; and *they*, in their turn, are to be married, if possible, when they should still be at school—to leave the care of children before they know how to take care of themselves—and often to die, when they should be just beginning to live as the mistresses of families. Boys and girls have thus to act the part of instructors, while they themselves should yet be pupils; and the elementary education of their offspring, which is by far the most important part, is inevitably exposed to all the danger of being entirely perverted, by the inexperience, the unavoidable ignorance, and the moral incapacity of such very juvenile teachers. In regard to daughters especially, it may truly be said, that a cardinal article in the nursery creed of multitudes of mothers is, that they *must* marry, and *marry early*, even without nicely weighing moral consequences, if it cannot be done as prudence, common sense, and correct principles would dictate. The period for going to school is thus necessarily curtailed within limits scarcely sufficient for the simplest elementary instruction, that the young candidates for conjugal honors may be pushed into general society and public amusements, which are considered the great marts for matrimonial speculations. Now, although marriage is highly honorable, as well as the state which *may* afford most happiness in this life, it is indisputably true, that it can be neither honorable nor happy, unless very many circumstances, too frequently overlooked or disregarded, concur to make it so. It can produce nothing but disgrace and unhappiness if contracted, as it often is, without affection, esteem, or even respect for the husband, who is married merely for his wealth; or, because the poor girl has been taught to dread the condition of an old maid as something so terrible, that it should be avoided at every hazard. Equally certain is it that marriage can procure no happiness—nay, that it is a truly miserable condition, without good morals, good temper, and a tender regard among the parties. Yet thousands of unfortunate girls marry rather than live single, simply because their parents and other connexions have made them believe that to remain *unmarried*, is to become objects of general derision and contempt. Even if this were true, as it certainly is not, surely there is no rational person who would not pronounce such a state much more bearable than a union for life with a man who was vicious both in principles and conduct, who was cursed with a bad temper, and incapable of any sentiment even resembling conjugal love. A very large portion of the miserable marriages which we see in our society, may justly be ascribed to this most cruel—I may say, wicked error in the parental nurture of daughters. It is too shameful to be acknowledged by any as committed by them—

selves; yet there is not a person probably in the United States who cannot cite many instances of it in others.

Another parental fault of very extensive prevalence, is their sufferance, if not actual encouragement of an opinion very common, at least among their male children, that it is quite manly, magnanimous, and republican to oppose, even by open rebellion, (if nothing less will do) all such scholastic laws and regulations, as they, in the supremacy of their juvenile wisdom, may happen to disapprove. This has been signally and most lamentably verified in regard to that particular law so indispensably necessary to the well being of all schools, which requires the students to give evidence when called upon, against all violators of the existing regulations, without respect to persons. How an opinion so absurd and pernicious first got footing, unless by parental inculcation, it would be difficult to say; but nothing is more certain than its wide-spread influence, nor are there many things more sure than the great agency it has heretofore had in preventing any good schools from being long kept up in a flourishing condition, at least in our own state, where they are as much wanted as in any part of the Union. Such an opinion is the more unaccountable—indeed, it appears little short of downright insanity, when we come to reflect that *all* think it right for adults to be punished for refusing to give evidence before our courts when required, in regard to any breaches of the laws under which *they* live; and yet, the same individuals who entertain this opinion, almost universally uphold their own children in committing a similar offence, by withholding *their* testimony when any of the laws under which *they* live are violated at their respective schools—even should such violation go to the very subversion of the schools themselves. Nay, more—if a poor devoted teacher or professor should dare to punish these very independent young gentlemen for such unjustifiable and fatal contumacy, a universal clamor is immediately raised against him—his character is instantly stigmatized for cruelty and tyranny, while that of the rebel youths is eulogized as much as if they were really martyrs to generous feeling and magnanimous self-devotion to the good of others. All sense of just punishment and disgrace is thus effectually taken away, and the young offender is taught to pride himself on what should be his shame. That fathers should acquiesce in the wisdom and justice of laws to punish *themselves* for certain offences against society at large, and be unable to see the justice and wisdom of laws to punish their sons for similar offences against the little societies called schools, is surely one of the greatest and most inexplicable follies of which men, in their senses, can possibly be guilty. Have not these last named institutions precisely the same right and reason, that national governments have, to pass laws for their own preservation? How, indeed, could either long exist without them? It will be in vain to deny the prevalence of this most pernicious folly, so long as we find a very large majority of the youth of our country acting under the opinion of its being highly disgraceful to do *that* before the faculty of a college, or the head of a school, which their fathers deem it perfectly right to do every time *they themselves* are called as witnesses before the juries and courts of their country. I have said more on this parental fault than

otherwise I should have done, because I am thoroughly and deeply convinced that there never can long exist any flourishing schools, academies, or colleges, in any portion of our country, where so radically mischievous an error prevails. *Our youth must be taught*, and by their parents too, that *they* have no more right to exemption from the restraints of scholastic law, than *men* have from the inhibitions of the laws of their country—that all legitimate human institutions have a clear, indisputable, and necessary power to make regulations for their own preservation; that this power *must* be obeyed, or it is utterly useless; and that if obedience be proper, honorable, and indispensable in their fathers, it cannot possibly be improper, unessential, or dishonorable in their children. Let our sons be taught *this lesson* at home, and the absolute necessity of always acting up to it every where, and we may then confidently hope, *but not until then*, that all our seminaries of instruction will flourish in a far greater degree than we ever yet have witnessed. "It is a consummation most devoutly to be wished," and *one*, towards the accomplishment of which, neither time, money, nor intellectual effort should be spared.

Another fault committed by many more parents than are aware of it is, that either from very culpable neglect in studying their children's characters, or from most fatuitous partiality, they often send them to school, in full confidence that they will prove most exemplary patterns of good principles and good conduct, when, in fact, they are signally deficient in both. The consequence is, that should any teacher be daring enough to communicate the painful intelligence, it is either entirely discredited, or it comes on the unfortunate, self-deluded parent with the suddenness and shock of a clap of thunder. If the account is believed, the punishment justly due to the real author of the mischief, the guilty father or mother, is not unfrequently inflicted on the child; or, should it be deemed false, young master or miss (as the case may be) is immediately taken away, and turned loose at home to unrestrained indulgence, or sent to some instructor who has more of the cunning of worldly wisdom than to make any such startling and incredible communications.

In close connexion with the foregoing fault is one of still greater and more injurious prevalence. It is assumed, as a settled point, probably by a majority of parents, that if heaven has not bestowed on *their offspring* more than a usual proportion of brains, at least a very competent share has been allotted them; and that they—the parents, have not failed previously to sending the children to school, in doing every thing necessary to enable those brains to work beneficially for the craniums which contain them, and for the bodies whose movements are to be governed thereby. Yet there are certainly many children—very many, who from great deficiency of natural talent, appear to be born for nothing higher than to be "hewers of wood and drawers of water." This truth cannot be denied; yet the fathers and mothers of these children, in despite of nature, will often persist in attempting to make them learned men and learned women. The consequence is inevitable. An irreparable waste of time and money results from the abortive attempt, and thousands who might have become useful and highly respectable day laborers, at some easily acquired handicraft, are con-

verted, by this most misapplied and cruel kindness into ridiculous pretenders to situations that nature never destined them to fill. This parental notion of marvelous talents and virtues in their children—if it happen to be unfounded—and much too often it unfortunately proves so, leads certainly to the conclusion, that whatever scrapes the children get into at school, or, however deficient they may appear in acquirement, when they go home, the whole and sole blame attaches to the teachers; and the children are withdrawn, often without the slightest intimation of the real cause, leaving the luckless instructors to infer, that, probably, they have given satisfaction.

Another very general and deeply rooted fault in parents, is, the readiness with which they believe and act upon the complaints of their children, often without taking the smallest pains whatever to ascertain whether these complaints may not be at least exaggerated, if not entirely unfounded. The humorous author of *Peter Plymley's* letters has said—"that a single rat in a Dutch dyke is sometimes sufficient to flood a whole province." The idea intended to be conveyed by this, is eminently true, especially in relation to female seminaries, where only one gossiping, talking girl, although free, perhaps, from malicious intent, is quite enough to destroy an entire school. Were it possible for teachers before hand, to know the propensities of such little bipeds, they should exclude them as carefully as the Dutch attempt to do the small, apparently impotent quadrupeds, that do them so much injury. But suffer me to cite some instances to sustain my opinion. Let us suppose, for example, that the grievance complained of is partial treatment. To say nothing of the difficulty of proving a negative, or of disproving, even when heard, a charge which covers so much ground, and which is rarely suffered to reach the teacher's ears—it is perfectly easy to demonstrate, that it *may*, and often *will* be made, without the shadow of truth. When to this is added, its utter incompatibility with that portion of common sense, which all instructors, who are not miserable drivellers, must possess, and which they, of course, will exercise, in comparing their infinitely small and doubtful gains, with their great and certain loss by such injustice towards the complainants, (putting all principles of honor and public pledges out of the question,) the accusation ought to appear in most cases, past all rational credibility. But let us return to the proof, that the charge of partiality *may* and *will* often be made without the shadow of truth. It is a thing which deeply concerns *all schools*, and is therefore a subject of common and vital interest—both to them and to the public. None have so little experience as not to know, that among the scholars of every school there will be irregularities of conduct with corresponding inequalities in talent, application, and acquirement, and that the old adage, that "one man can carry a horse to water, but that four and twenty can't make him drink," is equally true in a figurative sense as to children at school. Hence, some pupils go on very successfully, without punishment of any kind, while others not unfrequently require it in all its most effective forms. This equitable and obviously necessary difference in treatment, between offenders and non-offenders, is always sensibly felt by the culprits themselves—often deeply resented; the true cause of it, rarely well understood, and still

more rarely acknowledged or explained, especially to parents and guardians: for self-accusation is least apt to be made by those who most frequently commit acts that should produce it. Much the most common course among the violators of any moral law or obligation whatever, whether they are children or adults, is to seek refuge from the consciousness of one fault, in the commission of some other—which other, generally, is, to shift the blame, if possible, from themselves. That humble, contrite, self-abasing spirit which caused the prodigal son to exclaim—"Father, I have sinned against heaven and thee, and am no more worthy to be called thy son," is hardly to be expected, in any great degree, among children at school: yet they *should* possess it, before their parents ought to rely on their competency to judge and decide in their own cases, whether *they* or *their teachers* are in the wrong—cases too, wherein it is perfectly obvious, that if the teachers are the offending party, they must have become so in opposition to their best interests. From the foregoing considerations, it is manifest, that among such children at school as are justly reprov'd or punished for misconduct, unjust complaints of partiality in the teachers will frequently arise; and that these will often be too readily credited, without any investigation, or even the slightest hint to the persons thus secretly accused, of what has been alleged against them. In all such cases a withdrawal of the pupils almost certainly follows, succeeded by abuse of the schools, which often becomes the more bitter and inveterate, from the parents themselves having an unacknowledged conviction, that *they are the injured*, instead of the *injured party*. With all such persons the self-applied cure for the mortification arising from incredible dullness, or depravity in their children, is to slander their teachers wherever it can safely be done.

Another proper and necessary difference in the scholastic treatment of children proceeds from difference of age. But most unluckily, it sometimes happens, that very young little masters and misses expect to be treated like grown up young gentlemen and ladies; and should such very rational expectations be disappointed, as they most assuredly should be, these premature aspirants to the privileges and immunities of manhood and womanhood, take most grievous and unappeasable offence at it. Heavy, but vague complaints of partial treatment follow of course; parental tenderness is naturally excited; parental credulity lends too easy credence to the tale of juvenile woe; and a change of school is the frequent consequence, without the really innocent teachers even suspecting that any such cause could possibly have produced it.

Another most extensively pernicious fault in parents, is the incompatible expectations formed of what teachers can do, with the practice of treating them, and speaking of them, as scarcely above the menial class of society. The expectations of many fathers and mothers would appear to be something not very far from a belief, that instructors are masters of some wonder-working process which can inspire genius where it never existed; give talents that nature has withheld; correct in a few weeks or months every bad habit, however long indulged; and force knowledge into heads, pertinaciously determined to reject, or so constructed as to be incapable of receiving it. The general conduct towards such intellectual magicians, where consistency is at all regarded, should

certainly be, at least, to place them on a footing of perfect equality with the members of the most esteemed professions in society. But what is the fact? Why, that schoolmasters and schoolmistresses are viewed by multitudes of those who arrogate the right to decide, as a class of persons, essentially vulgar and awkward in their manners; ignorant of the world; of low, groveling, selfish principles, and nearly incapable of any of those feelings and high sense of honor which are claimed, as a kind of inalienable property by all who believe, (and there are thousands of such individuals,) that wealth and worldly distinctions authorize them to be proud, arrogant, and contemptuous towards all who are deficient in the gifts of fortune. It is not easy to trace this opinion respecting teachers to its source, because one would think that the least pittance of common sense would teach parents the impossibility of their children ever being well taught by any persons for whom they felt no respect, and the equal impossibility of respecting those whom their parents evidently despised. Two causes probably may have produced this mischievous variance between the conduct of parents towards instructors, and the momentous duties which these last are expected to fulfil. First, that many who have taken upon themselves the profession of teachers, have neither the talents, the knowledge, the temper, nor the manners necessary to discharge its numerous and arduous duties; and secondly, that the pride of wealth, which generally indulges itself in an exemption from bodily and mental labor, naturally seeks to dignify its idleness by assuming a superiority over all who work either with their hands or their head. But be the origin what it may, the cause of education is most injuriously affected by it.

Another parental fault is, the interference both as to matter and manner in which children are to be taught; and this is sure to be committed in proportion to the self-conceited competency, but real inability of the advising, or rather commanding party. Let a single exemplification suffice, out of very many others I could give of this most ridiculous, but very pernicious fault. I select it because it is one of those occurrences in the "olden time," the relation of which can hurt the feeling of none, but may afford a useful lesson to many. My informant told me, that many years ago he knew a lady who could barely read and write, to carry a little girl whose acquirements extended not much farther than her own, to a school conducted by a gentleman well qualified for his profession. She announced herself, as having brought to him a pupil, who was immediately to be taught some half dozen sciences, the names of which she had somewhere picked up, but could scarcely pronounce; and that "he must make haste to do it, as the little miss had not much more than a year, if that, to go to school." I was not told whether or not the teacher laughed in her face, but if he refrained he must have had much more than common control over his risible muscles. "It was enough," (as the hero of *Cherubina* says,) "to make a tiger titter." This most compendious way of manufacturing learned young masters and young misses, when viewed in its effects upon the great interests of our community—upon the happiness of families, as well as of the nation at large, is enough to sicken the heart of any person capable, even in a moderate degree, of serious reflection. Nu-

merous instances have I known, in my limited sphere of observation, especially in female schools, where, just as the pupils had acquired a taste for reading, and were beginning to make good progress in their studies, they were hurried away, and plunged headlong into the vortex of gay, pleasure-seeking company, there to lose—far more rapidly than it was gained—all desire, all anxiety for intellectual culture. Books, together with all the useful lessons they are calculated to impart; the whole long-labored scheme of moral instruction, from which so much good had been anticipated; the anxious preparation for a life of active beneficence, are all forgotten or neglected, for constantly recurring schemes of frivolous gaiety, and utter idleness in regard to all really useful pursuits. The only subject of intense interest which seems to occupy these fanatic devotees of worldly pleasure, is *marriage*; and provided they can succeed in procuring a wealthy husband for their daughters, all other matters are deemed of very subordinate importance. After the teachers of these unfortunate girls may have been laboring for years to convince them that the value of eternal things is immeasurably greater than that of any merely temporal things whatever, they are to be "finished off," (as it is called) in the school of the world, where all these calculations are utterly reversed, and present objects alone are made to occupy all their thoughts and time.

Another fault of parents, and I may add guardians too, is to be led away by mere reports in regard to the character of schools and their teachers, without always inquiring for themselves, as they should do where possible, minutely into both. Thus, it often happens that, governed entirely by rumor not to be traced to any authentic source, all will be anxiously hurrying to secure places for their children in schools said to be already full to overflowing, so that no more can possibly get in; while schools of equal merit are carefully avoided, because the same common untraceable rumor proclaims that they are losing all their scholars; which, if not true at the time, soon probably becomes so, from the capricious love of change, and the desire to get their children's brains swept by the new broom, or from the common habit of ascribing all removals of pupils from any schools whatever, to incompetency or misconduct in the teachers. These ebb and flood tides of popularity often happen to the same schools, without any change whatever in the schools themselves, except increased fitness in the teachers, from additional experience. A signal instance of this fell under my observation, many years ago, in the case of a long established, highly respectable, but no longer existing city school. This institution, after maintaining very deservedly a high character for many years, was literally stripped almost entirely naked of pupils, by some utter strangers, who, although possibly as meritorious, were certainly not known to be so, by a single individual of the whole number that immediately sent scholars to them. It is true, that the old school, after the public imagination had time to sober a little, somewhat recovered from the shock, although never sufficiently to regain its former standing. What is called "*patronage*," had fled from its walls, which were soon entirely deserted, and answered little other purpose than to present another striking monument of public caprice, fickleness, and folly. This case is cited from no invidious motive

whatever—both schools having long ceased to exist; but it furnishes a most striking proof of the existence, as well as of the pernicious effects of the last parental fault noticed. As a necessary consequence of this fault, comes the frequent changes made from school to school, often without any assignable cause, but the mere love of novelty; or some secret, but unfounded dissatisfaction imbibed from the *ex parte* misrepresentation of the children, most carefully concealed from the teachers themselves. If the matter ended here, it might not do more harm than occasion the loss of the particular pupils to the offending teachers; but the fancied injury, although never communicated to the person chiefly interested in removing the unfounded imputation, is, in general, the more diligently made known to others. With all these, the characters of the teachers are deeply injured, if not entirely ruined, without the possibility of a vindication, from utter ignorance of its being any where necessary. Persons who are thus regardless of what they say of schools and their conductors, and who are so careless as to the sources from which they seek a knowledge of their characters, are liable to be greatly deceived, even when making inquiries, in a manner that appears to them most likely to obtain correct information. Thus, in the opinion of these precipitate and reckless judges, it is at once concluded, that if an individual of their acquaintance has merely been at any particular school, whether in casually passing or specially to see it, this person must necessarily be well qualified to tell, describe, and explain every thing about it; and therefore, that the sentence of approval or condemnation produced by this off-hand judge, must be decisive, although it may go no farther than a simple "*ipse dixit*"—"he or she said it." Details are rarely, if ever asked by such inquirers, (for I have often witnessed their method of proceeding) but the mere opinion of the informant, for or against the school, is deemed all sufficient; the brief assertion, "I've no notion of it," or "I like it mightily," settles the question. It seems never to be even suspected, that to form a just and impartial judgment in regard to the merits or demerits of any school, requires much more time, learning, knowledge of the principles and management of schools in general, acquaintance with the various modes of instructing youth, but, above all, more power of discrimination than most persons possess. Hence, the characters both of schools and teachers, are generally at the mercy of individuals extremely incompetent to determine what they really are.

Another common fault with many parents and guardians, has always reminded me of the old miser who inquired of his merchant for a pair of shoes, that must be at once "very neat, and strong, and fine, and cheap." They confound together cheapness and lowness of price, although no two things generally differ more widely; and hence they always endeavor to purchase their schools as they do their merchandise. It is certainly true that a *high* price does not necessarily make either schools or merchandise of good quality; but it is equally true, that a *low* price can never have any such effect. The principle of equivalents must be alike consulted in both cases, or no fair, equitable bargain can be made, either for bodily or mental apparel. If much is required, much must be given, provided both parties are free to give and take; and those who act upon different prin-

ciples—be they parents, guardians, or teachers, deserve to be, and generally are, utterly disappointed.

There is another fault which I will here mention—not on account of any connexion with that just noticed, but because the recollection of it has just presented itself. It is of most fearful import, for I verily believe it to be the foundation of most of the infidelity which prevails among the youth of our country. I mean, the neglect of parents to require their children to seek religious instruction by constant attendance at places of religious worship—places where *they themselves*, if professors of religion, deem it *their sacred duty* to attend. They require—nay, insist upon these children seeking classical, scientific, and literary knowledge by attending schools and colleges; how then can they possibly justify, or even excuse their attendance at church, not being at least equally insisted upon. They themselves, unless hypocrites, must deem religious knowledge far more important than all other kinds united. To leave their children then, at full liberty to seek or not to seek it, and to coerce them in seeking these other kinds, is to act, not only inconsistently and foolishly, but wickedly.

One of the greatest and most pernicious faults of all, I have reserved for the last to be noticed. It is the utter indifference which, not only parents and guardians but all other persons except the instructors themselves, appear to feel for the reputation of schools and their particular conductors, although this reputation is really a matter of the deepest interest to the whole community. Of these institutions and their managers, it seems in an especial manner, and most emphatically true, that "*what is every body's business is no body's business*." Slander and its effects may certainly be called *every body's business*, since all are exposed to it; yet no individual appears to think it his own, or likely to be so, until it touches his own dear self, although one of the best modes of protecting himself from it, most obviously is—to manifest, on all occasions, a readiness to protect others. But while men remain so prone to believe ill, rather than good, of their fellow creatures, and are too regardless of any reputations but their own, it is hardly to be expected, that so long as they themselves are safe, much care will be felt whether the persons assailed, are openly or secretly attacked, or whether they have opportunities to defend themselves or not. Hence, there are no courts in the world that exercise a more despotic, reckless sway, than what may justly be called *courts of defamation*; the only qualifications for which are, a talent and love for malignant gossiping. Even the tribunals of the inquisition make a pretence at justice, by calling the accused before them; but the self-constituted inquisitors of reputation, who often, in the course of their various sessions, sit upon schools and their conductors, disdain to use even the mockery of a trial. With them, to try, to condemn, and to execute the character, while the body is absent, constitute but one and the same act; and like so many grand sultans, whose power is supreme, whose word is law, and whose arguments are the scimitars and bow-strings of death, they are alike uncontrolled and uncontrollable by any considerations even approaching towards truth and justice. If defamation never meets with anything to check it but the unheeded, unavailing complaints of the immediate sufferers from its diabolical spirit, it will

continue greatly to impair, if it does not utterly destroy one of the most copious sources of human happiness—I mean, the heart-cheering confidence, that all will acquire fair reputations by always acting in a manner to deserve them, and that nothing can bereave them of this inestimable blessing, but actual misconduct. It is true, that our laws hold out something like a remedy for slander by known individuals. But what is this remedy? While house-breaking and house-burning have often been made punishable by death—*character-breaking and burning* have met with no other legal corrective than pecuniary fines, and these too, dependent on enactments hard to be applied to any particular case, and upon the capricious, ill-regulated, not to say, prejudiced, judgments of others. To mend the matter, public opinion generally attaches no small disgrace to the seeking this species of redress; as if to sue for damages to character, implied, on the part of woman, some strong probability of guilt, and on the part of man, a great presumption both of guilt and cowardice. Against the effect of inimical motives, calumnious opinions, and their underhand circulation, no law affords any protection whatever. These matters are entirely beyond the reach of all legislation, and unless they can be cured by moral instruction, moral discipline, and such a public sentiment as will keep alive in every bosom a strong sense of our obligations always to judge charitably and justly of each other, the members of our society, one and all, must still live exposed to this deep and deadly curse of secret defamation. Such is the baneful nature of this deplorable evil, that to fear or despise will only serve to aggravate it—while to live above it, although very comfortable to our consciences, can never entirely prevent the injuries it often has the power of inflicting upon even the best of mankind. The disastrous effects of it upon education, so far as this depends upon scholastic establishments, are incalculable; for although some particular schools might rise or fall a sightless distance above the hopes of their most sanguine friends—below the wishes of their bitterest enemies—without materially affecting the general cause of instruction; yet that cause cannot possibly flourish—cannot even approach its maximum of general good, without far greater protection from public sentiment. It must protect, and with parental solicitude too, the reputation both of teachers and schools, or none whatever, even the best, can be secure of a twelve months' existence. None can possibly last, unless all who have any power of giving the tone and character of public opinion, will unite in marking with the severest reprobation the kind of spirit which so frequently gives birth and circulation to the numerous, unfounded calumnies we so often hear against the very best of them; calumnies too, to the greedy swallowing of which, it forms no objection with many, that they have no authors who have hardihood enough to avow them. But the same violent spirit which ruins some schools by calumny, often exerts itself with so little judgment as to destroy others by intended kindness. Thus, the same tongues which will persecute particular schools in secret—"even unto death," will praise and puff others so immeasurably, as to excite against them that never dying envy and animosity, which is always roused to action by high seasoned commendation of others. These headlong, unreflecting puffers,

are either utterly ignorant, or entirely forget that the world is still full of people who are brothers and sisters, at least in feeling, to that Athenian who voted to banish Aristides, (whom he acknowledged he did not know,) solely, as he declared—"because he was weary and sick at heart, on hearing him every where called the Just."

The foregoing faults, as far as I can recollect, are the chief and most pernicious of those which attach particularly to parents and guardians. But there are many others to which they are parties, either as principals or accessaries with that great and complicated mass of human beings, which, when considered in the aggregate, constitute what is called—"the public." These often form themselves into large subdivisions, arrayed against each other with all the bitter animosity of partizan hostility, as the assailants and defenders of particular schools; without appearing, for a moment to reflect, that complete success to either party must sweep from the face of the earth one half of the existing schools, although it is manifest to all who will look soberly at our present condition, that the supply of good schools, still falls very far short of the demand. But if this exterminating war between the partizans and enemies of schools in general is never to cease, would it not be far better for the world, if all the schools in it, with their friends and enemies, were crushed together in one promiscuous mass—that some new, and, if possible, better road might be opened to science, literature and religion?

In education there should be, in reality, *but one party*—(if I may be allowed to say so) that of knowledge and virtue; *but one object*, and that object *human happiness*. Until this principle can be universally established and acted upon—until the class of instructors shall not only be held in higher estimation, but be more secure of being protected by public sentiment, from unmerited obloquy and secret detraction, thousands of those who are most capable of fulfilling all the momentous duties of teachers, will shrink entirely from so thankless, so discouraging an occupation. It is true, that even under present circumstances, we have the appearance of much good resulting from the various attempts to educate the rising generation; but no very extensive advantage—no permanent benefit, at all commensurate to the wants and wishes of our thirteen millions of people, can possibly result from them while things remain exactly as they are. This is not the worst consequence of such a state of public sentiment—for, not only will the accessions of highly qualified persons to the class of instructors be much fewer, but those already belonging to it, will either abandon it, or, perceiving that the privilege of teaching is usually let to the lowest bidder, and that their profession is generally treated as an inferior one, having few claims to generous sympathy, and none to that respect and esteem which would bear them harmless, at all times, against all suspicions of meanness and servility, will insensibly contract the spiritless, submissive feelings which they find are commonly supposed to belong to their situation. Seeing also that a spirit of independence—a nice, high-minded sense of honor, are deemed by many, sentiments of much too exalted a grade for those who follow such a calling, their principles are always in danger of sinking to the level of such a standard, however arbitrary and unreasonable may have been its establishment. Woe to the unlucky

wight of a schoolmaster or schoolmistress who happens to be gifted with so rebellious a heart, as to betray any feeling, even approaching to indignant resentment, for such treatment! Silence is their true policy, for it will be considered his or her humble duty; and silence must be kept, cost what it may, unless they are prepared to encounter the worst consequences of derision, scorn, or deprivation of what is called *patronage*.

It is readily admitted, that persons of this profession are more highly estimated than they were forty or fifty years ago; for I distinctly recollect the time when all I have said of the degrading treatment of teachers generally, both by parents and others, was literally true; when to the question, "who is such a one?" the common reply was, "oh, nothing but a schoolmaster or schoolmistress;" and when they were all commonly viewed precisely as we might imagine from such an answer. But although they have, of late years, been elevated a spoke or two higher up the ladder of respectability, still they are not admitted to a level with several other classes, whose real claims to superiority have no better foundation than their own silly, groundless pride.

The following extract from the London Examiner affords a striking proof that what I have affirmed of the public sentiment relative to the class of teachers in the United States, is true to a still more pernicious extent in Great Britain.

The author remarks, "A trust is generally accounted honorable in proportion to its importance, and the order of the qualities or acquirements requisite to the discharge of it. There is, however, one striking exception to this rule in the instance of the instructors of youth, who, specially appointed to communicate the knowledge and accomplishments which may command respect in the persons of their pupils, are, in their own, denied every thing beyond the decencies of a reluctantly accorded civility, and often are refused even those barren observances. The treatment which tutors, governesses, ushers, and the various classes of preceptors, receive in this boasted land of liberality, is a disgrace to the feelings, as well as to the understanding of society. Every parent acknowledges that the domestic object of the first importance is the education of his children. In obtaining the services of an individual for this purpose, he takes care to be assured" (not always so with us) "that his morals are good and his acquirements beyond the common average—in nine hundred and ninety-nine cases out of a thousand, we may add, beyond those which he himself possesses, and on which he sufficiently prides himself. When he has procured such a man as he believes this to be, he treats him with perhaps as much courtesy as his cork-drawer, and shows him less favor than his groom. The mistress of the family pursues the same course with the governess which the master adopts towards the tutor. The governess is acknowledged competent to form the minds and manners of the young ladies—to make, indeed, the future women: but of how much more consequence in the household is she who shapes the mistresses caps, and gives the set to her head-dress—the lady's maid! The unhappy teachers in almost every family are only placed just so much above the servants as to provoke in them the desire to pull them down—an inclination in the vulgar menials which is commonly encouraged by the

congenial vulgar and jealous pride of the heads of the house, impatient of the intellectual equality or superiority which they have brought within their sphere. The remark, however, does not apply to the narrow-minded only. All of us regard too lightly those who make a profit of communicating what all of us prize, and what we know entitles us to respect when we possess it. Some carry their neglect or contempt farther than others, but all are, in a greater or less degree, affected by the vicious standard of consideration common in the country. The instructors of youth serve for low wages; *that* is a sufficient cause for their being slighted, where money puts its value upon every thing and being. The butler and groom, indeed, serve for less than the tutor; but, beside the lowness of price, there is another peculiar ingredient in the condition of the last, which is, the accompaniment with it of a claim to respect on the score of a requital. It is this very claim, so ill-substantiated in hard cash, the secret force of which wounds the self-love of purse-proud nothingness, which sinks the poor tutor in regard below the man of corks or currycombs. We will not deny, too, that there are families in which the care of wine and the training of horses are really *accounted*, although not *confessed*, of superior importance to the care and training of youth. These are extreme cases, however, which we would not put. The common one is that of desiring and supposing every thing respectable in the preceptor, and denying him respect—of procuring an individual to instil virtue and knowledge into the minds of youth, and showing them, at the same time, the practical and immediate example of virtue and knowledge neglected or despised in *his* person. How can a boy (and boys are shrewd enough) believe that the acquirements, the importance of which is dinned in his ears, are of any value as a means of commanding the respect of the world, when he witnesses the treatment, the abject social lot of the very man, who, as best stored with them, has been chosen his instructor? Will he not naturally ask, how can these things obtain honor for me which do not command even courtesy for him who is able to communicate them to me?"

We remember, in a little volume treating on instruction, to have seen this anecdote:

"A lady wrote to her son, requesting to look out for a young lady, respectably connected, possessed of various elegant accomplishments and acquirements, skilled in the languages, a proficient in music, and above all, an unexceptionable moral character—and to make her an offer of 40*l.* a year for her services as a governess. The son's reply was—"My dear mother, I have long been looking out for such a person as you describe, and when I have the good fortune to meet with her, I propose to make her an offer—not of 40*l.* a year, but of my hand, and to ask her to become—not your governess, but my wife."

Such are the qualities expected or supposed in instructors; and yet, what is notoriously their treatment?

I will here end this long and painful catalogue of parental faults, and shall devote the next lecture to the faults of teachers—merely remarking, in conclusion, that my sole undertaking being to point out things which require reformation, I shall present no favorable views of the various parties concerned in the great work of education, although many very animating ones might

be given. To aid in removing the numerous obstacles which so fatally impede its progress, being my only purpose, I would fain render the nature of them as odious as possible, believing this to be the best means of accomplishing the great end in view.

May the moral mirror which I have endeavored to present to all parents and guardians who may now hear me, enable them so to see and to study their own peculiar faults as speedily to correct them.

TO MISS —, OF NORFOLK.

Which ever way my vision turns,
To heaven or earth, I see thee there,
In every star thy eyebeam burns,
Thy breath in every balmy air;
Thy words seem truth herself enshrined,
Sweet as the seraph minstrel sung,
And thou, in dignity of mind,
An angel with a silver tongue.

What dreams of bliss entrance the soul,
When Persians watch their idol light,
What pleasing visions o'er them roll
Caught from his beams serene and bright,
Thus, when a sparkling ray is given,
From eyes so soft, so pure as thine—
We feel as though our earth were heaven
And thou its radiant light divine. B.

FROM THE MSS. OF FRANKLIN.

In vain are musty morals taught in schools,
By rigid teachers and as rigid rules,
Where virtue with a frowning aspect stands,
And frights the pupil with her rough commands.
But Woman—
Charming Woman, can true converts make—
We love the precepts for the teacher's sake :
Virtue in them appears so bright and gay,
We hear with transport, and with pride obey.

Editorial.

RIGHT OF INSTRUCTION.

The pages of our Magazine are open, and have ever been, to the discussion of all general questions in Political Law, or Economy—never to questions of mere party. The paper on the *Right of Instruction*, which forms our leading article this month, was addressed, in the form of a letter, to a gentleman of Richmond. The letter concluded thus—

"I assure you, my dear sir, that I hesitate about sending these sheets to you under the denomination of a letter. But I began to write without knowing how far the subject might carry me on. No doubt had I time to write it over again, I might avoid repetition and greatly abridge it. But I pray you to take it with a fair allowance for all imperfections of manner; for the opinions and argument I confess my responsibility.

Most truly and respectfully your obedient servant,

CRITICAL NOTICES.

LETTERS ON PENNSYLVANIA.

A Pleasant Peregrination through the Prettiest Parts of Pennsylvania. Performed by Peregrine Protix. Philadelphia: Grigg and Elliot.

We know nothing farther about *Peregrine Protix* than that he is the very clever author of a book entitled "*Letters descriptive of the Virginia Springs*," and that he is a gentleman upon the wrong side of forty. The first fact we are enabled easily to perceive from the peculiarity of an exceedingly witty-pedantic style characterizing, in a manner not to be mistaken, both the *Virginia* and the *Pennsylvania Letters*—the second appears from the first stanza of a rhyming dedication (much better than eulogistic) to *John Guillemand, Esquire, Fellow of the Royal Society, London*—

I send my friend a little token
Three thousand miles across the sea,
Of kindness, forty years unbroken
And cherished still for him by me.

However these matters may be, it is very certain that *Peregrine Protix* is a misnomer, that his book is a very excellent thing, and that the Preface is not the worst part of it.

Our traveller, before setting out on his peregrinations, indulges us, in Letter I, with a very well executed outline sketch, or scratch, of Philadelphia, not troubling himself much about either his *keeping* or his *fillings* in. We cannot do better than just copy the whole of his picture.

Philadelphia is a flat, rectangular, clean, (almost too clean sometimes, for on Saturdays "nunquam cessavit lavari, aut fricari, aut tergeri, aut ornari, poliri, pingi, fingi,"*) uniform, well-built, brick and mortar, (except one stone house,) well-fed and watered, well-clad, moral, industrious, manufacturing, rich, sober, quiet, good-looking city. The Delaware washes its eastern and the Schuylkill its western front. The distance between the two rivers is one mile and three quarters, which space on several streets is nearly filled with houses. Philadelphia looks new, and is new, and like Juno always will be new; for the inhabitants are constantly pulling down and new-vamping their houses. The furor delendi with regard to old houses, is as rife in the bosoms of her citizens, as it was in the breast of old Cato with regard to Carthage. A respectable-looking old house is now a rare thing, and except the venerable edifice of Christ Church in Second above Market Street, we should hardly know where to find one.

The dwelling-houses in the principal streets are all very much alike, having much the air of brothers, sisters and cousins of the same family; like the supernumerary figures in one of West's historical paintings, or like all the faces in all of Stothard's designs. They are nearly all three stories high, faced with beautiful red unpainted Philadelphia brick, and have water tables and steps of white marble, kept so painfully clean as to make one fear to set his foot on them. The roofs are in general of cedar, cypress or pine shingles; the continued use of which is probably kept up (for there is plenty of slate,) to afford the Fire-Companies a little wholesome exercise.

The streets are in general fifty feet wide, having on each side convenient *trottoirs* well paved with brick, and a carriage way badly paved with large round pebbles. They are kept very clean, and the kennels are frequently washed by floods of pure Schuylkill water, poured from the iron pipes with which all the streets are underlaid.

* Plautus, *Pœnuli*, Act i., sc. 2, l. 10.

This same Schuylkill water is the cause of many comforts in the shape of drinking, bathing and clean linen, (indusia toraliaque;) and enters into the composition of those delicious and persuasive liquids called Pepper's beer and Gray's ale and porter.

This water is so pure, that our brothers of New York complain of its want of taste; and it is as wholesome and refreshing as the stream of father Nilus. It is also so copious, that our incendiaries are scarcely ever able to burn more than the roof or garret of one or two houses in a month. The fire companies are numerous, voluntary, well-organized associations, amply furnished with engines, hose, and all other implements and munitions necessary to make successful war upon the destroying element; and the members are intelligent, active and intrepid young men, so skilful from daily practice, that they will put you out three or four fires in a night, in less time than Higginbottom, that veteran fireman of London, would have allowed them to kindle.

The public confidence in these useful, prompt, energetic and faithful companies is so great, that no citizen is alarmed by the cry of fire; for he knows that the first tap on the State House bell, arouses hundreds of these vigilant guardians of the city's safety, who rush to the scene of danger with one accord; and with engines, axes, ladders, torches, hooks and hose, dash through summer's heat, or winter's hail and snows.

The old State House, in whose eastern room the Declaration of Independence was signed, has on the top of it, a sort of stumpy steeple, which looks as if somewhat pushed in, like a spy glass, half shut. In this steeple is a large clock, which, twice as bad as Janus, presents four faces, which at dusk are lighted up like the full moon; and as there is a man in the moon, so there is a man in the clock, to see that it does not lag behind, nor run away from father time; whose whereabouts, ever and anon, the people wish to know. This close observer of the time is also a distant observer of the fires, and possesses an ingenious method of communicating their existence and position to his fellow citizens below. One tap on the great bell means north; two indicate south; three represent east, and four point out west; and by composition these simple elements are made to represent also the intermediate points. If the fire be in the north, the man strikes successive blows with solemn and equal intervals, thus; tap—tap—tap—tap; if it be in the south, thus; tap tap—tap tap; if it be in the north east, thus; tap—tap tap tap—tap—tap—tap tap tap; so that when the thrifty and well-fed citizen is roused by the cry of fire at midnight, from a pleasant dream of heaps of gold and smoking terrapins and whisky punch, he uncovers one ear and listens calmly for the State House bell, and if its iron tongue tell of no scathe to him, he turns him on his side and sleeps again. What a convenient invention, which tells the firemen when and where to go, and the terrapin men when to lie snug in their comfortable nests! This clever plan is supposed to have been invented by an M. A. P. S.; this however, we think doubtful, for the Magellanic Premium has never, to our knowledge, been claimed for the discovery. This reminds us that the American Philosophical Society is located* in Philadelphia, where it possesses a spacious hall, a good library, and an interesting collection of American antiquities, gigantic fossil bones, and other curiosities, all of which are open to the inspection of intelligent and inquisitive travellers.

The Society was founded by the Philosophical Franklin, and its presidential chair is now occupied by the learned and venerable Daponceau.

There exists here a club of twenty-four philosophers, who give every Saturday evening very agreeable male parties;† consisting of the club, twenty invited citi-

zens and any strangers who may happen to be in town. These parties are not confined to any particular circle; but all men who are distinguished in the arts, whether fine or mechanical; or in the sciences, whether natural or artificial, are liable to be invited. The members of the club are all M. A. P. S., and the parties are supposed to look with a steady eye towards the cultivation of science; the other eye however regards with equal complacency the useful and ornamental arts of eating and drinking. The only defect in the latter department that we have discovered, is the banishment of ice cream and roman punch.

The markets are well supplied with good things. The principal one is held under long colonnades running along the middle of Market street, and extending from Front to Eighth street, a distance of more than one thousand yards. The columns are of brick and the roofs of shingles, arched and ceiled underneath. If I were to say all they deserve of its beef, mutton and veal, there would be no end to the praises that *flesh* is heir to; but the butter and cream-cheese in the spring and summer, are such dainties as are found in no other place under the welkin. They are produced on dairy farms and by families near the city, whose energies have for several generations been directed to this one useful end, and who now work with an art made perfect by the experience of a century.

Here is the seat of the University of Pennsylvania, which comprehends a College of the Arts and several preparatory schools; and a college of Medicine the most celebrated of the United States, in the list of whose professors are many names advantageously known in all civilized nations.

The Hospital for the insane, sick and wounded is a well conducted institution, and worth a stranger's visit. Go and see also the Museum, the Water-Works, the Navy-Yard, and the public squares, and lots of other things too tedious to write down.

The site of the city promises very little for the scenery of the environs; but unlike the witches in Macbeth, what is promised is more than kept. Take an open carriage and cross the Schuylkill by the Market street bridge, and ride up the west bank of the river for five or six miles, and your labor will be fully rewarded by a succession of lovely landscapes, comprehending water, hill and dale; wood, lawn and meadow; villas, farm-houses and cottages, mingled in a charming variety.

On the west bank of the Schuylkill opposite to the city, we regret to say, is an enormous palace, which cost many hundred thousand dollars, called an Almshouse, (unhappy misnomer,) which is big enough to hold all the paupers that *would be* in the world, if there were no poor laws to *make them*. But you had better go and see it, and take the length and breadth and height of our unreason, in this age of light, when we ought to know better.

The people of Philadelphia are in general well-informed, well-bred, kind, hospitable and of good manners, very slightly tinged with quaker reserve; and the tone of society is good, except in a small circle of exclusive *imagines subite*, who imitate very awkwardly the exaggerations of European fashion. The tone of the Satanic school, which has somewhat infected the highest circles of fashion in England, has not yet crossed the Atlantic.

There are many good Hotels, and extensive boarding houses; and the table of the Mansion House is said to be faultless.

Taking every thing into consideration, this is certainly the very spot for annuitants, who have reached the rational age of fifty, to nestle in during the long remnant of their comfortable days. We say long remnant, because as a class, annuitants are the longest lived; and there is an excellent company here, that not only grants annuities, but also insures lives.

The climate of Philadelphia is variable, and exhibits (in the shade,) all the degrees of temperature that are contained between the tenth below, and the ninetyth

* A new and somewhat barbarous, but exceedingly convenient yankeeism, which will probably work its way into good society in England, as its predecessor '*lengthy*,' has already done.

† Called Wistar parties, in honor of the late illustrious Caspar Wistar, M. D., Professor of Anatomy in the University of Pennsylvania.

above zero, on the scale of Fahrenheit. In general, winter does not begin seriously until after Christmas, but he sometimes lingers too long in "*the lap of spring*," and leaves a bridge of ice on the noble river Delaware until the tenth of March.

There are generally three or four weeks of severe cold, during which the thermometer sometimes at night sinks below zero, and sometimes in the day does not rise to the point of thaw. This period is generally enlivened by two or three snow storms, which set in motion the rapid sleighs, the jingle of whose lively bells is heard through day and night. The Delaware is not frozen over every winter, but there is always made an ample supply of fine crystalline ice to last the citizens until the next winter. The annual average duration of interrupted navigation may be four or five weeks. In March there is sometimes a little Scotch weather in which Sawney would rub his hands and tell you, here is a fine cauld blawey snawey rainy day. There is however not much such weather, though the March winds have been known to blow (as Paddy would say,) even in the first week of April; after which spring begins with tears and smiles to coax the tardy vegetation into life.

Spring is short and vegetation rapid. Summer sprinkles a day here and there in May, and sets in seriously to toast people in June; during which month there are generally six or eight days whose average temperature reaches the altissimum of summer heat. In July the days are hot, but there is some relief at night; whilst in August the fiery day is but a prelude to a baking night; and the whole city has the air of an enormous oven.* The extremely hot weather does not continue more than six weeks, and so far from being a misfortune, it is a great advantage to the inhabitants; for it makes every body that can spare twenty dollars, take a pleasant journey every year, whereby their minds are expanded, their manners improved, and they return with a double zest to the enjoyments of Philadelphia, having learned, quantum est in rebus inane, that is, in the rebuses of other places.

The autumn, or as the Philadelphians call it, the Fall, is the most delightful part of the year, and is sometimes eked out by the Indian Summer as far as Christmas. The Fall begins in the first half of September and generally lasts until the middle of November, when it is succeeded by the Indian Summer; a pleasant period of two or three weeks, in which the mornings, evenings and nights are frosty, and the days comfortably warm and a little hazy. The Indians are supposed to have employed this period in hunting and laying in game for winter use, before the long-knives made game of them.

The population of Philadelphia and its suburbs exceeds 180,000 souls.

Having taken passage for himself and a friend in the Pioneer line, at 9 A. M., for Hallidaysburg, Mr. Prolix dates his second letter from Lancaster. This epistle is full of fun, bustle, and all good things—gives a lively picture of the horrors of early rising and half-eaten breakfasts—of a cruise in an omnibus, about the city of Brotherly Love, in search of the due quota of passengers—of the depôt in Broad Street—of an unilocular car with its baggage and passengers—of an old woman in a red cloak and an old gentleman in a red nose—of a tall, good looking Englishman, who was at the trouble of falling asleep—and of an infantile little American gentleman, who had no trouble whatever about fulfilling

all his little occasions. Some account, too, is given of the ride to the foot of the inclined plane on the western bank of the Schuylkill, of the viaduct by which the plane is approached, the view from the viaduct, of the country between Philadelphia and Lancaster, of the Columbia rail road, of Lancaster city, and of Mrs. Hubbley's very respectable hotel.

Letter III is dated from Duncan's Island. Mr. Prolix left Lancaster at 5 A. M. in a raid road car, drawn by two horses tandem, arrived at Columbia in an hour and a half, and stopped at Mr. Donley's Red Lion Hotel, where he "breakfasted and dined, and found the house very comfortable and well kept."

"Columbia," says Mr. P. "is twelve miles from Lancaster, and is situated on the eastern bank of the noble river Susquehanna. It is a thriving and pretty town, and is rapidly increasing in business, population and wealth. There is an immense bridge here over the Susquehanna, the superstructure of which, composed of massy timber, rests upon stone piers. This bridge is new, having been built within three years. The waters of the Susquehanna, resembling the citizens of Philadelphia, in their dislike to old buildings, took the liberty three years ago, to destroy the old bridge by means of an ice freshet, though it was but twenty years of age, and still in excellent preservation. The views from the bridge, up and down the river, are very interesting. Here is the western termination of the rail road, and goods from the sea-board intended for the great west, are here transhipped into canal boats. Columbia contains about twenty-five hundred souls."

Our author does not think that the state affords the public as good a commodity of travelling as the public ought to have for the money paid. Each passenger car, he says, pays for locomotive power two cents per mile, for each passenger—for toll two cents a mile for itself, and one cent per mile for each passenger—burthen cars paying half these rates. There is some mistake here or—we are mistaken. The estimated cost of working an engine, including interest and repairs, is sixteen dollars per day—and the daily sum earned is twenty eight dollars—the state clearing twelve dollars per day on each locomotive. Empty cars pay the same toll and power-hire as full ones, which, as Mr. Prolix observes, is unreasonable.

At 4 P. M. our peregrinator went on board a boat to ascend the canal which follows the eastern bank of the Susquehanna. His description of the genus "canal boat," species "Pioneer Line," is effective, and will interest our readers.

A canal packet boat is a microcosm that contains almost as many specimens of natural history as the Ark of Noah. It is nearly eighty feet long and eleven wide; and has a house built in it that extends to within six or seven feet of stem and stern. Thirty-six feet in length of said house are used as a cabin by day, and a dormitory by night; the forward twelve feet being nocturnally partitioned off by an opaque curtain, when there are more than four ladies on board, for their accommodation. In front of said twelve feet, there is an apartment of six feet containing four permanent berths and separated from the cabin by a wooden partition, with a door in it; this is called the ladies' dressing room, and is sacred to their uses.

At 9 P. M. the steward and his satellites begin the work of arranging the sleeping apparatus. This consists of a wooden frame six feet long and twenty inches wide, with canvass nailed over it, a thin mattress and sheets, &c. to match. The frame has two metallic points on one side which are inserted into corresponding holes in the side of the cabin, and its horizontality is preserved

* The season of the Dog Days. A witty Philadelphia lady being once asked, how many Dog Days there are, answered that there must be a great many, for every dog has his day. At that time the city abounded in dogs, but the corporation has since made fierce war upon them, with a view perhaps of lessening the number of Dog Days, and improving the climate, by curtailing these innocent beasts.

by little ropes descending from the ceiling fastened to its other side. There are three tiers of these conveniences on each side, making twenty-four for gentlemen, and twelve for ladies, besides the four permanent berths in the ladies' dressing room. The number of berths, however, does not limit the number of passengers; for a packet is like Milton's Pandemonium, and when it is brim full of imps, the inhabitants seem to grow smaller so as to afford room for more poor devils to come in and be stewed; and tables and settees are put into a sleeping fix in the twinkling of a bedpost.

Abaft the cabin is a small apartment four feet square, in which the steward keeps for sale all sorts of potables, and some sorts of eatables. Abaft that is the kitchen, in which there is generally an emancipated or escaped slave from Maryland or Virginia, of some shade between white and black, who performs the important part of cook with great effect. The breakfasts, dinners and suppers are good, of which the extremes cost twenty-five cents each, and the mean thirty-seven and a half.

The passengers can recreate by walking about on the roof of the cabin, at the risk of being decapitated by the bridges which are passed under at short intervals of time. But this accident does not often happen, for the man at the helm is constantly on the watch to prevent such an unpleasant abridgment of the passengers, and gives notice of the approaching danger by crying out 'bridge.'

This machine, with all that it inherits, is dragged through the water at the rate of three miles and a half per hour by three horses, driven tandem by a dipod with a long whip, who rides the hindmost horse. The rope, which is about one hundred yards in length, is fastened to the side of the roof, at the distance of twenty feet from the bow, in such fashion that it can be loosed from the boat in a moment by touching a spring. The horses are changed once in about three hours and seem very much jaded by their work.

At an hour past midnight Mr. Prolix arrived at Harrisburg, where the boat stops for half an hour to let out and take in passengers. It was pitch dark, however, and nothing was visible from the boat. We miss, therefore, a description of the town, which is cavalierly snubbed by the tourist for containing no more than forty-five hundred inhabitants. He goes to sleep, and awaking at 5 in the morning, finds himself opposite to Duncan's Island. He lands, and takes up his quarters at the hotel of Mrs. Duncan. Unlike the hotels previously described, which were all "elegant, respectable and neat," this one is merely "neat, elegant and respectable."

Letter IV is dated from Hallidaysburg. Leaving Duncan's Island at 6, the traveller embarked in the canal packet Delaware, Captain Williams, following the bank of Duncan's Island in a north-western course for about a mile, and then crossing the Juniata over "a substantial aqueduct built of timber and roofed in." In the course of the day he passed Millerstown, Mexico and Mifflin, arriving at Lewistown before sunset, a distance of about forty miles. Lewistown contains about sixteen hundred inhabitants, some of whom, says Mr. Prolix, make excellent beer. Waynesburg and Hamiltonville were past during the night, and Huntingdon at 7 in the morning. In the course of the day Petersburg, Alexandria and Williamsburg made their appearance, and at 3 P. M. a shower of rain. At half past 6, "the packet glided into the basin at Hallidaysburg." Here terminates that portion of the Pennsylvania canal which lies east of the Alleghany mountains. Goods destined for the west are taken from the boats and placed in burthen cars, to make their passage over the mountains

by means of the Alleghany portage rail road. Mr. Prolix here put up at Moore's hotel, which was not only very "neat, elegant," &c. but contained at least one vacant room, six feet wide by fourteen long, with a double bed, two chairs, and a wash-stand, "whose cleanliness was as great as its littleness."

Letter V is headed *Bedford Springs, August 7, 1835.* At half past 8 on the 6th, "after a good and abundant breakfast," Mr. P. left Hallidaysburg in a coach and four for these Springs. The distance is thirty-four miles—direction nearly south. In six hours he arrived at Buckstown, a little village consisting of two taverns, a blacksmith's shop, and two or three dwellings. Here our traveller put up at a tavern whose sign displayed the name of P. Amich—probably, quoth Mr. P., a corruption of Peregrini Amicus. Leaving this establishment at 3 P. M. he proceeded eleven miles to the village of Bedford—thence two miles farther to the Springs, of which we have a very pretty description. "The benches," says Mr. Prolix, "and wooden columns of the pavilion have suffered much from the ruthless ambition of that numerous class of aspirants after immortality who endeavor to cut their way to the temple of fame with their penknives, and inflict the ambitious initials of their illustrious names on every piece of stuff they meet. As a goose delights in its gosling, so does one of these wits in his whittling."

Letters VI and VII are a continuation of the description of the Springs. From letter VII we extract, for the benefit of our invalid readers, an analysis by Doctor William Church of Pittsburgh, of a quart of the water from the particular springs cycled Anderson's.

A quart of water, evaporated to dryness, gave thirty-one grains of a residuum. The same quantity of water, treated agreeably to the rule laid down by Westrum, contained eighteen and a half inches of carbonic acid gas. The residuum, treated according to the rules given by Dr. Henry, in his system of Chemistry, gave the following result.

Sulphate of Magnesia or Epsom Salts,	20 grains.
Sulphate of Lime,	3½ "
Muriate of Soda,	2½ "
Muriate of Lime,	1 "
Carbonate of Iron,	1½ "
Carbonate of Lime,	2 "
Loss,	1 "

To which must be added 18½ cubic inches of carbonic acid gas.

"These waters," says our author, "have acquired so great a reputation that immense quantities are sent away daily in barrels to perform long and expensive journeys by land to go and cure those who cannot come to them. The price of a barrel filled, and ready booted and spurred for its journey, is three dollars—and that is enough to last a regular and prudent toper four months."

Letter VIII is dated "*Somerset, August 14.*" At 10 in the morning of this day, our traveller left the Springs in a hack, to join the mail coach at Bedford on its way to Somerset. "In an hour," says Mr. P. "we were snugly ensconced in one of Mr. Reeside's well-appointed coaches, and rumbling over the stone turnpike on our way to the great west. The road for eleven miles is, we are told, not very hilly. Afterwards the country rises gradually from plateau to plateau, for a dis-

tance of fourteen miles, when you reach the summit of the Alleghany. Here is a large stone tavern, where the coach takes fresh horses. The country is now nearly level—but for the next six miles descends by alternate declivities and levels into “the broad valley which lies between the summits of the Alleghany Mountain and Laurel Hill,” the distance between which is about twenty miles. In this valley stands Somerset, which Mr. P. reached at half past 7 P. M. “having been eight hours and a half in travelling thirty-eight miles from Bedford.”

Letter IX is dated “Pittsburg, August 16.” At half past 3 A. M. on the 15th, the tourist took the coach from the east bound to the City of Furnaces—at 7 passed the summit of Laurel Hill—at 8 arrived at Jones’ Mills, about one-third down the western declivity of the mountain, and breakfasted—at one reached Mount Pleasant, having passed through two mountain villages, Donegal and Madison—thence twenty miles to Stewartsville—thence thirteen farther to

Pittsburgium, longa finis chartaque viaque,

in spite of the manifold temptations offered to keen appetites by the luxuries of *Chalfant’s*, at Turtle Creek, which, quoth Mr. Prolix, “is a very good house.” His opinions of Pittsburg, as of every thing else, are entitled to much weight, and in the present instance we give them entire.

The sensation on entering Pittsburg is one of disappointment; the country through which you have come is so beautiful, and the town itself so ugly. The government of the town seems to have been more intent on filling the purses, than providing for the gratification of the taste, or for the comfort of its inhabitants. As for the Pittsburgers themselves, they are worthy of every good thing, being enlightened, hospitable, and urbane.

Pittsburg has produced many eminent men in law, politics and divinity, and is now the residence of the erudite, acute and witty author of the Memoir of Sebastian Cabot, which should be read by every native American. Its manufacturing powers and propensities have been so often described and lauded that we shall say nothing about them, except that they fill the people’s pockets with cash, and their toiling town with noise, and dust, and smoke.

Pittsburg is full of good things in the eating and drinking way, but it requires much ingenuity to get them down your throat unsophisticated with smoke and coal-dust. If a sheet of white paper lie upon your desk for half an hour, you may write on it with your finger’s end, through the thin stratum of coal-dust that has settled upon it during that interval.

The Pittsburgers have committed an error in not rescuing from the service of Mammon, a triangle of thirty or forty acres at the junction of the Alleghany and Monongahela, and devoting it to the purposes of recreation. It is an unparalleled position for a park in which to ride or walk or sit. Bounded on the right by the clear and rapid Alleghany rushing from New York, and on the left by the deep and slow Monongahela flowing majestically from Virginia, having in front the beginning of the great Ohio, bearing on its broad bosom the traffic of an empire, it is a spot worthy of being rescued from the ceaseless din of the steam engine, and the lurid flames and dingy smoke of the coal furnace. But alas! the sacra fames auri is rapidly covering this area with private edifices; and in a few short years it is probable, that the antiquary will be unable to discover a vestige of those celebrated military works, with which French and British ambition, in by-gone ages, had crowned this important and interesting point.

There is a large bridge of timber across the Alleghany

and another over the Monongahela; the former of which leads to the town of Alleghany, a rapidly increasing village, situated on a beautiful plain on the western side of the river. About half a mile above the bridge the Alleghany is crossed by an aqueduct bringing over the canal, which (strange to say) comes down from the confluence of the Kiskeminetas with the Alleghany on the western side of the latter river. The aqueduct is an enormous wooden trough with a roof, hanging from seven arches of timber, supported by six stone piers and two abutments. The canal then passes through the town and under Grant’s hill through a tunnel, and communicates by a lock with the Monongahela.

The field of battle on which the conceited Braddock paid with his life the penalty of obstinate rashness, is not far from Pittsburg, and is interesting to Americans as the scene on which the youthful Washington displayed the germs of those exalted qualities which afterwards ripened into the hero, and made him the founder and father of a nation.

Pittsburg is destined to be the centre of an immense commerce, both in its own products and those of distant countries. Its annual exports at present probably exceed 25,000 and its imports 20,000 tons. Its trade in timber amounts to more than six millions of feet. The inexhaustible supply of coal and the facility of obtaining iron, insure the permanent success of its manufactories. Pittsburg makes steam engines and other machinery, and her extensive glassworks have long been in profitable operation. There are also extensive paper mills moved by steam, and a manufactory of crackers (not explosive but edible) wrought by the same power. These crackers are made of good flour and pure water, and are fair and enticing to the eye of hunger, but we do not find the flavor so agreeable to the palate as that of Wattson’s water crackers. Perhaps they are kneaded by the iron hands of a steam engine, whereas hands of flesh are needed to make good crackers.

New Yorkers and people from down east, who wish to visit the Virginia Springs, cannot take an easier and more delightful route, than that through Pennsylvania to Pittsburg, and thence down the Ohio to Guyandotte; whence to the White Sulphur the distance is one hundred and sixty miles over a good road, through a romantic country, and by a line of good stage coaches.

Letter X is dated “Johnstown, August 20.” Mr. P. left Pittsburg on the 18th, at nine in the evening, in the canal packet Cincinnati, Captain Fitzgerald. In a few minutes after moving, the packet entered the aqueduct which carries the canal over to the western bank of the Alleghany, “along which it runs in a north eastern direction for thirty miles.” At five o’clock on the morning of the 19th, our tourist passed the village of Freeport, which stands on the western bank of the Alleghany, below the mouth of the Kiskeminitas. A few minutes afterwards he crossed the Alleghany through an aqueduct, which “carries the canal over that river to the northern bank of the Kiskeminitas, the course of which the canal now pursues in a south eastern direction.”

At eight A. M. Mr. P. passed Leechburg, at twelve Saltsburgh—and at two P. M. an aqueduct leading the canal into a tunnel eight hundred feet long, going through the mountain and cutting off a circuit of four miles. At 3 A. M. on the 20th, Johnstown is reached, “the eastern end of the trans-Alleghanian canal, and the western beginning of the Portage rail road.”

Letter XI gives a vivid picture of the Portage rail road. This also we will be pardoned for copying.

Packet Juniata, near Lewisdown, August 21, 1835.

Yesterday, at Johnstown, we soon despatched the ceremony of a good breakfast, and at 6 A. M. were in

motion on the first level, as it is called, of four miles in length, leading to the foot of the first inclined plane. The level has an ascent of one hundred and one feet, and we passed over it in horse-drawn cars with the speed of six miles an hour. This is a very interesting part of the route, not only on account of the wildness and beauty of the scenery, but also of the excitement mingled with vague apprehension, which takes possession of every body in approaching the great wonder of the internal improvements of Pennsylvania. In six hours the cars and passengers were to be raised eleven hundred and seventy-two feet of perpendicular height, and to be lowered fourteen hundred feet of perpendicular descent, by complicated, powerful, and *frangible* machinery, and were to pass a mountain, to overcome which, with a similar weight, three years ago, would have required the space of three days. The idea of raising so rapidly in the world, particularly by steam or a rope, is very agitating to the simple minds of those who have always walked in humble paths.

As soon as we arrived at the foot of plane No. 1, the horses were unhitched and the cars were fastened to the rope, which passes up the middle of one track and down the middle of the other. The stationary steam engine at the head of the plane was started, and the cars moved majestically up the steep and long acclivity in the space of four minutes; the length of the plane being sixteen hundred and eight feet, its perpendicular height, one hundred and fifty, and its angle of inclination $5^{\circ} 43' 38''$.

The cars were now attached to horses and drawn through a magnificent tunnel nine hundred feet long, having two tracks through it, and being cut through solid rock nearly the whole distance. Now the train of cars were attached to a steam tug to pass a level of fourteen miles in length. This *lengthy* level is one of the most interesting portions of the Portage Rail Road, from the beauty of its location and the ingenuity of its construction. It ascends almost imperceptibly through its whole course, overcoming a perpendicular height of one hundred and ninety feet, and passes through some of the wildest scenery in the state; the axe, the chisel and the spade having cut its way through forest, rock and mountain. The valley of the little Conemaugh river is passed on a viaduct of the most beautiful construction. It is of one arch, a perfect semi-circle with a diameter of *eighty feet*, built of cut stone, and its entire height from the foundation is seventy-eight feet six inches. When viewed from the bottom of the valley, it seems to span the heavens, and you might suppose a rainbow had been turned to stone.

The fourteen miles of this second level are passed in one hour, and the train arrives at the foot of the second plane, which has seventeen hundred and sixty feet of length, and one hundred and thirty-two feet of perpendicular height. The third level has a length of a mile and five-eighths, a rise of fourteen feet six inches, and is passed by means of horses. The third plane has a length of fourteen hundred and eighty feet, and a perpendicular height of one hundred and thirty. The fourth level is two miles long, rises nineteen feet and is passed by means of horses. The fourth plane has a length of two thousand one hundred and ninety-six feet, and a perpendicular height of one hundred and eighty-eight. The fifth level is three miles long, rises twenty-six feet and is passed by means of horses. The fifth plane has a length of two thousand six hundred and twenty-nine feet, and a perpendicular height of two hundred and two, and brings you to the top of the mountain, two thousand three hundred and ninety-seven feet above the level of the ocean, thirteen hundred and ninety-nine feet above Hallidaysburg, and eleven hundred and seventy-two feet above Johnstown. At this elevation in the midst of summer, you breathe an air like that of spring, clear and cool. Three short hours have brought you from the torrid plain, to a refreshing and invigorating climate. The ascending apprehension has left you, but it is succeeded by the fear

of the steep descent which lies before you; and as the car rolls along on this giddy height, the thought trembles in your mind, that it may slip over the head of the first descending plane, rush down the frightful steep, and be dashed into a thousand pieces at its foot.

The length of the road on the summit of the mountain is one mile and five-eighths, and about the middle of it stands a spacious and handsome stone tavern. The eastern quarter of a mile, which is the highest part, is a dead level; in the other part, there is an ascent of nineteen feet. The descent on the eastern side of the mountain is much more fearful than the ascent on the western, for the planes are much longer and steeper, of which you are made aware by the increased thickness of the ropes; and you look *down* instead of up.

There are also five planes on the eastern side of the mountain, and five slightly descending levels, the last of which is nearly four miles long and leads to the basin at Hallidaysburg; this is travelled by the cars without steam or horse, merely by the force of gravity. In descending the mountain you meet several fine prospects and arrive at Hallidaysburg between twelve and one o'clock.

Letter XII is dated from Lancaster and is occupied with the return home of the adventurous Mr. Prolix, whose book we heartily recommend to all lovers of the *utile et dulcis*.

ARMSTRONG'S NOTICES.

Notices of the War of 1812. By John Armstrong. New York: George Dearborn.

These "Notices," by the former Secretary of War, are a valuable addition to our history, and to our historical literature—embracing a variety of details which should not have been so long kept from the cognizance of the public. We are grieved, however, to see, even in the opening passages of the work, a piquancy and freedom of expression, in regard to the unhappy sources of animosity between America and the parent land, which can neither to-day nor hereafter answer any possible good end, and may prove an individual grain in a future mountain of mischief. At page 12, for example.

Still her abuse of power did not stop here: it was not enough that she thus outraged her rights on the ocean; the bosoms of our bays, the mouths of our rivers, and even the wharves of our harbors, were made the theatres of the most flagitious abuse; and as if determined to leave no cause of provocation untried, the personal rights of our seamen were invaded: and men, owing her no allegiance, nor having any connexion with her policy or arms, were forcibly seized, dragged on board her ships of war and made to fight her battles, under the scourge of tyrants and slaves, with whom submission, whether right or wrong, forms the whole duty of man.

We object, particularly here to the use of the verb *forms* in the present tense.

Mr. Armstrong's publication will extend to two volumes—the second following as soon as possible. What we have now is mostly confined to the operations on the frontier. The subjects of main interest are the opposition to the War—Hull's Expedition—Loss of Michilimackinac—Surrender of Detroit—Military operations in the West—Harrison's Autumnal and Winter Campaigns—the Partial Armistice—the attack on Queenstown, by Van Rensselaer—the invasion of Canada, by Smith—the campaign against the British advanced posts on Lake Champlain, by Dearborn—

Chauncey and Dearborn's Expedition—the reduction of York and Fort George—the affair of Sackett's Harbor—the first and second investments of Fort Meigs—and the defeat of the British fleet on Lake Erie. The Appendix embraces a mass of official and other matter, which will prove of great service to the future historian. What follows has with us a deep interest, and we know many who will understand its origin and character.

The ministry of the elder Adams in England, began on the 10th of June, 1785. In a letter to the American Secretary of Foreign Affairs, on the 19th of July following, he says—"The popular pulse seems to beat high against America; the people are deceived by numberless falsehoods circulated by the *Gazettes*, &c. so that there is too much reason to believe, that if the nation had another hundred million to spend, they would soon force the ministry into a war against us. Their present system, as far as I can penetrate it, is to maintain a determined peace with all Europe, in order that they may war singly against America, if they should think it necessary."

In a second letter of the 30th of August following, he says—"In short, sir, America has no party at present in her favor—all parties, on the contrary, have committed themselves against us—even Shelburne and Buckingham. I had almost said, the friends of America are reduced to Dr. Price and Dr. Jebb."

Again, on the 15th of October, 1785, he informs the American Secretary—"that though it is manifestly as much the interest of Great Britain to be well with us, as for us to be well with them, yet this is not the judgment of the English nation; it is not the judgment of Lord North and his party; it is not the judgment of the Duke of Portland and his friends, and it does not appear to be the judgment of Mr. Pitt and the present set. In short, it does not at present appear to be the sentiment of any body; and I am much inclined to believe they will try the issue of importance with us."

In his two last letters, the one dated in November, the other in December, 1787, we find the following passages—"If ahe [England] can bind Holland in her shackles, and France, from internal dissension, is unable to interfere, she will make war immediately against us. No answer is made to any of my memorials, or letters to the ministry, nor do I expect that any thing will be done while I stay."

RECOLLECTIONS OF COLERIDGE.

Letters, Conversations and Recollections of S. T. Coleridge. New York: Harper and Brothers.

We feel even a deeper interest in this book than in the late *Table-Talk*. But with us (we are not ashamed to confess it) the most trivial memorial of Coleridge is a treasure of inestimable price. He was indeed a "myriad-minded man," and ah, how little understood, and how pitifully villified! How merely nominal was the difference (and this too in his own land) between what he himself calls the "broad, pre-determined abuse" of the *Edinburgh Review*, and the cold and brief compliments with the warm *regrets* of the *Quarterly*. If there be any one thing more than another which stirs within us a deep spirit of indignation and disgust, it is that damnation of faint praise which so many of the *Narciss* of critical literature have had the infinite presumption to breathe against the majesty of Coleridge—of Coleridge—the man to whose gigantic mind the proudest intellects of Europe found it impossible not to succumb. And as no man was more richly-gifted with all the elements of mental renown, so none was more fully worthy of the love and veneration of every truly

good man. Even through the exertion of his great powers he sought no immediate worldly advantages. To use his own words, he not only sacrificed all present prospects of wealth and advancement, but, in his inmost soul, stood aloof from temporary reputation. In the volume now before us, we behold the heart, as in his own works we have beheld the mind, of the man. And surely nothing can be more elevating, nothing more cheering than this contemplation, to one who has faith in the possible virtue, and pride in the possible dignity of mankind. The book is written, we believe, by one of the poet's most intimate friends—one too in whom we recognize a familiarity with the thoughts, and sympathy with the feelings of his subject. It consists of letters, conversations, and fragmentary recollections, interspersed with comment by the compiler, and dedicated to "Elizabeth and Robin, the Fairy Prattler, and still Meek Boy of the Letters." The letters are by far the most valuable part of the compilation—although all is truly so. A portion of one of them we copy as affording a picture, never surpassed, of great mental power conscious of its greatness, and tranquilly submitting to the indignities of the world.

But enough of these generals. It was my purpose to open myself out to you in detail. My health, I have reason to believe, is so intimately connected with the state of my spirits, and these again so dependant on my thoughts, prospective and retrospective, that I should not doubt the being favored with a sufficiency for my noblest undertaking, had I the ease of heart requisite for the necessary abstraction of the thoughts, and such a reprieve from the goading of the immediate exigencies as might make tranquillity possible. But, alas! I know by experience (and the knowledge is not the less because the regret is not unmixed with self-blame, and the consciousness of want of exertion and fortitude,) that my health will continue to decline as long as the pain from reviewing the barrenness of the past is great in an inverse proportion to any rational anticipations of the future. As I now am, however, from five to six hours devoted to actual writing and composition in the day is the utmost that my strength, not to speak of my nervous system, will permit; and the invasions on this portion of my time from applications, often of the most senseless kind, are such and so many as to be almost as ludicrous even to myself as they are vexatious. In less than a week I have not seldom received half a dozen packets or parcels of works, printed or manuscript, urgently requesting my candid judgment, or my correcting hand. Add to these, letters from lords and ladies, urging me to write reviews or puffs of heaven-born geniuses, whose whole merit consists in being ploughmen or shoemakers. Ditto from actors; entreaties for money, or recommendations to publishers, from ushers out of place, &c. &c.; and to me, who have neither interest, influence, nor money, and, what is still more *à propos*, can neither bring myself to tell smooth falsehoods nor harsh truths, and, in the struggle, too often do both in the anxiety to do neither. I have already the *written* materials and contents, requiring only to be put together, from the loose papers and commonplace or memorandum books, and needing no other change, whether of omission, addition, or correction, than the mere act of arranging, and the opportunity of seeing the whole collectively bring with them of course,—I. Characteristics of Shakspeare's Dramatic Works, with a Critical Review of each Play; together with a relative and comparative Critique on the kind and degree of the Merits and Demerits of the Dramatic Works of Ben Johnson, Beaumont and Fletcher, and Massinger. The History of the English Drama; the accidental advantages it afforded to Shakspeare, without in the least detracting from the perfect originality or proper creation of the

Shakespearean Drama; the contradistinction of the latter from the Greek Drama, and its still remaining uniqueness, with the causes of this, from the combined influences of Shakspeare himself, as man, poet, philosopher, and finally, by conjunction of all these, dramatic poet; and of the age, events, manners, and state of the English language. This work, with every art of compression, amounts to three volumes of about five hundred pages each.—II. Philosophical Analysis of the Genius and Works of Dante, Spenser, Milton, Cervantes, and Calderon, with similar, but more compressed, Criticisms on Chaucer, Ariosto, Donne, Rabelais, and others, during the predominance of the Romantic Poetry. In one large volume. These two works will, I flatter myself, form a complete code of the principles of judgment and feeling applied to Works of Taste; and not of Poetry only, but of Poesy in all its forms, Painting, Statuary, Music, &c. &c.—III. The History of Philosophy considered as a Tendency of the Human Mind to exhibit the Powers of the Human Reason, to discover by its own Strength the Origin and Laws of Man and the World, from Pythagoras to Locke and Condillac. Two volumes.—IV. Letters on the Old and New Testaments, and on the Doctrine and Principles held in common by the Fathers and Founders of the Reformation, addressed to a Candidate for Holy Orders; including Advice on the Plan and Subjects of Preaching, proper to a Minister of the Established Church.

To the completion of these four works I have literally nothing more to do than to *transcribe*; but as I before hinted, from so many scraps and *Sibylline* leaves, including margins of books and blank pages, that, unfortunately, I must be my own scribe, and not done by myself, they will be all but lost; or perhaps (as has been too often the case already) furnish feathers for the caps of others; some for this purpose, and some to plume the arrows of detraction, to be let fly against the luckless bird from whom they had been plucked or moulted.

In addition to these—of my GREAT WORK, to the preparation of which more than twenty years of my life have been devoted, and on which my hopes of extensive and permanent utility, of fame, in the noblest sense of the word, mainly rest—that, by which I might,

"As now by thee, by all the good be known,
When this weak frame lies mould'rd in the grave,
Which self-surviving I might call my own,
Which Folly cannot mar, nor Hate deprave—
The incense of those powers, which, risen in flame,
Might make me dear to Him from whom they came."

Of this work, to which all my other writings (unless I except my poems, and these I can exclude in part only) are introductory and preparative; and the result of which (if the premises be, as I, with the most tranquil assurance, am convinced they are—insubvertible, the deductions legitimate, and the conclusions commensurate, and only commensurate, with both,) must finally be a revolution of all that has been called *Philosophy* or *Metaphysics* in England and France since the era of the commencing predominance of the mechanical system at the restoration of our second Charles, and with this the present fashionable views, not only of religion, morals, and politics, but even of the modern physics and physiology. You will not blame the earnestness of my expressions, nor the high importance which I attach to this work; for how, with less noble objects, and less faith in their attainment, could I stand acquitted of folly and abuse of time, talents, and learning, in a labor of three fourths of my *intellectual* life? Of this work, something more than a volume has been dictated by me, so as to exist fit for the press, to my friend and enlightened pupil, Mr. Green; and more than as much again would have been evolved and delivered to paper, but that, for the last six or eight months, I have been compelled to break off our weekly meeting, from the necessity of writing (alas! alas! of attempting to write) for purposes, and on the subjects of the passing day. Of my poetic works, I would fain finish the *Christabel*. Alas! for the proud time when I planned, when I had

present to my mind the materials, as well as the scheme of the hymns entitled, Spirit, Sun, Earth, Air, Water, Fire, and Man; and the epic poem on—what still appears to me the one only fit subject remaining for an epic poem—Jerusalem besieged and destroyed by Titus.

And here comes my dear friend; here comes my sorrow and my weakness, my grievance and my confession. Anxious to perform the duties of the day arising out of the wants of the day, these wants, too, presenting themselves in the most painful of all forms,—that of a debt owing to those who will not exact it, and yet need its payment, and the delay, the long (not live-long but *death-long*) behindhand of my accounts to friends, whose utmost care and frugality on the one side, and industry on the other, the wife's management and the husband's assiduity are put in requisition to make both ends meet,—I am at once forbidden to attempt, and too perplexed earnestly to pursue, the *accomplishment* of the works worthy of me, those I mean above enumerated,—even if, savagely as I have been injured by one of the two influensive Reviews, and with more effective enmity undermined by the utter silence or occasional detractive compliments of the other,* I had the probable chance of disposing of them to the booksellers, so as even to liquidate my mere boarding accounts during the time expended in the transcription, arrangement, and proof correction. And yet, on the other hand, my heart and mind are for ever recurring to them. Yes, my conscience forces me to plead guilty. I have only by fits and starts even prayed. I have not prevailed on myself to pray to God in sincerity and entireness for the fortitude that might enable me to resign myself to the abandonment of all my life's best hopes, to say boldly to myself,—“Gifted with powers confessedly above mediocrity, aided by an education, of which, no less from almost unexampled hardships and sufferings than from manifold and peculiar advantages, I have never yet found a parallel, I have devoted myself to a life of unintermitted reading, thinking, meditating, and observing. I have not only sacrificed all worldly prospects of wealth and advancement, but have in my inmost soul stood aloof from temporary reputation. In consequence of these toils and this self-dedication, I possess a calm and clear consciousness, that in many and most important departments of truth and beauty I have outstrode my contemporaries, those at least of highest name; that the number of my printed works bears witness that I have not been idle, and the seldom acknowledged, but strictly *provable*, effects of my labors appropriated to the immediate welfare of my age in the Morning Post before and during the peace of Amiens, in the Courier afterward, and in the series and various subjects of my lectures at Bristol and at the Royal and Surrey Institutions, in Fetter Lane, at Willis's Rooms, and at the Crown and Anchor (add to which the unlimited freedom of my communications in colloquial life), may surely be allowed as evidence that I have not been useless in my generation. But, from circumstances, the *main* portion of my harvest is still on the ground, ripe indeed, and only waiting, a few for the sickle, but a large part only for the *sheaving*, and carting, and housing, but from all this I must turn away, must let them rot as they lie, and be as though they never had been, for I must go and gather blackberries and earth-nuts, or pick mushrooms and gild oak-apples for the palates and fancies of chance customers. I must abrogate the name of philosopher and poet, and scribble as fast as I can, and with as little thought as I can, for Blackwood's Magazine, or, as I have been employed for the last days, in writing MS. sermons for lazy clergymen, who stipulate that the composition must not be more than respectable, for fear they should be desired to publish the visitation sermon!” This I have not yet had courage to do. My soul sickens and my heart sinks;

* Neither my *Literary Life*, (3 vols.) nor *Sibylline Leaves*, (1 vol.) nor *Friend*, (3 vols.) nor *Lay Sermons*, nor *Zaphra*, nor *Christabel*, have ever been noticed by the *Quarterly Review*, of which Southey is yet the main support.

and thus, oscillating between both, I do neither, neither as it ought to be done, or to any profitable end. If I were to detail only the various, I might say capricious, interruptions that have prevented the finishing of this very scrawl, begun on the very day I received your last kind letter, you would need no other illustrations.

Now I see but one possible plan of rescuing my permanent utility. It is briefly this, and plainly. For what we struggle with inwardly, we find at least easiest to *believe*, namely,—that of engaging from the circle of those who think respectfully and hope highly of my powers and attainments a yearly sum, for three or four years, adequate to my actual support, with such comforts and decencies of appearance as my health and habits have made necessities, so that my mind may be unanxious as far as the present time is concerned; that thus I should stand both enabled and pledged to begin with some one work of these above mentioned, and for two thirds of my whole time to devote myself to this exclusively till finished, to take the chance of its success by the best mode of publication that would involve me in no risk, then to proceed with the next, and so on till the works above mentioned as already in full material existence should be reduced into formal and actual being; while in the remaining third of my time I might go on maturing and completing my great work (for if but easy in mind I have no doubt either of the reawakening power or of the kindling inclination,) and my Christabel, and what else the happier hour might inspire—and without inspiration a barrel-organ may be played right delfly; but

"All otherwise the state of poet stands:
For lordly want is such a tyrant fell,
That where he rules all power he doth expel.
The vaunted verse a vacant head demands,
He wot with crabbed Care the muses dwell:
Unwisely swerves who takes two webs in hand!"

Now Mr. Green has offered to contribute from 30*l.* to 40*l.* yearly, for three or four years; my young friend and pupil, the son of one of my dearest old friends, 50*l.*; and I think that from 10*l.* to 20*l.* I could rely upon from another. The sum required would be about 200*l.*, to be repaid, of course, should the disposal or sale, and as far as the disposal and sale of my writings produced the means.

I have thus placed before you at large, wanderingly as well as diffusely, the statement which I am inclined to send in a compressed form to a few of those of whose kind dispositions towards me I have received assurances,—and to their interest and influence I must leave it—anxious, however, before I do this, to learn from you your very, very inmost feeling and judgment as to the previous questions. Am I entitled, have I earned a right to do this? Can I do it without moral degradation? and, lastly, can it be done without loss of character in the eyes of my acquaintance, and of my friends' acquaintance, who may have been informed of the circumstances? That, if attempted at all, it will be attempted in such a way, and that such persons only will be spoken to, as will not expose me to indelicate rebuffs to be afterward matter of gossip, I know those to whom I shall entrust the statement, too well to be much alarmed about.

Pray let me either see or hear from you as soon as possible; for, indeed and indeed, it is no inconsiderable accession to the pleasure I anticipate from disengagement, that you would have to contemplate in a more gracious form, and in a more ebullient play of the inward fountain, the mind and manners of,

My dear friend,

Your obliged and very affectionate friend,

S. T. COLERIDGE.

It has always been a matter of wonder to us that the *Biographia Literaria* here mentioned in the foot note has never been republished in America. It is, perhaps, the most deeply interesting of the prose writings of Coleridge, and affords a clearer view into his mental consti-

tution than any other of his works. Why cannot some of our publishers undertake it? They would be rendering an important service to the cause of psychological science in America, by introducing a work of great scope and power in itself, and well calculated to do away with the generally received impression here entertained of the mysticism of the writer.

COLTON'S NEW WORK.

Thoughts on the Religious State of the Country; with Reasons for preferring Episcopacy. By Rev. Calvin Colton. New York: Harper & Brothers.

If we are to consider opinions of the press, when in perfect accordance throughout so wide a realm as the United States, as a fair criterion by which to estimate the opinions of the people, then it must be admitted that Mr. Colton's late work, "Four Years in Great Britain," was received, in the author's native land at least, with universal approbation. We heard not a dissenting voice. The candor, especially—the good sense, the gentlemanly feeling, and the accurate and acute observation of the traveller, were the daily themes of high, and, we have no doubt, of well merited panegyric. Nor in any private circle, we believe, were the great merits of the work disputed. The book now before us, which bears the running title of "*Reasons for Episcopacy*," is, it cannot be denied, a sufficiently well-written performance, in which is evident a degree of lucid arrangement, and simple perspicuous reason, not to be discovered, as a prevailing feature, in the volumes to which we have alluded. The candor of the "*Four Years in Great Britain*," is more particularly manifest in the "*Reasons for Episcopacy*." What a lesson in dignified frankness, to say nothing of common sense, may the following passage afford to many a dunder-headed politician!

Inasmuch as it has been supposed by some, that the author of these pages has made certain demonstrations with his pen against that which he now adopts and advocates, it is not unlikely that his consistency will be brought in question. Admitting that he has manifested such an inclination, it can only be said, that he has changed his opinion, which it is in part the design of this book to set forth, with the reasons thereof. If he has written against, and in the conflict, or in any train of consequences, has been convinced that his former position was wrong, the least atonement he can make is to honor what he now regards as truth with a profession as public, and a defence as earnest, as any other doings of his on the other side. It is due to himself to say and to claim, that while he remained a Presbyterian he was an honest one; and it would be very strange if he had never done or said any thing to vindicate that ground. Doubtless he has. He may now be an equally honest Episcopalian; and charity would not require him to assert it.

But the truth is that Mr. Colton has been misunderstood. To be sure, he has frequently treated of the evils attending the existence and operation of the church establishment in England—the union of Church and State. He manifested deep sympathy for those who suffered under the oppression of this establishment, and even allowed himself to be carried so far (in some early communications on the subject which appeared in the columns of a New York weekly paper,) as to animadvert in unbecoming terms upon a class of British

clergymen, whose exemplary conduct deserved a more lenient treatment, but whose zeal for the Church of England blinded them to a sense of justice towards Dissenters, and induced them to oppose that just degree of reform which would have proved effectual in remedying the great causes of complaint. He contended, however, if we are not greatly in error, that total reform, to be safe, must be slow—that a separation at a single blow, could not be effected without great hazard to the public interest, and great derangement of private society.

It is even possible (and Mr. Colton himself admits the possibility) that, mingled up with these animadversions of which we speak, might have been some censures upon the Church itself. This was nothing more than natural in an honest and indignant man—an American too, who beheld the vices of the British Church Establishment. But it appears to us quite evident, that the strictures of the author (when considered as a whole and in their general bearing,) have reference to the character—not of the Church—but of the Church of England. Let us turn, for an exemplification of what we say, to his chapter on "The Church of England," in the "*Four Years in Great Britain*." This chapter consists principally of a collection of facts, tending to show the evils of a conjoined Church and State, and intended especially for the perusal of Americans. It is great injustice to confound what we find here, with an attack upon Episcopacy. Yet it seems to us, that this chapter has been repeatedly so misunderstood, by a set of people who are determined to understand every thing in their own particular fashion. "That Episcopacy," says Mr. Colton, in vindicating himself from the charge adduced, "is the established Church of England is an accident. Presbyterianism is the established religion of Scotland and of some parts of the north of Europe. So was it of England under the Protectorate of Cromwell. No matter what had been the form of the established religion of Great Britain, in the same circumstances the results must have been substantially the same. It is not Episcopacy that has induced these evils, but the vicious and impracticable plan of uniting Church and State for the benefit of society."

While in England Mr. Colton wrote and published a book on the subject of *Revivals*, and declared himself their advocate. In the fifth chapter of his present work he opposes them, and in the Preface alludes to his so doing, maintaining that these religious excitements are materially changed in their character. He speaks also of a chapter in a former work, entitled "*The Americans, by an American in England*"—a chapter devoted to the removal of aspersions cast in England upon the developments of religion in America. For some such defence it appears that he was called upon by friends. The effort itself was, as Mr. C. assures us, of the nature of an *apology*—neither attempting to recommend or establish any thing—and he thus excuses himself for apparent inconsistency in now declaring an opinion against the expediency of the practices which were scandalized.

The *Episcopacy* of Mr. Colton will be read with pleasure and profit by all classes of the Christian community who admire perspicuity, liberality, frankness, and unprejudiced inquiry. It is not our purpose to speak

of the general accuracy of his *data*, or the soundness of his deductions. In *style* the work appears to us excessively faulty—even uncouth.

MAURY'S NAVIGATION.

This volume, from an officer of our Navy, and a Virginian, strongly commends itself to notice. The works at present used by our navy and general marine, though in many respects not devoid of merit, have always struck us as faulty in two particulars. They aim at comprising a great multiplicity of details, many of which relate to matters only remotely bearing upon the main objects of the treatise—and they are deficient in that clearness of arrangement, without which, the numerous facts and formulæ composing the body of such works are little else than a mass of confusion. The extraction of the really useful rules and principles from the multifarious matters with which they are thus encumbered, is a task for which seamen are little likely to have either time or inclination, and it is therefore not surprising that our highly intelligent navy exhibits so many instances of imperfect knowledge upon points which are elementary and fundamental in the science of navigation.

We think that Mr. Maury has, to a considerable degree, avoided the errors referred to; and while his work comprises a sufficient and even copious statement of the rules and facts important to be known in the direction of a ship, he has succeeded, by a judicious arrangement of particulars and by clearly wrought numerical examples, in presenting them in a disencumbered and very intelligible form. With great propriety he has rejected many statements and rules which in the progress of nautical science have fallen into disuse, and in his selection of methods of computation, has, in general, kept in view those modern improvements in this branch of practical mathematics in which simplicity and accuracy are most happily combined. Much attention to numerical correctness seems to pervade the work. Its style is concise without being obscure. The diagrams are selected with taste, and the engraving and typography, especially that of the tables, are worthy of the highest praise.

Such, we think, are the merits of the work before us—merits which, it must be admitted, are of the first importance in a book designed for a practical manual. To attain them required the exercise of a discriminating judgment, guided by a thorough acquaintance with all the points in nautical science which are of interest to seamen.

There are particulars in the work which we think objectionable, but they are of minor importance, and would probably be regarded as scarcely deserving criticism.

The spirit of literary improvement has been awakened among the officers of our gallant navy. We are pleased to see that science also is gaining votaries from its ranks. Hitherto how little have they improved the golden opportunities of knowledge which their distant voyages held forth, and how little have they enjoyed the rich banquet which nature spreads for them in every clime they visit! But the time is coming when, imbued with a taste for science and a spirit of research, they will become ardent explorers of the regions in which

they sojourn. Freightened with the knowledge which observation only can impart, and enriched with collections of objects precious to the student of nature, their return after the perils of a distant voyage will then be doubly joyful. The enthusiast in science will anxiously await their coming, and add his cordial welcome to the warm greetings of relatives and friends.

UPS AND DOWNS.

Ups and Downs in the Life of a Distressed Gentleman.
By the author of "Tales and Sketches, such as they are."
New York: Leavitt, Lord & Co.

This book is a public imposition. It is a duodecimo volume, of the usual novel size, bound in the customary muslin cover with a gilt stamp on the back, and containing 225 pages of letter press. Its price, in the book-stores, is, we believe, a dollar. Although we are in the habit of reading with great deliberation, not unfrequently perusing individual passages more than two or three times, we were occupied *little better than one hour* in getting through with the whole of the "*Ups and Downs*." A full page of the book—that is, a page in which there are no breaks in the matter occasioned by paragraphs, or otherwise, embraces precisely 150 words—an average page about 130. A full page of this our Magazine, will be found to contain 1544 words—an average page about 1600, owing to the occasional notes in a smaller type than that generally used. It follows that nearly thirteen pages of such a volume as the "*Ups and Downs*" are required to make one of our own, and that in about fourteen pages such as we are writing, (if we consider the sixteen blank half-pages at the beginning of each chapter in the "*Ups and Downs*," with the four pages of index) the whole of the one dollar duodecimo we are now called upon to review, might be laid conveniently before the public—in other words, that we could print nearly six of them in one of our ordinary numbers, (that for March for instance) the price of which is little more than forty cents. We give the amount of six such volumes then for forty cents—of one of them for very little more than a *fivepenny bit*. And as its price is a dollar, it is clear either that the matter of which the said "*Ups and Downs*" is composed, is sixteen times as good in quality as our own matter, and that of such Magazines in general, or that the author of the "*Ups and Downs*" supposes it so to be, or that the author of the "*Ups and Downs*" is unreasonable in his exactions upon the public, and is presuming very largely upon their excessive patience, gullibility, and good nature. We will take the liberty of analyzing the narrative, with a view of letting our readers see for themselves whether the author (or publisher) is quite right in estimating it at sixteen times the value of the ordinary run of compositions.

The volume commences with a Dedication "*To all Doting Parents*." We then have four pages occupied with a content table, under the appellation of a "Bill of Lading." This is well thought of. The future man of letters might, without some assistance of this nature, meet with no little trouble in searching for any particular chapter through so dense a mass of matter as the "*Ups and Downs*." The "Introduction" fills four pages more, and in spite of the unjustifiable use of the word "*predicated*," whose meaning is obviously misun-

derstood, is by much the best portion of the work—so much so, indeed, that we fancy it written by some kind, good-natured friend of the author. We now come to *Chapter I*, which proves to be Introduction the Second, and extends over seven pages farther. This is called "A Disquisition on Circles," in which we are informed that "the motion produced by the *centripetal* and *centrifugal* forces, seems to be that of nature"—that "it is very true that the *periphery* of the circles traversed by some objects is greater than that of others"—that "cast a stone into a lake or a mill-pond, and it will produce a succession of motions, circle following circle in order, and extending the radius until they disappear in the distance"—that "Time wings his flight in circles, and every year rolls round within itself"—that "the sun turns round upon his own axis, and the moon changes monthly"—that "the other celestial bodies all wheel their courses in circles around the common centre"—that "the moons of Jupiter revolve around him in circles, and he carries them along with him in his periodical circuit around the sun"—that "Saturn always moves within his rings"—that "a ship on the ocean, though apparently bounding over a plain of waters, rides in fact upon the circumference of a circle around the arch of the earth's diameter"—that "the lunar circle betokens a tempest"—that "those German principalities which are represented in the Diet are denominated circles"—and that "modern writers on pneumatics affirm every breeze that blows to be a whirlwind."

But now commences the "*Ups and Downs*" in good earnest. The hero of the narrative is Mr. Wheelwright, and the author begs leave to assure the reader that Mr. W. is no fictitious personage, that "with the single abatement that names are changed, and places not precisely designated, every essential incident that he has recorded actually occurred, much as he has related it, to a person who, if not now living, certainly was once, and most of them under his own observation."

Chapter II, treats of the birth and parentage of the hero. Mr. Daniel Wheelwright originally came from New Jersey, but resides at the opening of the story, in the beautiful valley of the Mohawk "on the banks of the river, and in a town alike celebrated for the taste of its people in architecture, and distinguished as a seat of learning." He was early instructed by his father in the "elementary principles of his trade," which was coach-making. "He was also taught in some branches of household carpentry work, which proved of no disadvantage to him in the end." "Full of good nature he was always popular with the boys, and we are told "was never so industrious as when manufacturing to their order little writing desks, fancy boxes, and other trifling articles not beyond the scope of his mechanical ingenuity." We are also assured that the young gentleman was excessively fond of oysters.

In *Chapter III*, Daniel Wheelwright "grows up a tall and stately youth." His mother "discovers a genius in him requiring only means and opportunity to wing an eagle-flight." "An arrangement therefore is effected" by which our hero is sent to school to a "man whom the mother had previously known in New Jersey, and whose occupation was that of teaching young ideas how to shoot—not grouse and woodcock—but to shoot forth into scions of learning." This is a new and excellent joke—but by no means so good as the one immediately

following, where we are told that "notwithstanding the natural indolence of his character, our hero knew that he must know something before he could enter college, and that in case of a failure, he must again cultivate more acquaintance with the *felloes* of the shop than with the *felloes* of the university." He is sent to college, however, having "read *Cornelius Nepos* and three books of the *Æneid*, thumbed over the Greek Grammar, and gone through the Gospel of St. John."

Chapter IV, commences with two quotations from Shakspeare. Our hero is herein elected a member of the *Philo-Peithologicalæthian Institute*, commences his debates with a "Mr. President, I *are* in favor of the negative of that are question," is "read off" at the close of every quarter, "advances one grade higher" in his classic course every year, and when about to take his degree, is "announced for a poem" in the *procos verbal* of the commencement, and (one of the professors, if we comprehend, being called *Nott*) distinguishes himself by the following satirical verses—

The warrior fights, and dies for fame—
The empty glories of a name;—
But we who linger round this spot,
The warrior's guerdon covet Nott.

Nott for the miser's glittering heap
Within these walls is bartered sleep;
The humble scholar's quiet lot
With dreams of wealth is troubled Nott.

While poring o'er the midnight lamp,
In rooms too cold, and sometimes damp,
O man, who land and cash hast got,
Thy life of ease we envy Nott.

Our troubles here are light and few;—
An empty purse when bills fall due,
A locker, without o'er a shot,—
Hard recitations, or a Knot-

Ty problem, which we can't untie—
Our only shirt hung out to dry,—
A chum who never pays his scot,—
Such ills as these we value Nott.

O, cherished *****! learning's home,
Where'er the fates may bid us roam,
Though friends and kindred be forgot,
Be sure we shall forget thee Nott.

For years of peaceful, calm content,
To science and hard study lent,
Though others thy good name may blot,
T'were wondrous if we loved thee Nott.

For this happy effort he is admitted *ad gradum in artibus*, and thus closes chapter the fourth.

Chapter V, is also headed with two sentences from Shakspeare. The parents of Mr. W. are now inclined to make him a clergyman, being "not only conscientious people, but sincerely religious, and really desirous of doing good." This project is dismissed, however, upon our hero's giving no evidence of piety, and Daniel is "entered in the office of an eminent medical gentleman, in one of the most beautiful cities which adorn the banks of the majestic Hudson." Our author cannot be prevailed upon to state the precise place—but gives us another excellent joke by way of indemnification. "Although," says he, "like Byron, I have no fear of being taken for the hero of my own tale, yet were I to bring matters too near their homes, but too many of the real characters of my narrative might be identified. Suffice it, then, to say of the location—*Ilium fuit*." Daniel now becomes Doctor Wheelwright, reads the first chapter of *Cheselden's Anatomy*, visits New York, attends the lectures of Hosack and Post, "presses into his goblet the grapes of wisdom clustering around the tongue of Mitchill, and acquires the principles of surgery from the

lips, and the skilful use of the knife from the untrembling hand, of Mott."

At the close of his second year our hero, having completed only half of Cheselden's article on Osteology, relinquishes the study of medicine in despair, and turns merchant—purchasing "the odds and ends of a fashionable fancy and jobbing concern in Albany." He is gulled however, by a confidential clerk, one John Smith, his store takes fire and burns down, and both himself and father, who indorsed for him, are ruined.

Mr. Wheelwright now retrieves his fortune by the accidental possession of a claim against government, taken by way of payment for a bad debt. But going to Washington to receive his money, he is inveigled into a lottery speculation—that is to say, he spends the whole amount of his claim in lottery-tickets—the manager fails—and our adventurer is again undone. This lottery adventure ends with the excellent joke that in regard to our hero there "were five *outs* to one in, viz.—*out* of money, and *out* of clothes; *out* at the heels, and *out* at the toes; *out* of credit and *in* debt!" Mr. Wheelwright now returns to New York, and is thrown into prison by Messieurs Roe and Doe. In this emergency he sends for his friend the narrator, who, of course, relieves his distresses, and opens the doors of his jail.

Chapter IX, and indeed every ensuing chapter, commences with two sentences from Shakspeare. Mr. Wheelwright now becomes agent for a steamboat company on Lake George—but fortune still frowns, and the steamboat takes fire, and is burnt up, on the eve of her first trip, thus again ruining our hero.

"What a moment!" exclaims the author, "and what a spectacle for a lover of the 'sublime and beautiful'! Could Burke have visited such a scene of mingled magnificence, and grandeur and terror, what a vivid illustration would he not have added to his inimitable treatise on that subject! The fire raged with amazing fury and power—stimulated to madness, as it were, by the pitch and tar and dried timbers, and other combustible materials used in the construction of the boat. The night-bird screamed in terror, and the beasts of prey fled in wild affright into the deep and visible darkness beyond. This is truly a gloomy place for a lone person to stand in of a dark night—particularly if he has a touch of superatition. There have been fierce conflicts on this spot—sieges and battles and fearful massacres. Here hath mailed Mars sat on his altar, up to his ears in blood, smiling grimly at the music of echoing cannons, the shrill trump, and all the rude din of arms, until like the waters of Egypt, the lake became red as the crimson flowers that blossom upon its margin!" At the word margin is the following explanatory note. "*Labellia Cardinalis*, commonly called the *Indian Eye-bright*. It is a beautiful blossom, and is frequently met with in this region. The writer has seen large clusters of it blooming upon the margin of the 'Bloody Pond' in this neighborhood—so called from the circumstance of the slain being thrown into this pond, after the defeat of Baron Diekau, by Sir William Johnson. The ancients would have constructed a beautiful legend from this incident, and sanctified the sanguinary flower."

In Chapter X, Mr. Wheelwright marries an heiress—a rich widow worth thirty thousand pound sterling in prospectu—in Chapter XI, sets up a *Philomathian Institute*, the whole of the chapter being occupied with his

advertisement—in *Chapter XII*, his wife affronts the scholars, by “swearing by the powers she would be after clearing them out—the apalpeens!—that’s what she would, honies!” The school is broken up in consequence, and Mrs. Wheelwright herself turns out to be nothing more than “one of the unmarried wives of the lamented Captain Scarlett,” the legal representatives being in secure possession of the thirty thousand pounds sterling in prospectu.

In *Chapter XIII*, Mr. Wheelwright is again in distress, and applies, of course, to the humane author of the “*Ups and Downs*,” who gives him, we are assured, “an overcoat, and a little basket of provisions.” In *Chapter XIV*, the author continues his benevolence—gives a crow, (cock-a-doodle doo!) and concludes with “there is no more charitable people than those of New York!” which means when translated into good English—“there never was a more charitable man than the wise and learned author of the ‘*Ups and Downs*.’”

Chapter XV, is in a somewhat better vein, and embraces some tolerable incidents in relation to the pawn-brokers’ shops of New York. We give an extract—believing it to be one of the best passages in the book.

To one who would study human nature, especially in its darker features, there is no better field of observation than among these pawn-brokers’ shops.

In a frequented establishment, each day unfolds an ample catalogue of sorrow, misery, and guilt, developed in forms and combinations almost innumerable; and if the history of each customer could be known, the result would be such a catalogue as would scarcely be surpassed, even by the records of a police-office or a prison. Even my brief stay while arranging for the redemption of Dr. Wheelwright’s personals, afforded materials, as indicated in the last chapter, for much and painful meditation.

I had scarcely made my business known, at the first of “my uncle’s” establishments to which I had been directed, when a middle-aged man entered with a bundle, on which he asked a small advance, and which, on being opened, was found to contain a shawl and two or three other articles of female apparel. The man was stout and sturdy, and, as I judged from his appearance, a mechanic; but the mark of the destroyer was on his bloated countenance, and in his heavy, stupid eyes. Intemperance had marked him for his own. The pawn-broker was yet examining the offered pledge, when a woman, whose pale face and attenuated form bespoke long and intimate acquaintance with sorrow, came hastily into the shop, and with the single exclamation, “O, Robert!” darted, rather than ran, to that part of the counter where the man was standing. Words were not wanted to explain her story. Her miserable husband, not satisfied with wasting his own earnings, and leaving her to starve with her children, had descended to the meanness of plundering even her scanty wardrobe, and the pittance for the obtaining of which this robbery would furnish means, was destined to be squandered at the tippling-house. A blush of shame arose even upon his degraded face, but it quickly passed away; the brutal appetite prevailed, and the better feeling that had apparently stirred within him for the moment, soon gave way before its diseased and insatiate cravings.

“Go home,” was his harsh and angry exclamation; “what brings you here, running after me with your everlasting scolding? go home, and mind your own business.”

“O Robert, dear Robert!” answered the unhappy wife, “don’t pawn my shawl. Our children are crying for bread, and I have none to give them. Or let me have the money; it is hard to part with that shawl, for it was my mother’s gift; but I will let it go, rather than see my children starve. Give me the money, Robert, and don’t leave us to perish.”

I watched the face of the pawn-broker to see what effect this appeal would have upon him, but I watched in vain. He was hardened to distress, and had no sympathy to throw away. “Twelve shillings on these things,” he said, tossing them back to the drunkard, with a look of perfect indifference.

“Only twelve shillings!” murmured the heart-broken wife, in a tone of despair. “O Robert, don’t let them go for twelve shillings. Let me try some where else.”

“Nonsense,” answered the brute. “It’s as much as they’re worth, I suppose. Here, Mr. Crimp, give us the change.”

The money was placed before him, and the bundle consigned to a drawer. The poor woman reached forth her hand toward the silver, but the movement was anticipated by her husband. “There Mary,” he said, giving her half a dollar, “there, go home now, and don’t make a fuss. I’m going a little way up the street, and perhaps I’ll bring you something from market, when I come home.”

The hopeless look of the poor woman, as she meekly turned to the door, told plainly enough how little she trusted to this ambiguous promise. They went on their way, she to her famishing children, and he to squander the dollar he had retained, at the next den of intemperance.

Chapter XVI, is entitled the “end of this eventful history.” Mr. Wheelwright is rescued from the hands of the watch by the author of the “*Ups and Downs*”—turns his wife, very justly, out of doors—and finally returns to his parental occupation of coach-making.

We have given the entire pith and marrow of the book. The term *flat*, is the only general expression which would apply to it. It is written, we believe, by Col. Stone of the New York Commercial Advertiser, and should have been printed among the quack advertisements, in a spare corner of his paper.

WATKINS TOTTLE.

Watkins Tottle, and other Sketches, illustrative of everyday Life, and every-day People. By Boz. Philadelphia: Carey, Lea and Blanchard.

This book is a re-publication from the English original, and many of its sketches are with us old and highly esteemed acquaintances. In regard to their author we know nothing more than that he is a far more pungent, more witty, and better disciplined writer of sly articles, than nine-tenths of the Magazine writers in Great Britain—which is saying much, it must be allowed, when we consider the great variety of genuine talent, and earnest application brought to bear upon the periodical literature of the mother country.

The very first passage in the volumes before us, will convince any of our friends who are knowing in the requisites of “a good thing,” that we are doing our friend Boz no more than the simplest species of justice. Harken to what he says of Matrimony and of Mr. Watkins Tottle.

Matrimony is proverbially a serious undertaking. Like an overweening predilection for brandy and water, it is a misfortune into which a man easily falls, and from which he finds it remarkably difficult to extricate himself. It is no use telling a man who is timorous on these points, that it is but one plunge and all is over. They say the same thing at the Old Bailey, and the unfortunate victims derive about as much comfort from the assurance in the one case as in the other.

Mr. Watkins Tottle was a rather uncommon compound of strong uxorious inclinations, and an unparalleled degree of anti-conjugal timidity. He was about fifty years of age; stood four feet six inches and three quarters in his socks—for he never stood in stockings at all—plump, clean and rosy. He looked something like a vignette to one of Richardson's novels, and had a clean cravatish formality of manner, and kitchen-pokerness of carriage, which Sir Charles Grandison himself might have envied. He lived on an annuity, which was well adapted to the individual who received it in one respect—it was rather small. He received it in periodical payments on every alternate Monday; but he ran himself out about a day after the expiration of the first week, as regularly as an eight-day clock, and then, to make the comparison complete, his landlady wound him up, and he went on with a regular tick.

It is not every one who can put "a good thing" properly together, although, perhaps, when thus properly put together, every tenth person you meet with may be capable of both conceiving and appreciating it. We cannot bring ourselves to believe that less actual ability is required in the composition of a really good "brief article," than in a fashionable novel of the usual dimensions. The novel certainly requires what is denominated a sustained effort—but this is a matter of mere perseverance, and has but a collateral relation to talent. On the other hand—unity of effect, a quality not easily appreciated or indeed comprehended by an ordinary mind, and a *desideratum* difficult of attainment, even by those who can conceive it—is indispensable in the "brief article," and not so in the common novel. The latter, if admired at all, is admired for its detached passages, without reference to the work as a whole—or without reference to any general design—which, if it even exist in some measure, will be found to have occupied but little of the writer's attention, and cannot, from the length of the narrative, be taken in at one view, by the reader.

The Sketches by Boz are all exceedingly well managed, and never fail to tell as the author intended. They are entitled, Passage in the Life of Mr. Watkins Tottle—The Black Veil—Shabby Genteel People—Horatio Sparkins—The Pawnbroker's Shop—The Dancing Academy—Early Conches—The River—Private Theatres—The Great Winglebury Duel—Omnibuses—Mrs. Joseph Porter—The Steam Excursion—Sentiment—The Parish—Miss Evans and the Eagle—Shops and their Tenants—Thoughts about People—A Visit to Newgate—London Recreations—The Boarding-House—Hackney-Coach Stands—Brokers and Marine Store-Shops—The Bloomsbury Christening—Gin Shops—Public Dinners—Astley's—Greenwich Fair—The Prisoner's Van—and A Christmas Dinner. The reader who has been so fortunate as to have perused any one of these pieces, will be fully aware of how great a fund of racy entertainment is included in the Bill of Fare we have given. There are here some as well conceived and well written papers as can be found in any other collection of the kind—many of them we would especially recommend, as a study, to those who turn their attention to Magazine writing—a department in which, generally, the English as far excel us as Hyperion a Satyr.

The *Black Veil*, in the present series, is distinct in character from all the rest—an act of stirring tragedy, and evincing lofty powers in the writer. Broad humor is, however, the prevailing feature of the volumes. The

Dancing Academy is a vivid sketch of Cockney low life, which may probably be considered as somewhat too *outré* by those who have no experience in the matter.

Watkins Tottle is excellent. We should like very much to copy the whole of the article entitled *Pawn-brokers' Shops*, with a view of contrasting its matter and manner with the insipidity of the passage we have just quoted on the same subject from the "*Ups and Downs*" of Colonel Stone, and by way of illustrating our remarks on the *unity of effect*—but this would, perhaps, be giving too much of a good thing. It will be seen by those who peruse both these articles, that in that of the American, two or three anecdotes are told which have merely a relation—a very shadowy relation, to pawn-broking—in short, they are barely elicited by this theme, have no necessary dependence upon it, and might be introduced equally well in connection with any one of a million other subjects. In the sketch of the Englishman we have no anecdotes at all—the *Pawnbroker's Shop* engages and enchains our attention—we are enveloped in its atmosphere of wretchedness and extortion—we pause at every sentence, not to dwell upon the sentence, but to obtain a fuller view of the gradually perfecting picture—which is never at any moment any other matter than the *Pawnbroker's Shop*. To the illustration of this one end all the *groupings* and *filings in* of the painting are rendered subservient—and when our eyes are taken from the canvass, we remember the personages of the sketch not at all as independent existences, but as essentials of the one subject we have witnessed—as a part and portion of the *Pawnbroker's Shop*. So perfect, and never-to-be-forgotten a picture cannot be brought about by any such trumpery exertion, or still more trumpery talent, as we find employed in the ineffective daubing of Colonel Stone. The scratchings of a schoolboy with a slate-pencil on a slate might as well be compared to the groupings of Buonarroti.

We conclude by strongly recommending the Sketches of Boz to the attention of American readers, and by copying the whole of his article on Gin Shops.

It is a very remarkable circumstance, that different trades appear to partake of the disease to which elephants and dogs are especially liable; and to run stark, staring, raving mad, periodically. The great distinction between the animals and the trades is, that the former run mad with a certain degree of propriety—they are very regular in their irregularities. You know the period at which the emergency will arise, and provide against it accordingly. If an elephant run mad, you are all ready for him—kill or cure—pills or bullets—calomel in conserve of roses, or lead in a musket-barrel. If a dog happen to look unpleasantly warm in the summer months, and to trot about the shady side of the streets with a quarter of a yard of tongue hanging out of his mouth, a thick leather muzzle, which has been previously prepared in compliance with the thoughtful injunction of the Legislature, is instantly clapped over his head, by way of making him cooler, and he either looks remarkably unhappy for the next six weeks, or becomes legally insane, and goes mad, as it were, by act of Parliament. But these trades are as eccentric as comets; nay, worse; for no one can calculate on the recurrence of the strange appearances which betoken the disease: moreover, the contagion is general, and the quickness with which it diffuses itself almost incredible.

We will cite two or three cases in illustration of our meaning. Six or eight years ago the epidemic began to display itself among the linen-draper and haberdashers. The primary symptoms were, an inordinate love of plate-glass, and a passion for gas-lights and

gilding. The disease gradually progressed, and at last attained a fearful height. Quiet, dusty old shops, in different parts of town, were pulled down; spacious premises, with stuccoed fronts and gold letters, were erected instead; floors were covered with Turkey carpets, roofs supported by massive pillars, doors knocked into windows, a dozen squares of glass into one, one shopman into a dozen,—and there is no knowing what would have been done, if it had not been fortunately discovered, just in time, that the Commissioners of Bankrupts were as competent to decide such cases as the Commissioners of Lunacy, and that a little confinement and gentle examination did wonders. The disease abated; it died away; and a year or two of comparative tranquillity ensued. Suddenly it burst out again among the chemists; the symptoms were the same, with the addition of a strong desire to stick the royal arms over the shop-door, and a great rage for mahogany, varnish, and expensive floor-cloth: then the hosiers were infected, and began to pull down their shop-fronts with frantic recklessness. The mania again died away, and the public began to congratulate themselves upon its entire disappearance, when it burst forth with tenfold violence among the publicans and keepers of "wine vaults." From that moment it has spread among them with unprecedented rapidity, exhibiting a concatenation of all the previous symptoms; and onward it has rushed to every part of town, knocking down all the old public-houses, and depositing splendid mansions, stone balustrades, rosewood fittings, immense lamps, and illuminated clocks, at the corner of every street.

The extensive scale on which these places are established, and the ostentatious manner in which the business of even the smallest among them is divided into branches, is most amusing. A handsome plate of ground glass in one door directs you "To the Counting-house;" another to the "Bottle Department;" a third, to the "Wholesale Department;" a fourth, to "The Wine Promenade," and so forth, until we are in daily expectation of meeting with a "Brandy Bell," or a "Whiskey Entrance." Then ingenuity is exhausted in devising attractive titles for the different descriptions of gin; and the dram-drinking portion of the community, as they gaze upon the gigantic white and black announcements, which are only to be equalled in size by the figures beneath them, are left in a state of pleasing hesitation between "The Cream of the Valley," "The Out and Out," "The No Mistake," "The Good for Mixing," "The real knock-me-down," "The celebrated Butter Gin," "The regular Flare-up," and a dozen other equally inviting and wholesome *liqueurs*. Although places of this description are to be met with in every second street, they are invariably numerous and splendid in precise proportion to the dirt and poverty of the surrounding neighborhood. The gin-shops in and near Drury-lane, Holborn, St. Giles', Covent Garden, and Clare-market, are the handsomest in London—there is more filth and squalid misery near those great thorough-fares than in any part of this mighty city.

We will endeavor to sketch the bar of a large gin-shop, and its ordinary customers, for the edification of such of our readers as may not have had opportunities of observing such scenes; and on the chance of finding one well suited to our purpose, we will make for Drury-lane, through the narrow streets and dirty courts which divide it from Oxford-street, and that classical spot adjoining the brewery at the bottom of Tottenham-court-road, best known to the initiated as the "Rookery." The filthy and miserable appearance of this part of London can hardly be imagined by those (and there are many such) who have not witnessed it. Wretched houses, with broken windows patched with rags and paper, every room let out to a different family, and in many instances to two, or even three: fruit and "sweet stuff" manufacturers in the cellars; barbers and red-dressing vendors in the front parlors; cobblers in the back; a bird-fancier in the first floor, three families on the second; starvation in the attics; Irishmen in the

passage; a "musician" in the front kitchen, and a char-woman and five hungry children in the back one—filth every where—a gutter before the houses and a drain behind them—clothes drying at the windows, slops emptying from the ditto; girls of fourteen or fifteen, with matted hair, walking about bare-footed, and in old white great coats, almost their only covering; boys of all ages, in coats of all sizes, and no coats at all; men and women, in every variety of scanty and dirty apparel, lounging about, scolding, drinking, smoking, squabbling, fighting, and swearing.

You turn the corner. What a change! All is light and brilliancy. The hum of many voices issues from that splendid gin-shop which forms the commencement of the two streets opposite; and the gay building with the fantastically ornamented parapet, the illuminated clock, the plate-glass windows surrounded by stucco rosettes, and its profusion of gaslights in richly gilt burners, is perfectly dazzling when contrasted with the darkness and dirt we have just left. The interior is even gayier than the exterior. A bar of French-polished mahogany, elegantly carved, extends the whole width of the place; and there are two side-aisles of great casks, painted green and gold, inclosed within a light brass rail, and bearing such inscriptions as "Old Tom, 549;" "Young Tom, 360;" "Samson, 1421." Behind the bar is a lofty and spacious saloon, full of the same enticing vessels, with a gallery running round it, equally well furnished. On the counter, in addition to the usual spirit apparatus, are two or three little baskets of cakes and biscuits, which are carefully secured at the top with wicker-work, to prevent their contents being unlawfully abstracted. Behind it are two showily-dressed damsels with large necklaces, dispensing the spirits and "compounds." They are assisted by the ostensible proprietor of the concern, a stout, coarse fellow in a fur cap, put on very much on one side to give him a knowing air, and display his sandy whiskers to the best advantage.

Look at the groups of customers, and observe the different air with which they call for what they want, as they are more or less struck by the grandeur of the establishment. The two old washerwomen, who are seated on the little bench to the left of the bar, are rather overcome by the head-dresses, and haughty demeanor of the young ladies who officiate; and receive their half quartern of gin-and-peppermint with considerable deference, prefacing a request for "one of them soft biscuits," with a "Just be good enough, ma'am," &c. They are quite astonished at the impudent air of the young fellow in the brown coat and white buttons, who, ushering in his two companions, and walking up to the bar in as careless a manner as if he had been used to green and gold ornaments all his life, winks at one of the young ladies with singular coolness, and calls for a "kervorten and a three-out-glass," just as if the place were his own. "Gin for you, sir," says the young lady when she has drawn it, carefully looking every way but the right one to show that the wink had no effect upon her. "For me, Mary, my dear," replies the gentleman in brown. "My name an't Mary as it happens," says the young girl, in a most insinuating manner, as she delivers the change. "Vell, if it an't, it ought to be," responds the irresistible one; "all the Marys as ever I see was handsome gals." Here the young lady, not precisely remembering how blushes are managed in such cases, abruptly ends the flirtation by addressing the female in the faded feathers who had just entered, and who, after stating explicitly, to prevent any subsequent misunderstanding that "this gentleman" pays, calls for "a glass of port wine and a bit of sugar," the drinking which, and sipping another, accompanied by sundry whisperings to her companion, and no small quantity of giggling, occupies a considerable time.

Observe the group on the other side: those two old men who came in "just to have a dram," finished their third quartern a few seconds ago; they have made themselves crying drunk, and the fat, comfortable look-

ing elderly women, who had "a glass of rum-*rub*" each, having chimed in with their complaints on the hardness of the times, one of the women has agreed to stand a glass round, jocularly observing that "grief never mended no broken bones, and as good people's very scarce, what I says is, make the most on 'em, and that's all about it;" a sentiment which appears to afford unlimited satisfaction to those who have nothing to pay.

It is growing late, and the throng of men, women, and children, who have been constantly going in and out, dwindles down to two or three occasional stragglers, cold wretched-looking creatures, in the last stage of emaciation and disease. The knot of Irish laborers at the lower end of the place, who have been alternately shaking hands with, and threatening the life of, each other for the last hour, become furious in their disputes; and finding it impossible to silence one man, who is particularly anxious to adjust the difference, they resort to the infallible expedient of knocking him down and jumping on him afterwards. Out rush the man in the fur cap, and the pot-boy: a scene of riot and confusion ensues; half the Irishmen get shut out, and the other half get shut in: the pot-boy is knocked in among the tubs in no time; the landlord hits every body, and every body hits the landlord; the bar-maids scream; in come the police, and the rest is a confused mixture of arms, legs, staves, torn coats, shouting and struggling. Some of the party are borne off to the station-house, and the remainder slink home to beat their wives for complaining, and kick the children for daring to be hungry.

We have sketched this subject very lightly, not only because our limits compel us to do so, but because, if it were pursued further, it would be painful and repulsive. Well-disposed gentlemen and charitable ladies would alike turn with coldness and disgust from a description of the drunken, besotted men, and wretched, broken-down, miserable women, who form no inconsiderable portion of the frequenters of these haunts; forgetting, in the pleasant consciousness of their own high rectitude, the poverty of the one, and the temptation of the other. Gin-drinking is a great vice in England, but poverty is a greater; and until you can cure it, or persuade a half-famished wretch not to seek relief in the temporary oblivion of his own misery, with the pittance which, divided among his family, would just furnish a morsel of bread for each, gin-shops will increase in number and splendor. If Temperance Societies could suggest an antidote against hunger and distress, or establish dispensaries for the gratuitous distribution of bottles of Lethe-water, gin-palaces would be numbered among the things that were. Until then, their decrease may be despaired of.

FLORA AND THALIA.

Flora and Thalia; or Gems of Flowers and Poetry: being an Alphabetical Arrangement of Flowers, with appropriate Poetical Illustrations, embellished with Colored Plates. By a Lady. To which is added a Botanical Description of the various parts of a Flower, and the Dial of Flowers. Philadelphia: Carey, Lea, and Blanchard.

This is a very pretty and very convenient volume, on a subject which, since the world began, has never failed to excite curiosity and sympathy in all who have a proper sense of the beautiful. It contains 240 pages, and 24 finely colored engravings, which give a vivid idea of the original plants. These engravings are the *Meadow Anemone*—the *Harebell*—the *Christmas Rose*—the *Dahlia*—the *Evening Primrose*—the *Fox-Glove*—the *Heliotrope*—the *Purple Iris*—the *Jasmine*—the *King-Cup*—the *Lavender*—the *Narcissus*—the *Narcissus*—the *Orchis*—

the *Glove Pink*—the *Quince*—the *Provence Rose*—the *Solomon's Seal*—the *Tobacco*—the *Bear Berry*—the *Violet Pansy*—the *Wall-Flower*—the *Yellow Water-Flag*, and the *Zedoary*. The bulk of the volume is occupied with poetical illustrations exceedingly well selected. We do not believe there is a single poem in the book which may not be considered above mediocrity—many are exquisite. The *Botanical description of the various parts of a Flower*, is well conceived—brief, properly arranged, and sufficiently comprehensive. The *Dial of Flowers*, will be especially admired by all our fair readers. The following extract from page 227, will give an idea of the nature of this *Dial*—the manner of composing which, is embraced entire, in the form of a Table, on page 229.

These properties of flowers, and the opening and shutting of many at particular times of the day, led to the idea of planting them in such a manner as to indicate the succession of the hours, and to make them supply the place of a watch or clock. Those who are disposed to try the experiment, may easily compose such a dial by consulting the following Table, comprehending the hours between three in the morning and eight in the evening. It is, of course, impossible to insure the accurate going of such a dial, because the temperature, the dryness, and the dampness of the air have a considerable influence on the opening and shutting of flowers.

We copy from the *Flora and Thalia* the following anonymous lines.

Alas! on thy forsaken stem
My heart shall long recline,
And mourn the transitory gem,
And make the story mine!
So on my joyless winter hour
Has oped some fair and fragrant flower,
With smile as soft as thine.

Like thee the vision came and went,
Like thee it bloomed and fell;
In momentary pity sent,
Of fairy climes to tell:
So frail its form, so short its stay,
That nought the lingering heart could say,
But hail, and fare thee well!

We are sorry to perceive that our friends of the "Southern Literary Journal" are disposed to unite with the "Knickerbocker" and "New York Mirror" in covert, and therefore unmanly, thrusts at the "Messenger." It is natural that these two Journals (who refused to exchange with us from the first) should feel themselves aggrieved at our success, and we own that, bearing them no very good will, we care little what injury they do themselves in the public estimation by suffering their mortification to become apparent. But we are embarked in the cause of Southern Literature, and (with perfect amity to all sections) wish to claim especially as a friend and co-operator, every Southern Journal. We repeat, therefore, that we are grieved to see a disposition of hostility, entirely unprovoked, manifested on the part of Mr. Whitaker. He should reflect, that while we ourselves cannot for a moment believe him otherwise than perfectly upright and sincere in his animadversions upon our Magazine, still there is hardly one individual in ninety-nine who will not attribute every ill word he says of us to the instigations of jealousy.

SOUTHERN LITERARY MESSENGER.

VOL. II.

RICHMOND, JULY, 1836.

No. VIII.

T. W. WHITE, PROPRIETOR.

FIVE DOLLARS PER ANNUM.

MSS. OF JOHN RANDOLPH.

[We have obtained, after much difficulty, from a personal friend of the late JOHN RANDOLPH of Roanoke, the MSS. of the annexed *Letters*, and are permitted to publish them in the Messenger. We know our readers will receive them with interest. They throw much novel light on the character of a man whose genius, however great, has been mostly an enigma, and show his views on the most interesting of subjects in the maturity of his life and in the zenith of his reputation.]

LETTER I.

As well as very bad implements and worse eyes will permit me to do it by candlelight, I will endeavor to make some return to your kind letter, which I received, not by Quashee, but the mail. I also got a short note by him, for which I thank you.

* * * * *

And now, my dear friend, one word in your ear—in the porches of thine ear. With Archimedes I may cry 'Eureka.' Why, what have you found—the philosopher's stone? No—something better than that. Gyges' ring? No. A substitute for bank paper? No. The elixir vitae then? It is; but it is the elixir of eternal life. It is that peace of God which passeth all understanding, and which is no more to be conceived of by the natural heart, than poor St. George* can be made to feel and taste the difference between the Italian and German music. It is a miracle, of which the person upon whom it is wrought alone is conscious—as he is conscious of any other feeling—e. g. whether the friendship he professes for A or B be a real sentiment of his heart, or simulated to serve a turn.

God, my dear friend, hath visited me in my desolation; in the hours of darkness, of sickness, and of sorrow: of that worst of all sickness, sickness of the heart, for which neither wealth nor power can find or afford a cure. May you, my dear friend, find it, where alone it is to be found! in the sacred volume—in the word of God, whose power surpasseth all that human imagination (unassisted by his grace) can conceive. I am now, for the first time in my life, supplied with a motive of action that never can mislead me—the love of God and my neighbor—because I love God. All other motives I feel, by my own sad experience, in my own person, as well as in that of numerous "*friends*," (so called) to be utterly worthless. God hath at last given me courage to confess him before men. Once I hated mankind—bitterly hated them—but loved (like that wretched man Swift) "John or Thomas." Now, my regard for individuals is not lessened, but my love for the race exalted almost to a level with that of my *friends*—I am obliged to use the word. I pretend to no sudden conversion, or new or great lights. I have stub-

* His nephew, who is deaf and dumb.

bornly held out, for more than a Trojan siege, against the goodness and mercy of my Creator. Yes—Troy town did not so long and so obstinately resist the confederated Greeks. But what is the wrath of the swift-footed Achilles to the wrath of God? and what his speed to the vengeance of Heaven? and what are these even, to the love of Jesus Christ, thou son of David? I had often asked, but it was not with sufficient humility; or, perhaps, like the Canaanitish woman, God saw fit to try me. I sought, but not with sufficient diligence—at last, deserted in my utmost need, (not indeed like Darius, great and good—for I could *command* service, such as we too often pay to God—lip service and eye service,) desolate and abandoned by all that had given me reason to think they had any respect and affection for me, I knocked with all my might. I asked for the crumbs that otherwise might be swept out to the dogs, and it was opened to me, the full and abundant treasury of his grace. When this happened I cannot tell. It has broken upon me like the dawn I see every morning, insensibly changing darkness into light. My slavish fears of punishment, which I always knew to be sinful, but would not put off, are converted into an humble hope of a seat, even if it be the lowest, in the courts of God. Yes, at last I am happy—as happy as man can be. Should it please God to continue his favor to me, you will see it—not only on my lips, but in my life. Should he withdraw it, as assuredly he will, unless with his assistance I humbly endeavor by prayer and self-denial, and *doing* of his word as well as hearing it, to obtain its continuance, *mine* will only be the deeper damnation. Of this danger I am sensible, but not afraid. I mean slavishly afraid. He that hath not quenched the smoking flax, who has snatched me as a brand from the burning, will not, I humbly yet firmly trust, cast me back into the furnace. I now know the meaning of words that before I repeated, but did not comprehend. I am no Burley of Balfour, but I have been, as I thought, on the very verge and brink of his disease; but I prayed to God to save me, and not to suffer me to fall a prey to the arts and wiles of Satan, at the very moment I was seeking his reconciliation.

I am not mad, most noble Festus, but speak the words of truth and soberness. I have thrown myself, reeking with sin, on the mercy of God, through Jesus Christ his blessed Son and our (yes, my friend, *our*) precious Redeemer; and I have assurance as strong as that I now owe nothing to your Bank, that the debt is paid—and now I love God, and with reason. I once hated him, and with reason too, for I knew not Christ. The only cause why I should love God is his goodness and mercy to me *through Christ*. But for this, the lion and the sea-serpent would not be more appalling to my imagination, than a being of tremendous and indefinite power, who made me what I am—who wanted either the will or the ability to prevent the existence of evil, and punishes what is inevitable. This is not a God, but a Devil, and all unbelievers in God tremble and believe in this Devil that they worship—such worship

as it is, in his place. I have been looking over some of my marginal pencilled notes on Gibbon, and rubbing them out. I had thought to burn the book, but the Quarterly Review and Professor Porson have furnished the antidote to his poison, whether in the shape of infidelity or obscenity. See Review of Gibbon's posthumous works.

Chains are the portion of revolted man,
Stripes and a dungeon: and his body serves
The triple purpose. In that sickly, foul,
Opprobrious residence he finds them all.

Cowper's Task.

God hath called me to come out from among them—
worshippers of Mammon or of "Moloch-homicide,"
or "Chemos, the obscene dread of Moab's son," "Peor
his other name:"

"Lust hard by Hate,"

and I will come, so help me God!

Is it madness to prefer your new house in fee simple,
to a clay cottage, of which I am tenant at will, and may
be turned out at a moment's warning, and even without
it, and out of which I *know* I must be turned in a few
years certainly?

It is now midnight. May God watch over our sleep—
over our helpless, naked condition, and protect us as
well from the insect that carries death in his sting, as
from the more feared but not so obvious dangers with
which life is beset; and if he should come this night
(as come he will) like a thief, may we be ready to stand
in his presence and plead not our merits, but his stripes,
by whom we are made whole.

J. R. of R.

P. S. I was not aware of the length to which my
sermon would extend. Let me entreat you again to
read Milton and Cowper. They prepared me for the
"Sampson" (as Rush would say) among the medicines
for the soul.

Roanoke, August 25, 1818.

LETTER II.

MY GOOD FRIEND—I am sorry that Quashee should
intrude upon you unreasonably. The old man, I sup-
pose, knows the pleasure I take in your letters, and
therefore feels anxious to procure his master the gratifi-
cation. I cannot, however, express sorrow, for I do
not feel it, at the impression which you tell me my last
letter made upon you. May it lead to the same happy
consequences that I have experienced, which I now feel
in that sunshine of the heart, which the peace of God,
that passeth all understanding, alone can bestow.

Your imputing such sentiments to a heated imagina-
tion, does not surprise me, who have been bred in the
school of Hobbes, and Bayle, and Shaftesbury, and
Bolingbroke, and Hume, and Voltaire, and Gibbon;
who have cultivated the sceptical philosophy from my
vain-glorious boyhood—I might almost say childhood;
and who have felt all that unutterable disgust which
hypocrisy, and cant, and fanaticism, never fail to
excite in men of education and refinement, superadded
to our natural repugnance to Christianity. I am not,
even now, insensible to this impression; but as the
excesses of her friends (real or pretended) can never
alienate the votary of liberty from a free form of gov-
ernment, and enlist him under the banners of despo-

tism, so neither can the cant of fanaticism, or hypo-
crisy, or of both—for so far from being incompatible,
they are generally found united in the same character,
(may God in his mercy preserve and defend us from
both!) disgust the pious with true religion.

Mine has been no sudden change of opinion. I can
refer to a record showing, on my part, a desire of more
than nine years standing to partake of the sacrament
of the Lord's Supper; although, for two and twenty
years preceding, my feet had never crossed the thresh-
hold of the house of prayer. This desire I was re-
strained from indulging, by the fear of eating and
drinking unrighteously; and although that fear hath
been cast out by perfect love, I have never yet gone to
the altar—neither have I been present at the perform-
ance of divine service, unless indeed I may so call my
reading the Liturgy of our Church and some chapters of
the Bible to my poor negroes on Sundays. Such pas-
sages as I think require it, and which I feel competent
to explain, I comment upon, enforcing as far as possi-
ble, and dwelling upon those texts especially that enjoin
the indispensable accompaniment of a good life as the
touchstone of the true faith. The sermon from the
mount, and the Evangelists generally—the Epistle of
Paul to the Ephesians, chap. vi,—the general Epistle of
James, and the first Epistle of John—these are my
chief texts.

The consummation of my *conversion*—I use the word
in its strictest sense—is owing to a variety of causes,
but chiefly to the conviction, unwillingly forced upon
me, that the very few friends which an unprosperous
life (the fruit of an ungovernable temper) had left me,
were daily losing their hold upon me in a firmer grasp
of ambition, avarice, or sensuality. I am not sure that
to complete the anti-climax, avarice should not have
been last; for although, in some of its effects, debauch-
ery be more disgusting than avarice, yet as it regards
the unhappy victim, this last is more to be dreaded.
Dissipation, as well as power or prosperity, hardens the
heart, but avarice deadens it to every feeling but the
thirst for riches. Avarice alone could have produced the
slave trade. Avarice alone can drive, as it does drive,
this infernal traffic, and the wretched victims of it, like
so many post-horses whipped to death in a mail-coach.
Ambition has its cover-sluts, in the pride, pomp, and
circumstance of glorious war; but where are the tro-
phies of avarice? The handcuff, the manacle, and the
blood-stained cowhide! What man is worse received in
society for being a hard master? Who denies the hand
of a sister or daughter to such monsters?—nay, they
have even appeared in "the abused shape of the vilest
of women." I say nothing of India, or Amboyna—of
Cortes, or Pizarro.

When I was last in your town I was inexpressibly
shocked, (and perhaps I am partly indebted to the cir-
cumstance for accelerating my emancipation,) to hear,
on the threshold of the temple of the least erect of all
the spirits that fell from heaven, these words spoken:

"I don't want the Holy Ghost (I shudder while I
write,) or any other spirit in me. If these doctrines
are true, [St. Paul's] there was no need for Wesley
and Whitfield to have separated from the church. The
Methodists are right, and the Church wrong. I want
to see the old church," &c. &c.—that is, such as this
diocese was under Bishop Terrick, when wine-bibbing

and buck-parsons were sent out to preach "a dry clatter of morality," and not the word of God, for sixteen thousand pounds of tobacco. When I speak of *morality*, it is not as condemning it. Religion includes it, but much more. Day is now breaking, and I shall extinguish my candles, which are better than no light—or if I do not, in the presence of the powerful king of day they will be noticed only by the dirt and ill-savor that betray all human contrivances—the taint of humanity. Morality is to the Gospel not even as a farthing rush-light to the blessed sun.

By the way, this term Methodist in religion is of vast compass and effect—like *Tory* in politics—or *Aristocrate* in Paris, "with the lamp-post for its second," some five or six and twenty years ago. Dr. Hoge?—"a Methodist parson." Frank Key?—"a fanatic," (I heard him called so not ten days ago,) "a Methodistical whining," &c. &c. Wilberforce?—"a Methodist." Mrs. Hannah More?—"ditto." It ought never to be forgotten, that real converts to Christianity on opposite sides of the globe, agree at the same moment to the same facts. Thus Dr. Hoge and Mr. Key, although strangers, understand perfectly what each other feels and believes.

If I were to show a MS. in some unknown tongue to half a dozen persons, strangers to each other, and natives of different countries, and they should all give me the same translation, could I doubt their acquaintance with the strange language? On the contrary, can I, who am but a smatterer in Greek, believe an impostor, who pretends to a knowledge of that tongue, and who yet cannot tell the meaning of *verro*?

I now read with relish and understand St. Paul's Epistles, which not long since I could not comprehend, even with the help of Mr. Locke's Paraphrase. Taking up, a few days ago, at an "Ordinary," the Life of John Bunyan, which I had never before read, I find an exact coincidence in our feelings on this head, as well as others.

Very early in life I imbibed an absurd prejudice in favor of Mahomedanism and its votaries. The Crescent had a talismanic effect on my imagination, and I rejoiced in all its triumphs over the Cross, (which I despised,) as I mourned over its defeats; and Mahomet the 2d himself did not more exult than I did when the Crescent was planted on the dome of St. Sophia, and the Cathedral of the Constantines was converted into a Turkish Mosque. To this very day I feel the effects of Peter Randolph's Zanga on a temper naturally impatient of injury, but insatiably vindictive under insult.

On the night that I wrote last to you, I scribbled a pack of nonsense to Rootes, which serves only to show the lightness of my heart. About the same time, in reply to a question from a friend, I made the following remarks, which, as I was weak from long vigilance, I requested him to write down, that I might, when at leisure, copy it into my diary. From it you will gather pretty accurately the state of my mind.

"It is my business to avoid giving offence to the world, especially in all matters merely indifferent. I shall therefore stick to my old uniform, blue and buff, unless God see fit to change it for black. I must be as attentive to my dress and to household affairs, as far as cleanliness and comfort are concerned, as ever—and indeed more so. Let us take care to drive none away from God, by dressing Religion in the garb of

"Fanaticism. Let us exhibit her as she is, equally removed from superstition and lukewarmness. But we must take care, that while we avoid one extreme, we fall not into the other—no matter which. I was born and baptized in the Church of England. If I attend the Convention at Charlottesville, which I rather doubt, I shall oppose myself then, and always, to every attempt at encroachment on the part of the Church—the Clergy especially—on the rights of conscience. I attribute, in a very great degree, my long estrangement from God, to my abhorrence of Prelatical pride and Puritanical preciseness; to Ecclesiastical tyranny, whether Roman Catholic or Protestant—whether of Harry V, or Harry VIII—of Mary or Elizabeth—of John Knox, or Archbishop Laud—of the Cameronians of Scotland, the Jacobins of France, or the Protestants of Ireland. Should I fail to attend, it will arise from a repugnance to submit the religion, (or church) any more than the liberty of my country, to foreign influence. When I speak of my country, I mean the Commonwealth of Virginia. I was born in allegiance to George III—the Bishop of London (Terrick!) was my diocesan. My ancestors threw off the oppressive yoke of the mother country, but they never made me subject to New England in matters spiritual or temporal—neither do I mean to become so, voluntarily."

I have been up long before day, and write with pain from a sense of duty to you and Mrs. B., in whose welfare I take the most earnest concern. You have my prayers. Give me yours, I pray you. Adieu!

J. R. of R.

P. S. You make no mention of Leigh. I was on the top of the pinnacle of Otter this day fortnight—a little above the Earth, but how far beneath Heaven!

Roanoke, Sept. 25, 1818.

LETTER III.

Your obliging promptitude deserved my speedier thanks, but you will excuse me I am sure, my dear sir, when you learn that I have been for several days confined to my chamber by something very like *angina pectoris*. It is the most distressing sensation I ever felt, although not the most painful. It is during a remission of its attack that I take up my pen to put some of my nothings upon paper.

Yesterday was a sore day (as I hear) for the War Department. The official statements from that bureau were exposed in a most mortifying manner, and on the question in committee of the whole to strike out the first section of the obnoxious bill [i. e. to reject it] the court mustered but five or seven affirmatives—and this after the combined exertions of several of the leading members, as they are called, in favor of the motion.

My question to Mrs. B. related to a book that I had lately read with some amusement—Melincourt. It is not new, but I had not happened to meet with it before. I have been trying to read Southey's Life of Wesley for some days. Upon the whole, I find it a heavy work, although there are some very striking passages, and it abounds in curious information. From 279 to 285, inclusive, of the second volume is very fine. Yesterday I was to have dined with Frank Key, but was not well enough to go. He called here the day before, and we

had much talk together. He perseveres in pressing on towards the goal, and his whole life is spent in endeavors to do good for his unhappy fellow men. The result is, that he enjoys a tranquillity of mind, a sunshine of the soul, that all the Alexanders of the earth can neither confer nor take away. This is a state to which I can never attain. I have made up my mind to suffer like a man condemned to the wheel or the stake—and, strange as you may think it, I could submit without a murmur to pass the rest of my life “in some high, lonely tower, where I might outwatch the Bear with thrice great Hermes;” and exchange the enjoyments of society for an exemption from the plagues of life. These press me down to the very earth, and to rid myself of them I would gladly purchase an annuity and crawl into some hole, where I might commune with myself and be still.

* * * * *

I am glad that the pretty Mrs. F—h is so comfortably established at Mrs. Kemp's. Do I understand you correctly that the C—'s, Rootes, Gilmer, and Mr. Burwell are of the same party? I should like very much to join it, for (to say nothing of the ladies) R. and G. are two of my favorites. I could be somewhat less miserable there, I am sure, than I find myself here.

* * * * *

If I possessed a talent that I once thought I had, I would try and give you a picture of Washington. The state of things is the strangest imaginable, but I am like a speechless person who has the clearest conception of what he would say, but whose organs refuse to perform their office. There is one striking fact that one can't help seeing at the first glance—that there is no faith among men: the state of political confidence may be compared to that of the commercial world within the last two or three years.

I read Mr. Roane's letter with the attention that it deserves. Every thing from his pen on the subject of our laws and institutions excites a profound interest. I was highly gratified at the manner in which it was spoken of in my hearing by one of the best and ablest men in our house. It is indeed high time that the hucksters and money-changers should be cast out of the Temple of Justice. The tone of this communication belongs to another age; but for the date, who could suppose it to have been written in this our day of almost universal political corruption? I did not read the report on the lottery case. The print of the Enquirer is too much for my eyes: and besides I want no argument to satisfy me that the powers which Congress may exercise where they possess exclusive jurisdiction, may not be extended to places where they possess only a limited and concurrent jurisdiction. The very statement of the question settles it, and every additional word is but an incumbrance of help.

And now, my dear sir, you may be glad to come to an end of this almost interminable epistle. Shut up in my little “chair-lumbered closet” this cold day, without a soul to speak to or a book to read, you have become the victim of my desolate condition. Indeed, if I had a book I could not read it, having exercised my eyes so unmercifully on John Wesley, that I do not see what I am writing—at least not distinctly. My best regards to Mrs. B. I wish I could provoke her to talk. When you see Dudley, tell him I have been trying to write to

him for several days; and when you see Mr. Cunningham, present me most kindly to him and his house.

Sincerely yours,

Washington, January, 1821.

J. R. of A.

TO A LOCK OF HAIR.

BY J. DOGGETT, Jr.

Bright auburn lock! which like the wing
Of some kind angel sweeping by,
Shinest in the sun a glossy thing,
As soft as beams from beauty's eye,
Thou dost recall, sweet lock, to me,
All of the heaven of memory.

Thou once did'st shade a marble brow,
Where beauty raised her polish'd throne;
Methinks I gaze upon it now
And listen to a silver tone—
Which floats from lips in notes as sweet
As angel's greetings when they meet.

Fair lock! I'd rather hold with thee
A silent, blissful, strange commune,
Than join that boisterous gaiety
Which seems of happiness the noon:
For thou dost whisper, shining hair,
Peace comes not, rests not, is not there.
Philadelphia, June, 1836.

EXAMPLE AND PRECEPT.

BY J. K. FAULDING.

A fine fashionable mother, one beautiful spring morning, walked forth into the city, leading by the hand a little child of five or six years old. The former was dressed in all the fantastic finery of the times; she had a pink bonnet, ornamented with a bird of paradise, shaded with huge bows of wide ribbon; sleeves which caused her taper waist to appear like lean famine supported on either side by overgrown plenty; her gown was of such redundancy of plaits and folds, that a whole family might have been clothed from its superfluities; and while with one hand she led the little girl along, in the other she held a cambric handkerchief worked with various devices, and bordered with rich lace, reported to have cost fifty dollars. The little child was dressed as fine as its mother, for she unfortunately had light curly hair, and was reckoned a beauty.

They passed a toy-shop, and the child insisted on going in, where she laid out all the money she had in various purchases that were of no use whatever, in spite of the advice of her mother, who alternately scolded and laughed at her for thus wasting her allowance on things so useless. The child seemed to reflect for a few moments, and thus addressed her mother:

“Mother, what is the use of those great sleeves you wear?”

The mother was silent, for the question puzzled her.

“Mother, what is the use of that fine bird on your hat?”

The mother was still more at a loss for a reply.

"Mother, what is the use of having a worked handkerchief, bordered with lace, to wipe your nose?"

"Come along," cried the mother somewhat roughly, as she dragged the little girl out of the toy-shop, "come along, and don't ask so many foolish questions."

MISERIES OF BASHFULNESS.

A modest woman dressed out in all her finery is the most tremendous object of the whole creation.—*She Stoops to Conquer.*

Of all the evils which harass the human family, none is perhaps more tormenting or more difficult to be removed, than bashfulness—a feeling sufficient in itself to blast the most promising hopes, and render comparatively useless the most brilliant abilities. To this evil, from earliest recollection, I have been painfully subject, and to its influence upon my character and habits, may be traced the many difficulties I have met with in my passage through life. Gifted by nature with a mind of no ordinary caste, which my modest and retiring disposition, while it precluded me from the enjoyment of society, induced me to cultivate, at an early age I had acquired a large fund of useful and polite information. This circumstance induced my parents to send me to the University of —, then the most flourishing institution in the country. The first term after my arrival passed off drearily enough, but after becoming familiarized to the habits of my fellow students, and to the customs of the institution, I became better satisfied with my situation. Nothing of importance occurred until the time appointed for the examinations came on. I had applied myself with assiduity and vigilance, and flattered myself that I had completely mastered the exercises appointed for the occasion. Among the candidates for graduation there was an individual whom I shall designate by the name of C—, and whose connection with my narration compels me to mention him. He was the son of a southern planter, of immense fortune, and to a person of almost faultless beauty united great liberality, which his princely fortune enabled him to stretch to its farthest limits. As may be imagined he was quite a lion among the students and ladies.

Towards this individual I conceived a certain feeling of dislike from my first introduction, which a more intimate acquaintance with his character ripened into hatred. He was proud and overbearing in his deportment towards his inferiors, and even amidst his immediate friends and acquaintance he possessed a certain haughty and imperious bearing, indicative of the exalted opinion he entertained respecting his own merits. His mind was not remarkable for strength, nevertheless he had some shrewdness or cunning, which the vulgar are apt to mistake for talents. As I have before observed, the time for the annual examination had arrived, and no culprit in the gloomy walls of Newgate dreaded the fatal toll of St. Sepulchre's bell—the gloomy herald of many a sinner's entrance into eternity—more than I did the arrival of the hour when our exercises were to commence. A large number of ladies and gentlemen had been invited, and among the number was my father.

At length the University bell tolled the appointed hour, and we were drawn up on a stage in front of the

assembly, from which we were concealed by a curtain, as yet down. At a given signal the curtain rose and presented to our view a numerous concourse of both sexes, among whom I distinguished my father seated on the front row of seats, prepared no doubt to witness his son's triumph. A sight of his countenance served to increase the confidence I had in my powers, and to dispel the embarrassment I felt on the occasion. The student at the head of the class answered the question put to him with perfect ease and composure—so did the second. I stood third; as soon as my name was called by the examining professor, I felt the blood rush with such velocity to my face as nearly to cause blindness—my brain reeled—my eyes swam—and although I perfectly understood the question, my confusion was so great as to hinder utterance. The question was passed to the next, who was C—; he answered it. The mingled shame, mortification, and rage I suffered, are indescribable. I retired from the contest, and the prize which I could have gained was awarded to my abominated enemy. I returned home with my mortified father, who persuaded me to endeavor to overcome the painful and unfortunate failing, which he perceived would blight my future prospects, by mixing largely in society. In pursuance of this advice, soon after my arrival in my native town, I determined to attend a large party, at the residence of one of my mother's fashionable friends. I suffered acutely from the time I received the invitation till the appointed night. At length it arrived, and I, attired in my best suit, with no aristocratic touch, rung the door bell. The servant ushered me into a large and splendidly furnished room but partially filled. The courage I had summoned for the occasion, like Bob Acre's, "oozed as it were from the palms of my hands," and I remained standing in the door-way as immovable as if (instead of the gay and fashionable assembly who were gazing at my strange appearance with so much astonishment,) the Gorgon Medusa had turned upon me her petrifying look. The harmonious note which at that moment stole from Bennett's eloquent cremona, diverted their attention from my person and restored me to something like consciousness. I advanced into the room, and was cordially greeted by mine host and his lady, who were old friends of my family. The dancing now commenced, and the rooms gradually filling placed me in a rather more comfortable situation. I was, however, far from being easy. In order, as I thought, to calm my perturbed spirits, I seated myself on a sofa, situated in a corner of one of the rooms. I had remained there but a short time, when the voice of some one engaged in earnest conversation striking upon my ear, I turned my attention in that direction and perceived my late triumphant enemy C—, conversing in an animated strain with Miss —, the only daughter of the wealthy and hospitable owner of the mansion in which we were passing the afternoon. Miss — was evidently much pleased with the subject as well as the manner of the speaker, and he seemed inclined to make the best possible use of the advantage he had gained. They were however joined by a large number of ladies, who in their anxiety to reach Miss — completely surrounded me. Yes—I who would sooner march to the cannon's mouth, or attempt to scale the fortress of Gibraltar, than face a female, was literally blockaded—totally

surrounded by decidedly "the most awful things in nature," a company of full dressed women. C— was perfectly at ease, and enjoyed heartily the dismay and confusion under which I labored. Perceiving that the only possible chance of escaping, would be speedy action, I endeavored instinctively to effect a retreat, but in vain. As I arose, I encountered the huge sleeve of a female attired "in all the glaring impotence of dress," which impeded my egress. On attempting to return, I ran foul of a talkative little creature, and left her minus of about half of her head dress. The little lady was in a rage; however, there was no time for delay—so I gave her no apology. At length I reached my seat on the sofa, on which several ladies had seated themselves. After some time, I endeavored to enter into conversation with the damsel who sat next me, hoping that it would afford me some alleviation; but the attempt was abortive. My tongue cleaved to the roof of my mouth, and refused to utter whatever ideas I might have had in my brain—through which passed in rapid succession, the last opera—the fancy ball—Shakespeare—Moliere, &c. &c., without affording its wretched owner a theme on which to commence a conversation. In vain I made strenuous exertions to collect my scattered thoughts—the attempt increased my confusion. At last the approach of a servant with a waiter of refreshments opened a passage through which I dashed. The exulting laugh of C— reached my ear, as I cleared the little crowd collected around him. In my passage through the room I met a servant bearing a freshly opened bottle of Champagne. Seizing a glass brimfull with the sparkling liquor I tossed it off—another, and another—and then "a change came o'er the spirit of my dream." I was immediately changed from the bashful and timid character in which I had hitherto appeared, to the bold, impudent, easy man of the world. An almost irresistible desire to make female acquaintances seized me, and I was determined to indulge it. Meeting a friend at the moment, I requested him to give me an introduction to every lady in the house. At this sweeping request my friend was surprised beyond measure, knowing well my former disposition. However, not being able to refuse, he led me up to a fresh, rosy-looking Miss, and gave the necessary introduction. I bowed, and in doing so nearly lost my equilibrium. I, however, succeeded in gaining my footing, and commenced conversing. By this time, I had given such unequivocal indications of the effect my Champagne potation had produced, as to induce my friend to withdraw me from my fair acquaintance and insist upon my taking leave of the "festive scene." But what man has been known to take good advice when he is at all inebriated. I refused to retire, and to disprove the suspicions of my friend, I determined to dance the next cotillion. In accordance with this resolve I wended my way through the crowd till I discovered the lady to whom I had been introduced, and solicited the pleasure of her hand. We stood up to a double cotillion, and at that moment the music struck up. The animating and delightful sensations produced by the wine began to subside, and my mind commenced gradually to comprehend the almost insurmountable difficulties of the situation in which my rashness had placed me. I had no more idea of dancing than a bear just caught from the woods, and as for the figure of the

dance, I would sooner have attempted to solve the hieroglyphics inscribed upon an Egyptian obelisk. Every moment developed new difficulties, and fresh obstacles were cast in my way by every second's reflection. Oh! how bitterly did I repent the many opportunities I had omitted of learning the trifling (in the abstract, yet important in reality,) accomplishment which I so much needed then. However, it was now too late to retreat, and I was about to dash forth and perform some random capers, when my companion checked me with the information that my time to dance had not yet come on. To increase the awkwardness of my situation, I discovered myself to be corporeally tipsy, though mentally sober. I was therefore afraid to move, lest I should evince my unlucky and disagreeable situation. As a *dernier resort*, I resolved to watch the graceful and easy movements of my companions in the dance, and, if possible, to gain some slight information concerning my unenviable employment. At last my turn came round, and with bent knees and clenched hands I advanced. In attempting to make a flourish which was to have been followed by a bow, I lost my balance, and tumbled at full length upon the floor. The roar of laughter which this feat called forth still rings in my ears, and a recollection of the scene always covers my cheeks with blushes. I arose from my incumbent posture and hastily excusing myself to my partner, rushed from the house, heartily wishing for "a lodge in some vast wilderness."

MARLOW.

FIRST LOVE.

BY J. C. McCABE.

There is a thought, still beautiful, though years have
roll'd along,
Which stirs the wave of memory, and wakes her wont-
ed song—

Which rustles 'mid the heart's dead flowers like mid-
night's mournful breeze,
And dove-like spreads its soothing wing o'er passion's
stormy seas.

No crime can dim its purity—no cloud obscure its ray;
But like the temple's altar light, its steady beams will
play,

All sweetly hovering o'er the soul, like spirit from
above—

O, 'tis the thought—the holy thought—of boyhood's
early love!

When years have wrinkled o'er his brow, and furrows
traced his cheek,

And his once glad voice is trembling now in lapses faint
and weak;

How thoughtful is his glance, as on his slowly rolling
tears,

There floats along that fairy form he loved in boyhood's
years.

And then—O then, that heart (like harp hung up in
ruined hall,

Untouch'd, save when the night-winds sweep along the
mould'ring wall,)

It gives a wild tone from its chords, the pilgrim lone to
tell,

Though desolate it still can yield to melody's sweet spell.

Oh, cast him on the stormy sea, when Death rides on the surge,

And sea-nymphs chant around his head a melancholy dirge,

While struggling with the giant waves, from their embrace to flee,

That lov'd one's voice is whispering of halls beneath the sea.

And as far down he swiftly sinks, and billows o'er him foam,

A thousand phantasies appear, and o'er his vision come; But *one* will keep its vigil there, though storm and tempest sweep,

Unmoved, though burst upon by all the billows of the deep.

Go place him in the battle's front, where death and carnage meet,

And his country's flag unsullied is his warrior-winding sheet;

When from his heart is oozing fast the darkly purple tide,

And victory's shout a moment fills his dying eye with pride—

The wild and lingering look he casts, as heaven's own arch of blue,

Like the vision of a summer dream, fades slowly from his view,

Speaks—clearly speaks—of vision'd joys—of home beheld once more—

Of the image of the one-loved form in sorrow bending o'er.

EROSTRATUS.

I.

Early in the afternoon of an autumn day, in the first year of the hundred and fifth Olympiad, the keeper of the light-house which then marked the entrance of the harbor of Ephesus, announced the approach of a vessel, which, from its size and proportions, he decided to be from Corinth or Athens. Crowded, as the port of Diana's favorite city at that time was, with sails from every maritime town in the Mediterranean, where commerce was cultivated, the arrival of a vessel was an event of hourly occurrence, yet the news of the approach of this spread rapidly through the city. The magistrate left the bench, the merchant forsook his warehouse, and the mechanic dropped his tools. All hastened to the quay. It was expected that this vessel brought the news of the results of the Olympic games. With such rapidity the lusty rowers plied their oars, that the most experienced eye could scarcely decide whether the approaching bark carried three or four banks. The helmsman was singing the prize verses of the games, in which all the oars-men joined at intervals as a chorus. Soon she neared sufficiently for the pilots, who stood upon an eminence, to decide that she was the Sphynx of Corinth. She presently came within speaking distance, and the name of the victor in the poetic contest was demanded. "Leonidas of Mægara," was the reply.

Other questions succeeded until the Sphynx was moored in the harbor, and then followed, amidst the embraces of friends and relatives, more minute inquiries and particular replies touching the events of the games, which then excited an interest in every land where the Greek tongue was spoken, of which the moderns can form but little conception. Preparations for the customary sacrifices to Diana of the Ephesians, Neptune, and the Winds, in grateful return for the prosperous voyage, were quickly made.

II.

The crowds which shortly before covered the spacious quays had nearly all dispersed, when a young man for whom no one appeared to wait, and who had sought no one in the joyful multitude, stepped on shore, bearing all his baggage in a small scrip. His countenance wore an expression of the deepest melancholy, which could not have escaped notice, had not the sighs which broke from his breast, and the half dried tears which stained his cheeks, sufficiently testified that his bosom shared none of the general joy. Instead of seeking his home, he bent his steps along the quays, and shortly gained the suburbs, passing rapidly through which, he sought the open country. Here throwing himself upon the ground, he gave way to the most passionate expressions of sorrow. "Cursed folly" he exclaimed "that induced me to believe that glory was to be obtained by merit, and that the applauses of the crowd could be won by him who has no gold in his purse to purchase their praises. Cursed be the books of the Philosophers which teach"—"Erostratus," exclaimed a young man who, unobserved, had approached and gazed on him with astonishment, "what mischance has so disordered you, that instead of seeking your friend's house, I find you embracing our mother earth, and outshining our first tragedians? Is this a specimen of some successful drama which you have been composing, or"—"Metazulis," said Erostratus, "cease these ill-timed pleasantries. I have just returned from the Olympic games"—"I know it," interrupted Metazulis. "I was from home when the Sphynx arrived, and had I not learned from our neighbor Polisphercon that you and he had been fellow passengers, I should have assured myself that the charms of Corinth had proved stronger than your patriotism. Excuse my interruption, and pardon a friend's inquiring why these tears? why this anguish? Have you returned without that heart, which you once vowed to Diana should never leave your keeping, and without the blue-eyed maiden who has robbed you of it?" "No Metazulis, replied his friend, forcing a melancholy smile, "my heart is safe as though blue-eyed maidens had never been—but I went to Olympia, puffed up with the senseless expectation of gracing my brow with the wreath of poetry, which now encircles the head of a wealthy churl who feasted the judges. His name is celebrated through the cities of Greece; mine is unmentioned, save as that of the deluded Ephesian who dared to put his doggel in competition with the rich strains of the rich Leonidas. But I forever forswear"—"Forswear nothing" cried Metazulis. "Be not discouraged by a single failure. The next judges may be honest, and in four years the strengthened wings of your muse will achieve higher flights." "And Leonidas may become richer," said Erostratus. "Flow often, how often,"

said Metazulis, "have I had to censure my friend's faint heart, discouraged at the slightest disappointment! Who ever swam a river at a single stroke? Make my house your home. Let poetry continue your study. My sister's lyre shall accompany your odes. We will strive to put off the partiality of friends, and play the critics upon your works. I warrant not a spot shall meet the eye in the next production you lay before the Olympic Judges." Putting his arm into that of Erostratus, who offered no resistance, he led him to the city.

III.

Henceforth the streets of Ephesus rarely echoed to the footsteps of Erostratus. Immured in the house of the friendly Metazulis, his whole soul was occupied with the ardent hope of gaining the prize for poetry at the next Olympic games. The encouragement of Metazulis and Lesbia, had fanned into a flame the spark of ambition not to be extinguished in his breast. Every day did his impatience increase, and nightly, upon retiring to his couch, would he reckon that a day less was between him and immortal glory. The poems and odes which fell from his pen, fell not faster than they were wedded to music by the enthusiastic Lesbia. Unhappy Lesbia! it was not in thy nature to behold such kindred genius and remain unmoved! A fire was in thy breast, bright and unquenchable, save by death! Poor Lesbia! Her admiration of the poet blinded her to the most glaring defects of the poetry, and the living Erostratus, whom she daily saw, seemed to her superior to all the poets who had sung since the days of Deucalion.

Four years rolled by in poetry, music, and, though neither seemed conscious of it, in—love. The hymn to Ceres, upon which Erostratus now builds his hopes, is completed, and pronounced perfect by Metazulis, and Lesbia. Lesbia gives her brother and his friend the parting embrace, and with her scarf, waves them again and again farewell from the terraced roof. She is not to see Erostratus again until his brows are shaded with the crown of victory. Prosperous winds wafted on their course Erostratus and his friend, who had left his home and his sister, to share with his adopted brother the first triumphs of success. A few days were spent in luxurious Corinth by the travellers, and postponing a more ample view until their return, they departed for Olympia, where they arrived after a journey, which to Erostratus seemed to occupy an age.

IV.

With the usual ceremonies the games were opened, and the first, second, and third days devoted to chariot races and the athletic exercises. The fourth day was assigned to the claimants of the palm for poesy. Erostratus was the first competitor who rose. His feelings at first overpowered him, but a look from Metazulis, a burst of applause from the countless multitude, and more than all, a thought of the moment when he should lay the meed of victory at the feet of Lesbia, encouraged him. His voice was at first low and indistinct, but as the plaudits increased, he became more animated, and towards the close, the delivery was worthy of the poem. The hymn being ended, the lengthened shouts dispelled all fear of failure from his mind, and he fancied he already felt the olive wreath upon his temples. A single competitor appeared to contest with him the prize, many having withdrawn upon the conclusion of his ode.

Cratinus of Platæa arose, as soon as the applause began to subside. Four times had the crown been decreed to Cratinus, and he now aspired the fifth time to that honor. The hitherto unconquered Cratinus began, and scarcely had he recited twenty lines, when even Metazulis admitted in his heart the superiority of this poem to that of his friend. Cratinus was loudly cheered, and in justice would have been more so, had not a large proportion of the audience been prepossessed in favor of Erostratus. Applause well merited followed the conclusion of the Judgment of Paris, (such was the theme of Cratinus) and then a breathless silence succeeded, whilst the judges compared their opinions. We cannot describe the anxiety of Erostratus in this interval. He trembled, a cold sweat bedewed his body, and leaning upon the breast of his friend, his life seemed to hang upon the decision. The presiding judge at length arose and delivered the award. The crown was decreed to Cratinus; and Erostratus fell senseless in Metazulis' arms. For a long time he remained insensible, and his friend was beginning to fear that his hopes and his life had terminated together, when he began to revive; but having murmured "the crown, the crown," he fell into a second swoon. So great an effect had the destruction of his long cherished hopes produced upon him, that for some days there appeared scarcely a possibility of his recovery. During this time Metazulis wrote to his sister the following letter.

"Weep with me Lesbia. Our friend has failed, Cratinus, of Platæa has obtained the prize, Erostratus is dangerously ill. The physicians bid me hope—I have none. Should he recover from the fever which now threatens to terminate his life, what a life will be his! If, contrary to my expectations, he should survive this shock, may our love to him be redoubled! Let it be our care to smooth his path to the grave, which, broken hearted as he is, can be but short. Farewell."

V.

The medical attendants were not disappointed. A month having elapsed, Erostratus left the couch of sickness; but another passed by before Metazulis thought his strength sufficient to warrant his proposing their return. Erostratus made no opposition. The love he felt for Lesbia, (with which the ravings of his delirium had acquainted Metazulis,) urged his return, although he felt that he scarcely dared appear before her. The task of diverting his mind from the sad recollections which occupied it, was painful and difficult. Metazulis proposed visiting the curiosities of nature, and the celebrated works of art, which lay contiguous to their route. To this Erostratus made no objection, but his eye, once so delighted with all that was beautiful and sublime, now gazed upon them without pleasure. Metazulis left Corinth in the first vessel which departed, anxious to see his sister, and to bear his friend from Greece, where every thing conspired to bring to his mind his failures. Far different were the feelings with which Erostratus had entered Corinth, and now bade it a final farewell. They reached Ephesus. Metazulis found none of his domestics awaiting his return; but what was their anxiety, their horror, upon finding the house closed, and the door-posts marked with the insignia of death! They hastily opened the door. All is silence and desolation. Erostratus rushes to the sitting room, where he had

parted from Lesbia. Metazulis following, arrives to see him fall senseless upon the couch, whereon reposed the dead body of his sister, at whose head sat the motionless domestics, murmuring the prayers for the departed.

VI

In a month after the ashes of Lesbia had been consigned to the tomb, those of Metazulis were laid beside them. The wealth of Metazulis was now the property of Erostratus, but could gold purchase peace for his anguished soul? Never was he seen to smile, and his solitary hours (and how few of his hours were not solitary?) were passed in grief and lamentation. The love of immortality remained inextinguishable in his breast, and he resolved upon an achievement which should give his name a place in the page of history; and in the moments of his phrenzy, he imagined that the name of Lesbia would appear in the record with his, and that this would be accepted by her shade as an atonement on his part, for the fate in which her love for him had involved her. In the middle of a dark and tempestuous night, he applied a torch to that temple, the boast of Ephesus, the wonder of the world! The Greek historians of after days asserted that the goddess was in Macedon attending to the birth of Alexander. Her fane was destroyed and reduced to a mass of blackened ruin. Erostratus unhesitatingly avowed himself the incendiary, and the rack could force no reply from him but the cry "I did it for immortality." He was condemned to be burnt to death, and expired in the most dreadful torture, with a smile upon his countenance and the name of Lesbia upon his lips. The magistrates, lest his desire of an immortal memory should be gratified, denounced death upon all who should pronounce his name, that it might be blotted out forever.

* * * * *

About twenty years subsequently, a citizen of Ephesus, and his friend from Athens, were walking upon the shore of the sea, a few miles from the former city. There were a number of young Ephesians exercising themselves in athletic sports upon the sands, at whom they looked for a while, and then passed on. After a few steps they stopped to examine something over which the sea was breaking near the shore. A few human bones blackened and mouldering met their gaze. "Near this spot," said the Ephesian, "we burnt Erostratus." "Who was he?" replied the Athenian, "I do not remember to have ever heard of him." The Ephesian made no reply but hurried his friend on board a small fishing boat, and put to sea. It was long before the Athenian could obtain an explanation of this singular conduct from his agitated friend. The Ephesian at length reminded him of the edict, and avowed that the forbidden name had escaped his lip, and been overheard by the youths who were near them. A vessel bound to Greece picked them up. The Ephesian settled in Attica, never daring to return to his native country. The greater portion of the incidents recorded above were communicated by him to his friend, and the tale, corroborated by others, became well known throughout Greece; but at Ephesus, no one for centuries dared to utter the forbidden name of Erostratus.

BELLES OF WILLIAMSBURG.

[We have rather accidentally met with these two poems, *The Belles of Williamsburg*, and the *Sequel to the Belles of Williamsburg*, both written and circulated in that place in 1777. These pieces are believed to have been either composed by two different gentlemen, or to have been the joint production of both. As we cannot, however, assign to each his due share, we do not think ourselves at liberty to mention their names—which (although the authors in question are now no more,) are still distinguished names in Virginia.]

THE BELLES OF WILLIAMSBURG.

Wilt thou, adventurous pen, describe
The gay, delightful, silken tribe,
That maddens all our city;
Nor dread, lest while you foolish claim
A near approach to beauty's flame,
Icarus' fate may hit ye.

With singed pinions tumbling down,
The scorn and laughter of the town,
Thou'lt rue thy daring flight;
While every miss with cool contempt,
Affronted by the bold attempt,
Will, tittering, view thy plight.

Ye girls, to you devoted ever,
The object still of our endeavor
Is somehow to amuse you;
And if instead of higher praise,
You only laugh at these rude lays,
We'll willingly excuse you.

Advance then each illustrious maid,
In order bright to our parade,
With beauty's ensigns gay;
And first, two nymphs who rural plains
Forsook, disdainng rustic swains,
And here exert their sway.

Myrtille's beauties who can paint?
The well turned form, the glowing teint,
May deck a common creature;
But who can make th' expressive soul
With lively sense inform the whole,
And light up every feature.

At church Myrtille lowly kneels,
No passion but devotion feels,
No smiles her looks environ;
But let her thoughts to pleasure fly,
The basilisk is in her eye
And on her tongue the Syren.

More vivid beauty—fresher bloom,
With tints from nature's richest loom
In Sylvia's features glow;
Would she Myrtille's arts apply,
And catch the magic of her eye,
She'd rule the world below.

See Laura, sprightly nymph, advance,
Through all the mazes of the dance,
With light fantastic toe;

See laughter sparkle in her eyes—
At her approach new joys arise,
New fires within us glow.

Such sweetness in her look is seen,
Such brilliant elegance of mien,
So jauntie and so airy;
Her image in our fancy reigns,
All night she gallops through our veins,
Like little Mab the fairy.

Aspasia next, with kindred soul,
Disdains the passions that control
Each gentle pleasing art;
Her sportive wit, her frolic lays,
And graceful form attract our praise,
And steal away the heart.

We see in gentle Delia's face,
Expressed by every melting grace,
The sweet complacent mind;
While hovering round her, soft desires,
And hope gay smiling fan their fires,
Each shepherd thinks her kind.

The god of love mistook the maid,
For his own Psyche, and 'tis said
He still remains her slave;
And when the boy directs her eyes
To pierce where every passion lies,
Not age itself can save.

With pensive look and head reclined,
Sweet emblems of the purest mind,
Lo! where Cordelia sits;
On Dion's image dwells the fair—
Dion the thunderbolt of war,
The prince of modern wits.

Not far removed from her side,
Statira sits in beauty's pride,
And rolls about her eyes;
Thrice happy for the unwary heart,
That affectation blunts the dart
That from her quiver flies.

Whence does that beam of beauty dawn?
What lustre overspreads the lawn?
What suns those rays dispense?
From Artemisia's brow they came,
From Artemisia's eyes the flame
That dazzles every sense.

At length, fatigued with beauty's blaze,
The feeble muse no more essays
Her picture to complete;
The promised charms of younger girls,
When nature the gay scene unfurls,
Some happier bard shall treat.

SEQUEL TO THE BELLES OF WILLIAMSBURG.

Ye bards that haunt the tufted shade,
Where murmurs thro' the hallowed glade,
The Heliconian spring—
Who bend before Apollo's shrine,
And dance and frolic with the nine,
Or touch the trembling string—

And ye who bask in beauty's blaze,
Enlivening as the orient rays
From fair Aurora's brow,
Or those which from her crescent shine,
When Cynthia with a look benign,
Regards the world below—

Say, why, amidst the vernal throng,
Whose virgin charms inspired your song
With sweet poetic lore,
With eager look th' enraptured swain,
For Isidora's form in vain,
The picture should explore.

Shall sprightly Isidora yield,
To Laura the distinguished field,
Amidst the vernal throng?
Or shall Aspasia's frolic lays
From Leonella snatch the bays,
The tribute of the song?

Like hers I ween the blushing rose,
On Sylvia's polished cheek that glows,
And hers the velvet lip,
To which the cherry yields its hue,
Its plumpness and ambrosial dew
Which even Gods might sip.

What partial eye a charm can find,
In Delia's look, or Delia's mind,
Or Delia's melting grace,
Which cannot in Miranda's mien,
Or winning smile or brow serene,
A rival beauty trace?

Sweet as the balmy breath of spring,
Or odors from the painted wing
Of Zephyr as he flies,
Brunetta's charms might surely claim,
Amidst the votaries of fame,
A title to the prize.

What giddy raptures fill the brain,
When tripping o'er the verdant plain,
Florella joins the throng!
Her look each throbbing pain beguiles,
Beneath her footsteps Nature smiles,
And joins the poet's song.

Here even critic Spleen shall find,
Each beauty that adorns the mind,
Or decks the virgin's brow;
Here Envy with her venom'd dart,
Shall find no vulnerable part,
To aim the deadly blow.

Could such perfection nought avail?
Or could the fair Belinda fail
To animate your lays?
For might not such a nymph inspire
With sportive notes the trembling lyre
Attuned to virgin praise?

The sister graces met the maid,
Beneath the myrtle's fragrant shade,
When love the season warms;
Deluded by her graceful mien,
They fancied her the Cyprian queen,
And decked her with their charms.

Say then why thus with heedless flight,
The panegyric muse should slight
A train so blythe and fair,
Or why so soon fatigued, she flies
No longer in her native skies,
But tumbles through the air.

BRITISH PARLIAMENT IN 1835.

NO. I.

THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.*

The chambers in which the British Parliament are accustomed to assemble, have nothing of the theatrical aspect of the halls for political exhibition built in France for the representations of its representative government.

Let us enter the chamber of the Commons. Here you see no amphitheatre for the ladies, no boxes for the Peers, nor for the *corps diplomatique*. A narrow gallery, only, is reserved for the reporters, and another, more spacious, is open to the public. Here are no costly marbles, no statues, no gilding. It is truly nothing but a chamber—a vast apartment, of greater length than width, without ornaments of any sort—indeed, perfectly naked.

Conceive that we are looking from the public gallery.

Directly before us, at the bottom, is a sort of sentry-box, surmounted by the royal arms. There, in an arm chair covered with green leather, sits the speaker, in his black robe and greyish mittens, solemnly dressed out in an immense wig, the wings of which fall to his waist.

At his feet is a narrow table, at which the principal clerk is seated, supporting on his two hands a large face, smiling imperturbably under a little *perruque* that hangs over his head in the form of a horse-shoe.

The benches on which the members sit, are ranged rectilinearly in different divisions, to the right and left, and in front of the speaker. Every one places himself in the position that is most agreeable to himself, and sits, or stands, at his pleasure. Every member wears his hat, except when addressing the speaker. Every one speaks from the place in which he finds himself at the moment. It is not to the house, however, but to the speaker that they must address themselves.

The simple and country-like habits of the house are well suited to the character of representatives of the people. It proves that the Commons meet not to take part in a show, but to discharge the business of the country.

At three o'clock the speaker enters the chamber, preceded by the chief of the ushers, the mace on his shoulder, and followed by a sergeant-at-arms, with a sword at his side, and dressed in black after the French fashion. Arrived at his chair, the speaker first counts the members present. If there be forty, the session is opened, and the chaplain repeats his prayers, to which every member listens, standing and uncovered, with his face towards the back of his bench.

Generally the first hours are consumed in matters of minor importance. Local and private bills are discuss-

ed. The benches begin to be filled between eight and nine in the evening. The house is rarely full before midnight. From this period till two in the morning, they discuss great questions, such as are likely to bring on an important vote.

Such are the English. They distrust, beyond all reason, the frivolity of their own minds. They consider it always dangerous to embark in grave affairs, if their dinner has not been stored away to serve as ballast. It is indispensable that they should meditate and mature their opinions and their eloquence, while engaged in drinking their wine and grog.

When simple Mr. Brougham (the period of his greatest glory) Lord Brougham never came to the House of Commons until he had emptied three bottles of Port. It was at the bottom of his glass that he found calmness, wisdom, and discretion. But since his elevation to the House of Lords, his lordship is forced to speak fasting. It is in consequence of this change that he is now always intoxicated. The sobriety of his stomach produces the intemperance of his tongue and of his brain.

The invariable prolongation of its sittings late into the night, is the cause that the House of Commons never assembles on Saturday. Encroachment on the Sabbath would otherwise be an inevitable legislative sacrilege; and we must admit, that it would be with but bad grace that the Parliament alone should violate the Puritanical laws which it so rigorously maintains, and which prescribe, during the twenty-four hours of that sacred day, the most absolute and universal idleness.

Two words of personal statistics at present.

The House of Commons contains four hundred and seventy-one members for England, twenty-nine for Wales, fifty-three for Scotland, and a hundred and five for Ireland—in all, six hundred and fifty-eight. On important occasions, very few fail to appear at their posts. Six hundred and twenty-two voted, at the commencement of this session, on the election of the present speaker. Mr. Abercromby, elected by the opposition, obtained a majority of but eight votes over Sir Charles Manners Sutton, the candidate of the then ministry.

You observe that the chamber is divided into two parts, almost equal in size. On one side, the ministry and the reformers; on the other, the conservatives, forming the present opposition.

Each of these grand divisions may perhaps be subdivided. Among the reformers or whigs, radical reformers, pure radicals, and repealers;* among the conservatives, the old Tories and the demi-conservatives. Such subdivisions, however, are useless. It is no easy thing to distinguish these different shades of opinion. Besides, they are every day becoming gradually less distinct, and will soon present but two parties.

In the first place, are there any whigs? Are the whigs a party? I answer, no. There are some great noblemen, some minister-lords, whose ancestors were whigs, but they themselves are not. To continue the leaders of a true political party, they have been forced to become radicals, and to make themselves interpreters and advocates of the popular wants. What has been

*The repealers are Irish members advocating the repeal of the union between Ireland and England.

* Translated from a number of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*.

the result? The whigs and the radicals are absorbed, the one in the other. Seeing so many liberal concessions obtained by England, the Irish Catholics have followed the example of the liberals; they have put off their extreme demands; they have ceased to contend for the repeal of the union. Under the orders of O'Connell, they march behind the ministerial troops, and sustain them so as to prevent their falling back, come what may.

In the camp of the opposition there is the same fusion. Sir Robert Peel has dressed all the Tories in the uniform of conservatives. Even the little irresolute battalion of Lord Stanley, has recently, with its chief, assumed the new livery of the defenders of the church and of the throne. The *tiers-parti* has not been more successful on the side of the Manche than on the Parisian.

The question, then, is simply and plainly raised. It is the great question that is to be decided between the old society and the new, the same that was raised in France in 1789; only, if the throne is wise, here the whole war may be finished on the floors of Parliament.

The field of battle is now before the reader. You have the army of reformers and that of the conservatives in the presence of each other—each recognizing but one watchword, but one standard; the first, stronger and bolder, but having too many leaders, and a rear guard more impatient to arrive in action than the principal body; the second, more compact, better disciplined, and more obedient to its only chief.

Great as may be the exasperation on each side, you will rarely ever observe the belligerent parties, even in their hostilities, depart from their habits of chivalrous loyalty.

There is a sort of Parliamentary law of nations established in the house.

The opposition never takes advantage of the absence of a minister to interrogate his colleagues on matters foreign to their own departments.

Nor will a minister ever introduce a bill without notice; the courtesy, in this respect, is extremely great between the two parties. Challenges are regularly exchanged; the day and the hour are both fixed. If any member mentions his inability to attend at the appointed time, the motion is hurried or delayed to suit his convenience.

If the question should be one of importance, and the decision doubtful, whatever urgent business may call a member away, he will not desert his post, unless he is enabled to find among his adversaries some one equally desirous to absent himself. They make an arrangement then that both shall stay away, and this double contract is always held sacred.

In their struggles, though often violent, the blows are always generous, and aimed in front. However, the noise of the interruptions by which approbation or discontent is expressed, would astonish and terrify a stranger—above all, one unaccustomed to the discordance of English pronunciation. The sound is unusual, striking, and the more astonishing, as at first you are unable to tell whence it proceeds. There are six hundred men, seated, uttering savage cries of joy or anger, their bodies all the while remaining immovable, their features preserving their usual phlegmatic and calm expression. These tumults produce quite a fantastic effect. *Hear! hear!* is the cry of satisfaction and encouragement.

Listen to the speaker!—his discourse penetrates and touches the soul of the question; let us listen to him—hear him. *Spoke!—spoke!* indicates impatience, enui, lassitude. You abuse your privilege—you have said enough—you have spoken! This reproach is imperative—it is rarely resisted. *Order! order!* is the call to order; it is a summons to the speaker to notice and reprimand the offending member who has passed the boundaries of propriety—for, to the speaker alone belongs the right to pronounce judgment on such occasions.

The speaker centres in himself the omnipotence of the chamber of which he is the representative. His authority is supreme, within as well as without the walls of the Parliament house. His situation renders him a personage of very high importance. He has his official palace, he holds his *levees*, to which none are admitted unless in court dress. Singular inconsistency! the very same Commoners who enter booted, spurred, with their over-coats and their hats on, into their own hall, would find the doors of their own speaker closed against them, if they should present themselves without ruffles and dressed *à la Française*. This rigorous particularity is unreasonable. Mr. Hume, however, in a recent attack upon this absurd etiquette, found himself unable to succeed against the powerful prejudices by which it is upheld. The sound sense of his objections only passed for radical folly. Thus it is that with the English the ancient forms of etiquette have deeper root than even their old abuses. You may be certain that they will have reformed the church, the aristocracy, and perhaps the crown itself, before the grotesque wigs of their magistrates. Their entire revolution will have been completed, while their new liberty will be still distinguished by the manners and dress of the *ancien régime*.

In England, the real and undeniable sovereignty is in the House of Commons. The British peerage is a mere phantom, a little more respectably clothed than that of France, but quite as much of a phantom. Still this very British Peerage, which is condemned to obey the Commons and register their edicts, preserves all the appearances of supremacy! It continues to command the Commons to appear at its bar, who regularly obey this summons, preceded by their speaker! And when the Lords, seated in their own chamber, have signified the royal assent to the wishes of the Commons, the latter withdraw, bowing as they go out! The real upper or superior chamber consents to be called and to appear always as the inferior.

How much do I prefer to these ceremonious *levees* of the British speaker, the popular balls of the president of the French Chamber of Deputies, where no orders are given to the guards to prevent the entry of persons not in costume! Above all, I like those numbered letters of invitation—the four hundred and fifty-nine first for the representatives of the people, and then the four hundred and sixtieth for the Duke of Orleans, as the first peer of the realm, and so on for the rest. In France the peerage comes after the people!

It is much to be regretted that the French do not remove the abuses themselves, as they do their names and customs. Their system is different from the English, but it is very doubtful if it be the best. The latter are always very respectful subjects; they kneel

down at the feet of royalty in supplicating it to take their will for its pleasure. The former hold themselves erect and firm before their monarch, who leads them by the nose, suffering them all the while to proclaim themselves at their ease, the true sovereigns of the kingdom.

Mr. Abercromby, the present speaker, by no means solicited the honor of the chair which, at the opening of the session, was decreed him by the first act of the reformers. Constrained to maintain, in the name of the house, the privileges of that body, he represents that assembly with all the dignity that his grotesque wig will permit. Happily he has thick grey eye-brows, which harmonize extremely well with his light-colored official *perruque*. In spite of the enormous quantity of hair that overshadows his person, there is nothing savage in his appearance; on the contrary, a mild and affable dignity eminently distinguishes him; his manners are marked by a noble ease; he also speaks well, and his full and sonorous voice is admirably suited to the station which he occupies as president of a large and popular assembly.

The conservatives will never forgive him for having, even involuntarily, dethroned their candidate. They regret the airs of a superannuated dandy, and the old-fashioned elegance of Sir Charles Manners Sutton, who, having grown old in the chair, had been long accustomed to regard toryism with a favorable eye. It is true that Mr. Abercromby, an avowed partizan of the reformers, has not, in consequence of his acceptance of the speakership, become the inexorable censor of his radical friends. So that when O'Connell, provoked by some imprudent noblemen, branded them with epithets never to be effaced, Mr. Abercromby was guilty of the heinous crime of not interposing to check the vengeance of the outraged orator. Impartiality, according to the Tories, would consist in permitting their attacks, without allowing the insulted or injured party the rights of defence.

I have now given you a general and hasty sketch of the leading characteristics of the house; it only remains for me to carry you to one of its sittings. We will select the occasion of the presentation of the bill for the reform of the English and Welch Corporations, which was, after a month of argument, finally voted. On the evening of the 5th of June, then, it was known that Lord John Russell was to introduce his bill in the Commons. What was to be the nature of this measure, so long promised and so impatiently expected on one side, and so much feared on the other? Curiosity in London was at its height; it was the third day of the Epsom races! No matter! Every one returned to the city—horses were abandoned for politics. As early as twelve the crowd began to encumber the environs of Westminster, pressing towards the gates of the palace of the Parliament. With great difficulty I succeeded in squeezing myself into the public gallery.

At three, prayers being said, the speaker having counted with the end of his little flat three-cornered hat the members in attendance, and more than forty being present, the session opened.

There was at first a long discussion of a bill regulating the distribution of water in the parish of *Mary-le-bone*; the debate was of but little interest, though Mr. Henry Lytton Bulwer, Mr. Hume, and Sir Francis

Burdett took frequent part in it. My attention was fixed on their persons, if not on their discourses.

Mr. Henry Lytton Bulwer is a young radical who leads a life altogether aristocratic. He is renowned for the elegance of his grooms and of his vehicles. Nobody wears a black frock so short and so tight. He speaks well and easily, with a voice somewhat unpleasant, his head elevated and thrown back after the fashion of men of small stature. He is the elder brother of the novelist, and is himself the author of a work on France, in which he judges of French manners, society, politics and literature with a degree of insane ignorance hardly less disgusting than the naïve buffoonery of Lady Morgan. It is a distinguishing characteristic of the English, to write without knowledge, observation or study on every country they pass through. It is a pity that a man of common sense and intelligence such as Mr. Henry Lytton Bulwer, should have made his literary *début* by so vulgar a piece of national *gaucherie*.

There is nothing about the person of Mr. Hume that would strike you; he looks like a good-natured, unaffected, broad-shouldered countryman, independent in his character, and utterly careless of fashion. His mere manner, to say nothing of his words, expresses invincible aversion to all ceremony. His appearance does not belie his character. His enunciation has all the ease, firmness, and roughness of his opinions. One of the chief priests of radicalism—an inexorable and incorruptible reformer, he has sworn never to sit, but on the benches of the opposition; it is from fidelity to his oath, not from sympathy, as you might well conclude, that he now sits in the ranks of the conservatives.

Sir Francis Burdett differs from Mr. Hume both in his air, height, and figure. Picture to yourself a long body, about five feet ten inches, in white velvet breeches, with boots turned down at the top, and a blue frock. A white vest, a white cravat, a little bald, flat head, well powdered, will complete the portrait. The fate of public men who outlive themselves, is often singular. Sir Francis Burdett, ten years since, was as fashionable as his dress. He was the favorite of Westminster—the popular orator of the House of Commons. He caused himself to be imprisoned in the Tower, for having dared to speak too boldly against royalty. Now he is suspected by the people—they suspect him of voting with toryism. They despise him, they accuse him of versatility. "But," he replies, "it is you, perhaps, who have changed. Reformers formerly, you are now radicals! Tories in my day, you are now reformers! I have preserved my opinions and my dress!" Well! the error is with you, Sir Francis Burdett; you should have changed also, or not have lived to become old. If you had died at the proper time, perhaps you might now have your statue of bronze near that of Canning, in Westminster square. Who knows if to-morrow the same people who formerly carried you in triumph, may not ornament your white breeches with the mud of the streets leading to the Parliament house?

At last the discussion touching the waters of Mary-le-bone draws to a close. The house having to vote on this unlucky bill, the galleries for the reporters and the public were cleared. This is the custom of Parliament; decisions never take place but with closed doors.

When I returned to the gallery, the hall presented

quite an altered appearance. The less piece was finished—the great one was about to commence. The ranks on the right and left grew thicker every moment—each member hastened to his post.

Lord John Russell, the official commander in chief of the reformers, had appeared on the ministerial benches, to the right of the speaker. By his side, you observed his principal aides-de-camp, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, Mr. Spring Rice, with a large bald forehead, and the countenance of a Satyr, the most ready, if not the ablest speaker in the cabinet; Lord Morpeth, secretary for Ireland, a large young man whose premature grey hairs, appear at a distance to be of a light yellow, looking like a timid and blushing youth; Lord Palmerston, an old bloated dandy, whose fat face seems to swell itself out between his thick whiskers with more satisfaction since he is no longer led by the nose by Talleyrand—Lord Palmerston, who has not wished to be made a peer since his last return to power, pretending that his eloquence has a more open field in the Commons than it could have in the House of Lords.

In front of the ministerial group, and separated from it only by the table of the clerks, sits Sir Robert Peel, surrounded also by his conservative aids, among whom you may distinguish Lord Granville Somerset the quai-modo of Westminster, whose double hump does not prevent him from being one of the most alert to sound the Protestant tocsin against Popery.

Here and there you may have observed other distinguished members of the house; Daniel O'Connell, the great O'Connell, calm and absorbed in the reading of some new book, of which he is cutting open the leaves, in the midst of his sons, his nephews, and his Irish Catholics, who form what is called *his tail*; a tail, if you please, but one which leads the head of the state. After them, Lord Stanley, the young heir of the house of Derby, that ambitious and disappointed *élegant*, who has yet only in heart deserted the benches of the reformers.

Next you have remarked two young men standing up, and differing as much in their height and figure as in their opinions; but equally celebrated, each one in his own way, in the world, and who, in consequence, deserve to be described.

The first is Viscount Castlereagh, son of the Marquis of Londonderry, a mad conservative like his father, but less simple and possessed of much more discretion. Thin and pitiful in his person, without figure and without talent, it is not in the house that he really exists; in the saloons of the west end is his true atmosphere—it is there alone that his stupidity finds the air that it can respire. Lord Castlereagh is one of the chiefs of the new school which has regenerated English fashion. This school is entirely different from that of Brummell, which founded its distinction upon dress. The new fashionables of the sect of the noble lord, affect, on the contrary, entire negligence in the dress, and the greatest freedom of manners. Nothing is brilliant in their equipages, nor in the style of their servants. Their vehicles are of dark colors and sombre liveries; for themselves extreme simplicity in appearance. No flowered vests; no gold or silver lacing about them; no jewels; at the most the end of a gold chain at the button of a black coat; an engraved ring betraying some mysterious sentiment

known to the whole city. Add to this the most refined impertinence of vanity, a sublime contempt for every one not of the exclusive circle into which they alone find admission, and an ambitious senseless jargon. Lord Castlereagh is the perfect type of this first and principal class of London fashionables.

The second, Mr. Edward Lytton Bulwer, the well known author of *Pelham* and other novels, is, like his brother, an avowed radical. He is large, and would, did he not stoop and hold himself in other respects badly, appear to advantage. His hair is thick, light, and curly. His long inexpressive countenance, and his large moist and fixed eyes, scarcely reveal the writer of genius. I suppose it is in some measure the incontestible success of his writings that has opened to him the doors of that exclusive society, with which he is very much at home. For the style of his costume he is indebted to old traditional fashions. You will rarely ever meet him but with his bosom open, the skirts of a luxuriant surtout lined with velvet or silk floating to the wind, with the rest of his dress of clear brilliant shades, and varnished boots, brandishing some cane encrusted with a rich head. He would remind you of those *parvenus* of bad taste who encumber the *grand* scenes of the opera at Paris. I do not deny the really interesting character of some of the novels of Mr. Bulwer, though they are in other respects so wretchedly written; but it seems to be that he acted very ridiculously in endeavoring to exaggerate their real value, at the expense of exhibiting the absurd vanity betrayed in every page of the sad rhapsodies he has recently published under the title of the *Student*. I would however sooner pardon him for this last work, than an act of his of which I have been informed. A young American called on him the other day, with letters of introduction. "I am delighted to see you, sir," said Mr. Bulwer, "but I will tell you beforehand that it will be difficult for me often to have that honor; I have already more acquaintances than my leisure will allow me to cultivate, and, in conscience, it is to them that I owe the moments at my disposal." Do you not discover in this piece of politeness something that even surpasses the characteristic amiability of the English? The English do not ruin themselves by hospitality. If a stranger is introduced to them by letters of introduction, they give him a heavy and long dinner, with a supper for dessert; then, having stuffed him with roast beef and filled him with Port and grog, and having spared no pains to cram him, they take their leave of him; and if the unfortunate individual survives this cheer, their doors are afterwards closed against his entrance. Sir Walter Scott, who was perhaps as great a novelist as Mr. Bulwer, did not consider himself exempt from the common duties of politeness and attention to visitors who happened to be introduced to him. So far from it, he treated them with much more hospitality than is the custom in England; it is true, however, that Sir Walter, though a great novelist, was not a great *fashionable*.

There also you may have recognized Doctor Bowring searching about, running up and down, from one bench to another, shaking the hand of every member who will allow him to do so. The doctor is well known in Paris; and as he did not quite waste his time in promenading the streets of that capital, he soon discovered that charlatanism was one of the most powerful means of success.

He took the most direct route to attain his end, and proceeded straight to the journals. The French journalists, when one knows how to deal with them, are complacency itself. In a short time no one was talked of but Doctor Bowring. The doctor did not take a single step that was not duly registered; it was Doctor Bowring here, and Doctor Bowring there, every where the doctor; and the honest public of the French capital, deafened by these trumpet-tongued praises, took him for some extraordinary important personage. On this side of the channel we better understand the puffs of the press, so that every body laughed, I assure you, when this Doctor Bowring was strutting through France, so splendidly decked out with the importance which he had purchased from the newspapers of Paris. He returned to London, but without this glorious mantle. That had been detained at the custom house as a sort of prohibited French merchandise. In fine, the doctor remains just what he was before, that is to say a reformer, anxious to profit by reform, a pale disciple of the utilitarian school of Lord Brougham; a sort of travelling clerk of the foreign office, speaking sufficiently well three or four living languages; a poet, who furnishes some stanzas of ordinary poetry to the magazines; as for the rest, the very best physician in the world.

It was now near six; no one remained to be heard; the moment had arrived for opening the lists. According to the order of the motions for the day, the speaker gave the floor to the minister of the home department. Suddenly the waves of the assembly subsided; a profound silence ensued; Lord John Russell rose to speak.

Lord John Russell, third son of the Duke of Bedford, is extremely small, scarcely five feet high; the smallness of his person almost renews his youth; one would hardly suppose him forty-five years of age, as he really is. A head large about the forehead, and small towards the chin, forming a sort of triangle; chestnut-colored hair, short and thin; large eyes surmounted by well arched brows; a countenance pale, calm, soft and phlegmatic, marked by a sort of half-concealed cunning, are the features that would alone strike you. His manner of speaking is in perfect harmony with his modest and quiet exterior. His voice is weak and monotonous, but distinct. In speaking, his body is scarcely more animated than his discourse. All his action consists in gliding his left hand behind his back, seizing the elbow of his right arm, and balancing himself indefinitely in that position.

Lord John Russell expresses himself plainly and without effort; his language is cold and dry, but clear and concise. An author more concise than elegant, his style of writing exhibits itself in his off-hand speeches. He has nothing of the tiresome volubility of Thiers, who is minister of the home department in France; he says no more than is necessary, while he says every thing that he wishes. His sarcasm though frozen, is not the less sharp. The blade of his poignard does not require to be made red hot to inflict a deep wound. He has none of those sudden flashes which electrify and inflame an assembly; his light is of that peaceable and steady nature that illuminates and guides. His mind is a serious one, full of appropriate, condensed, and well resolved reflections.

In less than an hour he had unrolled the whole plan of his bill, and concisely explained its principles and

details, not without letting fly some well sharpened arrows against the corrupting influence of the tories over the municipal constitution, the reform of which he demanded.

As soon as Lord John Russell had resumed his seat, and in the midst of the various murmurs which his speech had excited, Sir Robert Peel rose to address the speaker.

The ex-first lord of the treasury is of moderate height; his figure would be elegant, but for the fatness which has already begun to render it heavy; his dress is neat and studied without being dandyish; his manner would not convict him of the approach of fifty; his regular features have an expression of contemptuous severity; he seems to affect too much the manners of a great man; natural distinction has more ease and carelessness about it.

Moreover, studied affectation is also the prevailing characteristic of his oratory. Gesture and language both betray his ambitious affectedness. He has more of the actor than becomes a public speaker. It is irksome to see him agitate, struggle, and throw himself incessantly about. I do not like to see a statesman exhibit so much acquaintance with the positions of an elocutionist. It may be well enough by one's own fire-side to cross one leg over another and to play with the guineas in the pockets of one's pantaloons. One may play with his collar in a drawing room, or throw back the skirts of his frock, without any great impropriety; but in public, and, above all, in places devoted to the solemn discussion of the laws of a nation, this style of flirting manners is by no means appropriate. Sir Robert abuses the purposes for which his hands and arms were given him. One almost loses his words in the incessant agitation of his person.

In other respects I will acknowledge that his elocution is spirited, easy, and intellectual; he may be listened to with pleasure. I am always well pleased with the manner in which he applies his rhetorical skill to public affairs. He has every thing which the art of speaking can give him; but the warmth which animates him is always artificial. The true fire of conviction which is so naturally communicated from the speaker to his audience, is always wanting. There is no sincerity about him. He is an ambitious tory in disguise, who, in order to seize again the golden reins of government, has hypocritically cloaked himself under the mantle of a reformer, and who would pass over to the radicals with his arms and baggage, if there was any chance of remounting by their aid to the power which he covets, and of securing himself in its enjoyment.

In accepting, with ample reservations, the principle of the bill, Sir Robert Peel, in answer to the sharp insinuations of Lord John Russell, made several witty and amusing observations, which diverted a good deal the house.

The minister replied in a few polite but firm observations. The serenity of the noble lord is perfectly unchangeable. He is as calm when defending himself, as when attacking his adversaries. I consider this political temperament as the most desirable for a statesman actively engaged in public affairs. Such coolness disconcerts the fury of one's assailants. One is never worsted in a combat when he retains such undisturbed self-possession.

Some remarks on the details of the bill were made by different members. No one having opposed its introduction, the members began to move off. It was already night, and the hour for dinner; the candles were not yet lit; the house rose in a body.

An individual in a brown curly wig, and dressed in a blue frock, whose broad shoulders and athletic form displayed great personal strength, descended from the ministerial benches, and stepped in the centre of the hall. The sound of his voice called every one back. Silence ensued. This was the great Irishman, the *giant agitator*, as he is called—a giant they may well call him. This energetic old man has alone more youth and life than all the young men in the Commons together, than the whole chamber itself.

The darkness of the evening was not sufficiently great to conceal him from my view. I see him now before me, erect on his large feet, his right arm extended, and his body inclined forwards; I seem to hear him speak. His remarks were not long; he said but a few words, but all his power was condensed in them. The lion fondled while he growled. His approbation was imperative and threatening. "So the bill has only looked to England and Wales! Must Ireland then be always forgotten, that its turn never comes but after the other countries of the United Kingdom? Has it not enough of venal and corrupt municipalities? Nevertheless, he would support openly and with all his strength, the plan of ministers. It was a noble and glorious measure; he wished for nothing more for Ireland."

He did not wish for more, that is to say, he did not order more for Ireland. The wishes of O'Connell are not to be despised. In consequence, Mr. Spring Rice hastened to satisfy him. "He need not give himself any uneasiness," said the Chancellor of the Exchequer; "the government would equally do justice to Ireland. It should likewise have its corporations reformed, and perhaps during the same session."

"Thanks!" murmured O'Connell, mixing himself with the crowd of members pouring out of the hall; "I will remember this promise for Ireland."

Ireland! you should have heard him pronounce its name with that excited, trembling accent, so full of tenderness, which emphasizes and lingers on every syllable of the beloved word; you should have heard him, to comprehend the power of his irresistible eloquence. Pure love of country lends one a super-human strength. A just cause, honestly and warmly embraced, is an irresistible weapon in hands capable of wielding it.

I am not surprised that desperate conservatives, seeing their tottering privileges ready to be trodden under the feet of O'Connell, should treat him as an agitator, madman, destroyer. But how is it, that among the reformers themselves, he has so many inconsistent admirers, who will never pardon him for the bitter violence and inexorable severity of his speeches? Do these moderate and quiet men believe that honeyed phrases, and the submission of prayers, would have obtained the redress of even the least of the Irish griefs? No! had he not struck roughly and pitilessly, the old edifice of usurpation and intolerance would be still entire. Let him go on—let him be pitiless; he has made an important breach in the walls—let him level them

with the ground. To overthrow such things is not destruction; it is but the clearing of the ground to build up public liberty.

O'Connell is unquestionably the best speaker, and the ablest politician in Parliament. Friends or enemies, every one acknowledges, at least to himself, that he is the master-spirit; thus he is the true premier. The members of the cabinet are nothing but puppets, dressed up for show, and worked by his agency. His influence over the masses of the people is also immense and universal. He is not the popular idol in Ireland only, but also in England and Scotland. Long life to him! the hopes and future welfare of three nations are centered in his person.

I have nothing further to say of the sitting of the 5th of June, except to remark, that a sufficient number of working members were left in the room to continue for many hours the despatch of business of secondary importance. It is but justice to the House of Commons to state, that great political questions do not retard the execution of local and private business. They will often get through in a single night, more work than the French Chamber of Deputies would in a month of thirty days.

You have seen that the opposition of the conservatives gave way before the corporations bill. It was not without deep mortification, as you may imagine, but prudence rendered it indispensable. It is necessary, at any sacrifice, to assume the appearance of not hating too violently the principles of reform. The plan is not without cunning.

But the opposition counts with confidence on regaining its ground on the question of Irish tithes and their appropriation. It is on this question that it has halted and offers combat. "We have abundantly proved," say their proclamations, "that we are reasonable reformers, but our love of change cannot induce us to sacrifice the church." And their church, that ungrateful and unnatural daughter, which has denied and plundered its mother, invokes with all its power the old prejudices of the Protestants to the aid of its champions; it sounds the tocsin with its bells taken from Catholic steeples. Every where it stations its bishops in its temples without altars, and makes them preach a new crusade against Catholicism. Hear them: Of the innumerable religious sects which encumber the three kingdoms, taking them in alphabetical order, from the Anabaptists to the Unitarians, there is not one so hateful and dangerous as the Catholic church. The Popish sect is the only one that endangers the state, the throne and the property of individuals. It is necessary to burn again the Pope in effigy and in processions, as formerly under the reign of Queen Elizabeth; and it would not be bad to burn on the same occasion that impious majority in the Commons, who wish to appropriate a part of the Protestant tithes in Ireland to the education of the poor of all religions! God be praised, the selfish and insensate voice of the conservatives has only cried in the desert. Their fanaticism will not succeed against the general good sense of the nation. Within as without the chamber, their defeat is inevitable. To use the beautiful metaphor of Mr. Shiel, the first Irish orator after O'Connell, the church of Ireland will be the cemetery of toryism and Protestant intolerance.

THIRD LECTURE

Of the Course on the Obstacles and Hindrances to Education, arising from the peculiar faults of Parents, Teachers and Scholars, and that portion of the Public immediately concerned in directing and controlling our Literary Institutions.

On the Faults of Teachers.

It will be recollected, my friends, that my last effort was to expose the vices and faults of parents, so far as they obstruct the progress of education. Those of instructors shall next be exhibited, since they are certainly entitled at least to the second in rank in their power to do mischief. I might sum up all *their* faults in one sweeping condemnation, by saying that they render the persons guilty of them enemies to themselves, to their professional brethren, and to the public. But specifications are wanting, and such I propose to give, as minutely and distinctly as I can.

In the first place, they injure themselves by the style and language often used when they tender their services to the public. The expressions are frequently such as to encourage the idea, already too prevalent, that *they* are the only party to be obliged—they *alone* to be the receivers of favors never to be adequately compensated. Whereas the truth is, if they are really fit for their business, and desirous to perform it faithfully, they never receive the millionth part of a cent for which they do not make a most ample return—a return, the real value of which can never be measured by mere dollars and cents. But the language in which they seek or acknowledge employment, often expresses a degree of humility below the lowest gospel requirement—a doubt of their own qualifications to teach, which, if true, ought forever to exclude them from the class of instructors. It sometimes, in fact, deserves no better name than a servile begging for patronage, as if they considered it a species of gratuitous alms. Ought it to be wondered at, when this is the case, that the public should understand them literally, and treat them accordingly? If they avoid this extreme in tendering their services, it by no means follows, as a necessary consequence, that they should run into the other, which is also very common, of making themselves ridiculous by extravagant pretensions. The middle course in this, as in many other things, is best. Let them always state plainly and explicitly, without exaggeration, what they believe they can do—their willingness to make the attempt with persevering fidelity, and the pecuniary compensation expected for their services. If this were always fairly and fully done, there could not be even the shadow of a pretext on the part of any who might then choose to accept their offers, for underrating their labors, and talking or acting as persons who had conferred obligations beyond all requital, by giving much more than they had received, or could be paid. When teachers are treated in this way, it is, in a great measure, their own fault, and it arises chiefly from the causes just stated. To render their intercourse with their employers what it ought to be, and what it certainly might become, there should be not only a feeling of entire reciprocity of benefit as to the money part of their dealings, but a mutuality of respect and esteem well merited on both sides. This kind of regard can never be felt towards teachers who receive such civilities as

may be paid to them, like unexpected and unmerited favors; for if they themselves do not appear to hold their own profession in the honor to which it is justly entitled, who else can they expect to rate it any higher?

In the second place, teachers are often enemies to their professional brethren in the jealousy manifested towards each other—in a restless and ill-restrained propensity to depreciate each other's qualifications, and a too frequent co-operation with the slandering part of the community, when they find the children sent to them from other schools ignorant and ill-disposed, to ascribe it all to the defective manner in which they have been taught, rather than to the real and very frequent causes of incapacity, bad temper, or bad early habits. By such practices, many foolishly imagine that they are promoting their own particular interests, when, in fact, they are deeply injuring the general interests of the whole class of teachers, by contributing to impair the public confidence in all schools whatever. For what can more effectually do this with the majority of mankind, than to hear those who set up for their instructors in morals, as well as in general science, continually finding fault with each other, or silently acquiescing in its being done by persons not of their own profession? Such conduct places them in this desperate dilemma; if what each says of every other be false, the public must think them all base calumniators: if it be true, the conclusion is inevitable that they are all incapable; and either alternative would speedily and most deservedly strip the whole of employment.

Lastly, teachers are often enemies to the public in so many particulars that I scarcely know with which to begin; not that I mean to charge them with being intentionally so—for it frequently happens with the best people in the world, that they are among the last to see their own greatest defects. Some of the faults of teachers may be considered as belonging exclusively to themselves, and for which they can find no excuse whatever in the faults of others—such, for example, as the two first enumerated. But those which I have now to expose, are so intimately blended with the faults of their employers, of their children, and of that portion of the world with which they are more immediately connected, that, like the reciprocating action of the various parts of certain mechanical contrivances, these faults must be viewed as causing each other. Thus, the parental fault of blindness to their children's defects, both natural and moral, and their consequent injustice to the instructors who ever blame or punish them, give birth to the equally fatal fault in teachers of carefully avoiding every hint of incapacity, and studiously concealing the ill-conduct of their pupils, because well aware that they probably will not be believed. If compelled to make communications on so perilous and ungrateful a subject, they are so softened and frittered away, as to produce a far less pardonable deception than entire silence, since a sensible parent would ascribe the last to its proper motive, when the glossing and varnishing process might lead them entirely astray. The same knowledge of the self-delusion, and consequent injustice of parents, leads teachers to the frequent commission of another fault, in which they often engage their particular friends as participators. At their public examinations (where they have any) they contrive a sort of Procrustes' bed, which all their pupils are made to fit, but rather by the

stretching than by the lopping process. This is usually managed so adroitly, that the public will see numerous goodly advertisements, with many imposing signatures, taking their rounds through all the newspapers, by which it clearly appears that every scholar in the school, however numerous they may be, even to the youngest child, performed to the entire satisfaction and admiration of all who saw or heard them. It is utterly impossible that these examinations, if fairly made, could have any such uniform and favorable result; for the difference of natural capacity alone must inevitably produce a great inequality of performance in the pupils. Every body with five grains of experience, knows that many other causes are constantly operating to increase this inequality. Such reports, therefore, of examinations, fail entirely with the reflecting, well-informed part of the community, to produce any thing but ridicule, disgust, or pity, while the ignorant and inexperienced are most unjustifiably imposed upon. The most deceived of any will generally be the parents who are absent, whose natural partiality for their own children so blinds their judgment, as to make them believe in any eulogium bestowed upon them, however extravagant. Little else is ever accomplished by these truly delusive spectacles, unless it be most injuriously to inflate the vanity of the poor pupils. The desire to be puffed in the newspapers, and talked about in public, is substituted for the love of learning for its own sake, and thereby one of the most important objects of education is greatly obstructed. *This is, or ought to be,* to excite in all persons under pupilage an ardent desire to gain knowledge, because they love it for itself, and for the power which it confers of promoting human happiness.

The reciprocal faults just stated in teachers and parents, co-operate, not to promote in any way, but to destroy the great ends of instruction, so far at least as they can contribute to the work of destruction. Let it not be understood, from the foregoing remarks, that I am opposed to public examinations in all schools whatever; although I certainly wish it to be understood that, as generally managed, they are worse than useless. But I do object to them altogether in schools for females—unless, among our other marvellous advances towards perfectibility, we should take it into our heads to make lawyers, doctors, statesmen, and soldiers of our daughters, instead of modest, unassuming, well-informed, home-loving, and virtuous matrons. *Then, indeed,* it will be necessary to give them that kind of early training, continually aided by public examinations at school, which will inure them to the public gaze, and enable them, in due time, to meet the searching eyes of multitudes with unabashed hardihood of countenance; and entirely divested of such a very needless incumbrance as that retiring, timid, indescribable modesty, heretofore deemed one of the most lovely, fascinating, and precious traits of the female character. I will not go so far as to assert that none can possess this trait who have been accustomed to be publicly examined—for I have the happiness to know many from whose hearts neither this ordeal, nor all the other corrupting influences of the world united, have had power to banish those admirable principles and qualities which constitute at once the most endearing ornaments and highest glory of their sex. But *I will say,* that they are exceptions, forcibly illustrating the truth of the general

principle, which is, that modesty, or indeed any other good quality, *must,* in the end, be destroyed by causes continually operating to work its destruction.

Another sore evil of incalculable extent, in relation to this subject of education, is the frequent discordance between the precepts and the lessons which must necessarily be taught in all well-regulated schools, and the examples witnessed, the opinions heard, and the habits indulged in at home. This often places conscientious teachers in a most puzzling and painful dilemma, from which many shrink altogether, while others vainly endeavor to compromise the matter in such a manner, as completely to *nullify* (if I may use a very current phrase) every effort to do good. The dilemma is, that in discharging the duty to the child, the parent, although indirectly, is unavoidably condemned, every time the teachers warn their pupils, as they continually ought to do, against any of the faults and vices most prevalent in society. Desperate, indeed, and almost hopeless, is the task of teaching, when this most deplorable, but very common case occurs. For what is the consequence of imparting virtuous principles and habits to the children, admitting the possibility of it, where none but vicious examples have been seen under the parental roof? Their eyes are inevitably opened to the wretched moral destitution of those to whom, under God, they owe their existence; and they are thus plunged into a state of perpetual suffering, if not actual misery—for the better the children become, the greater will be their distress and affliction at the condition of their parents. What fathers or mothers are there, having either hearts to feel or understandings to discern the awful responsibilities they live under in regard to their children, but must tremble at the bare thought of setting them bad examples, and thus becoming a source of double misery to their own offspring—misery *here*, even if they escape the contagion of these vicious parental practices and habits—and misery *hereafter*, should they be so deeply infected as to prove irreclaimable?

Another highly pernicious fault, of which multitudes of teachers are guilty, is continually to act as if they took upon themselves no other responsibility than that of a mere formal attendance in their schools for the number of hours prescribed, to hear prescribed lessons repeated in a parrot-like manner. Any thought of being accountable for the influence exerted in forming the characters of so many fellow-beings, seems never to enter their minds, although this is beyond all calculation the most important part of the whole process of education.

Another fault of frequent occurrence among instructors is, to have such an overweening, extravagant sense of their own dignity, as to be incessantly on the watch for offences committed against it. Thus even a single muscular contortion of a pupil's face, whether natural or accidental, and even if he be but nine or ten years old, will be construed into a most grievous and flagrant insult, not to be expiated but by some signal punishment, usually of a corporeal kind, and inflicted in such a manner as to prove that the operators are rather working off their own wrath than endeavoring to cure the scholar's defects. By this truly ridiculous sensitiveness, they are certain so to expose themselves as either to become laughing-stocks or objects of scorn and contempt to all their older scholars, or of the most

perfect hatred to the younger ones. In all such cases these teachers become real nuisances—for the injuries done by such conduct to the tempers of their pupils, far exceed any possible benefit they can gain at such schools.

There are some faults of teachers which greatly impair, if they do not entirely destroy, a proper subordination among their scholars. One is the want of a dignified manner, equally removed from a proud, haughty, imperious demeanor, and too much familiarity. Another is the excessive fear of offending the parents, and perhaps losing the pupils, by complaint. In every case of the kind, the child, of course, escapes all effectual reproof or adequate correction, especially if the parent be very wealthy, very weak, or extensively connected with what are usually called "*great people*." Invidious distinctions are thus created in such schools, and the influence of all punishment is lost, even over those upon whom it may be inflicted, sometimes in double or quadruple proportions, to compensate for the omission in the cases of the favored culprits.

Another fault, little, if any less destructive of the influence which teachers should possess over their pupils, is their general carelessness in the all-essential duty of striving to convince their scholars that they are really and deeply interested, both as social beings and as christians, in leading their juvenile minds to the sublimest heights of knowledge and virtue. No instructor who fails to do this, whatever may be his or her other qualifications, can possibly succeed well in the main objects of education. They may, indeed, cram their pupils' heads with words, and even get into them a very showy stock of ideas; but in regard to the great, vital principles of human action, *piety* and *virtue*, these pupils will be in little better condition, as to true moral worth, than so many automata, having the power of uttering articulate sounds, and repeating what they have been taught, but devoid of all generous, benevolent, and virtuous motives of conduct. The notion constantly present to their minds will be, that they pay their money for a quantum of reluctant service, to a selfish and mercenary being, whose constant study is, to perform no more of such service than barely sufficient to secure the pupils' continuance at school, for the sake of the pecuniary compensation alone. Ought there to be any wonder if the scholars themselves, under such circumstances, contract the same selfishness, the same base love of lucre, which they find often so productive of profit, and which they believe to be the governing principle of their teacher's conduct? Should the general propensity to extravagance in the use of money, so fatally common among young people, or their better feelings imbibed at home, protect them from contracting principles similar to those of such instructors, they are in danger of adopting another opinion equally destructive of the chance of deriving intellectual or moral improvement from any school whatever. This is, a firm belief that the whole class of teachers are destitute of every thing like generous and noble sentiments, and are consequently utterly undeserving of deference, respect, esteem, or affection.

Another thing which greatly impairs the influence of teachers with their pupils, is the very common practice of giving way to their own faults and bad habits in the presence of their scholars. Those who take upon them

to instruct others in practical duties; must so act on all occasions as to be able to say, "*Not only do as I tell you, but do as I do;*" for without good examples in teachers, all their precepts go for nothing, or will be obeyed from no other principle but fear.

Another fault much too common among teachers, is, that many will enter into the profession, who are exceedingly deficient in all the requisite qualifications; and whose sole object is to support themselves at other people's expense, while preparing for some other pursuit, to which the business of teaching is made a kind of convenient stepping-stone. For all the mechanic arts—even the most simple—a particular training and appropriate education is deemed essential. But for that most difficult of all arts, next to governing a nation—I mean the art of preparing youth successfully to fulfil all their various duties in life—no peculiar adaptation of talent seems ever to be looked for; no course of study or instruction, specially suited to this all important profession, is scarcely any where systematically pursued, or required. We will not trust even a tinker to mend a hole in a dish or basin, unless we believe that he has been regularly bred to his business; yet we fear not to trust both the souls and bodies of our children—both their temporal and eternal happiness—to persons of whom we often know nothing, but that they profess to teach a few sciences, a foreign language or two, and possibly some ornamental art; as if the mere professing to do these things was necessarily accompanied by the full power and skill to accomplish that infinitely greater object of all education—the forming the hearts, minds, and principles of youth, to the love of knowledge and the practice of virtue! This last all important qualification, without which every other will be unavailing, is so far from being the inseparable concomitant of what is usually called "learning," that it is rarely ever found in those who have had no practical experience in teaching: not that practice alone will give it, for it seems to be the result of a combination of circumstances and qualities not often uniting in the same person. These are—perfect self-control—great benevolence—much forbearance—a quickness in distinguishing all the various shades and diversities of character in children—sound judgment in selecting the best means of instruction—with unwearied perseverance in applying them. Many an humble mother, who scarcely understands even the meaning of the terms grammar, science, and literature, possesses vastly more of this highly essential art, than thousands of the most erudite scholars; and are as far superior to them for all the most valuable purposes of education, as Sir Isaac Newton was to Swift's ideal clown, whom he represents as ignorantly calling this incomparable philosopher, "one Isaac Newton, a maker of sun dials." Not that I would undervalue learning in teachers; no, very far from it, for a large portion of it is indispensable. But I mean to assert, that *there is a peculiar art of teaching*, not necessarily connected with, nor the result of, what is usually called learning. It is the art, as I before remarked, of forming the hearts, minds and principles of children, to the love of knowledge and to the practice of virtue, which mere learning can never confer. It is an art, in fact, which must have for its basis strong natural sense and feelings—a heart full of the milk of human kindness—sound, moral, and religious principles—a clear,

discriminating judgment, a considerable portion of scholastic learning, and some practical experience. Those alone who possess and love to exercise this art, are capable of imparting "that education which bears upon the machinery of the human mind, which is truly practical—that which breaks up the 'fallow ground' of the human heart—that which brings forth the fruits of intelligence and virtue." In other words, (to borrow the language of an admirable article on popular education, in a late North American Review,) every teacher, when entering upon the discharge of his duties, should be able most conscientiously "to say with himself—'now, my business is to do what is in my power, to rear up for society intelligent and virtuous men and women: it is not merely to make good arithmeticians or grammarians, good readers or writers, good scholars who shall do themselves and me credit—this, indeed, I have to do; but it is still farther, to make good members of society, good parents and children, good friends and associates; to make the community around me wiser and happier for my living in it: my labor, in fine, must be, to ingraft upon these youthful minds that love of knowledge and virtue, without which, they cannot be happy, nor useful, nor fitted for the greatest duties; and without which, indeed, all their acquisitions will soon drop like untimely blossoms from the tree of life.'"

We bind lads to hatters, shoemakers, and tailors, to learn their trades, lest our miserable bodies and limbs should not receive their due share of decoration—nay, we often make the mere fashion of these decorations an object of the most anxious concern, of the deepest imaginable interest; while the artizans who are to adorn our minds with *their* appropriate embellishments, are left to pick up their qualifications as they may; frequently too, they are persons without any inclination, or talents, or temper, or principles, to fit them for this all important business; and not unfrequently, with so slender a stock of the requisite knowledge and learning, as to be much more suitable subjects for *receiving*, than for imparting instruction. True it is, that such charlatans and impostors are soon found out; but they contribute greatly to degrade the profession, and do infinite mischief in other respects; for they are free to roam every where, without any testimonials of their fitness, and rarely fail to find some new field for their fatal empiricism.

Another crying fault among teachers is, that many still make rods and sticks their chief—if not the sole reliance, for restraining their pupils from doing what they prohibit, or for compelling them to do what they command; as if the only sure method of informing the mind, or curing the deep-rooted diseases of the soul, was by the barbarous quackery of bruising the head, or scarifying the body. Under the old *regime*, there were some punishments, (possibly still in use) of which it is hard to say, whether the cruelty or folly was greatest. For instance—one was to beat the collected ends of the fingers with an implement, sometimes made like a butter stick, at other times like a broad, flat rule. This served the double purpose of inflicting the first punishment, and for administering a second, which was to smack the palms of the open hands until they were often black and blue with bruises. I can speak experimentally of a *third* punishment, not less novel, I believe, than ingenious; but whether it was ever practised

by any other than a master of my own, (God rest his soul!) "this deponent sayeth not." It was unquestionably a favorite one with him, and well do I remember it, having occasionally suffered it in my own person. There was one thing which the scholars thought much in its favor—it could only be conveniently applied in the season for fires, as it consisted in igniting the end of a stick, extinguishing the blaze after a sufficient quantity of charcoal was formed, and then smoking the boys' noses, who were compelled to stand as still as statues, from the dread of something still more painful. How it may be with such of my school fellows and fellow sufferers as are still living, I cannot tell; but I confess my own nostrils have always taken unusual alarm at smoke ever since, although it has been more than forty years since they have received any in this way. What could have been our worthy tutor's object I never could conjecture, unless it might have been to give himself lessons in physiognomy, while contemplating the various contortions into which he could throw the human countenance, by the application of so simple, so cheap an agent, and thus coming at a better knowledge of the dispositions and characters of his pupils. I have it from several unquestionable authorities, that other punishments, still more cruel, irrational, and unjustifiable, were once, if they are not yet, common in some schools. Among these, I will here mention one, which a highly estimable gentleman told me, that he himself saw inflicted on his own brother, many years ago, in a celebrated eastern school, which was always full to overflowing. The poor little fellow, for some offence not recollected, was actually suspended from the floor by his thumbs, and suffered to hang so long, that several weeks elapsed before he recovered the perfect use of his hands. This was kept a profound secret from the father, doubtless through fear of their barbarous tyrant, lest he should inflict some equally cruel punishment on the informer.

In proof of farther deficiency in the requisite qualifications to perform, even what teachers themselves often promise—to say nothing of what the public have a right to expect from all who profess to teach—I will notice two or three advertisements which I myself saw several years ago. The schools, by the way, no longer exist. I rely upon these public annunciations as conclusive evidence of incompetence, because, with ample time to prepare such notices, if persons who offer to undertake the business of instruction, do not, even with the assistance of friends, put forth an advertisement in passable English, the failure is a clear demonstration, that much more is promised than the individual is capable of performing. The first advertisement contained a promise "to teach English Grammar *orthôepically*." The second notice informed all whom it might concern, that the gentleman would "*learn*" (instead of teach) all children all the branches which he enumerated, comprehending nearly the whole circle of sciences; but, notwithstanding this palpable proof, that he was ignorant of his own language, he soon obtained from seventy to eighty pupils. The third advertisement proclaimed, that all the various branches in which instruction was given by the subscribers, "were taught upon *reasoning principles*." Many more examples might be given of public promises to teach, which were falsified by the very terms in which they were made, but these, I hope, will suffice.

For this evil of incompetent teachers there seems to be no corrective but public opinion. This, however, must be more enlightened—must be better educated, before it can interpose effectually. Something, perhaps, might be beneficially done, by a law forbidding any persons from acting as teachers without certificates of fitness from well qualified judges. This is done in other countries, and in some parts of our own, as to the professions both of law and medicine. But in these parts, as with us, it would seem as if bodily health and property were esteemed of infinitely higher value, than all the faculties of the mind and endowments of the soul put together. These last are left defenceless—so far, at least, as law is concerned: the glorious privileges of ignorance are in all respects equal to those of knowledge, as regards the right to teach, or rather to attempt its exercise: and he who proposes to vend nonsense—nay, mental poison, like the vender of damaged goods and quack medicines, stands precisely on the same footing with the wisest, the best man, and the fairest and the most honest dealer in the nation. Not a solitary obstacle exists to the success of either, but the difficulty of procuring customers, and this is easily overcome, simply by the proclamation of “cheap goods! cheap physic! cheap schooling!” It has been said in vindication of such unrestrained, and often highly pernicious practices, that “every one has a right to do as he pleases with his own.” But this is true, only so long as we do nothing injurious either to ourselves or to others. The first species of injury is clearly, undeniably prohibited by the laws of God, the last is forbidden both by God and man. But we violate both divine and human laws, in offering to undertake so sacred a trust as that of teaching, if we know ourselves to be incapable of fulfilling it; and the parent who accepts such offer, incurs still deeper guilt, if he either knows or strongly suspects the incompetency of those who make it. Another argument is, that no person, however unfit, should be prevented from attempting to teach, because, if really incapable, this will soon be discovered; and, of course, such would-be teacher would get no employment. But those who use such arguments appear to forget entirely, that until our whole population be far better educated, than at present, the merest pretender to science and literature, who ever made the offer to instruct others, will always have some pupils sent to him “upon trial,” (as I have often heard it said,) especially if care be taken to call the new establishment “a cheap school.” The inevitable consequence of this *sending upon trial*, is, that the whole time the experiment lasts, is literally thrown away, if nothing worse. The poor children, who are the defenceless victims of the process, sustain the immediate loss; and indirectly, the public at large is injured to the full amount of the deficiency of that knowledge which the pupils might have gained under suitable instructors, and which might avail them, at some future period, to serve their country in some useful capacity or other. *If knowledge be power, time is wealth*, and wealth too, of the most precious kind; since to misapply it ourselves, or wilfully to make others do it, whose conduct our duty requires us to direct, is to expose to forfeiture our own chance of happiness in both worlds, and to place them in similar danger.

Even among very competent teachers, there is frequently a fault of very pernicious tendency, in which

they are encouraged, particularly by those who patronize them. It is often, probably, committed without design to deceive; but in this, as in many other matters, innocence of intention does not prevent the mischief of the act. Dr. South, I believe, somewhere says, “Hell itself is paved with good intentions.” The fault to which I allude is, that they, and their friends for them, often promise *too much*. Thus the teachers make out a very specious and flourishing epitome of their respective institutions, promising at one and the same time, both to shorten the period of instruction, and to augment the stock of knowledge imparted, in some most surprising manner, by means of various wonder-working contrivances. Upon this, probably, some partial and over zealous friends are consulted. These, in order to repay the compliment paid to their judgment, feel bound to flourish away in their turn; when, behold, the joint product of this mutual flattery is a marvellous statement running through our public journals, by way of epilogue to the prospectus of these schools, representing the conductors of them as all so many Edgeworths, Pestalozzias, and Fellenburgs; their pupils all docile and talented; or, if perchance a stray black sheep should get among them, it is speedily made as white as the best of them, either by the force of example, or by an admirable system of rules and regulations of such sovereign potency, as to effect *that* for a school, in a few weeks or months, which all the moral and religious teachers who have existed since the birth of our Saviour, have failed to accomplish for the christian world in eighteen hundred and thirty-six years. In these magic seminaries, by the wonder-working inventions of their conductors, all the crooked paths of education are speedily made straight—all the rough places smooth, and every old difficulty, which in times of yore, rendered the business of teaching and learning so irksome, tedious and puzzling, is made to vanish with a “presto, begone, thou mischievous imp of exploded and despised antiquity!” All the movements of these modernized and Utopian institutions, are represented as going on like clock-work, smooth as oil, and regular as the planetary system itself. Here, are never to be heard of any unmanageable children—any dunces—any mules who *can*, but *will not* learn. Here the fabled Parnassus is realized, with all its charming prospects of verdant slopes, odoriferous flowers, delicious fruits, and immortalizing laurels: and here, the splendid portals of the august temple of science bear upon their ample fronts, the soul-cheering invitation of, “ask and ye shall have, knock and they shall be opened unto you;” the mere reading alone of which, is to obtain for the scholars as ready an admittance to all their exhaustless treasures, as the repetition of the cabalistic word “sesame,” used to gain into the robber’s cave of the Arabian Nights’ Entertainments. These truly marvellous facilities invented by us moderns, to expedite the manufacture of profound scholars and immaculate moralists, as far surpass the clumsy contrivances of our ancestors, to accomplish the same ends, as that most palatable expedient for teaching the famous Martinus Scriblerus his alphabet, exceeded in ingenuity and delectable adaptation to the designed end, every other scheme devised for a similar purpose. It consisted simply, in coaxing the little genius to eat his letters cut out of gingerbread. Oh! the profundities and the altitudes of these won-

drous improvements! when shall we all learn to estimate them as they deserve? Not that I mean to deny the real advances made in the arts of teaching, as well as in the general system of education. These certainly have been very great, and are justly entitled to much praise. But I believe the facts will warrant me in asserting, that they fall far short of what they are generally represented to be; and that, if stripped of all exaggeration, of all false pretension, so as to be estimated exactly for what they are worth and no more, they will be found to have gained more in show than use; in other words, that they are, in no small degree, calculated to make vain, superficial pretenders to true knowledge, rather than profound scholars and real proficient in any art or science whatever—unless it be in the art of puffing, which seems now to have reached its acme of perfection. If the amount of these improvements were nearly equal to what is claimed for them, we should scarcely be able to walk along the streets of our towns and cities, without running our heads against such men as Pythagoras, Socrates, Aristotle, and Plato. But what is the plain, stubborn matter of fact? Why, that it is very doubtful, whether the number of such illustrious men (if such can be found at all,) now bears an equal proportion to the present population of the world, that the number did to the population of the period in which the philosophers just mentioned immortalized their names. There must be some reason for this, if true, as I confidently believe it to be; and it must lie much deeper, and have much more force, than the zealous advocates for the vast superiority of modern over by-gone times in the arts of teaching, will be willing to allow. May it not be found in the remarkable fact, that in ancient times, no men occupied a more elevated rank than *teachers*, while the all important business of teaching youth was confined to men of the highest order of talent—the most profound knowledge, and the greatest respectability of character; whereas, in our days, this indispensable occupation—this profession, so vitally necessary to human happiness, is permitted to be exercised by any one who chooses to attempt it? Nay, more, in these times, men of the highest order of talent and greatest acquirements, very rarely devote themselves to it. Hence, in public estimation, it has fallen nearly into the lowest ranks, whereas it once held, and ought again to occupy at least an equal grade with the highest of all the professions. None, I presume, will deny that the proportion of human talent is much the same in all ages. But education being the great moving power which enables this talent to exert itself efficaciously, the evidences of this exertion must always increase both in number and degree, if the modes of culture improve as fast as the subjects increase, upon whom they are to be exercised. Is this the fact?—if it is, where are the proofs in regard to the present times? Let those who have them bring them forward. There can be no doubt that a most delightful and fascinating picture might be given of the present state of society by any one who would exhibit all the good which is to be found in it, leaving entirely out of view every thing which is bad. But this last must even grow worse in education, as in every thing else, if it be not exposed with an unsparing hand.

Having spoken, as some perhaps may think too harshly, of the fault committed by teachers who claim

for themselves any great and novel discovery in teaching, let me endeavor equally to expose those who tempt them to the commission. It is with modes of instruction as with schools themselves—the newest are generally believed to be the best; and this seems often to be taken for granted, even by those who ought to know better. Not that novelty alone should constitute a valid objection to any thing; but surely it never should be considered of itself a sufficient recommendation to any scheme or project, the obvious design and effect of which will be, to subvert something long established and well approved. Yet in regard to schools, it is often sufficient to insure abundant patronage to utter strangers who offer to instruct young persons of either sex, if they will only profess to teach *old things* in a *new way*, or something purporting to be altogether new, and will dignify with the name of “*system*” what they are pleased to claim as a method of their own, or of some person equally unknown to the solicited patrons or patronesses. This fascinating term “*system*” settles all doubts, and the new broom sweeps all before it. I say not this with the slightest view of discouraging the establishment of new schools. Nothing, indeed, is farther from my thoughts—for I wish with all my heart that a good one could be fixed in every neighborhood throughout the United States. But the remarks have been made to inculcate the absolute necessity for avoiding all precipitation in the choice of schools, and for adopting some better measure of their merits than their own pretensions. It is true that parents and guardians must run some risk in sending to any school whatever, not immediately under their own eyes, and well known to them. But surely such risk need not be near so great as it often is, if they would always seek something beyond mere novelty in making their choice. How, and from whom, to seek is the great difficulty; for the characters of schools and their teachers are among the most uncertain things in the world—since they depend infinitely more on the prejudices and partialities of those who undertake to give them, than on their own real merits. Thus the parents and guardians of children who are either too stupid or too perverse to learn, will almost always ascribe their want of information to the teachers, and censure them in the most unqualified terms. On the other hand, where great progress has been made by the pupils, their friends and relatives will be equally profuse in praising their instructors. Strangers who are to decide, will rarely ever consider, or even inquire what is the relative situation of the eulogizers and censurers in regard to the schools and their teachers whose characters are given; although it is obvious, on the slightest reflection, that we cannot possibly judge correctly of any opinions affecting the reputation of others, without knowing thoroughly the motives of the persons who deliver these opinions, as well as their credibility. There is another important circumstance affecting the character of schools, which is very rarely attended to as it should be. The last to which the pupils go, although it be only for a few months or weeks, bears all the blame, or receives all the praise, for whatever habits they are found to possess—for whatever knowledge or ignorance may be discovered in them. It never appears for a moment to cross the brains of these character-coiners, that habits, either good or bad, cannot possibly be of such quick growth; or that much igno-

rance cannot be removed, nor much knowledge imparted, within a period utterly insufficient for communicating even the simplest elements of moral and scientific instruction.

The last fault which I shall notice among teachers, is, their not unfrequent practice of endeavoring to make a kind of compromise between that system of instruction based upon the unchangeable, eternal principles of the Gospel of Christ, and that which is preferred by the world at large. Few things, if any, can differ more; few in fact, are so utterly irreconcilable to each other: yet many teachers act as if they believed that their amalgamation must be attempted, cost what it may. The mere worldly portion of society, who compose a most fearful majority in every country, must be persuaded that their children will be educated according to their own principles and views; while the religious part of the community, small as it seems by comparison, must likewise be regarded as worthy of the teacher's attention. It is easy to infer what must be the result of any attempt to form this oil and water amalgam—this hotchpotch of contraries, where the worldly influence preponderates so much. The morality of the pupils will very rarely, if ever, reach beyond the external man, as it is not implanted in its only appropriate soil—the heart. Its cardinal maxim will be—not the admirable christian rule of “doing as you would be done by,” but—“do as others do; always wear a specious outside; ever keep well with the world, by conforming to all its fashionable practices;” while their religion will consist almost solely, in a mere formal and reluctant attendance at places of public worship, and in a seeming abstinence from scandalous vices.

It may be alleged as some small excuse perhaps, for this compromising spirit in teachers, that a very large portion of those who employ them are really incompetent to decide correctly, either how or what their children should be taught, although such persons are often most apt to interfere with the teacher's views; and are most liable to be governed by their own prejudices and passions rather than by reason and judgment. If the instructor, in any case, subjects his principles to their guidance, he degrades himself, he loses his self-respect by offending against his own conscience; on the other hand, if he obeys *that*, he risks the loss of their patronage by offending against their self-conceit, and few there are with moral courage enough to brave this danger. To what source therefore can we look with any rational hope of success for that reform in teachers—in schools—and in the relative merits of the matters taught, which is so demonstrably essential both to individual and national happiness? The disease is in a vitiated public opinion; and where are the moral physicians who have hardihood enough to attempt, and influence sufficient to administer the necessary remedies?

In my endeavors to expose the faults of parents, I gave one female example of ignorant interference with teachers. Having again just spoken of this pernicious practice, let me here cite an instance of a father, whose power to direct will best appear after the following statement. I once breakfasted, some thirty years ago, with one of those utterly incompetent parents, accompanied by two fine-looking little boys, apparently about eleven and twelve years of age. The father was more than half drunk, early as it was in the morning, and

told me, with a look of most ineffable self-complacency, that “he had brought his boys from school to town, to see”—what think you, my friends? why, “a negro hanged,” adding, “that it had always been *his opinion*, you could not too soon give boys a knowledge of the world by showing them everything that was to be seen.” Can we wonder that this world should be what it is, when such animals in the form of men, direct the education of so large a portion of it? They possess the legal right of directing, and none can control them. The consequence is, that thousands of youths who might have proved ornaments and blessings to their country, are utterly lost to every valuable purpose in life.

To judge better how far it is possible for teachers to mingle a worldly with a Christian system of instruction, let us endeavor briefly to state what we believe to be the only true and justifiable objects of education. These are—to insure, as far as human means can accomplish it, that there shall be “sound minds in sound bodies;” which can only be effected by fully developing the powers of both. If this be true, and not a rational man in the world, I think, will deny it, the merit of every plan of instruction must depend on its competency to achieve this great purpose by the direction which it gives to natural talent, and by its power to restrain or encourage the natural dispositions; to inculcate every species of useful knowledge; and to perfect all those corporeal powers, the exercise of which is essential to the procurement of health and the means of subsistence. Unless all these be done, and judiciously too, there cannot possibly be, *sound minds in sound bodies*. There may be abundance of science, a great knowledge of languages, a splendid assortment of accomplishments; but so far as depends upon scholastic instruction, there will be few or none of those great principles of human conduct which are to bear us triumphantly through all the perils both moral and physical of the present life, and lead us to heaven. The fashionable systems of the present day, can no more accomplish this, than they can teach children to fly. Religious principle, constantly demonstrated by religious practice, must, *aye must* be the first and last thing taught and required; or all the science and literature of the schools will be utterly unavailing to human happiness. But how many schools have we, where this is done? How many are there wherein not even a *pretence* is made of either public or private worship—of either moral or religious instruction? Numerous, deplorably numerous are the instances in which the poor pupils are all left to seek God or not, according to their own fancies; and where the miserable pretext for such criminal neglect is, that the Liberals of the present times, than whom, by the way, there are no greater bigots upon earth—bigots I mean in *unbelief*—would probably deem it an improper interference with the religious creeds of the scholars, if one word were ever uttered about religion at all. Every thing of the kind they denounce as sectarian—even Christianity itself; as if there was not just as much sectarianism in infidelity, as among any sect of Christians to be found in the world. Nay more, as if the dangers of error in either party were not most fearfully greater on their side than on the side of the Christians.

The foregoing faults are not confined to boy schools; but too often appear in female schools also. In regard to these last, there is one peculiar fault committed by

many teachers which cannot be too much exposed. If much retirement be essential to successful study, nothing can well be more preposterous, than frequently to give girls the choice between the attractions of company and those of their schoolrooms: for not one in a hundred will then choose the latter. The great mischief of this indulgence is, that not only their places of study, but the studies themselves are brought into continual danger of becoming both irksome and disgusting to them. If it be said that they must go into company to form their manners, the answer is, that even manners may be too dearly bought. But admitting their high value, the teachers should be the exemplars of their pupils in *this* as in other matters, or they are not entirely fit for their office. It may also be added, that manners formed by much company-keeping are not such as would be most sought after in a wife—the destined head, and greatest ornament of a domestic circle: for if these manners have become the subject of much admiration, the possessor is rarely ever known to be content, unless she can have many other spectators besides her husband and family to witness their display. Wonderful indeed, would it be, if women who were trained one half their lives to acquire some accomplishment for the sake of having it admired, should be perfectly satisfied to spend the other half with only a husband, and now and then a relation or two to act the part of admirers. I will not deny that what are called “elegant manners,” can rarely be acquired without mixing much with good society. It is also admitted that there is nothing in their acquirement at all incompatible with the attainment of all other good qualities or acquisitions; and that many of the most agreeable and estimable women are to be found among those who have seen most of the world. But are these most likely to be happy in the retirement of that domestic life, which is the destiny of ninety nine women in a hundred? *If they are not*, then far too much has been sacrificed for “elegant manners.” *If they are*, should we not see many more of them to unsettle our faith in the truth of the general rule, that all who are destined to spend the longest portion of their existence in private life, should necessarily be so educated, as to acquire a decided preference for it, or we do them a great and irreparable injury by giving them a different taste? That such education is altogether incompatible with that which requires much going into company, as one of its essential parts, seems to me as clear as the light of a meridian sun in a cloudless day. It is scarcely in human nature for young ladies who have reigned as the belles of society, as idols in public, to become exemplary, happy matrons in private life. The two characters are so entirely unlike, their tastes, their highest gratifications so entirely dissimilar, that the same persons can rarely, if ever, fill both characters. *When they do they are moral wonders.* The natural modesty of the sex, which always inclines them to shun rather than to seek general admiration; and consequently to prefer home, with all its tranquil pleasures, and rational enjoyments, to the bustle, the notoriety and highly exciting gratifications of the world, will not be altogether subdued in every case, by what is called a fashionable education; but assuredly, there is nothing in any part of the whole process calculated to give this greatest charm of the female character its proper culture and highest embellishment. This embellishment is

piety towards God, and active benevolence towards the whole human race. Let me not be misunderstood—let me never be deemed so illiberal, so inexperienced, as to believe that no ladies fashionably educated, can be pious or benevolent, or happy in private life; *no, far from it*; but I do assert that the whole tendency of fashionable education is to prevent their being either. It is, in truth, as little suited to the things of time, as to those of eternity. A very brief argument, I think, will prove this assertion to be true.

If the general principle of adapting the early education of our children to the profession we expect them to follow—to the situations and circumstances in which we think it likely they will be placed—be correct in every case, where boys are concerned; why, in the name of common sense, should it be incorrect in regard to girls? Are *they alone* to be trained for *one thing*, while they are probably destined for *another*? Is it not the height of cruelty, as well as injustice, to give them tastes and expectations which can be gratified only for a few months, perhaps for a year or two, after which they will almost certainly have to spend the remainder of their lives, however long, in nearly utter destitution of the opportunities, if not the means also, to use and to realize these parental gifts? Desperate surely is the folly, or far above all reason is the wisdom of such a plan; if indeed the only legitimate plan of all education be—permanently to promote the real happiness of the individuals educated.

Few, I believe, if any, will deny, that the common fault just pointed out—of so illy adapting the education of girls to the situations in which they will probably be placed, deserves all the reprehension which can be bestowed upon it. But those who are most apt to commit it, are often guilty of another, if possible still worse. For the same falsely calculating spirit which neglects to provide for the domestic happiness of the child, so far as that can be secured by the culture of tastes, sentiments, and habits suitable for domestic life, will often exert parental influence and authority, after what they call education is finished, to wed the poor victims of their mismanagement to some husband who is deemed a good match, (to use a slang phrase among matrimonial negotiators,) solely on account of his wealth. After making it almost absolutely necessary to the happiness of the helpless daughter that she should marry a man of polished manners, refined taste and liberal education, she is forcibly united to one entirely destitute of all these accomplishments—to one who will snore an accompaniment to her sweetest music—will gaze, if he looks at all, “with lack-lustre eye,” on her finest paintings; and flee from her elegant dancing to the gambling house and the bottle: to one in fine whose capability of participating with her in the pleasures of reading, or of literary conversation, will probably be but a few grades above that of the most illiterate clown. Such, alas! is too often the reward of a fashionable education; especially in cases where in procuring it, the fortunes of the poor girls have all been expended with confident anticipations that ample compensation would be found in the wealth of their future husbands. It not unfrequently happens that one of the effects of this worldly training is, to make the girls full as great calculators as their parents in regard to matrimonial connexions. When this occurs, they well deserve all the

misery that so often follows a marriage contracted from such mercenary and truly despicable motives; although the parents themselves if they had their due, would undergo tenfold suffering for having been the original cause of the calamity, in first placing their daughters where such principles were to be imbibed; and afterwards co-operating with might and main to encourage their very complying teachers in accomplishing so glorious a work.

My purpose in commencing this lecture, was to confine it solely to the "faults of teachers;" but I have been led insensibly to blend with them certain parental faults. Although this is a departure from the order which I had prescribed to myself, I hope it may serve to strengthen all my objections to the faults of both parties; since the influence and authority of parents superadded to the exertions of teachers in a wrong course, must be incalculably more dangerous and fatal. It has been forcibly remarked in regard to some of the practical evils of a certain government, that, "if men suffer, what matters it, whether it be by the act of a licensed or an unlicensed robber—a Janizary or a Jonathan Wild." And well may it be asked in relation to the practical defects of our systems of education, what matters it whether they are legalized as in corporate schools, or submitted to as in private ones, or whether parents or teachers are most to blame for them, so long as they are quietly suffered to work all the mischief which they so constantly produce? However innocent either, or both parties may be of intentional harm to the sufferers from these defects, their influence on human happiness is not therefore the less baneful. Innocence of intention, which I doubt not may generally be pleaded in this case, is no excuse, but a great aggravation of the evil, since there can be no hope of any remedy until the perpetrators of the mischief can be convinced of its real character, its full extent, and that they alone are its authors—that they only have both the power and the right to apply the proper corrective. If they would take the matter in hand; if they would co-operate earnestly and perseveringly in a right course, only for a few years, the moral condition of our society would soon be as different from what it now is, as our fondest hopes could possibly anticipate. The vast improvement which such co-operation might effect, the incalculable private and public blessings it would certainly produce, cannot, I believe, be better illustrated on my part, than by giving you in conclusion, the last two paragraphs of the excellent article on popular education already quoted from the North American Review for January. In speaking of the absolute necessity of inculcating moral and religious principles as the groundwork of all really useful education, the author remarks:

"There are few departments of scholastic instruction, whether higher or lower, that may not be found to yield constant suggestions for virtuous and religious excitement. The teacher who should skillfully avail himself of such opportunities, would produce effects upon society the most extensive and lasting, and the most delightful. Sir James Mackintosh says of Dugald Stewart, and we can scarcely conceive of a higher eulogium, that 'few men ever lived perhaps who poured into the breasts of youth a more fervid and yet reasonable love of liberty, of truth and of virtue. How many

(he adds) are still alive, in different countries, and in every rank to which education reaches, who, if they accurately examined their own minds and lives, would not ascribe much of whatever goodness and happiness they possess to the early impressions of his gentle and persuasive eloquence.' Few men indeed possess the powers or opportunities of the Edinburgh Professor. But, to every instructor of youth, a sphere is opened for the exertion of the noblest talents and virtues. It is a most mischievous and absurd idea, but one that has prevailed, if it do not still prevail, that such a man is not required to possess great talents—that he may be a dull and plodding man—that he may be dull in his moral sensibility—that he need not be a religious man—and yet may very well discharge the duties of his station. But if heaven has given to any man talent and enthusiasm, or virtue, or piety, let him know that it is all wanted *here*, and that he can scarcely choose a nobler field for its action. Let a man enter this field, therefore, not to go through the dull round of prescribed duty; let him throw himself into this sphere of action with his whole mind and heart—with every wakeful energy of thought and kindling fervor of feeling; to think and to act, to devise and to do, all that his powers permit, for the minds that are committed to him; to develop and exhaust his whole soul in this work; to labor *for* and *with* his pupils—to win their affection—to quicken in them the love of knowledge, to inspire with every noble impulse the breast of ingenuous youth; to raise up sound scholars for literature, and devoted pastors for the church, and patriotic citizens for the country, and glorious men for the world: let him do *this*, and none shall leave brighter signatures upon the record of honored and well spent lives. Let him do *this*, and whether he sit in the chair of a university or in the humblest village school—whether as a Stewart or a Cousin, or as an Oberlin or Pestalozzi, he may fill the land with grateful witnesses of his worth, and cause a generation unborn to rise up and call him blessed.

"To the friends of education, as well as to the actual laborers in its cause, let us say in fine, *press onward*. The spread of knowledge has given birth to civil liberty; the increase and improvement of knowledge must give it stability and security. The fortunes of the civilized world are now embarked in this cause. The great deeps are breaking up, and the ark that is to ride out the coming storm must have skill engaged in its construction, and wisdom to preside at its helm. The warfare of opinion is already begun; and for its safe direction, knowledge *must* take the leading staff. In *this* war, not the mighty captain but the schoolmaster, is to marshal the hosts to battle. It is *he* that is to train the minds which are to engage in this contest. It is *he* that is to train up orators and legislators, statesmen and rulers; and *he* too is to form the body politic of the world. Would the free spirits of the world look to the defence and hope of their cause? It is no dubious question where they must look. Their outposts are *free schools*; their citadels are *universities*; their munitions are *books*; and the mighty engine that is to hurl destruction upon the legions of darkness, is the *free press*. Other ages have struggled with other weapons; but the panoply of *this* age *must be knowledge*; the gleaming of *its* armour must be the light that flashes from the eye of free, high minded public opinion. Call

this complimenting, call it complaisance to the base multitude, call it visionary speculation, call it what you will—but the doctrine is true: and, over the liberties of the world, whether prostrate or triumphant, *that truth* must arise brighter and brighter for ever.”

NATIONAL INGRATITUDE.

BY MATHEW CAREY.

Every American, actuated by a due regard for the honor of his country, must feel deep regret at one feature in the proceedings of our government, which is equally impolitic and discreditable. I mean the neglect, or, what is near akin to neglect, the very long delay of an acknowledgment of those brilliant services, which not only add lustre to the national character, but often produce the most solid, substantial advantages. In this respect, I am afraid, we are more delinquent than any other nation in Christendom—so far, at least, as regards delay. This conduct is, I say, discreditable, as it manifests a deficiency of gratitude, one of the noblest of national virtues.

It is, moreover, impolitic, and may often produce most pernicious and disastrous results in moments of difficulty and danger. There is a vast difference between the efforts of two men, in such crisis, one of whom may rationally anticipate having his merits duly appreciated, and to a certain extent remunerated, if he perform any very gallant or brilliant exploit—the other almost equally certain, that do what he may, he will probably be overlooked altogether, or, if his exploit be commemorated, it will be after a tedious delay of ten, fifteen or twenty years. In such great emergencies, as I referred to above, the former is stimulated to volunteer his services as one of a forlorn hope, where the chances are twenty to one against his escape—the other, if detailed for the service, will doubtless perform his duty, but will have had little temptation to offer himself as a volunteer.

Doubtless such considerations have great influence on the conduct of British military and naval officers. Whenever they perform any very signal or glorious exploit, they are morally certain of due and prompt attention being paid them. With us, if an officer victoriously defends a fort against an overwhelming superior force, as Colonel Croghan did—if he intrepidly destroy an important vessel of war, belonging to an enemy, and by that glorious act spread the fame of his country in remote nations, as Decatur, and his brave companions did—if he defeat a numerous army, as Scott and Brown have done—if he preserve a vessel of war by a rare union of ardor, tact, and energy, as Hull did when pursued by a fleet—if he capture or destroy an entire fleet, as Perry and M'Donough have done—what is his reward? Perhaps nothing. Perhaps after a lapse of ten, a dozen, or twenty “lingering, lagging years” of suspense, he is, at a time when the exploit by which it was earned is almost forgotten, rewarded with a gold-hilted sword!

By-the-by, swords are, except for officers in actual service, a very injudicious mode of testifying national gratitude. To such officers they may be very appropriate, as they may carry them on their persons, and their appearance will recall the recollection of the action for

which they were awarded.* But a service of plate, which might not cost as much as a gold-hilted sword, lying on a sideboard, or used by the party in his entertainments, would more effectually tend to gratify that laudable pride and ambition, which, say what we may, have a powerful tendency to produce almost every thing estimable in human conduct.

Of the striking cases in our history, which have called forth, and which justify these strictures, I shall present those of General Starke, Commodore Decatur, and Lieutenant Webster.

General Starke.

That the acknowledgment of the Independence of the United States by, and the treaty of alliance with, France, accelerated the acknowledgment on the part of Great Britain, is a point admitted on all hands. Those arrangements with France probably saved the country the horrors of two or three years additional warfare—and this at a time when its resources were nearly exhausted, and a fearful gloom had for a long time pervaded the horizon.

It is equally true, that the battle of Saratoga and the capture of a powerful, well-disciplined army, commanded by an enterprising general, decided the hitherto wavering councils of Louis XVI. to admit the United States into the fellowship of nations.

Should there be any doubts on the subject, they will be removed by an attention to the chronology of that period.

Dr. Franklin arrived in Paris, in December, 1776, and used his utmost endeavors to obtain an acknowledgment of American Independence from month to month, in vain. He was fed with those vague promises, of which courtiers can be so lavish, but which, however specious, mean little or nothing. At length was fought the important battle of Saratoga, on the 17th, of October, 1777. The news probably reached the Court of Versailles early in December. The treaties of alliance and acknowledgment of independence were signed on the 7th of February, 1778, after a lapse of only eight or nine weeks from the arrival of that intelligence. This time was probably employed in concocting the terms and was by no means too much for such a mighty business.† Could the Jew Apella, for a moment, doubt the cause that led that court to the recognition of American Independence?

This preface appeared necessary to shed a proper blaze of light on the glorious battle of Bennington, the turning point of the war to the northward, which directly led to the triumph at Saratoga, and to the capture of the bombastic British commander. National gratitude could, at its utmost stretch, scarcely overpay an achievement pregnant with such all-important consequences.

* Lieutenant Webster, in a letter received from him some years since, corroborated this idea: “I keep the sword generally in my closet, unless a friend should request to see it.”

† “In the midst of this supposed gloomy state of affairs in America, the news of the surrender of the British army commanded by General Burgoyne, to that of the Americans under General Gates, at Saratoga, on the 17th October, 1777, arrived in France; and at the very moment when the French cabinet was as yet undecided in regard to the steps to be adopted relative to the United States. This memorable event immediately turned the scale, and fixed the French nation in their attachment to the infant republic.”—*Memoirs of Franklin*, p. 392.

General Carleton, who commanded the British forces in Canada, being regarded as not sufficiently energetic, was superseded by General Burgoyne, who stood in high estimation for energy, military skill and bravery. How far he answered expectation remains to be seen. He started from Canada early in December, 1776, and met with little resistance in his destructive and marauding career some hundred miles, till he arrived at Saratoga.

He issued his braggart proclamation on the 6th of December, in which he denounced extermination, through the instrumentality of the hordes of Indians, whom he had in his pay, against all who dared oppose his Majesty's arms. The prospect to the north was then to the last degree gloomy—defeat and disaster had marked the progress of the Americans. Those were "times that really tried men's souls." Despondency had spread extensively. General Schuyler, who commanded the northern army, gives an appalling description of the state of things. "The torpor, criminal indifference, and want of spirit which so generally prevail, are more dangerous than all the efforts of the enemy." On the 4th of July he resumes the subject—"We have not above four thousand continental troops; if men, one-third of whom are negroes, boys, and men too aged for the field, and indeed for any other service, can be called troops. The States, whence these troops came, can determine why such boys, negroes, and aged men were sent. A great part of the army took the field in a manner naked, without blankets, ill armed, and very deficient in accommodations."

Such was the deplorable state of affairs to the north, a few weeks previous to the time when Starke made his appearance on the arena. General Burgoyne, being considerably straitened for provisions of every kind, and having learned, by his spies, that there was a large supply of flour, corn, and cattle, collected at Bennington, guarded only by militia, of whom he entertained great contempt, despatched a body of five hundred Germans with one hundred Indians, under the command of Colonel Baum, to seize them. The Germans, being heavily armed, and the roads greatly obstructed, were several days in marching between thirty and forty miles.

General Starke, who had for some time previously employed all his influence and energies in collecting as many militia as possible, commenced an attack on Baum's troops, immediately on their arrival; but, after a short struggle, had to retire to some little distance; meanwhile, Baum, finding his situation perilous, fortified himself within a double breast-work, and sent for assistance to Burgoyne. On the other hand, Starke, having received a reinforcement on the 16th of August, renewed his attack on Baum; and, notwithstanding the strength of his defences, and the bravery of his troops, carried the fortifications, and made prisoners of all that were not killed. This battle was just ended when a reinforcement of five hundred Germans, under Breyman, made its appearance. The Americans, though extremely fatigued by the assault, and a battle of two hours, attacked the new enemies with such determined bravery, that their efforts were crowned with a most complete victory, after a hard fought battle of several hours. The results of the two battles were, the capture of about seven hundred prisoners, one thousand stand of arms, four brass field-pieces, twelve brass drums, two hundred and fifty dragoon swords, four ammunition

wagons, eight loads of baggage, and twenty horses. Among the prisoners was Colonel Baum, who shortly afterwards died of his wounds. There were killed in the two battles about three hundred men, of whom, it is supposed, one third were Americans.

As a reward for this glorious triumph of patriotism and heroic bravery, Congress *liberally passed a resolution of thanks to General Starke and his brave soldiers! and promoted him to the rank of brigadier-general! WERE NOT THESE THANKS AND PROMOTION ABUNDANT REWARD?*

Whether this veteran received a pension or not, cannot now be ascertained. But be that as it may, he was, in his old age, I believe about ninety, reduced to penury. On the 18th of March, 1818, forty years after his exploits, he petitioned Congress for a pension (perhaps an additional one.) The petition was referred, in the House of Representatives, to a committee, who reported a bill on the 19th, which, conformably with the usual procrastinating routine of Congress proceedings*, lay over untouched for five weeks, till the 18th of April, when it was passed and sent to the Senate, who referred it to the committee on pensions, who reported it that day, without amendments. It was read in committee of the whole, on Monday the 20th, and agreed to *with amendments*. It being against the rules of the Senate to pass a bill the same day on which it has undergone amendments, Mr. Fromentin moved to suspend the rule. But, regardless of the services, the claims, and the sufferings of the hero, the motion, alas! was rejected—Congress adjourned next day—and, of course, the bill was lost. Next session it passed. Starke received one year's pension, but died before another came around—covered with glory, but steeped in penury!!

The Capture and Destruction of the Philadelphia frigate.

History furnishes few instances of heroic daring—ardent zeal—unconquerable energy—and nice tact and skill, equal to the capture and destruction of the frigate Philadelphia, in the harbor of Tripoli—and, all the circumstances of the case duly considered, it may be doubted whether any thing superior to it can be found on record. Never was there a much more hazardous enterprise—never was there a greater disparity between the means of attack and the means of defence. Indeed, it must be confessed, that all the dictates of prudence were opposed to the undertaking. But I will not enfeeble the interest of the reader, by attempting to describe the affair, when it is so transcendently better done in the glowing and eloquent speech of the Hon. Mr. Robbins, one of the senators from the State of Rhode Island.

"The Philadelphia was captured from the barbarians when she was, and after she had long been, in their secure possession, in their own harbour, and under the guns of their own fort, and where she was kept fully

* To this general censure, there was one remarkable exception. The bill, to render members of Congress salary officers, at the rate of fifteen hundred dollars per annum, was hurried forward with an engine of high pressure. It was read the first and second time, March 6th, 1813—the third time, and passed the 9th. Received and read first time in Senate, the 11th, second time 12th, third time, and passed, the 14th. Laid before the President, and passed, the 15th. Thus, this bill, so extremely obnoxious, was hurried through, from its initiation till its final ratification in twelve days.

manned and armed, as their pride, as well as defence, and where she was a monument at once for barbarian triumph, and for American humiliation. *This protecting fort was armed with more than a hundred guns, and backed, it was said, by an army in camp of twenty thousand men. The banks of the harbor were lined with land-batteries throughout, and armed also with more than a hundred guns, and its waters were guarded by a thousand seamen. Still this little gallant band, the recaptors, in the dead of night, with Decatur at their head, made their way to this frigate, boarded her, cut down every barbarian on board, or drove him over her sides into the water; then, in obedience to orders to set fire to her in different parts, they burnt her down to the water's edge, and made their retreat in safety; and all this in the face and fire of the artillery of that fort and of those land-batteries.*

"Let it be recollected that this daring enterprise was out of the routine of the regular naval service; it was, indeed, permitted, but not directed by the commanding officer on that station; it was wholly a volunteer enterprise. It was originally suggested by the gallant and ever-to-be-lamented Decatur, then a lieutenant, and but a youth, as it were. He saw that the thing was practicable to spirits daring like his own, and that the achievement, though full of danger, would be full of honor. He saw the brilliant page it would make in history; but he did not foresee that it would be but the title-page to that volume of brilliant exploits, which subsequently were to illustrate our naval annals, of which this was to be the precursor and animating model. He soon collected his volunteer band of congenial spirits, all young, like himself, and, like him, burning with a thirst for distinction. Confiding in themselves, they went to the enterprise, confident of success, and did realize what to colder minds would seem but the dream of romance. It is pleasing to note the number of our naval heroes, who afterwards so much distinguished themselves in our naval battles, who gave their juvenile and first proofs of heroism in this heroic enterprise."

Thirty-two years have elapsed since this achievement took place, and the halls of Congress have, probably, witnessed twenty or thirty frivolous debates on this simple question, whether a great, a powerful, a wealthy nation, lying under heavy obligations to some of its heroic citizens, should honorably discharge the debt, or, through an unworthy species of chicanery, delay or evade the payment—debates, which, in addition to the dishonor they inflicted on the nation, probably cost full as much as would have satisfied the claimants, and rescued them from the distress and embarrassments caused by the delay of justice. A delay of justice is often equivalent to a denial of it, and, for aught we know, it may be somewhat the case in the present instance. The justice of the claim has, I apprehend, never been disputed. The difficulty, so far as I understand the subject, is on the apportionment of the sum acknowledged to be due, among the different claimants. But what character would an individual deserve, who owed a sum of money to a number of persons, and delayed, or refused to pay any of them, under pretence that he could not precisely fix their respective quotas? Would he not be set down, and with justice, as a sharper. And are the rules of morality less obligatory on nations than on individuals?

If a proper disposition to do justice prevailed with Congress, the difficulty might have been easily obviated, by passing an act awarding the whole sum to the mass of the captors, subject to an apportionment by an arbitration, or by a jury.

If the widow of the illustrious Decatur, and her fellow-claimants, whoever they may be, are not common paupers, supported by eleemosynary aid—are not tenants of hospitals, or alma-houses—their escape from this frightful result, attaches no merit to those majorities whose cold-blooded and heartless votes are recorded against the act of paramount justice involved in this question.

Lieutenant Webster and Lieutenant Newcomb.

It cannot for a moment be doubted that the gallant attack on the British, in their attempt on Baltimore, by a six gun battery, called Fort Patapaco, and by another small battery called Fort Covington, the former commanded by Lieutenant Webster, and the latter by Lieutenant Newcomb, were the chief means of saving the city from capture. The British contemplated a simultaneous attack by land and water; and, while the troops were landing at North Point, a flotilla, consisting of sixteen ships including five bomb vessels, proceeded up the Patapaco. At one o'clock, A. M. on the 14th of September, 1814, twelve hundred picked men were detached with scaling ladders, to land on the south side of the city. They had eluded Fort M'Henry by a somewhat circuitous route. As they approached the shore, the two small forts, of whose existence, it is believed, they were ignorant, opened a most destructive fire upon them, which sunk some of their barges, and killed many of their men. These unexpected disasters wholly deranged all their plans, and made them retreat in a state of discomfiture. In their retreat they came within gunshot of Fort M'Henry, which raked them with great havoc.

Had they passed the two small forts, and debarked their men at the contemplated point, nothing could have saved Baltimore from falling a prey to those who had so recently taken Washington; and sharing in the ignominious fate of that city, as, even without this co-operation, the former, Baltimore, was in most imminent danger.

For this invaluable service, which would be cheaply purchased by millions of dollars, the two Lieutenants received the thanks of the City of Baltimore, and each a gold-hilted sword, which cost between three and four hundred dollars. To Lieutenant Webster, whose circumstances were humble, a donation of an equal sum in *Fargent comptant* would have been infinitely more useful. Sometime afterwards he opened a grocery store, nearly opposite the Indian Queen, in Market street, the principal thoroughfare in Baltimore, a city which was so largely indebted to him, and whose inhabitants ought to have vied with each other in their encouragement of him. But, alas! so slender was their support, that he was unable to maintain himself by his business, and finally failed. What has become of him since, I have no means of ascertaining with precision, but have some reason to believe that he is now in the service of the United States.

"Ingratitude! thou marble-hearted fiend!"

DIARY OF AN INVALID.

NO. II.

THE PORTRAIT.

My life, during the last three years, has been as variable as the seasons. My own habits and manner of existence often remind me of those gregarious birds, whose mysterious and far off voices we hear, singing the requiem of dying pleasure, as they journey from one climate to another. As soon as I have made an agreeable settlement in one place, and begin to enjoy the sympathies of society, (for believe me, gentle reader, my heart was not cast in the misanthrope's mould,) either a blast from the north, or a fiery dart from the south, warns me that I am out of my proper latitude. On consulting with my physician on the fittest location for my approaching winter quarters, he suggested Charleston, in South Carolina, as offering the twofold advantage of a regular and mild temperature of climate, and all the pleasures arising from intercourse with the most polished and interesting society in the United States. Knowing something of the querulous, desponding disposition attendant on protracted disease, he encouraged me to the removal, by remarking that he had himself spent a winter in that city, under circumstances much more depressing; and he could truly say, he retained none but the most delightful reminiscences of the place or its inhabitants. He had formed many valuable and enduring friendships among its citizens, and on some of them he should confer a favor, by recommending his friend to their hospitable courtesies. He furnished me with several letters of introduction; among them was one to Col. H. B. Ashton; in handing me which, he paused, exclaiming with enthusiastic emotion, "Oh! that I could take the place of this letter—that I could grasp again that hand, the pledge of as true a heart as ever beat in a human breast." He continued—"His address you will readily ascertain, as he is a man of some distinction there. You have only to forward *this*, and I will warrant that you never repent the trouble of presenting it."

On the first day of November, I took passage in a commodious packet, bound from New York to Charleston. The day of embarkation was fine, and my feelings of regret, on leaving my native city, gave place to an exhilarating superiority, as, in clearing her port, I saw her proud ramparts spurn the encroaching billow, while the flag of every nation swept by me, seeking her free and rich commerce.

We had a fair and pleasant voyage to Charleston, which (except in contrast with my own *imperial city*,) I should pronounce both an interesting and handsome looking town from its harbor. On landing, I had more than enough very civil offers to take me to the best hotel, in the best coach, on the very best terms. This matter was soon settled, and away I was whirled into the heart of the town, and set down before a spacious and ancient looking building, not exhibiting all the Corinthian ornament of our northern style of architecture, but sumptuous in its accommodations. There was an ease and an elegance in all its "appointments," very gratifying to the flesh, as I can say from experience. Either I was in the humor to be pleased with every

thing, or every thing was in the humor to please me. The very attendants, to the lowest menial, evinced the most perfect delight in waiting my pleasure, or doing my bidding; unlike our northern gentry, who by their impertinent *empressment*, show that they are working "for a consideration."

The first morning after my arrival opened with smiles so bland, that I was tempted to walk to the post office and deposit my letters of introduction; for I soon learnt that the etiquette here is not to force yourself upon the acquaintance of any one. The following day brought a number of calls in answer to my letters. The gentlemen were all courteous and prepossessing, but none came up exactly to my idea of Ashton. It was late in the evening, and I was getting a little miffed, that my claims on his attention had not been acknowledged with the promptitude my importance demanded, when a quick rap at the door announced a visitor. Before I had time to smooth down my ruffled temper into any thing like complacency, in walked a tall and elegant gentleman, who, addressing me, said, "May H. Ashton claim the privilege of a friend, in greeting Mr. M—with a heartfelt shake of the hand?" He went on to say, that an unexpected call into the country had prevented his receiving intelligence of my arrival until late in the evening, which, he remarked, must account for his apparent neglect. But as soon as I saw the man, every unworthy thought was gone. He could not be mistaken. Nature had set her stamp upon him, as one of her *premiere* productions, when she makes the moral attributes correspond and harmonize in beautiful proportions with noble external lineaments. He had passed the zenith of life, being then perhaps sixty years old, yet time had not extinguished the fires of youth; tempered and mellowed in the school of experience, they beamed still in the smile of benevolence, and were practically illustrated in every virtue. I could dwell on the charming traits of his character forever—but lest I should tire my reader, I will hasten on to the incident which gave rise to the following interesting narrative.

It was soon settled, that I should spend as much of my leisure time as I found agreeable, at the house of my new friend. He gave me a sort of running history of what I might expect to encounter, of noise and confusion, in a castle populous with brats of all ages and sizes; but, concluded he, "good humor, like charity, hides all their failings, in my eyes, at least." With these prepossessions, you will not be surprised to learn, that I found his family not only pleasant, but interesting. Mrs. Ashton was a lady, whose polished and dignified manners showed that she had moved in the select circle of society, which she still adorned by the charms of her conversation and the sweetness of her disposition. Her two eldest sons were settled in life, and the youngest daughter at a boarding school; but the six little rioters of grand-children were sufficiently *uproarious*, to show that the tranquillity of the house must not depend on silence.

I had, on my first entrance into the saloon, remarked a PORTRAIT, which, with many others, adorned the room, but which, though it hung in a much less conspicuous light, had, from the first moment I beheld it, irresistibly attracted my attention. Its subject was a young lady, apparently not more than sixteen years old. Whenever the conversation flagged, or my thoughts

were free, my eyes insensibly turned to the charmed spot, and there they would rest, while with a strange delight, my mind would busy itself in trying to define, and to gift with "a local habitation and a name," the deep, overpowering sympathies its beauty awakened in the mind of the beholder. I can speak of the effect on my feelings, but words would be inadequate to express its surpassing loveliness. In beholding it, I could only exclaim, in the celebrated words of Burke, "There surely never lighted on this globe a more delightful vision." To describe the features separately, would give you no idea of the bewitching harmony of the whole expression. "Her eyes dark charm't were vain to tell." Their light seemed as emanated from the celestial world, and while you were gazing on it, your soul appeared to catch something of the beatific vision. And yet this heavenly being seemed not sublimated beyond the affections of earth—No, the rainbow of hope and love looked as it were spanning a dark cloud, which might blot it out forever. This fascination continued from day to day, and yet no remark or inquiry was made as to the original of the portrait. I felt as if there were something mysterious or sacred about it, and that it would be intruding into the sanctuary of private feelings, to show any curiosity on the subject. None of the family ever alluded to it, though they must have observed the deep interest with which I regarded it.

One evening, after all the little nurslings were hushed, we sat as usual, telling over, with the garrulity of age, the events of "by-gone days." Ashton's talent for animated narrative was of the first order, and the hours flew on the wings of delight, when I could get him to dilate on the revolutionary struggles at the south. Of those times his mind retained the faint recollections of childhood, but his memory was stored with volumes of their kindling and heart-stirring facts, which seemed to possess double interest, when told by the patriot and the sage. His early fancies had been fed with this "ancient lore" from the fountain of a mother's love and a mother's instructions. Listening to her stories of the self-denial, hardships and dangers, our ancestors encountered in the path to freedom, his soul had become transformed into their image; and now, the spirits of Laurens, and Rutledge, and Sumpter, seemed to stalk before me, while he rehearsed their deeds.

I inquired if any members of his own immediate family were engaged in the war? "None," he replied, "but its evils were felt in almost every family, and its consequences, like those of other civil wars, were often destructive to domestic peace and happiness. Such was the case in our own house. I have remarked the fixed attention with which you have gazed on a female portrait in my saloon. It is not often I lift the veil which conceals the story of one whose fate was so intimately linked with the tenderest feelings of my own heart; but I see that your sympathies are already interested, and if you desire it, I will give you a brief sketch of the original of the portrait, referring, where my recollections fail, to my mother's memoranda." I expressed my high gratification at his offer, and he proceeded to relate the following particulars.

"Morna Ridgely was the only child of Colonel Charles Ridgely, an officer in the forty-second regiment of British light infantry. He was the younger son of a noble family in Northumberland; and, as usual in such

cases, the laws of entail excluded him from the advantages of patrimony, leaving him to choose between the church and the army. He possessed a gallant, noble, and sincere disposition, and scorned the idea of making "merchandise of the gospel;" but to fight his country's battles, to bring glory to Old England, was quite congenial to his feelings. His choice was made, and he was to go into the army as soon as a vacancy occurred in the regiment. Meantime, he was pursuing his studies at the University of Edinburgh, where many of the younger branches of English nobility are sent.

"It was here that he formed an attachment to a lovely young Scottish maiden, by the name of Morna Donald. Her father had been the leader of a clan, which had often made incursions on the border, and, of course, his name was in "ill odor" with the English gentry of the neighboring lands. But the gentle Morna bloomed in unstained purity and innocence, the brightest flower on Scottish heath—and she gave the "jewel of her heart to the gallant and open hearted Ridgely, not dreaming how soon it would be withered by the cold blight of scorn and unkindness.

"All his family, except my mother, spurned poor Morna as the daughter of a savage rebel, and declared they felt it a disgrace to receive her into their houses. Ridgely's feelings were wounded in the keenest manner by this treatment, and he would have sunk under the mortification, but for the soothing affection of my mother, between whom and himself there existed the warmest and most confidential intimacy. She proffered her heart and her house to receive the forlorn Morna, who found her bosom the ark of safety and repose, amidst the storms by which she was buffeted. About this time his commission was obtained, but the regiment not being called into service, the young couple, at my mother's solicitation, remained with her during the first year of their marriage. The spirits of the young bride had received a shock of disappointment from which they never recovered. She was calm and resigned, but the thrill of pleasure which once gave joy to her heart and beauty to her countenance, was gone never to return. Sadness preyed on her health, but her friends looked forward in hope to the interesting period when a mother's cares and a mother's love should win her spirit back to hope and happiness.

"How fallacious are human expectations! The same wave that cast the little orphan on the shores of time, bore the mother to the ocean of eternity. With a smile of perfect confidence, she gave the bud of promise into the arms of my mother, saying, this is yours, the last gift of the dying Morna—a precious pledge of her unwavering trust in your affection. And most faithfully was that pledge redeemed by my mother! from that moment did the little Morna lie in her bosom, and receive all the tenderness of maternal care. Having a few months previously lost her only child, an infant twelve months old, all her tenderness was now centred in her new charge, whose beauty and sprightliness promised to repay all her attention.

"Ridgely was ordered to join his regiment and proceed to Ireland, where a rebellion had recently broken out. In departing, he bathed the little orphan with his tears, and renewed the gift to his sister, not knowing that he should ever behold her more. The child grew; the charms of her mind and person fast unfolded in the

sunshine of my mother's love, and she soon became the joy and pride of her heart. Her father returned to England when she was four years old, and had the long wished for happiness of clasping his beloved child, the image of his lost wife, to his bosom; and the shattered fragments of his heart were gathered again around his infant daughter. How gratifying to him, to see how powerfully she felt the tie of birth! The highest boon she could ask, was to sit on her father's knee, and lean her bright cheek on his heart, while she persuaded him to stay with her, and she would love him 'as much as aunt Ashton.' Among the 'dire chimeras' of the nursery, she had heard many tales of the 'wild Irish,' and her little heart beat with anxious fears for her father's safety; she could not be quieted until he promised not to go among them any more.

"But now the young Morna was herself to be the adventurer. Major Ashton (my father) was commanded to embark with his regiment for the American colonies. This was unexpected and sad news to my dear parents; but there was no time to parley. The yoke of servitude began to sit uneasily on the necks of the colonists, under the growing demands of government—and an increased army was necessary to enforce submission. With decision and promptitude worthy of a better cause, my father obeyed the summons. The military hero is bred in the school of suffering and self-denial. A separation from all the endearments of social and domestic life, he considers one of the necessary consequences of the service, and he submits with dignity. Such was the conduct of Colonel Ridgely, in parting with his only child. His tears fell on her cheek; while with trembling fingers he threw back the thick curls from her forehead, that he might behold all of a face so lovely and so beloved. It was happy for Morna that she could not comprehend the fullness of his agony. She knew that she was her father's darling, and her heart beat in unison with his as far as she understood his feelings; but the page of the future is gilded with bright hues in childhood, and she readily yielded to the soothing assurances of her aunt, that either she would return to England, or her father be sent to America. So she was comforted, and her thoughts were diverted by the wonderful and mysterious preparations (as it seemed to her) her aunt was making to go away. In the course of a month she bade adieu to the white cliffs of Albion; and after a tedious voyage of thirty-eight days, Morna's uncle pointed out to her the distant shores of the western world. She gazed on the prospect with wonder-waiting eyes, for she had never thought of any land so far from her home and country.

"Major Ashton's troops were landed at Boston; but as that post was well supplied, the reinforcements were stationed in the various commercial towns along the seaboard, to enforce compliance with the new system of taxation. He was ordered to Charleston, in South Carolina; and after a stormy cruise of ten days arrived in harbor and disembarked his forces, making Charleston his head quarters. For the sake of brevity, I must pass over many intervening circumstances, and even years, not necessary to the main interest of my story. I must not omit, however, to mention that my mother was called, the second year of her residence here, to experience the bitterest of all calamities, in the death of her beloved husband, who fell a victim to the fever

of the climate. I was an infant at that time, but I can imagine the desolation of her soul, left a widow, and a stranger in a foreign land; and my earliest recollections of her are associated with times, when she sat silent, and almost unheeding my importunity to know what made her weep so much. I find a letter from Colonel Ridgely to my mother, written during that year, informing her that his regiment would sail in a few days for the East Indies, to relieve another, which was suffering greatly from disease. 'It is uncertain,' he says, 'how long we may continue on this station, though the present prospect is, that we shall only act as a temporary relief.' He speaks of his dear child, and the anxious and melancholy thoughts that fill his mind, when he reflects on the distance and the time that must separate him from her.

"But time, as it passed the young Morna, had a dove's wing. Her bark of happiness was borne smoothly and joyfully down the current of life. Young hope spread her sail, and no cloud dimmed the bright horizon. The toys of childhood were gradually laid aside for the pleasures and occupations of intellectual cultivation. My mother, while she guarded against the perversion of the superior talents of her pupil, spared no expense in adorning her mind with every lasting and lovely accomplishment. But of all adornings, she considered that of a meek and quiet spirit to be of greatest price, having learned it in the school of sad experience; and to this end she labored with the waywardness of childhood and the vanity of youth, believing that they who sow in hope will reap in joy. And such was her recompense. The natural sensibilities of her niece were exquisite: she trembled lest by taking a wrong direction they should prove the scourge of her life. Byron says,

—"Our young affections run to waste,
Or water but the desert."

Far otherwise was it with my lovely cousin. Many sweet and endearing instances of her goodness my memory still retains. She was my mother's almoner to the cottages of the poor. On these errands I was frequently her companion; and though my wayward and loitering step exercised her patience in no small degree, she never chid me in any voice but that of love, or denied me any innocent gratification, however great the self-denial it imposed on her. You will not wonder that she was the idol of the indigent and helpless. Among this mass of people, the African slaves excited her warmest sympathy—evinced in benevolence of the most practical sort. Instead of joining her schoolmates on holidays in selfish recreations, she would petition her aunt to carry some nice soup to aunt Dinah, or to read the bible to blind Betty who loved to hear it so much. I believe they looked upon her as a ministering angel; something celestial compounded of a purer flesh and blood than sinful mortals, 'God bless and love you Miss Morn; you are too pretty for this world!' was their usual salutation.

"When my mother arrived in Charleston, she sought out a faithful servant as a nurse for her young family. Margaret was her name, which we soon contracted into the endearing appellation of 'Mammy Marget.' She was the most devoted and faithful servant I ever knew. I loved and venerated her next to my mother. She doated on my cousin; with watchful fidelity she guard-

ed her health and happiness so far as her limited sphere extended, and was rewarded with the deep and tender attachment of a grateful heart.

"In her school, Morna was a general favorite. Arbitress in every disagreement, her candor and disinterested kindness could admit no appeal from its fair and equal decision. With Mary Percy, one of her classmates, a girl of congenial tastes and feelings, she was very intimate. The rocks and dells in these environs still bear memorials of their merry gambols and rambles amongst the wild luxuriance of nature. Alfred Percy, also, the brother of the young lady, and two years older, was frequently one of the party, and performed wonders of agility and bold adventure in various feats of climbing, leaping, and swimming, any of which he would carry to the utmost extent of possibility to oblige or amuse Morna. In a short time he had so won her admiration as to be her beau ideal of all that was noble and elegant; however, she was not the girl to be fascinated on a slight acquaintance. The current of her affections ran in too deep a channel to be ruffled by the wing of every bird that fitted over it. My mother's experienced eye discerned the growing attachment of Percy towards her lovely niece, and while she would not have influenced her decision in a matter where the affections are so deeply interested, she hoped the time might come when she would not be insensible to the love of one so worthy of her heart and her choice.

"We must turn from the visions of youth and the dream of love to our political horizon, which now grew darker and darker. Our colonies had reached the lowest point of oppression and injustice; they felt the burden intolerable; and rising, threatened to heave off the weight that was crushing them. You recollect the affair at Lexington struck the first note of revolt, which was re-echoed by most of the States in the Union. South Carolina was, perhaps, at that time, the most loyal of all to the British government; but even here there were not a few whose hearts swelled with indignation at her tyrannical exactions. My mother's feelings on this subject were identified with those of the suffering colonists, and she felt that if she had a son able to do his country service, she would buckle on his armor, and speed him with her prayers, in the cause of freedom and suffering humanity.

"After the first shock of resistance, you recollect the States were unanimous in the cause of liberty; though the scene of war was, during the first part of the contest, confined to the Northern and middle States, and our arms were generally successful wherever valor and dexterity could supply the want of superior numbers and discipline. How did the courageous youth of South Carolina burn to join their brethren of the North in the struggle for liberty! The hot valor of young Percy, like that of his namesake of poetic fame, spurred him on to rush into the marshalled ranks, from which he could scarcely be withheld by the sober forecast of his father, who foresaw that the tide of battle was already tending towards the south.

"Information was at length received, that a British squadron had been fitted out for the reduction of Charleston; and, detained by unfavorable weather, was lying at Cape Fear. This gave the Americans time to strengthen their fortifications, so as to make an attack from the seaboard extremely difficult. In the month of

June, 1776, the squadron anchored off the bar. What a moment of thrilling anxiety was this to every true American heart in the place! The land forces were commanded by Cornwallis and Clinton; the naval by Sir Peter Parker. The provincial forces were commanded by General Lee. Our young hero Percy, was honored with a lieutenancy in his army. It was some days before the British troops could disembark, owing to the impediment in crossing the bar. At length, however, they effected a landing on Long Island, and prepared for an attack. Percy's post was in the select division, placed on the main land, opposite Sullivan's island, the only successful point of attack.

"The evening before the expected battle he called at my mother's, still the spot of peculiar attraction whenever a moment of leisure allowed him the indulgence of his warmest and tenderest feelings. She candidly expressed her fears for his safety, knowing the dangerous post he would occupy, and his fearless intrepidity. She charged him to remember how many hearts would throb with deep interest for him on that eventful day, and concluded by hoping that discretion would temper his courage. He replied with restrained emotion, 'I hope, dear madam, I am not insensible to your regard, and that of many kind friends; but there is one whose interest and sympathy I would rather win than the world besides.' He looked towards Morna, but she was gone. He followed her retreating footsteps to her favorite alcove. 'Morna,' he said, assuming the manner of their childhood's freedom, 'I have heard you say, courage should be your second requisite in a hero. I come to ask a token from you as an incentive to valor to-morrow.' 'Would you desire a higher,' she answered, 'than the cause of your country? Oh, Alfred, it is not your honor or courage that is in danger, but your life.' 'Then give me this bright tress, which has escaped from its bondage, to remind me that you are among those who care for my safety. It will be the first and brightest charm my heart ever wore.' Morna spoke not: how could she? But her lover read the confession of her heart in the 'many-colored Iris' which filled her eye. You may imagine the scene that followed, when the fervor and faith of young hearts are pledged on the eve of doubtful battle. The hour of separation came, and Percy was taking his leave of her he loved best, with a countenance of hope unclouded by doubt or fear. He whispered to Morna, in going, 'Remember the token, the talisman of protection and favor to the knight without fear and without reproach.' 'Noble Percy!' exclaimed Mrs. Ashton, 'you were never formed to wear the chain of slavery.' Morna, too, felt proud of her lover; but in the moment of her exultation, she thought of the perils to which his life must be exposed, and the dark omen of dread dimmed the bright star of her destiny. My mother, while she evinced the warm sympathy which all the circumstances of the newly awakened feelings in her niece's bosom were calculated to inspire, endeavored to calm them by pointing to the bright side of the picture, and urging her to look forward with patient hope to the probably successful issue. But Mammy Marget, who felt, perhaps, quite as much in whatever distressed her young mistress, with the characteristic propensity of narrow-minded ignorance, sought to lay the blame of her tears on somebody, and who so probably the cause as Percy.

'Mas Alfred, he's always so violent, he must be the most foremost of any, no place will do for him but the hottest. Why not put some of the raggamuffins, as the British calls the militia, in that dangerous place, they mean creters don't care—jist as live shoot down a clever young man like him as a dog. But, maybe this don't comfort you, Miss Morn, my pretty dove, so I won't say no more but the truth, and that is, he's as generous as you; for but t'other day, he ask me, Mammy Marget, how you do these hard times? I tell him, well as other folks I reckon, I only wish we had some of that good sugar and coffee that them mean English is squandering out yander, with their white sarvants to tend'm, struttin' about like peacocks in their finery. Then I see the fire in his eye, and he say, bridling up jist like him, I would not fill my mouth with any of their good things; but as it does not hurt your conscience, take this and buy some, (and he give me ever so much money,) they will be *mean enough*, as you say, to extort upon the penury of a poor slave. That's jist what he say, I knowed what he meant in spite of his high larnt words, and thinks I, I'll remember 'em to tell Miss Morn.'

"You recollect the entire failure of this first expedition against Charleston, owing to the inability of the land and naval forces to unite in the attack. The American batteries sustained the fire from the fleet with unmoved firmness, and Percy won laurels by his intrepidity and presence of mind. The enemy seeing it impossible, in present circumstances, to gain footing, left Charleston harbor with all their forces; and during the two succeeding years, no further attempt was made to reduce this place.

"About this time a letter came to my mother, under the British passport. It was from Colonel Ridgely from whom she had received no intelligence for ten years. It informed her, that the state of affairs in America had recently recalled his regiment from India, with the design of transporting that, and several others, to the southern colonies, to oppose the combined forces of France and America. He lamented the occasion of his visit to a land where his tenderest and most cherished hopes were centered. He spoke of the necessity to which the ministry, by their harsh and unjust exactions had reduced the American colonies, of taking up arms in self-defence. Not even Chatham's eloquence could arrest the storm, though he had predicted with a prophet's inspiration, that the final issue would be the infamy of its originators, and the everlasting degradation of England. As an officer in his majesty's service, he said honor and loyalty forbade him to withdraw from the duties imposed on him, however his own individual feelings and opinions might prompt him to retire from the combat.

"You may well conceive with what mingled emotions of hope and disappointment the bosoms of a daughter and sister were filled on reading this letter. Morna's first words were, 'Dear aunt, shall I live to see my beloved father in the ranks of my country's enemies? No, the grave would be far preferable—can nothing avert it? O! how shall I meet Alfred? His high soul will revolt at an alliance with the daughter of his country's enemy. Write to him, dear aunt, immediately for me, and release him from every obligation.' 'My beloved child,' replied she, 'I must first chide your generous haste, which would destroy both your own

and Alfred's happiness. Can you suppose he could cease to love you, or to respect your father, only because he is engaged to support a cause, which, though we esteem it unjust, every loyal subject of Britain is bound to maintain? Rather let us seek resignation and comfort from heaven, and hope that God may over-rule the purposes of man for the good of all, and the glory of his name.' Morna yielded to the opinion of her aunt, which in her calmer moments she felt to be just, and at her request tried to compose her agitated feelings, as she laid her aching head on that bosom which was alike the sanctuary of her joys and sorrows. Her wearied senses sunk into repose, and she was unconsciously placed on the couch of rest. This was scarcely done, when a quick knock was heard at the door. Mrs. Ashton hastened to attend the summons, and prevent any interruption from sudden noise. 'Mr. Percy!' was her exclamation, 'is it you? Your countenance is the omen of evil tidings—are you the herald of recent disasters?' 'Madam, your look tells me you are not ignorant that the enemy, having gained possession of Georgia, is marching rapidly towards our capital. I have just received a major's commission, and orders to march my company to reinforce General Lincoln; but, like the crusader of old, I come, first to visit the shrine of my tutelar saint, and bear from its altar the token of conquest and safety. May I not see Miss Ridgely?' My mother then related the story of the recent tidings from England, and the overwhelming effect on her niece's spirits. Percy remained silent, and his brow lowered with displeasure for a moment, but his noble nature rose triumphant over the irritation of national feeling. 'I must see her,' he said, with deep emotion; 'I must assure her how much I love and admire the sensibility of her filial piety.' My mother stepped softly into the chamber, and found Morna sleeping soundly, but with a flushed cheek, indicating so high a degree of excitement, that she feared the consequences of awaking her. Mammy Marget, who was watching by her, declared it would be the death of her if she saw Mr. Percy now. 'He's always so violent, talking about honor and death. It's hardly worth while to lose honor or life fighting with they mean English, and the runaway niggers they git to join 'em. Oh no, he'll jist set Miss Morn to crying, for she bleeves every word he tells her. He can jist leave a message, or a little keepsake, or something to show he 'ant forgot her; and that he couldn't do, neither.'

"Mammy Marget's advice was certainly wise in this case, and after much earnest debate, Percy consented to yield to prudent counsel, and with a heavy heart took his leave. In a few hours he was on his route to join General Lincoln, who kept in advance of General Prevost, whose obvious design was to reach Charleston as soon as possible. General Moultrie, stationed to oppose his passage, found his efforts ineffectual; he passed with his superior force towards the capital, while Lincoln marched rapidly towards its relief. He despatched in advance of his army a chosen body of mounted infantry, commanded by our young hero Percy, to guard the passes to the city, but the little band used all their efforts in vain.

"Prevost arrived within cannon shot, and summoned the town to surrender, on the 12th of May, 1779. But being summoned, did they do it? No, Lincoln was ad

vancing with a superior force, and the enemy dared not risk an attack, but prudently resolved to take possession of the islands of St. James and St. John, where they waited to be reinforced by the arrival of two frigates. In one of these vessels was Colonel Ridgely. His regiment was landed on Port Royal island, where they were commanded to wait further preparations to begin the attack. Colonel Ridgely's thoughts turned from the scene of military show towards his daughter, whose image, amidst all the vicissitudes of his wanderings, was still stamped in living colors on his heart. He was impelled to encounter every danger, to see her, if she still lived. A disguise was the only possible means of doing this, as all communication with the enemy was interdicted by the Americans, under the severest penalty. His ingenuity suggested the habit of an English chaplain, whose inoffensive and pious character, had gained him permission to visit some sick prisoners in the Charleston hospital. Under cover of night Ridgely passed the sentinels, with the pretence of administering to a dying prisoner the consolation of religion. When in the city, he varied the deception a little, inquiring for the residence of Mrs. Aahnton, as a clergyman on holy duty bound.

"I feel that I can give you no idea of the scene that ensued, when the disguise was thrown off, and the person of Colonel Ridgely was revealed before his astonished sister. 'My brother!' was the exclamation, as she sunk back in her seat, paralyzed with emotion. Morna caught the electrifying words, and sprang forwards; but ere he had clasped her in his arms, the rush of feelings had overpowered her senses, and she lost in momentary insensibility the consciousness of his presence. Her recollection was soon restored. Her father's countenance was the first object that met her returning sensibility. Oh! how many long past and almost forgotten reminiscences seemed to spring up around her, as she gazed with intense delight on that still remembered smile. Her spirits rose from their depression; she lost the fear of coming evil in the endearments of a father's love, and hope dispelled the dark cloud that had seemed to lower over her.

"Colonel Ridgely's disposition was one to look on the bright side of things. He expressed his hope that there would be no further bloodshed, and that a capitulation, honorable to both sides, would restore peace to the besieged city. The dawn was almost visible, before he resumed his habit, to return. Morna's last request was, that he would not risk a life so dear, if there was the least possibility of danger or detection.

"Sir H. Clinton arrived with reinforcements on the 1st of April, soon after which he summoned the town to surrender; but General Lincoln declared his intention of defending the place (to which resolution he was induced by the daily expectation of recruits from Virginia, which never arrived) whenever hostilities should commence. The batteries of the enemy were immediately opened on the town. The Americans returned a brisk, but ineffectual fire. Their numbers were too few to cope with the united strength of the British army, and the troops so scattered as to be exposed to be cut off by every fire from the batteries. The results of this unavailing struggle on the side of the Americans, caused the final capitulation of Charleston. But this happened too late to awaken joy or sorrow in the breast of

Morna. Her betrothed lover was one of General Lincoln's aids, and commanded his first battery. He maintained this post of danger with consummate skill and bravery, until every man was swept away from around him, and he stood alone, a distinguished mark for their shot. It was but for a moment, and he fell, covered with wounds and with glory. General Lincoln, who was near him in his last moments, sent a message to his family, informing them that he met death as became an American, and a hero, fighting in the cause of liberty.

"Afflictions, it is said, never come alone. The same day that brought the overwhelming tidings of Perry's fall, intelligence reached my mother that Colonel Ridgely was mortally wounded. Hostilities having ceased, he sent under a flag of truce to request the immediate attendance of his sister and daughter. No time was to be lost; in a state of mind bordering on distraction, they were hurried towards the British camp. My mother was a worshipper of God; to Him she looked up for strength equal to the mighty conflict. But of poor Morna, how shall I speak? The waves of affliction had well nigh overwhelmed the slender bark of her existence, and despair alone seemed to nerve her step, as she was conducted to the door of her father's tent. The attendant officer seeing them approach, opened the door, and with a sad countenance informed them that Colonel Ridgely had just expired. A shriek was the only sound that escaped Morna's lips. She fell insensible on the floor, and happy would it have been for her if life had been extinguished with her reason, which from that moment never resumed its empire. The functions of life gradually revived, and maintained a feeble and wavering existence for a few weeks; but the gem of the mind was gone—wild and incoherent fancies filled her imagination—broken images of past and future joys were confusedly mingled with phantoms of fear and dread. In her last moments, there was something mysterious and almost supernatural in the creations of her imagination. She seemed to have caught the glimpse of a procession, which she was hastening to join. 'Mammy Marget,' she cried, 'bring my bridal dress—the procession is waiting for me; to the church you know we must go to be united: there is Alfred and father too. Haste! haste!—it is almost in the clouds already, but I must overtake it!' Breathless she sunk back, and expired. Her remains were laid in my mother's garden, and the turf that 'wraps her slumbering clay' was daily moistened with her tears. On the slab that marks the spot are inscribed Hamlet's words: 'Lay her in the earth, and from her fair and unpolluted flesh may violets spring.'"

Such was the history attached to the PORTRAIT.

STANZAS.

BY JAMES F. OTIS.

See, where, fast sinking o'er the hills,
As with a golden halo round,
The setting sun with splendor fills
Those massy piles which lie around
His couch, in crimson glory drest,
Like drapery o'er a monarch's rest.

Bright, fair, but oh, how fading too
Is all this beautiful array!
A moment given to the view,
Then past, amid the gloom, away:
So, like the gilded things of earth,
Which charm the eye, though little worth!

And now, eve's glowing star illumines
The chambers of the distant west,
And, scarce discerned, like waving plumes
That flash o'er many a warrior's crest,
There float along the upper air
Thin, sleepy clouds, so clear and fair.

How sweet to gaze upon their slight,
Transparent forms, changing so oft,
As e'en the Zephyr's gentlest flight
Scatters them with its pinions soft—
Seeming, as down the sky they go,
Like wreaths of gently driven snow!

And then to trace the full-orbed moon,
As, struggling on her cloudy way,
She travels forth, now wrapped in gloom,
Now bursting forth with undimmed ray—
Like some high, noble heart, whose pride
Still bears him on, though woes betide.

LOVE AND CONSTANCY.

BY E. BURKE FISHER.

CHAP. I.—LOVE.

"Oh! how this spring of love resembleth
The uncertain glory of an April day,
Which now shows all the beauty of the sun,
And, by and bye, a cloud takes all away.

"*Harry, dear Harry, farewell!*" "God bless you, *Mary, we shall meet again!*"—a stifled sob from the first speaker, and an ejaculation of manly sorrow from the latter, attested their emotion—the oarsmen dipped their light blades into the wave, and the little craft obedient to the impulse rapidly receded from the shore. The youth watched its progress through the glancing waters, and every ripple it created seemed to wash upon his heart; a moment, and it ranged under the bows of a stately vessel, which soon after spread her canvass to the breeze, and bore down the bay, on her outward course. Evening found the youth pacing the shore, gazing upon the faint outlines of the departing ship, and when the niggard robe of night hid her from his view, then it was that the full sense of his situation fell heavily upon him—he felt that he was an outcast—an alien, without a single tie to bind him to life, and with a sensation of wretchedness, known only to him who has tasted of the bitter chalice of misery—he cast him down upon the sands, and wept long and bitterly! * * *

Who is there who has not heard the melancholy detail, as

"From his sire's lips glean'd,
Of history's page,"

of the fierce and destructive tornado, that ushered in

the autumnal equinox of 1787. Its fury was felt by the storm-tossed seaman, as his frail bark drove onward to destruction, and its disastrous results might in part be gathered, from the many evidences of its triumph as strewn along the shores of Cape Cod. The tempest proved as transient as it was violent, and the sun, that shone out on the morrow of the storm, steeped its rays in the now tranquil ocean, which, apparently conscious of the ruin it had wrought, seemed to atone for its mischiefs by studied repose. The regular swell of the sea succeeded the raging billows of the night—the shrill demon of the tempest had retired to his northern caves, and in his stead, the playful zephyrs of the south waned upon the waters. The hardy wreckers were out upon the beach as usual, after a night of storm, culling a harvest from the spoils which the ocean had cast upon their shores. Men, women and children were engaged in this employment, and so injured had they become to their somewhat equivocal profession, that whether the object they inspected was the corpse of the shipwrecked, or a cask of West India, the same *sang froid* was evinced, and they proceeded as leisurely to rifle the garments of the disfigured and ghastly dead, as in breaking open a sea chest. An unusually well stowed bale had drawn the attention of the crowd, and they were busily employed in turning over its contents, when an exclamation of surprise from an idler upon the strand caused the party to turn in the direction he pointed, and they beheld the object that had elicited his outcry. Drifting in towards the land, they saw a floating spar, upon which rode a small lad of some sixteen or seventeen years, supporting in his arms what seemed the lifeless form of a female. There was something so noble in this generous devotion to another's safety in the hour of deadly peril—a touching display of all that ennobles, in the conduct of one so young, thus jeopardizing his own doubtful chance of preservation, in the rescuing from the fierce waters their prey, that even the cold and sluggish feelings of the men of Barnstable were moved to admiration, and forgetting personal advantage in the excitement of the moment, they awaited but the approach of the float within range of their interference, when they rushed into the surge, and with deafening plaudits bore the young mariner and his burthen to the land. The boy relaxed not his hold of his companion, until he had safely deposited her in the arms of the bystanders, when, throwing one look upon her wan and lifeless features, he cast his eyes to heaven, and murmuring, "Thanks, merciful Father! she is saved!" he sank insensible upon the sand.

Sympathy—that noblest attribute of the soul, finds as ready response in the heart of the child of nature, as in the tutored feelings of the man of civilization; and the lawless wrecker in his course of plunder, may act as nobly, and feel as proudly the sacred glow of humanity, as does the sage expounder of moral legislation! The witnesses of the sad scene we have described, furnished ample illustration of the fact, for the men of Cape Cod, "albeit, unused to the melting mood," drew their hands over their eyes, and their tones were husky as they communed with each other, while the women, ever alive (in all conditions) to the dictates of humanity, busied themselves in the attempt to excite to action the frozen channels of life in the unfortunate maiden.

The intense pitch to which the sensibilities of her

preserver were strung, precluded him from enjoying the repose he so much required, and supported by one of the spectators, he stood watching with silent expectation the efforts at resuscitation practised upon his companion in suffering. The exertions of the females were at length crowned with success, the ashy paleness of her brow was crossed by the flush of returning animation, and before the lapse of another hour the children of the wreck, who but a short time since were tossed to and fro upon the capricious waters, found themselves under the friendly roof, and seated at the hospitable board of Gregory Cox, to whose dwelling the generous wreckers had borne them.

The kindly nature of their host, for a long time, taught him forbearance upon the subject of their painful story, and weeks passed on before he gently hinted his wish to hear the sad recital, and so judiciously did the worthy Quaker prosecute his inquiries, that the detail was given, with scarce the knowledge of the lad, that the events over which he brooded had been revealed to their sympathizing friend. His narrative was brief, yet pregnant with misfortune. Thus it ran.

The maiden was the daughter of a Frenchman of rank, who had lately relinquished an official post in the Canadas with the intention of returning to his native land. He had, with his wife and daughter, embarked in the vessel commanded by the narrator's sire. Circumstances connected with the instructions of his owners, had induced the commander to make for the port of Boston, but contrary winds rendered nugatory his efforts, and for several days the ship had been beaten along the coast of Massachusetts, where it was met by the raging equinox, and destroyed by the combined fury of the winds and waves. So unforeseen was the shock, and so totally unprepared were the miserable victims, that the same storm-fed billow which scattered the fragments of the vessel to the fury of the winds, bore with it the mass of beings that cowered upon its decks. Borne along by the violence of the assault, the boy was plunged into the boiling sea, but fortunately striking a drifting spar as he fell, he had steadied himself upon it, the only living thing, as he thought, that survived the onset of the fierce destroyer. As he was thus rocking upon the turbulent waves, a gleam of lightning, triumphing for a moment over the darkness, gave to his view the garments of the girl, and with instinctive humanity, he lifted her from the waters and supported her in his arms, although aware that he was thereby rendering more hazardous his own ultimate chances of safety.

It seemed as if the eye of Omnipotence saw and approved the act, for in a short time the march of the tempest was stayed, the lashing billows sank to gentle ripples, and the wild roar of the howling winds gave way to the soothing breeze, as it swept from the land. During the remainder of that eventful night of disaster and death, did the young mariner sustain the insensible form of his companion, and although no signs of returning consciousness rewarded his care, yet, buoyant with the hope of a generous and daring spirit, he clung to his position until the coming of Aurora revealed the shores of Barnstable, towards which his sailless and unseamanlike craft was rapidly drifting. The rest has been already shown.

Time rolled on! Weeks resolved themselves into

months, and months became absorbed in years, yet the circumstances of the wreck, as detailed in the journals of the day, brought no claimant for the girl. As to the stripling, his only relative was that parent whom he had seen meet a watery grave, and he knew that he stood alone in the world, with no one to sympathize with the misery that racked his bosom, save the orphan partner of his perils; and when he looked upon her budding loveliness, thus left to waste neglected, and without the fostering care of maternal watchfulness, he vowed to be to her all that a brother could, or a parent might be. The isolation of his destiny had rendered him an enthusiast upon the one subject of his charge, so that, when in the gay flush of innocent girlhood, she shared his joys and mingled her tears with his, his feelings became concentrated in devotion, which the world calls *love*, but for which *affection*, pure as seraphs might glory in avowing, would be the more fitting term. In the absence of other channels to vent his feelings she became the cynosure of his loftiest imaginings, his more than sister. Happy in her youth, and time-seared to the loss she had sustained, *Mary Destrair* loved her preserver with a sister's tenderness; and when, after the lapse of years, there came one who called himself her uncle—her father's brother—the joy with which she sprang to his embrace was merged in tears, when the probability of her separation from her brother crossed her mind, as the stranger announced his intention of returning with her immediately to the castellated abode of her ancestors, in the sunny plains of *Marne*.

"And Harry—my brother Harry, shall he not go with us?" she asked inquiringly, gazing into the stern face of her new-found relative.

The Frenchman turned to the spot, where stood the subject of the query. He had heard the story of the youth, and liked not the question; and as he glanced, not at the noble countenance and manly bearing, but the rustic apparel of the stripling, his dislike to a further intimacy between the pair was increased. The stranger was lord of *Marne*, and had breathed the courtly air of the Louvre, and he could see nothing worthy of consideration in the mere fact, that a rough and untutored rustic should peril his life for a maiden of noble blood. Tendering the youth a purse well stocked with *Louis*, he signified his disinclination to rank him among the members of his voyage home. The indignant recipient took the proffered gold, advanced a step, and dashing the gift at the feet of its aristocratic giver, rushed from the scene.

"Harry, my noble, generous preserver," sobbed a voice at his side, as he stood upon the rude piazza that overlooked the ocean, "think not so meanly of me, as that for broad lands and empty honors I would forsake you! Harry, my brother, I will not go!"

"Not so, *Mary Destrair*," was the answer of him she addressed—the bitterness of his feelings rising paramount to the usual joyousness of his tones when he spoke to her—"Are you not the daughter of a peer of France, called to fulfil a bright and envied destiny? Would you so forget your illustrious ancestry, as to forego their claims upon you as their descendant, to follow the fortunes of one, who was even cast from the ocean as unworthy to tenant its caves?"—and the boy laughed in his agony.

"Look there!" he continued, addressing the stranger

who had followed his niece—"Look at yon cradle of storms!" and he enforced his words, by pointing out towards the quiet waters, which lay steeped in the phosphorescent tintings of a summer's eve. "Where were the vassals of your house that they stepped not in to the rescue of their master? Will the great deep give up its prey for gold? Though the blood of Charlemagne runs in your veins, that act—that crowning act, of offering lucre in exchange for life—would sink you to a level with the vilest serf!"—and drawing up his form, now moulded into the fair proportions of nineteen summers, he gave back the haughty glance of the Frenchman with one equally fierce, and turned to the weeping maiden.

The result of their conference was such as lovers' conferences usually are. The mind of Mary was open to the fact, that her feelings towards her preserver were merged in a fonder tie than a sister's, and a promise of constancy, immutable to time and circumstance—an interchange of tokens—a kiss, the first that ever consecrated their mutual affections, and *Harry Harwood* sought his couch that night—so late boiling with the fiercest passions—now calm and full of hope—

Congenial hope! thy passion-kindling flower,
How bright—how strong in youth's confiding hour!

The going down of the succeeding sun found Harry weeping upon the beach alone.

CHAP. II.—CONSTANCY.

"Molier cupido, quod dixit amanti
In vento, et rapida scribere oportet aqua."—*Catullus*.

There were banquetting, and revelry within the princely halls of Versailles, and the dulcet sounds of woman's voice accorded well with the rich breathings of lute and harp. The effulgence of a thousand lights streamed upon the beauties of the court of Louis, as they stood ranged in their dream-like loveliness at the footstool of the queenly Austrian. The rich swell of vocal melody—the tread of the dancers, as they moved in the stately *Pavon*, or lascivious waltz—the laugh of the witty, as jest and repartee rang through the lofty dome—all typified an epoch of pleasure, and absence from cares such as then existed in the *conversazioni* of Maria Antoinette, but which too soon gave way before the ruthless onset of revolutionary reformation, covenanted in the destruction of these very halls, and sealed in the blood of royalty.

The park, and alleys of the gardens, echoed with the laughter of joyous and happy spirits, and the flowery groves, and trelliced arbors—fit spot for love's communion—were made this night the trysting spot of many a youthful pair, while the gentle breeze as it swept through the leafy paradise, carried upon its wings confessions—reciprocal disclosures—vows, and protestations, baseless all—aye, baseless as the courier by which they were borne away!

"Beautiful Mary, you wrong me, every way you wrong me, by your unjust suspicions. The *Deperney* may be as fascinating as you describe her, but I own not her power! The *Casaïlle* of the *National Assembly* may be won by her lures, but *Marmonti* wears no colors save those of the fair *Destraix*!"

"Hold, impertinent! Know you not that the Lady *Deperney* is my friend, and beware how you speak of

the members of the Assembly, or I shall send you to republican America, there to learn more fitting terms, by which to designate the leaders of the people!"

"That I may also gain some tidings of your lover of Barnstable," was the laughing rejoinder of her companion. "Your uncle tells strange stories of that same youth, and I am half inclined to be jealous of some certain passages that occurred, in the *tete-à-tete* you wot of."

"Aye! my gallant deliverer from the raging billows of the Atlantic." For a moment, there came associations of a painful nature, across her mental vision, and she felt herself checked in her levity: it was but for a moment, for in the next, she smilingly tapped the mercurial Frenchman upon the shoulder as she answered, "Nay, you should not be too severe upon my youthful follies—the boy saved me from a watery death, and in the hour of parting, there might have been things spoken, prompted more by gratitude than prudence—besides I was so young!"

"But what if the boy should clothe this pretty romance with the sober hues of reality, and come to claim his rights? What would the heiress of Marne think, if, at the levee of our gracious sovereign, her quondam lover should step forward, and demand her as his bride?"

"Rest contented on that score, knight of the tristful countenance," laughingly responded the fair one; "the lad has too much sense to attempt any flight of the kind; his modesty and wits would teach him that in so doing he was transgressing the bounds of discretion."

"And yet, if he could survey the ripened loveliness of the flower he saved when in its budding helplessness," urged the gallant Marmonti, bending his lips to the hand of his companion, "and feel no wish to claim it for his trans-Atlantic bower, he must be indeed a Stoic; and I take it, that his is a warmer spirit than voluntarily to purge his memory of the recollection of an action that must come coupled with the charms of the rescued floweret. By the bones of the immortal Henri! but the little I have heard of thy deliverance, and the heroism that achieved it, have taught me a brother's love for this same—how call you the youth?"

"Harley—No—Harwood; ay, that is his name—but, methinks, a glimpse of him would tend marvelously to lessen thy brotherly feelings. He had but little of knightly bearing, and his speech and actions savored somewhat of his nautical training. I would that he were here?"

There was a rustling in the adjacent shrubbery—a hasty step was heard upon the gravelled avenue, and as the intruder dashed swiftly by, there came words upon the ear of the late speaker, breathed in tones she remembered but too well. "And this is Mary *Destraix*, and it is thus she speaks of Henry Harwood! Great God, how I have been duped!" The footsteps died away in the distance, and before she could rally from the shock, the speaker was gone.

The sword of Marmonti was drawn from its sheath, but the convulsive grasp of the conscience-stricken girl withheld him from pursuit; and when he inquiringly bent his gaze upon her countenance, its expression was so death-like and cold, that fearing she was ill, (for he understood not the purport of the stranger's exclamation,) he hastily returned to the saloon.

During the remainder of the evening, it was the subject for comment that the favorite of the queen was grave and abstracted, and that her brow, usually lighted up with the joy of an untroubled spirit, was crossed with darker hues than were wont to sully it. Even Marmonti strove in vain to restore her depressed spirits, but it would not do; the words she had heard in the garden clogged her soul, bowing it down to remorse and anguish. Memory led her away from these scenes of hollow semblance to the shores of Massachusetts—to that eventful night, when, in her feebleness, she battled with the adverse waters. Again she was listening to the oft-repeated story of the garrulous wreckers, as they painted, in their blunt honesty of speech, the daring courage and generous conduct of the youthful mariner, as, after having laid her gently upon the beach, he uttered that prayer of thanksgiving for her safety. As fancy's finger pointed out these episodes of her past existence, and she reflected upon the return she had made—that she had spoken of him as a thing of scorn, and that he had heard her! the swelling waves of contrition irrigated her selfish soul, and she retired to her chamber, for that night redeemed from the trammels of coquetry and ingratitude. Dismissing her maid, she sat down in an embrasure of her apartment, but was disturbed from her reverie by the entrance of her attendant, who placed beside her a packet, bearing her address; and again retired. Hastily breaking the seal, she opened its folds, in doing which a braid of hair escaped from therein and fell to the ground. The contents of the epistle were disjointed in character, and evidenced a bruised and saddened spirit. The writer was Harwood.

"I will not upbraid you, Mary, although you have crushed my fondest—my dearest hopes! Fool that I was, I dreamed that the Mary of my boyhood was still the same—that what she *professed* in other days, she would prove in my ripened years—that her gentle spirit yet retained its recollection of one with whom was spent the darkest portion of her brief existence! Do you remember that night when the demon of the storm swept the bosom of the dark Atlantic, and I bore you—but no! not that; but surely you still retain the memory of that kind, good old man, who took us in our destitution and gave us a home, and who, when we were seated at his social board, would moralize upon our melancholy story, and bid us love one another, for it seemed as if Providence so willed it in the arrangement of our destinies. And oh! how often, when wandering along the shores of Barnstable, have we mingled our tears when we looked out upon the great sea, the sepulchre of all we loved, and cheated Sorrow of its triumph, in gilding with Hope's brightest pencillings a radiant and sunny future—and then, that evening, when in the holy hush of nature, and in the presence of none save our God, you vowed remembrance, and gave me a ringlet of your own raven hair. I return it, Mary, for I may not retain it after the fatal proofs of your feelings towards me, which inadvertently I overheard this night. Alas! that such things should be—that you, whom I have loved—how fervently and deeply let my present agony pourtray, should speak of me as of one—but I will not upbraid, but bless you, Mary; even in your heartlessness will my prayers be as fervent for your welfare, as when in other years I watched

your girlhood beyond the ocean. Farewell! Heiress of Marne, farewell—*forever!*"

Her attendants, upon entering their mistress' chamber on the ensuing morning, found her lying insensible upon her couch, the letter of Harwood compressed within her grasp.

Did she awake to better feelings, and was the film of ingratitude and deceit rent from her heart? Alas! that selfishness should prevail over the finer impulses of our nature, and the perspective of a coronet in woman's eye sway ascendant over the homely aspect of humble wedlock! Who was Henry Harwood, that he should aspire to the hand of the favorite of Marie Antoinette, and, on the plea of having performed a trifling act of humanity, *dare* thus to address the loveliest woman in the Court of Louis? One month, and Marmonti, amid the beauty and chivalry of France, and honored by the presence of royalty, wedded the fair Dextraix!

Marmonti's lineage was noble—ay, princely! In his veins there ran the tide of the House of Bourbon. Marmonti was the friend of his king!

And had the flight of time wrought no change in the fortunes of *the boy of the wreck*? In a land like ours, industry and perseverance eke out their reward, and fostered by the liberal and equalizing spirit of our institutions, Harwood's concentrated energies found ample opportunity to develop themselves. His tale won for him the favorable notice of a philanthropist, and his integrity and devotion to the sternest duties, gained him his friendship—so that the homeless, beggared stripling of a few years past, found himself embarked upon the sea of commerce, aided by friendly winds, on his course to fortune and esteem; and although he could urge no pretensions to ancestral honors, yet in republican America, where aristocracy is but the idle misnomer of faction, and man is judged by the standard of his moral excellence, Harwood became one of her genuine aristocracy—one of her merchant nobles!

The bells that rung out the consummation of the nuptial rites, tortured not the ears of the jilted lover—he was ploughing the waves on his return.

CHAP. III.—REVERSES.

"For mortal pleasure—what art thou in truth?
The torrent's smoothness ere it dash below."

There was slaughter in the streets of Paris! Revolution,—not the revolution of a shackled and indignant people rising to assert their rights,—but of a wild mob,

"The scum
That rises upmost when a nation boils,"

stalked in the palaces of the mighty, desecrating their ancestral domes, and treading down with demoniac fury the trophied honors of their sires. Faction—lawless and unprincipled faction—usurped the tribunals of justice—its acts were the dethronement of kings, ratified in the blood of princes. The headless trunk of the Bourbon was cast beneath the feet of his people in their fury, and to weep for him was to share his fate! The regal Antoinette too—the fairest, yet alas! the most hapless of the daughters of Lorraine—was dragged to the accursed block, and in rapid succession her chivalrous defenders kissed the guillotine, reeking with the blood of their sovereigns. The fell tiger Anarchy, was abroad in Gallia, and his fangs rent asunder the

life-strings of all who owned not his sway, while the wild shouts that ushered in the blood-washed republic was mingled with the wail of France for her slaughtered and dishonored chivalry.

Marmonti witnessed the decapitation of his royal relative, and heard from his cell the cry that told the murder of the queen. A blank of a few days ensued—he was dragged from his dungeon—a dash in the records of the criminal tribunal, and all that remained of Frederick, Duke of Marmonti, was his lifeless and mangled corpse. Did the wife of Marmonti share the grave of her lord?

Seated in the oriel of an apartment in the *Palais du Ministère des Affaires des Etrangères*, was a lady clothed in a suit of sables. The year was in its decline, and the melancholy aspect of the external world served to deepen the gloom that sat throned upon the features of the mourner. Ever and anon the hoarse roar of the multitude in the adjacent *place* swept into the room, as some popular leader vented his oratory; or from the Boulevard below the window, there would ascend the voices of the patriotic artisans, as they repeated in stunning chorus,

"Aux armes citoyens, formons nos bataillons
Marchons; qu'un sang impur abreuve nos sillons!"

She shuddered as these sounds broke upon her ear, and when from the *Place Vendôme* there darted a thousand artificial meteors, aided in effect by the discharge of artillery, she shrouded her face with her hands and wept convulsively.

The door was thrown open and a visiter announced, but absorbed in grief she heeded not the tidings. The visiter advanced until within a few feet and paused, as if awaiting her attention, but still she noted not his proximity.

"Lady," murmured the stranger—God of heaven! could it be *his* voice?—"Duchess of Marmonti, will you not speak to your friend?" Yes, those tones were *his*; his whom in her girlhood she had such cause to love and honor, whom in her womanhood she had slighted and defamed. And what did he here? Had he heard of her misfortunes, and was his errand to the wretched that he might triumph in her wretchedness? The passions of her race stirred within her as she caught at this opinion, and throwing back the dishevelled ringlets from her care-worn features she raised her flashing eyes to the face of the speaker; but the saddened look and pitying glance that met her gaze, spoke not joy but sorrow for her misery, and again her head was hidden from her companion's view.

"Mary"—and the voice of the speaker was fraught with emotion—"Mary," and as if that name conjured up old and familiar associations, he seated himself beside her; a tear filled in his eye and dropped upon the hand he pressed within his own. *That tear!* It opened the floodgates of memory, and told a brother's love. The sufferer saw not in the being before her, the man she had so deeply injured in his richest affections, and leaning her head upon his shoulder, she poured forth her grief, even as she was wont to do in earlier, happier years. Time rolled refluently in its channels, and her companion was once more the Harry of Barnstable and she again Mary Destraix. Cheated by the phantom of happiness the kindly demeanor of Harwood created, she wept the more; but her tears were not wrung from

the heart—and when in the outpourings of his sympathy he spoke of her departure from Paris and its associations, and painted with brotherly fervor the comfort and safety that awaited her in his distant home, she raised her eyes beaming with gratitude and essayed to speak, but her emotions were too strong for the cold medium of words, and she could only thank him with her tears.

The influence of Harwood, through his country's ambassador, was sufficient to obtain from the new government of France a passport of safe conduct for the widow of the revolutionary victim, so that the only object of his coming being now accomplished, the pair quitted its shores. In her home in the western world the expatriated Duchess found an effectual asylum from the contingencies that threatened her during her continuance in the French capital; and as she noted the frank and urbane deportment of her host, her mind regained its wonted vigor and her countenance its healthful hues: not but that at times, when the sad and tragic scenes through which it had been her destiny to pass came across her brain, there came an icy sensation upon her heart, but she triumphed over her misfortunes, and would have been even selfishly happy was it not that when she reflected upon her conduct towards Harwood a sense of shame possessed her mind; but his own actions aided to dispel such feelings and sear her heart to their impression, and she became as tranquil as the exigencies of her situation would warrant.

As to him—experience had taught him a lesson never to be forgotten. He had periled his happiness upon the fickle sea of human affections, and had met disappointment as the product; and although when he gazed upon the surpassing beauty of her, his first—his only love—he felt as he did on that day when he watched from the beach of Cape Cod her departure from the scenes of her girlhood; yet the revelations of woman's faith he had obtained in the royal gardens of Versailles, nerved his heart against further invasion from the son of Venus. It had worn away the enthusiasm of his earlier years, and left him still alive to the deference which woman in any and all circumstances has a right to claim, but callous to her lures; so that when in the course of time the mercurial passions of the French people had become shackled by the wisdom and tyranny of the giant-minded Corsican, and that politic ruler deemed it expedient to annul the decree against the house of Marne and invited its only living representative to return to her family possession, Harwood at once counselled her acceptance of the proffered restitution, and despite her avowed astonishment and reluctance, hastened the arrangements for her departure.

"She will wed again," soliloquized the merchant, as he turned from gazing upon the bark which was conveying her to "the land of the vine." "She will wed again; and surrounded by minions and parasites, and in the possession of gewgaw honors, be happier than as the wife of one who has nothing to offer but honest affections and an humble home," and with a sigh he quitted the quay.

Years brought another change in the dynasties of France. The imperial diadem was rent from the brow of Napoleon; and he—"the man of a thousand thrones"—left to point the moral of his own ambition upon the sea girt rock of Helena. The Bourbon sat again upon

the throne of his sires, and with him the fortunes of his followers loomed in the ascendant. The predictions of Harwood had been in part fulfilled, for the relict of Marmonti was again a bride, and a leader in the brilliant circles that shone in the zodiac of the restoration. I have said in *part*—for, had her change of fortunes brought correspondin : happiness?—We shall see.

The merchant read the announcement in the Parisian journals, and there was bitterness in the train of reflections which accompanied the perusal. Throwing aside the paper he indulged in long and melancholy musings upon this fresh witness of her versatility of principles, so glaringly developed in a second marriage. A letter was placed in his hands at the moment, and carelessly breaking the wax he held it unread, his mind still wandering upon the *on dit* from whence his reverie; but a vagrant glance at the superscription at length rivetted his attention, and he eagerly devoted himself to scanning its contents.

"Congratulate me, my dear friend," *he read*, "for I am the happiest of women. Our gracious sovereign is the idol of his people, and the times of wit and gaiety are revived in the capital. You will see by the publications of the day that I am again wedded; and although I do not feel for my present husband the strong affection which I entertained for the first, and which is buried with him, still I think I shall love him, for he strives to render me happy by indulgence in my every wish. His loyalty throughout the period of his monarch's exile, his unswerving zeal and bravery in the field, have endeared him to the king, who has been pleased to reward his faithful services with honors and preferment. My own introduction at court gained the favorable notice of his majesty, who smilingly assured me that my misfortunes should not be forgotten. And now, my friend, the storms that have hitherto overclouded the sun of my life are forever dispersed, and the future is full of promise. The court is re-established at Versailles—but I forget that between us Versailles is an interdicted name. *The garden scene!* Ah, how you would be amused to hear the envious demoiselles of the court rallying me upon that little incident, but I only laugh at them and!"

The idle levity with which she alluded to a period of such painful interest, jarred upon his excited feelings. "What an escape I have had!" he murmured, as with vacant eye he watched the blaze of the epistle as it scorched and blackened in the grate, where it had accidentally fallen. "Can she be indeed a faithful type of her sex? Nay, that is impossible; and yet!"—He passed and left the blank unfilled.

* * * * *

Gentle readers, you whose grey hairs are the results of sorrowful experience as well as time, have been taught that it is not expedient at all times to give utterance to our opinions; and you, also, romantic lingerers on the shores of boyhood, have yet to learn that be your experience what it may, as it is with religion so also with woman; and he who tilts against either is warring with established usage, and will be buried in the ruins of his own creation. Thence it is that I, having performed my duty as an historian, wish not to hinge a moral upon my labors, leaving it for you to draw such inferences as you may deem most wise. But ere I leave you, I would state that the score of years

that have passed away since the occurrence of the events recorded above, have wrought little change in the two principal personages of my story. Age has, it is true, somewhat marred the beauty of the *Comtesse Malaboli*, but her eager pursuit after pleasure is as keen as ever, while the merchant of Boston is still a bachelor, and has even been known in some of his cloudy moments, to assert—in the language of the Volscian Satirist—

"Nulla fore causa est, in qua non femina item Moverit."



TO J—— S——.

(NOW OF ALABAMA.)

Brother and friend, I greet thee!—tho' thy dwelling
Be far from friends and from thy home of youth,
Thoughts of thy best-loved ones and thee, are swelling
Within my heart, in sadness and in truth.

I greet thee from the land, where death has broken
Some links of love's bright chain, but where the ties
Of blood still bind thee, and this worthless token
Is warm with truth's and friendship's fadeless dyes.

Thou wert to me, *indeed*, a friend and brother—
As such I loved thee, such I still must deem;
Distance and time, with me, can never smother
The deep, full flowing of affection's stream.

I know thee!—Nature's magical refining
Has given thy soul what art can ne'er bestow—
A warmth, a depth of tenderness, inclining
Even to romance—what few will ever know.

I felt, when with thee, that no shade of feeling,
No touch of truth, no thought of loftier aim,
Could ever be to thee a vain revealing—
That with thy mind my own could kindred claim.

Thou saidst that thou shouldst hail with greater pleasure
This page,* when it contained some trace of me—
Say, wilt thou by this humble tribute measure
The fond regard I cherish still for thee?

May all this world can give, best worth possessing,
Fame, fortune, friends, and length of days be thine;
And may the Christian's hope, that surest blessing,
Add grace to years, and gild thy life's decline.

Farewell!—Time's restless tide is rushing o'er us—
It cannot fade the past to mem'ry dear;
But its dark waters may, perchance, restore us
Much we have loved, and lost, and sighed for here.

Virginia, June 26, 1836.

E. A. S.

PARADISE LOST.

There exists a prose version of Milton's *Paradise Lost*, which was innocently translated from the French version of that epic. One Green, also, published a new version of the poem into blank verse.

* Southern Literary Messenger.

LETTER TO B—.*

It has been said that a good critique on a poem may be written by one who is no poet himself. This, according to *your* idea and *mine* of poetry, I feel to be false—the less poetical the critic, the less just the critique, and the converse. On this account, and because there are but few B—'s in the world, I would be as much ashamed of the world's good opinion as proud of your own. Another than yourself might here observe, "Shakspeare is in possession of the world's good opinion, and yet Shakspeare is the greatest of poets. It appears then that the world judge correctly, why should you be ashamed of their favorable judgment?" The difficulty lies in the interpretation of the word "judgment" or "opinion." The opinion is the world's, truly, but it may be called theirs as a man would call a book his, having bought it; he did not write the book, but it is his; they did not originate the opinion, but it is theirs. A fool, for example, thinks Shakspeare a great poet—yet the fool has never read Shakspeare. But the fool's neighbor, who is a step higher on the Andes of the mind, whose head (that is to say his more exalted thought) is too far above the fool to be seen or understood, but whose feet (by which I mean his every-day actions) are sufficiently near to be discerned, and by means of which that superiority is ascertained, which but for them would never have been discovered—this neighbor asserts that Shakspeare is a great poet—the fool believes him, and it is henceforward his *opinion*. This neighbor's own opinion has, in like manner, been adopted from one above him, and so, ascendingly, to a few gifted individuals, who kneel around the summit, beholding, face to face, the master spirit who stands upon the pinnacle. * * * *

You are aware of the great barrier in the path of an American writer. He is read, if at all, in preference to the combined and established wit of the world. I say established; for it is with literature as with law or empire—an established name is an estate in tenure, or a throne in possession. Besides, one might suppose that books, like their authors, improve by travel—their having crossed the sea is, with us, so great a distinction. Our antiquaries abandon time for distance; our very fops glance from the binding to the bottom of the title-page, where the mystic characters which spell London, Paris, or Genoa, are precisely so many letters of recommendation. * * * *

I mentioned just now a vulgar error as regards criticism. I think the notion that no poet can form a correct estimate of his own writings is another. I remarked before, that in proportion to the poetical talent, would be the justice of a critique upon poetry. Therefore, a bad poet would, I grant, make a false critique, and his self-love would infallibly bias his little judgment in his favor; but a poet, who is indeed a poet, could not, I think, fail of making a just critique. Whatever should be deducted on the score of self-love, might be replaced on account of his intimate acquaintance with the subject; * * * *

* These detached passages form part of the preface to a small volume printed some years ago for private circulation. They are vigor and much originality—but of course we shall not be asked upon to endorse all the writer's opinions.—Ed.

in short, we have more instances of false criticism than of just, where one's own writings are the test, simply because we have more bad poets than good. There are of course many objections to what I say: Milton is a great example of the contrary; but his opinion with respect to the *Paradise Regained*, is by no means fairly ascertained. By what trivial circumstances men are often led to assert what they do not really believe! Perhaps an inadvertent word has descended to posterity. But, in fact, the *Paradise Regained* is little, if at all, inferior to the *Paradise Lost*, and is only supposed so to be, because men do not like epics, whatever they may say to the contrary, and reading those of Milton in their natural order, are too much wearied with the first to derive any pleasure from the second.

I dare say Milton preferred *Comus* to either—if so—justly. * * * *

As I am speaking of poetry, it will not be amiss to touch slightly upon the most singular heresy in its modern history—the heresy of what is called very foolishly, the Lake School. Some years ago I might have been induced, by an occasion like the present, to attempt a formal refutation of their doctrine; at present it would be a work of supererogation. The wise must bow to the wisdom of such men as Coleridge and Southey, but being wise, have laughed at poetical theories so prosaically exemplified.

Aristotle, with singular assurance, has declared poetry the most philosophical of all writing*—but it required a Wordsworth to pronounce it the most metaphysical. He seems to think that the end of poetry is, or should be, instruction—yet it is a truism that the end of our existence is happiness; if so, the end of every separate part of our existence—every thing connected with our existence should be still happiness. Therefore the end of instruction should be happiness; and happiness is another name for pleasure;—therefore the end of instruction should be pleasure: yet we see the above mentioned opinion implies precisely the reverse.

To proceed: *ceteris paribus*, he who pleases is of more importance to his fellow men than he who instructs, since utility is happiness, and pleasure is the end already obtained which instruction is merely the means of obtaining.

I see no reason, then, why our metaphysical poets should plume themselves so much on the utility of their works, unless indeed they refer to instruction with eternity in view; in which case, sincere respect for their piety would not allow me to express my contempt for their judgment; contempt which it would be difficult to conceal, since their writings are professedly to be understood by the few, and it is the many who stand in need of salvation. In such case I should no doubt be tempted to think of the devil in Melmoth, who labors indefatigably through three octavo volumes, to accomplish the destruction of one or two souls, while any common devil would have demolished one or two thousand.

* Against the subtleties which would make poetry a study—not a passion—it becomes the metaphysician to reason—but the poet to protest. Yet Wordsworth and Coleridge are men in years; the one imbued in contemplation from his childhood, the other a giant in

* *Spoudiotaton kai philosophikotaton genos.*

intellect and learning. The diffidence, then, with which I venture to dispute their authority, would be overwhelming, did I not feel, from the bottom of my heart, that learning has little to do with the imagination—intellect with the passions—or age with poetry. * *

"Trifles, like straws, upon the surface flow,
He who would search for pearls must dive below,"

are lines which have done much mischief. As regards the greater truths, men oftener err by seeking them at the bottom than at the top; the depth lies in the huge abysses where wisdom is sought—not in the palpable palaces where she is found. The ancients were not always right in hiding the goddess in a well: witness the light which Bacon has thrown upon philosophy; witness the principles of our divine faith—that moral mechanism by which the simplicity of a child may overbalance the wisdom of a man.

We see an instance of Coleridge's liability to err, in his *Biographia Literaria*—professedly his literary life and opinions, but, in fact, a treatise *de omni scibili et quibusdam aliis*. He goes wrong by reason of his very profundity, and of his error we have a natural type in the contemplation of a star. He who regards it directly and intensely sees, it is true, the star, but it is the star without a ray—while he who surveys it less inquisitively is conscious of all for which the star is useful to us below—its brilliancy and its beauty.

* * * * *

As to Wordsworth, I have no faith in him. That he had, in youth, the feelings of a poet I believe—for there are glimpses of extreme delicacy in his writings—and delicacy is the poet's own kingdom—his *El Dorado*—but they have the appearance of a better day recollected; and glimpses, at best, are little evidence of present poetic fire—we know that a few straggling flowers spring up daily in the crevices of the glacier.

He was to blame in wearing away his youth in contemplation with the end of poetizing in his manhood. With the increase of his judgment the light which should make it apparent has faded away. His judgment consequently is too correct. This may not be understood,—but the old Goths of Germany would have understood it, who used to debate matters of importance to their State twice, once when drunk, and once when sober—sober that they might not be deficient in formality—drunk lest they should be destitute of vigor.

The long wordy discussions by which he tries to reason us into admiration of his poetry, speak very little in his favor: they are full of such assertions as this—(I have opened one of his volumes at random) "Of genius the only proof is the act of doing well what is worthy to be done, and what was never done before"—indeed! then it follows that in doing what is unworthy to be done, or what has been done before, no genius can be evinced: yet the picking of pockets is an unworthy act, pockets have been picked time immemorial, and Barrington, the pick-pocket, in point of genius, would have thought hard of a comparison with William Wordsworth, the poet.

Again—in estimating the merit of certain poems, whether they be Ossian's or M'Pherson's, can surely be of little consequence, yet, in order to prove their worthlessness, Mr. W. has expended many pages in the controversy. *Tantane animals?* Can great minds descend

to such absurdity? But worse still: that he may hear down every argument in favor of these poems, he triumphantly drags forward a passage, in his abomination of which he expects the reader to sympathize. It is the beginning of the epic poem "*Temora*." "The blue waves of Ullin roll in light; the green hills are covered with day; trees shake their dusky heads in the breeze." And this—this gorgeous, yet simple imagery—where all is alive and panting with immortality—this—William Wordsworth, the author of Peter Bell, has selected for his contempt. We shall see what better he, in his own person, has to offer. *Imprimis*:

"And now she's at the pony's head,
And now she's at the pony's tail,
On that side now, and now on this,
And almost stifled her with bliss—
A few sad tears does Betty shed,
She pats the pony where or when
She knows not: happy Betty Foy!
O Johnny! never mind the Doctor!"

Secondly:

"The dew was falling fast, the—stars began to blink,
I heard a voice, it said—drink, pretty creature, drink;
And looking o'er the hedge, be—fore me I espied
A snow-white mountain lamb with a—maiden at its side,
No other sheep were near, the lamb was all alone,
And by a slender cord was—tether'd to a stone."

Now we have no doubt this is all true; we will believe it, indeed we will, Mr. W. Is it sympathy for the sheep you wish to excite? I love a sheep from the bottom of my heart.

* * * * *

But there are occasions, dear B—, there are occasions when even Wordsworth is reasonable. Even Stamboul, it is said, shall have an end, and the most unlucky blunders must come to a conclusion. Here is an extract from his preface—

"Those who have been accustomed to the phraseology of modern writers, if they persist in reading this book to a conclusion (*impossible!*) will, no doubt, have to struggle with feelings of awkwardness; (ha! ha! ha!) they will look round for poetry (ha! ha! ha! ha!) and will be induced to inquire by what species of courtesy these attempts have been permitted to assume that title." Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha!

Yet let not Mr. W. despair; he has given immortality to a wagon, and the bee Sophocles has transmitted to eternity a sore toe, and dignified a tragedy with a chorus of turkeys.

* * * * *

Of Coleridge I cannot speak but with reverence. His towering intellect! his gigantic power! He is one more evidence of the fact "que la plupart des sectes ont raison dans une bonne partie de ce qu'elles avancent, mais non pas en ce qu'elles nient." He has imprisoned his own conceptions by the barrier he has erected against those of others. It is lamentable to think that such a mind should be buried in metaphysics, and, like the Nyctanthes, waste its perfume upon the night air. In reading his poetry I tremble—like one who stands upon a volcano, conscious, from the very darkness bursting from the crater, of the fire and the light that are weltering below.

* * * * *

What is Poetry?—Poetry! that Proteus-like idea, with as many appellations as the nine-titled Coreyra! Give me, I demanded of a scholar some time ago, give me a definition of poetry? “Tres-volontiers,”—and he proceeded to his library, brought me a Dr. Johnson, and overwhelmed me with a definition. Shade of the immortal Shakspeare! I imagined to myself the scowl of your spiritual eye upon the profanity of that scurrilous Ursa Major. Think of poetry, dear B—, think of poetry, and then think of—Dr. Samuel Johnson! Think of all that is airy and fairy-like, and then of all that is hideous and unwieldy; think of his huge bulk, the Elephant! and then—and then think of the Tempest—the Midsummer Night's Dream—Prospero—Oberon—and Titania!

* * * * *

A poem, in my opinion, is opposed to a work of science by having, for its *immediate* object, pleasure, not truth; to romance, by having for its object an *indefinite* instead of a *definite* pleasure, being a poem only so far as this object is attained; romance presenting perceptible images with definite, poetry with indefinite sensations, to which end music is an *essential*, since the comprehension of sweet sound is our most indefinite conception. Music, when combined with a pleasurable idea, is poetry; music without the idea is simply music; the idea without the music is prose from its very definiteness.

What was meant by the invective against him who had no music in his soul?

* * * * *

To sum up this long rigmarole, I have, dear B—, what you no doubt perceive, for the metaphysical poets, as poets, the most sovereign contempt. That they have followers proves nothing—

No Indian prince has to his palace
More followers than a thief to the gallows.

THE SCIENCE OF LIFE.

BY M. CAREY.

1. If you be so exceptionous and pettish, as to question every word you hear said of you, you will have few friends, little sense, and much trouble.

2. Neglect not manners as if they were of little importance. They are frequently what the world judges us by, and by which it decides for or against us. A man may have virtue, capacity and good conduct, and yet by roughness be rendered insupportable.

3. Broach not odd opinions to such as are not fit to hear them. If you do, you will do them no good by it, perhaps hurt; and may very well expect discredit and mischief to yourself. An ill placed paradox, and an ill timed jest have ruined many.

4. To have a graceful behavior, it is necessary to have a proper degree of confidence; and a tolerably good opinion of yourself. Bashfulness is boyish.

5. Think how many times you have been mistaken in your opinions in times past, and let that teach you in future not to be positive or obstinate.

ANTHOLOGIA.

BY M. CAREY.

1. On a lady of sixty marrying a youth of seventeen.

Hard is the fate of every childless wife,
The thoughts of barrenness annoy her life.
Troth, aged bride, by thee 'twas wisely done
To choose a child and husband both in one.

2. Composition of an Epigram.

What is an epigram? A dwarfish whole,
Its body brevity and wit its soul.

3. Lurking Love.

When lurking love in ambush lies,
Under friendship's fair disguise:
When he wears an angry mien,
Imitating strife and spleen:
When, like sorrow, he seduces,
When, like pleasure, he amuses:
Still, howe'er the parts are cast,
It is but lurking love at last.

4. The Farmer's Creed.

Let this be held the farmer's creed:
For stock look out the choicest breed—
In peace and plenty let them feed—
Your land sow with the best of seed—
Enclose and drain it with all speed,
And you will soon be rich indeed.

5. On a Slandorous Coquette.

Hast thou not seen a lively bee,
Rove through the air, supremely free,
Its slender waist, and swelling breast,
In nature's beauteous colors drest,
While on its little, pointed tongue,
All Hybla's luscious sweets were hung:
Such Nancy is—but, oh the thing,
Wears, like the bee, a poisonous sting.

6. On Content.

It is not youth can give content,
Nor is it wealth can fee;
It is a dower from heav'n sent,
But not to thee or me.

It is not in the monarch's crown
Though he'd give millions for 't—
It is not in his lordship's frown
Nor waits on him to court.

It is not in a coach and six,
It is not in a garter;
'Tis not in love or politics,
But 'tis in Hodge the Carter.

7. On a Dandy.

They say, my friend, that you admire
Yourself with all a lover's fire.
Men who possess what they desire
Like you, are happy fellows.
But you can boast one pleasure more,
While blest with all that you adore,
That no one will be jealous.

Editorial.

CRITICAL NOTICES.

HOUSE OF LORDS.

Random Recollections of the House of Lords, from the year 1830 to 1836. By the author of "Random Recollections of the House of Commons." Philadelphia: Republished by E. L. Carey & A. Hart.

This is an exceedingly interesting volume, written by Mr. Grant, a young Scotch reporter—a man of sound sense, acute observation, and great knowledge of mankind. Its manner is correct, fluent, and forcible—occasionally rising into a high species of eloquence. It has too, that rare merit in compositions of this nature—the merit of strict impartiality—an impartiality so rigidly observed, that it is nearly impossible to form, from any thing comprehended in the book itself, an estimate of the political principles of the writer.

The work commences, in pursuance of the author's plan adopted in his book on the other House of Parliament, with an account of the interior of the building in which the Lords assembled prior to its partial destruction by fire in October 1834. This account is full of interest. "The present house," says the author, "is a small, narrow apartment. Last year it was but very imperfectly lighted. It is more cheerful now, owing to the new windows added to it during the recess. It is incapable of containing more than two hundred and fifty of their lordships with any degree of comfort. It is right to mention, however, that it is but seldom a greater number are present, and it is not often there are so many."

Chapter II is occupied with the forms, rules, regulations, &c. of the House, and is also very entertaining. Among other things, we have here a denial of the common assertion that the Lord Chancellor carries the Great Seal before him when advancing to the Bar of the House to receive a bill sent up by the Commons. His Lordship, we are told, very gravely, merely carries before him the bag in which it is deposited when he receives it from the King, or when, on his retirement from office, he delivers it up into his Majesty's hands. This bag, we are farther informed, is about twelve inches square, is embroidered with tassels of gold, silver, and silk, and has his Majesty's arms on both sides. The Great Seal itself is made of silver, and is seven inches in diameter. We do not understand the manner in which the Seal is said to be divided into two parts, and attached to the letters patent. The impression is six inches in diameter, and three quarters of an inch thick. On every new accession we learn that a new Seal is struck, and the old one cut into four pieces and deposited in the Tower. In this chapter we have the following characteristic anecdote of King William. The *empressment* with which the narrator dwells upon the wonderful circumstance of the monarch's actually reading a letter "without embarrassment, or the mistake of a single word," is an amusing instance of the mystifying influence of "the divine right" and its accompaniments, upon the noddles of its devotees. The idea, too, of the King's asking what are the words in his own speech, is sufficiently burlesque.

Of his extreme good nature and simplicity of manners, he gave several striking proofs at the opening of the present session. The day was unusually gloomy, which, added to an imperfection in his visual organs, consequent on advanced years, and to the darkness of the present House of Lords, especially in the place where the throne is situated, rendered it impossible for him to read the *Royal Speech* with facility. Most patiently and good-naturedly did he struggle with the task, often hesitating, sometimes mistaking, and at others correcting himself. On one occasion he stuck altogether, when, after two or three ineffectual efforts to make out the word, he was obliged to give it up, when turning to Lord Melbourne, who stood on his right hand, and looking him most significantly in the face, he said, in a tone sufficiently loud to be audible in all parts of the house, "Eh, what is it?" The infinite good nature and bluntness with which the question was put, would have reconciled the most inveterate republican to monarchy in England, so long as it is embodied in the person of William the Fourth. Lord Melbourne having whispered the obstructing word, the King proceeded to toil through the speech, but by the time he got to about the middle, the Librarian brought him two wax tapers, on which he suddenly paused, and raising his head, and looking at the Lords and Commons, he addressed them on the spur of the moment in a perfectly distinct voice, and without the least embarrassment or the mistake of a single word, in these terms:

My Lords and Gentlemen,

I have hitherto not been able, from want of light, to read this speech in the way its importance deserves; but as lights are now brought me, I will read it again from the commencement, and in a way which I trust will command your attention.

He then again, though evidently fatigued by the difficulty of reading in the first instance, began at the beginning, and read through the speech in a manner which would have done credit to any professor of elocution.

What a running satire on form is the following!

No noble Lord must, on any occasion, or under any circumstances, mention the name or title of any other noble Lord. If he wishes to refer to any particular Peer, he must do so in some such phraseology as the following: "The noble Duke, or the noble Marquis who has just sat down"—"the noble Earl at the head of his Majesty's Government"—"the noble and learned Lord"—"the noble Lord that spoke last"—"the noble Viscount that spoke last but one"—"the noble Baron that spoke last but two," &c. &c.

What a world we live in, when such and similar things are related in a volume such as this, by a man of excellent sense, with a gravity becoming an owl!

Chapter III consists of "Miscellaneous Observations," contrasts the general deportment of the House of Lords with that of the House of Commons, and rejoices that the art of cock-crowing is yet to be learned by the Peers, and that their Lordships have as yet afforded no evidence of possessing the enviable acquirement of baying like a certain long-eared animal, yelping like a dog, or mewling like the feline creation. It includes also some scandalous accounts of the unconquerable somnolency of a certain Ministerial Duke, and a member of the Right Reverend Bench of Bishops.

Chapter IV is entitled "*Scenes in the House*," and gives a detailed report of two of the most extraordinary of these scenes—one occurring in April 1831, on occasion of the King's dissolving Parliament—the other in July 1834, when the Duke of Buckingham thought proper to make some allusions to the "potations pottle deep" of Lord Brougham, which were not exactly to the mind of his Lordship. The rest of the book is occu-

pied with admirable personal sketches of most of the leading members, and is subdivided into *Late Members*, embracing Lord King and Lord Enfield—*Dukes of the Tory Party*, viz: Dukes of Cumberland, Wellington, Gordon, Newcastle, Buckingham, Northumberland and Buccleugh—*Marquises of the Tory Party*, including the Marquises of Londonderry, Wellesley, and Salisbury—*Earls of the Tory Party*, the Earls of Eldon, Wicklow, Limerick, Winchelsea, Roden, Aberdeen, Haddington, Harrowby, Rosalyn, and Mannsfield—*Barons of the Tory Party*, Lords Wynford, Lyndhurst, Ellenborough, Fitzgerald and Vessey, Ashburton, Abinger, Wharcliffe and Kenyon—*Peers who have Seats in the Cabinet*, viz: Lord Melbourne, Marquis of Lansdowne, Lord Holland, and Lord Duncannon—*Dukes of the Liberal Party*, the Dukes of Sussex, Leinster, and Sutherland—*Marquises of the Liberal Party*, the Marquises of Westminster, Cleveland, Anglesea, Clanricarde, and Conyngham—*Earls of the Liberal Party*, Earls Gray, Durham, Radnor, Carnarvon, Mulgrave, Burlington, Fife, and Fitzwilliam—*Barons of the Liberal Party*, Lords Plunkett, Brougham, Denman, Cottenham, Langdale, Hatherton, and Teynham—*Neutral Peers*, the Duke of Richmond and the Earl of Ripon—and lastly, the *Lords Spiritual*, under which head we have sketches of the Archbishops of Canterbury and Dublin, and the Bishops of Exeter, London, Durham, and Hereford. The whole of these sketches of personal character are well executed and exceedingly diverting—some, of a still higher order of excellence. The portrait of Lord Brougham, in especial, although somewhat exaggerated in the matter of panegyric, is vividly and very forcibly depicted, and will be universally read and admired. The book concludes in these words.

It is a fact worthy of observation, that with the single exception of Lord Brougham, no man that has, of late years, been raised from the Lower to the Upper House, has made any figure in the latter place. On the contrary, they all seem to be rapidly descending, as public speakers, into obscurity. In addition to Earl Spencer and Lord Glenelg, I may mention the names of Lord Denman, Lord Abinger, Lord Ashburn, Lord Hatherton, &c. In fact, there is something in the very constitution of their Lordships, as a body, which has a strong tendency to discourage all attempts at oratorical distinction.

SIGOURNEY'S LETTERS.

Letters to Young Ladies. By Mrs. L. H. Sigourney. Second Edition. Hartford: Published by Wm. Watson.

We have to apologize for not sooner calling the attention of our readers to these excellent *Letters of Mrs. Sigourney*—which only to-day we have had an opportunity of reading with sufficient care to form an opinion of their merits. Our delay, however, is a matter of the less importance, when we consider the universal notice and approbation of the public at large. In this approbation we cordially agree. The book is, in every respect, worthy of Mrs. Sigourney—and it would be difficult to say more.

The *Letters* (embraced in a duodecimo of two hundred and twelve pages,) are twelve in number. Their subjects are, *Improvement of Time—Domestic Employments—Health and Dress—Manners and Accomplishments—Books—Friendship—Cheerfulness—Conversation—Be-*

nevolence—Self-Government—Utility—and Motives to Perseverance. Little has been said on any one of these subjects more forcibly or more beautifully than now by Mrs. Sigourney—and, collectively, as a code of morals and *manner* for the gentler sex, we have seen nothing whatever which we would more confidently place in the hands of any young female friend, than this unassuming little volume, so redolent of the pious, the graceful, the lofty, and the poetical mind from which it issues.

The prose of Mrs. Sigourney should not be compared, in its higher qualities, with her poetry—but appears to us essentially superior in its *minutiae*. It would be difficult to find fault with the construction of more than a very few passages in the *Letters*—and the general correctness and vigor of the whole would render any such fault-finding a matter of hyper-criticism. We are not prepared to say whether this correctness be the result of labor or not—there are certainly no traces of labor. The most remarkable feature of the volume is its unusually extensive circle of illustration, in the way of brief anecdote, and multiplied reference to authorities—illustration which, while apparently no more than sufficient for the present purpose of the writer, gives evidence, to any critical eye, of a far wider general erudition than that possessed by any of our female writers, and which we were not at all prepared to meet with in one, only known hitherto as the inspired poetess of *Natural and Moral Beauty*.

Would our limits permit us we would gladly copy entire some one of the *Letters*. As it is, we must be contented with a brief extract, (on the subject of Memory,) evincing powers of rigid thought in the writer. Few subjects are more entirely misapprehended than that of the faculty of Memory. For a multiplicity of error on this head Leibnitz and Locke are responsible. That the faculty is neither primitive nor independent is susceptible of direct proof. That it exists in conjunction with each primitive faculty, and inseparable from it, is a fact which might be readily ascertained even without the direct assistance of Phrenology. The remarks of Mrs. Sigourney apply, only collaterally, to what we say, but will be appreciated by the metaphysical student.

I am inclined to think Memory capable of indefinite improvement by a judicious and persevering regimen. Were you required to analyze it to its simplest element, you would probably discover it to be a *habit of fixed attention*. Read, therefore, what you desire to remember, with concentrated and undivided attention. Close the book and reflect. Undigested food throws the whole frame into a ferment. Were we as well acquainted with our intellectual, as with our physical structure, we should see undigested knowledge producing equal disorder in the mind.

To strengthen the Memory, the best course is not to commit page after page verbatim, but to give the substance of the author, correctly and clearly in your own language. Thus the understanding and memory are exercised at the same time, and the prosperity of the mind is not so much advanced by the undue prominence of any *one faculty* as by the true balance and vigorous action of *all*. Memory and understanding are also fast friends, and the light which one gains will be reflected upon the other.

Use judgment in selecting from the mass of what you read the parts which it will be useful or desirable to remember. Separate and arrange them, and give them in charge to memory. Tell her it is her duty to keep them, and to bring them forth when you require.

She has the capacities of a faithful servant, and possibly the dispositions of an idle one. But you have the power of enforcing obedience and of overcoming her infirmities. At the close of each day let her come before you, as Ruth came to Naomi, and 'beat out that which she hath gleaned.' Let her winnow repeatedly what she has brought from the field, and 'gather the wheat into the garner' ere she goes to repose.

This process, so far from being laborious, is one of the most delightful that can be imagined. To condense, is perhaps the only difficult part of it; for the casket of Memory, though elastic, has bounds, and if surcharged with trifles, the weightier matters will find no fitting place.

While Memory is in this course of training, it would be desirable to read no books whose contents are not worth her care: for if she finds herself called only occasionally, she may take airs like a froward child, and not come when she is called. Make her feel it as a duty to stand with her tablet ready whenever you open a book, and then show her sufficient respect, not to summon her to any book unworthy of her.

To facilitate the management of Memory, it is well to keep in view that her office is threefold. Her first effort is to *receive* knowledge; her second to *retain* it; her last to *bring it forth* when it is needed. The first act is solitary, the silence of fixed attention. The next is also sacred to herself, and her ruling power, and consists in frequent, thorough examination of the state and order of the things committed to her. The third act is social, rendering her treasures available to the good of others. Daily intercourse with a cultivated mind is the best method to rivet, refine, and polish the hoarded gems of knowledge. Conversation with intelligent men is eminently serviceable. For, after all our exultation on the advancing state of female education, with the other sex, will be found the wealth of classical knowledge, and profound wisdom. If you have a parent, or older friend, who will, at the close of each day, listen kindly to what you have read, and help to fix in your memory the portions most worthy of regard, count it a privilege of no common value, and embrace it with sincere gratitude.

We heartily recommend these *Letters* (which the name of their author will more especially recommend,) to the attention of our female acquaintances. They may be procured, in Richmond, at the bookstore of Messrs. Yale and Wyatt.

THE DOCTOR.

The Doctor, &c. New York: Republished by Harper and Brothers.

The Doctor has excited great attention in America as well as in England, and has given rise to every variety of conjecture and opinion, not only concerning the author's individuality, but in relation to the meaning, purpose, and character of the book itself. It is now said to be the work of one author—now of two, three, four, five—as far even as nine or ten. These writers are sometimes thought to have composed the *Doctor* conjointly—sometimes to have written each a portion. These individual portions have even been pointed out by the supremely acute, and the names of their respective fathers assigned. Supposed discrepancies of taste and manner, together with the prodigal introduction of mottoes, and other scraps of erudition (apparently beyond the compass of a single individual's reading) have given rise to this idea of a multiplicity of writers—among whom are mentioned in turn all the most witty, all the most eccentric, and especially all the most learn-

ed of Great Britain. Again—in regard to the nature of the book. It has been called an imitation of Sterne—an august and most profound exemplification, under the garb of eccentricity, of some all-important moral law—a true, under guise of a fictitious, biography—a simple jeu d'esprit—a mad farrago by a Bedlamite—and a great multiplicity of other equally fine names and hard. Undoubtedly, the best method of arriving at a decision in relation to a work of this nature, is to read it through with attention, and thus see what can be made of it. We have done so, and can make nothing of it, and are therefore clearly of opinion that the *Doctor* is precisely—nothing. We mean to say that it is nothing better than a *hoax*.

That any serious truth is meant to be inculcated by a tissue of bizarre and disjointed rhapsodies, whose general meaning no person can fathom, is a notion altogether untenable, unless we suppose the author a madman. But there are none of the proper evidences of madness in the book—while of mere *bamter* there are instances innumerable. One half, at least, of the entire publication is taken up with palpable quizes, reasonings in a circle, sentences, like the nonsense verses of Du Bartas, evidently framed to mean nothing, while wearing an air of profound thought, and grotesque speculations in regard to the probable excitement to be created by the book.

It appears to have been written with the sole view (or nearly with the sole view) of exciting inquiry and comment. That this object should be fully accomplished cannot be thought very wonderful, when we consider the excessive trouble taken to accomplish it, by vivid and powerful intellect. That the *Doctor* is the offspring of such intellect, is proved sufficiently by many passages of the book, where the writer appears to have been led off from his main design. That it is written by more than one man should not be deduced either from the apparent immensity of its erudition, or from discrepancies of style. That man is a desperate mannerist who cannot vary his style *ad infinitum*; and although the book *may* have been written by a number of learned *bibliophagi*, still there is, we think, nothing to be found in the book itself at variance with the possibility of its being written by any one individual of even mediocre reading. Erudition is only certainly known in its total results. The mere grouping together of mottoes from the greatest multiplicity of the rarest works, or even the apparently natural inweaving into any composition, of the sentiments and manner of these works, are attainments within the reach of any well-informed, ingenious and industrious man having access to the great libraries of London. Moreover, while a single individual possessing these requisites and opportunities, might through a rabid desire of *creating a sensation*, have written, with some trouble, the *Doctor*, it is by no means easy to imagine that a plurality of sensible persons could be found willing to embark in such absurdity from a similar, or indeed from any imaginable inducement.

The present edition of the Harpers consists of two volumes in one. Volume one commences with a *Prelude of Mottoes* occupying two pages. Then follows a *Post-script*—then a *Table of Contents to the first volume*, occupying eighteen pages. Volume two has a similar *Prelude of Mottoes* and *Table of Contents*. The whole is subdivided into Chapters Ante-Initial, Initial and Post-Initial.

tial, with Inter-Chapters. The pages have now and then a typographical *querity*—a monogram, a scrap of grotesque music, old English, &c. Some characters of this latter kind are printed with colored ink in the British edition, which is gotten up with great care. All these oddities are in the manner of Sterne, and some of them are exceedingly well conceived. The work professes to be a Life of one Doctor Daniel Dove and his horse Nobs—but we should put no very great faith in this biography. On the back of the book is a monogram—which appears again once or twice in the text, and whose solution is a fertile source of trouble with all readers. This monogram is a triangular pyramid; and as, in geometry, the solidity of every polyedral body may be computed by dividing the body into pyramids, the pyramid is thus considered as the base or essence of every polyedron. The author then, after his own fashion, may mean to imply that his book is the basis of all solidity or wisdom—or perhaps, since the polyedron is not only a solid, but a solid terminated by *plane faces*, that the *Doctor* is the very essence of all that spurious wisdom which will terminate in just nothing at all—in a hoax, and a consequent multiplicity of *blank visages*. The wit and humor of the *Doctor* have seldom been equalled. We cannot think Southey wrote it, but have no idea who did.

RAUMER'S ENGLAND.

England in 1835. Being a Series of Letters written to Friends in Germany, during a Residence in London and Excursions into the Provinces. By Frederick Von Raumer, Professor of History at the University of Berlin, Author of the "History of the Hohenstaufen," of the "History of Europe from the end of the Fifteenth Century," of "Illustrations of the History of the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries," &c. &c. Translated from the German, by Sarah Austin and H. E. Lloyd. Philadelphia: Carey, Lea and Blanchard.

This work will form an era in the reading annals of the more contemplative portion of Americans—while its peculiar merits will be overlooked by the multitude. The broad and solid basis of its superstructure—the scrupulous accuracy of its *data*—the disdain of mere *logic* in its deductions—the *generalizing*, calm, comprehensive—in a word, the *German* character of its philosophy, will insure it an enthusiastic welcome among all the nobler spirits of our land. What though its general tenor be opposed at least apparently to many of our long cherished opinions and deeply-rooted prejudices? Shall we less welcome the truth, or glory in its advancement because of its laying bare our own individual errors? But the England of Von Raumer will be sadly and wickedly misconceived if it be really conceived as militating against a Republicanism here, which it opposes with absolute justice, in Great Britain, and Prussia. It will be sadly misconceived if it be regarded as embracing one single sentence with which the most bigoted lover of abstract Democracy can have occasion to find fault. At the same time we cannot help believing that it will, in some measure, be effectual in diverting the minds of our countrymen, and of all who read it, from that perpetual and unhealthy excitement about the forms and machinery of governmental action which have within the last half century so ab-

sorbed their attention as to exclude in a strange degree all care of the proper *results* of good government—the happiness of a people—improvement in the condition of mankind—practicable under a thousand forms—and without which all forms are valueless and shadowy phantoms. It will serve also as an auxiliary in convincing mankind that the origin of the principal social evils of any given land are *not* to be found (except in a much less degree than we usually suppose) either in republicanism or monarchy or any especial method of government—that we must look for the source of our greatest defects in a variety of causes totally distinct from any such action—in a love of gain, for example, whose direct tendency to social evil was vividly shown in an essay on *American Social Elevation* lately published in the "Messenger." In a word, let this book of Von Raumer's be read with attention, as a study, and as a *whole*. If this thing be done—which is but too seldom done (here at least) in regard to works of a like character and cast—and we will answer for the result—as far as that result depends upon the deliberate and unprejudiced declaration of any well-educated man. We agree cordially with the opinion expressed by Mrs. Austin in her Preface to this American imprint. The book is the most valuable addition to our stock of knowledge about England and her institutions which America has ever received or which, in the ordinary course of things she is likely to receive.

Of Professor Von Raumer it is almost unnecessary for us to speak—yet a few words may not be amiss. He is a man of unquestionable and lofty integrity—the most highly esteemed living historian—second to none, living or dead, in all the high essentials of the historiographer—profoundly versed in moral and political science—and withal, a lover, and a connoisseur of art, and fully aware of its vast importance in actuating mankind, individually, and nationally. He is a member of the Academy of Sciences at Berlin, and Councillor of the Court Theatre in which he labors to keep up the moral influence of that establishment as a school of art. He has constantly opposed absolutism in every form—especially the absolutism of exclusive political creeds. "If," says the *Conversations Lexicon*, "the much talked of *juste milieu* consists in endless tacking between two opposite principles, Raumer belongs rather to one of the extremes than to that. But if the expression is taken to denote that free and neutral ground on which a man, resting upon the basis of justice, and untrammelled by party views, combats for truth proved by experience, careless whether his blows fall to the right or the left—then Raumer unquestionably belongs to the *juste milieu*." He has written the *History of the Hohenstaufen and their Time*—a history richer than the richest romance—a work *On the Prussian Municipal System*—a work *On the Historical Development of the Notions of Law and Government*—*Letters from Paris* in 1830, a series of papers printed precisely as they were written to his family, and evincing a spirit of foresight nearly amounting to prophecy—so accurately were his predictions fulfilled—*Letters from Paris in Illustration of the History of the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries*—a *History of Europe from the End of the Fifteenth Century*, in six volumes, of which one is yet to be published—a *History of the Downfall of Poland*—in which although employed and paid by his govern-

ment he did not hesitate to accuse that government of injustice—*Six Dialogues on War and Commerce—The British System of Taxation—The Orations of Eschines and Demosthenes for the Crown—CCI Emendationes ad Tabulas Genealogicas Arabum et Turcorum—Manual of Remarkable Passages from the Latin Historians of the Middle Ages—Journey to Venice—Lectures on Ancient History*—and some other works of which we have no account. The present *Letters* are printed just as the author wrote them from day to day. We are even assured that some mistakes have been suffered to stand with a view of showing how first impressions were gradually modified.

Mrs. Austin, the translator, however, has taken some liberties in the way of omission, which cannot easily be justified. Some animadversions on her friend Bentham are stricken out without sufficient reason for so doing. We learn this as well by her own acknowledgment as by ominous breaks in particular passages concerning the great Utilitarian. The latter portion of the book is translated by H. E. Lloyd.

The plan of Von Raumer's work embraces, as may well be supposed, a great variety of themes—the political topics of the day and of all time—the present state and future prospects of England—comparative views of that country, France, and Prussia—descriptions of scenery about London, localities, architecture, &c.—social condition of the people—society in high life—and frequent disquisitions on the state of art and musical science. We will proceed, without observing any precise order, to speak of some portions which particularly interested us. The book, however, to be properly appreciated, should be read and thoroughly studied.

It appears that although Raumer was received with the greatest kindness by nearly all the leading men of all parties in Great Britain, he was treated with neglect if not with rudeness by Lord Brougham, who remained obstinately deaf to all overtures at an introduction. It does not appear from the course and tenor of these *Letters* that the harshness with which the traveller so frequently speaks of his Lordship, had its origin in this rude treatment. It is more probable that the rude treatment had its source in the knowledge on the part of Lord Brougham, that Raumer could expose many of his falsities in relation to municipal law and some other matters concerning Prussia. His Lordship's *Report on the State of Education* is especially the theme of frequent censure.

The person (says our author) who judges the Prussian institutions most dogmatically is Lord Brougham. He says "It may matter little what sentiments are inculcated on all Prussian children by their military chiefs; but it would be something new in this country systematically to teach all children, from six to fourteen years of age, the doctrines of passive obedience and non-resistance, the absolute excellence of its institutions, and the wickedness and iniquity of every effort to improve them." If the noble lord, in the excitement of debate, and the flow of his eloquence, let such notions and words escape him, we cannot wonder; but that, when called on by a parliamentary committee to give a dispassionate, true testimony, he should have uttered things so entirely false, nay, so utterly absurd, cannot in any way be justified, or even excused. Sir Robert Peel compassionately intimates that our school-children are tormented by theologians, and Brougham places them under the rod and cane of the corporal. That our military arrangements are a school of freedom, and

for freedom, and the very antipodes of the English recruiting and flogging system, may, perhaps, be more unintelligible to an Englishman, than all the theological and scientific curiosities of Oxford to a German. But what have military arrangements to do with our schools? If Lord Brougham has read any thing but the title-page of Cousin's work, he may and must know that all he said about the Prussian schools was entirely visionary, and could only serve to mislead those who believed him. The doctrine of passive obedience and non-resistance, so long upheld by certain parties in England, is not known in our schools even by name; and if any Professor at Oxford should venture to speak of church and state as, thank heaven, any Prussian Professor is at liberty to do, it would certainly be said—the heretic brought church and state into danger. In our schools and universities we know of no theological intolerance, no exclusion of Dissenters, no idolatry of what exists for the moment, no forced subscriptions; yet we are not by this alienated from Christianity, but hold fast to the imperishable diamond of the Gospel without converting it into an amulet with thirty-nine points. In Prussia, then, it would seem the wickedness and impiety of every attempt to improve civil institutions is systematically enforced! In Prussia, which, without any boasting of journals and newspapers, silently effected the greatest reforms, and rose from a state of abject degradation, like a phoenix from its ashes—the aversion and opposition between citizens and soldiers is abolished; the system of the defence of the country is easy, yet general and powerful; the regulations of commerce and of duties of custom freer than in any other part of Europe; the peasants are converted into land-owners; a municipal system introduced twenty-seven years ago, which England is now copying; and schools and universities placed on so firm a basis that the calumnies of Lord Brougham can only recoil on his own head. From the descriptions of what is called the Prussian compulsory system, one would be inclined to believe that the children were coupled together like hounds, and driven every morning with blows to be trained! Should a parent be so wicked as not to give his children any education, and purposely keep them from school and church, the law justly gives the magistrates a right of guardianship. This remote threat may have had a salutary effect in individual cases, but I have never heard of the actual application of outward compulsion—*obtorio collo*. Morality, sense of honor, general custom, conviction of the great advantage of a careful education, suffice among us to excite all parents voluntarily to send their children to school. In perfect accordance with our school laws it is considered as equally sinful to withhold nourishment from their minds as from their bodies. If we duly appreciate the spirit of the laws, cavils about the letter fall away; but even the letter has had a wholesome influence, and without the application of corporal restraint, in promoting the intellectual emancipation of the people.

Our author's letter on the *Finances* of Great Britain will be read with surprise and doubt by many, but with respect by all. He commences with an analysis of finance in general, and with a brief survey of many financial distresses which are as old as history itself. His remarks on the absence of all finance in the middle ages will arrest attention. In these days men had no money, and yet did more than in modern times—they effected every thing, and we can effect nothing, without the circulation of the "golden blond." Every individual in those days, garnered, says Raumer, without the medium of money, what he wanted; and the whole was entirely kept together by ideas. It is only since Machiavelli—since the power of the middle ages was lost in the feudal and ecclesiastical systems, that we have had to seek a new public law, and a science of

Finance. In regard to England, our author runs through all the most important epochs of its monied concerns, and shows effectually that she has no reason to tremble at present. He alludes to what is called the enormous burden of her taxes, and of her debt—whose interest is more than 30,000,000*l.* per annum—far more than half of its revenue, and more than four years revenue of the whole Prussian monarchy! He admits, for the sake of argument, that England must sink under this intolerable pressure, and become bankrupt—but the public debt and its interest, he says, would then at once be annihilated. To the assertion that this remedy is worse than the disease, and would produce a degree of distress much exceeding what is now complained of, he replies, that such an assertion is a direct acknowledgment that the expenditure of the enormous interest above-mentioned is salutary. He proceeds with the affirmation that all the public debts being the property of individuals, there are cases in which this private property *cannot remain inviolate without sacrificing the whole*—and in this way, a reduction or annihilation of the debt must take place. He refers, for illustration, to the *Redemption Bonds* of Vienna, and to Solon's *Seisachtheia*, and says, there can be no reason for doubting that England would as well survive such abrupt annihilation of her national debt as many other states have done—among whom are Athens, Rome, France, and Austria. He remarks, that Englishmen may as well rejoice that the country has such immense capital, as lament that it is burthened with so many debts—for *every debt is there a capital*. If these debts were of so little value that the price of stock indicated the loss, instead of the profit—if the interest could only be paid by new loans—if the debts were due to fund-holders *out of the country*, England would be in a desperate condition in the event of bankruptcy. But, he observes, if all the national debt were abolished, there would, in fact, as regarded the *whole* national wealth, be no change whatever. The stockholders would lose, of course, a revenue of 30,000,000*l.*; but, on the other hand, taxes might be abolished to the same amount. Individuals would be ruined—the nation not at all. He shows clearly, however, by statements officially certified by Sir Robert Peel, that England has very little need of apprehending a national bankruptcy—and that since 1816 she has reduced the principal of her debt by no less than \$616,000,000. Certainly no state in Europe can boast of a similar progress.

Von Raumer presents a vivid picture of the miseries of Ireland.

When I recollect (says he, after some distressing narrations,) the well-fed rogues in the English prisons, I admire, notwithstanding the very natural increase of Irish criminals, the power of morality—I wonder that the whole nation does not go over and steal, in order to enjoy a new and happier existence. And then the English boast of the good treatment of their countrymen, while the innocent Irish are obliged to live worse than their cattle. In Parliament they talk for years together whether it is necessary and becoming to leave \$100,000 annually in the hands of the pastors of 526 Protestants, or \$10,759 to the pastors of 3 Protestants, while there are thousands here who scarcely know they have a soul, and know nothing of their body, except that it suffers hunger, thirst and cold. Which of these ages is the dark and barbarous—the former, when mendicant monks distributed their goods to the poor, and,

in their way, gave them the most rational comfort; or the latter, when rich (or bankrupt) aristocrats can see the weal of the church and of religion, (or of their relations) only in retaining possession of that which was taken and obtained by violence? All the blame is thrown on agitators, and discontent produced by artificial means. What absurdity! Every falling hut causes agitation, and every tattered pair of breeches a *sans culotte*. Since I have seen Ireland, I admire the patience and moderation of the people, that they do not (what would be more excusable in them than in distinguished revolutionists, authors, journalists, Benthamites, baptized and unbaptized Jews,) drive out the devil through Beelzebub, the Prince of the Devils. . . . I endeavored to discover the original race of the ancient Irish, and the beauty of the women. But how could I venture to give an opinion? Take the loveliest of the English maidens from the saloons of the Duke of Devonshire or the Marquis of Lansdowne—carry her, not for life, but for one short season, into an Irish hovel—feed her on water and potatoes, clothe her in rags, expose her blooming cheek and alabaster neck to the scorching beams of the sun, and the drenching torrents of rain—let her wade with naked feet through marshy bogs—with her delicate hands pick up the dung that lies in the road, and carefully stow it by the side of her mud resting-place—give her a hog to share this with her; to all this, add no consolatory remembrance of the past, no cheering hope of the future—nothing but misery—a misery which blunts and stupifies the mind—a misery of the past, the present, and the future—would the traveller, should this image of woe crawl from out of her muddy hovel, and imploringly extend her shrivelled hand, recognize the noble maiden whom a few short weeks before he admired as the model of English beauty? . . . And yet the children, with their black hair and dark eyes, so gay and playful in their tatters—created in the image of God—are in a few years, by the fault of man and the government, so worn out, without advantage to themselves or others, that the very beasts of the field might look down on them with scorn. . . . Is what I have said exaggerated, or perhaps, merely an unseasonable and indecorous fiction? or should I have suppressed it, because it may offend certain parties? What have I to do with O'Connell and his opponents? I have nothing either to hope or to fear from any of them; but to declare what I saw, thought, and felt, is my privilege and my duty. *Discite justitiam, moniti, et non temnere deos!*

Our author speaks of the dissolution of the Union as of a measure which would and should naturally be opposed by any person who has never seen Ireland, and who considers the case merely in a general and theoretical point of view—but allows that he can easily conceive how well-disposed persons may rely on this alternative as the most efficient remedy. He does not, however, approve of the demand—although he goes even farther than O'Connell. His propositions are nearly as follows: First, that provisions should be equally made for the schools and churches of the Protestants and Catholics, out of the church property already existing or to be created. Secondly, that the tithes should be abolished—that is, as a mode of taxation—not the tax itself. It is observed, that to deprive the church of its due, and to make a present of it, without any reason, to the landlord, would not only be an act of injustice, but would operate to the prejudice of the poor tenants, since the clergyman has not so many means to distract the cattle as the temporal landlord, and generally is less willing to employ them. Thirdly, that poor laws should be introduced, taking care to avoid their abuses. This idea is in opposition to that of O'Connell, who dreads the misapplication of the laws as in England. Von

Raumer acknowledges the *difficulty* of introducing them, but insists upon the *necessity*. The difficulty proceeds from the want of a wealthy middling class in the country—the true basis of all finance. To obviate this want, he insists—Fourthly, upon a law respecting absentees. He denies the injustice of such law, and rejects as false that notion of private property which would impose on the land owner no duties, while it gives him unconditional rights. He does not, however, propose compelling the absentees to return home, but to pay more to the poor-tax than those who are present. “Is this impossible?” he asks—“have not the Catholics borne for centuries higher taxes than the Protestants? This was possible, *without reason*; and therefore the other would be very possible, *with good reason*.” He suggests—Fifthly, the complete abolition of the system of tenants at will, and the conversion of all these tenants at will into proprietors. “On reading this,” he says, “the Tories will throw my book into the fire, and even the Whigs will be mute with astonishment. The whole battery of pillage, jacobinism, and dissolution of civil society, is discharged at me; but it will not touch me—not even the assertion that I would, like St. Crispin, steal leather in order to make shoes for the poor. Even the Radicals ask with astonishment, how I would work this miracle. There is a Sybilline book, a patent and yet hidden mystery, how this is to be effected; and there is a magician who has accomplished it—the Prussian Municipal Law, and King Frederick William III of Prussia.” Granting that his proposal should be rejected unless both parties are gainers, our author proceeds to show that both parties will be so. That those who are raised to the class of land-owners would gain, is evident. That the present proprietors would gain, he asserts, is proved from the fact, that in the long run, the tenant-at-will is able to produce and to pay less than he who has a long lease, the latter less than the hereditary farmer, and the hereditary farmer less than the proprietor. The subject is discussed very fully and clearly in another letter on *English Agriculture*.

Professor Von Raumer makes a proper distinction between the nature and consequences of English agitation, and the agitation of many continental countries. In these latter we find anticipative and preventive polices—especially in France. When a *movement* breaks out under a government employing this system, it is because the preventive means are exhausted, and thus every thing rushes at once into disorder and irretrievable confusion. A similar *movement*, however, in England, (and the remark will apply equally to the United States, although Von Raumer does not so apply it,) is suffered to gather strength and flourish until the *overt act*, and the citizen who dwells under the influence of the preventive system, would of course, in observing us, expect the same irretrievable confusion to ensue with us as with him. If our own government, or that of England, should attempt to interfere before the overt act, the administration would meet with no support. But when the *movement* has grown to an open violation of the laws, the case is different indeed. “In short,” says our author, “what is regarded abroad as the beginning of a revolution, is, in reality, the crisis, and is, in a very different sense than in France, *le commencement de la fin*.”

Much of our traveller's time, while in Great Britain was passed in close intimacy with her statesmen. Of Russell, Spring Rice, Sir Robert Peel, and O'Connell, he speaks in terms of evident respect. From many passages in which he mentions the latter, we select the following.

I suddenly conceived the project of going straight from P—— to his antagonist—to—— (H—— will be furious) to Daniel O'Connell. I found him in a small room, sitting at a writing table covered with letters, in his dressing gown. I began with apologies for intruding upon him without any introduction, and pleaded my interest in the history and fate of Ireland, and in his efforts to serve her. When I found he had read my *Historical Letters* I felt on a better footing. I could not implicitly accept his opinion concerning Elizabeth (which he has borrowed from Lingard) as a good foil. We agreed, however, on the subject of the much disputed and much falsified history of the Catholic conspiracy of 1641. I am also perfectly of his opinion, that the tenants at will—those serfs—are in a worse condition in Ireland than any where, and that, both with regard to moral and intellectual culture, or physical prosperity, their position is not comparable to that of our thrice happy proprietary peasants. I told him that what he desired for Ireland had long been possessed by the Catholics of Prussia: and that hatred and discontent had expired with persecution. The English Ministry first made this man a giant: but he is a giant too, by the strength of his own mind and will, in comparison with the Lilliputians cut out of reeds, which we call demagogues; and which are forced to be shut up in the Kopenick hot-house, or put under a Mainz fore-glass to rear them into any size and consideration. Thank God, however, the governments of Germany do not prepare the ground for universal discontent. If this prevailed, and prevailed with justice, O'Connell's must of necessity arise. Your dissertation on the greatness or smallness of German demagogues (I hear you say) is quite superfluous: you had much better have described to us what that arch agitator and rascal, O'Connell, looks like—What he looks like? A tall gaunt man, with a thin face, sunken cheeks, a large hooked nose, black piercing eye, malignant smile round the mouth, and, when in full dress, a cock's feather in his hat, and a cloven foot. ‘That is just what I imagined him!’ cries one. But, as it happens, that is just what he is not. On the contrary, he has a round, good-natured face. In Germany he would be taken for a good, hearty, sturdy, shrewd farmer: indeed he distinctly reminded me of the cheerful, sagacious, and witty old bailiff Romanus, in *Rotzli*.

At page 391, Von Raumer alludes to some notices of his historical works in the *British Quarterly*. He complains of injustice done him in a review of his “*Letters from Paris* in 1830.” The Reviewer states that our traveller did not court society, and that he professes to have seen and become acquainted only with what strikes the eyes of every observer in the streets, taverns, and theatre. This is denied by Von Raumer, who declares his chief associates to have been “wealthy merchants and distinguished literati, old and new peers, members of the Chamber of Deputies, the most celebrated diplomatists, and three of the present ministers of Louis Philippe.”

The remarks of our author upon *Art*, (in the extensive German signification of the word) are worthy of all attention and bespeak an elevated, acute, and comprehensive understanding of its properties and capabilities. Many pages of the work before us are devoted to comments upon the *Architecture*, the *Painting*, the *Stage*, and especially the *Music* of England.

and these pages will prove deeply interesting to a majority of readers. At pages 143 he thus speaks of Mrs. Sloman.

Lady Macbeth, Mrs. Sloman, a fiendish shrew, who must have been the torment of her husband's life long before the predictions of the witches. Even in the sleeping scene she betrayed only fear of discovery and punishment; and the exaggerated action, the rubbing of the hands, and seeming to dip them in water, and the rhetorical 'to bed!' were very little to my taste. . . . To sum up my impression of the whole—an excess of effort, of bustle, and of accentuation, with every now and then, by way of clap-trap, a violent and yet toneless screaming. Exactly those passages in which these stage passions were the most boisterous and distressing were the most applauded. There is not a single well-frequented German theatre (such as those of Vienna, Berlin or Dresden) in which so bad a performance as this would have been exhibited.

Our traveller is in raptures with Windsor, and censures the tasteless folly of Buckingham house. Of the Italian opera in England he speaks briefly and contemptuously—nor does the national music find any degree of favor in his eyes. His criticisms on sculpture and painting are forcible and very beautiful. In some observations on the attic bas-reliefs, and the works from the Parthenon and Phigalia, to be found in the British Museum, he takes occasion to collate the higher efforts of Grecian art with the rudeness of Roman feeling, and the still more striking rudeness of the German and Italian schools of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. His remarks here are too forcible and too fresh to be omitted.

These schools (the German and Italian) were, it is true, internally impelled by Christianity towards the noblest goal of humanity and of art, but they have unsuitably introduced the doctrine of election even into these regions. To the beautiful forms pardoned by God are opposed the ugly bodies of the non-elect; to the healthy, the sick; to the blessed, the damned. In theology, in philosophy, in history, this dark side of existence may be employed at pleasure, but when it appears in art I feel hurt and uncomfortable. . . . This *caput mortuum* may be wholly separated. It should evaporate and become invisible. Not till this is accomplished can we place Christian art above Greek art, as the Christian religion above the Greek religion. A great confusion of ideas still prevails, in considering and judging of these things. How often have modern works of art been praised in reference to the doctrine, and ancient works reprobated for similar reasons. But the demoniac is not a suitable subject for art, merely because he is mentioned in the Bible; or a Venus to be rejected, because the worship of the goddess has ceased. . . . Music without discord is unmeaning and tedious, and painting and sculpture likewise need such discord. But every musical discord is necessarily resolved, according to the rules of art—while painters and sculptors often leave their dissonances unresolved, and eternized in stone. In every discord I feel its transition into euphony. It is but a motion, a creation of harmony; but no musician would ever think of affirming that to sing out of tune is ever permitted, much less that it is necessary in his art. The combats of the Centaurs and Lapithæ display a chain of discords, which originate, advance, and develop themselves—one could set them to music without violating the rules and euphony of the science. But were we to attempt a similar musical transposition with many celebrated statues, we should break all the strings of the instrument by the violence of the effort.

We had noted many other passages for comment and extract—(especially a lively Philippic against Utilitarianism on pages 398, 399, an account of Bentham's penitentiary, and other matters) but we perceive that we are already infringing upon our limits.

This book about England will and must be read, and will as certainly be relished, by a numerous class, although not by a majority, of our fellow-citizens. The author, we rejoice to hear, has engaged to translate into his own language the Washington Papers of Mr. Sparks. We will only add that Professor Von Raumer has the honor of being called by the English organ of the High Church and Ultra Tory Party, "a vagrant blackguard unfit for the company of a decent servants' hall."

MEMOIRS OF AN AMERICAN LADY.

Memoirs of an American Lady. With Sketches of Manners and Scenery in America, as they existed previous to the Revolution. By the author of "Letters from the Mountains." New York: published by George Dearborn.

This work has been already a favorite with many of our readers—but has long been out of print, and we are glad to see it republished. Mrs. Grant of Laghan is a name entitled to the respect and affection of all Americans. The book, moreover, is full of good things; and as a memorial of the epoch immediately preceding our Revolution, is invaluable. At the present moment too it will be well to compare the public sentiment in regard to slavery, Indian affairs, and some other matters, with the sentiments of our forefathers, as expressed in this volume. In Albany and New York it will possess a local interest of no common character. Every where it will be read with pleasure, as an authentic and well written record of a most exemplary life. The edition is well printed on fine paper, and altogether creditable to Mr. Dearborn.

Some remarks on slavery, at page 41, will apply with singular accuracy to the present state of things in Virginia.

In the society I am describing, even the dark aspect of slavery was softened into a smile. And I must, in justice to the best possible masters, say, that a great deal of that tranquillity and comfort, to call them by no higher names, which distinguish this society from all others, was owing to the relation between master and servant being better understood here than in any other place. Let me not be detested as an advocate for slavery, when I say that I think I have never seen people so happy in servitude as the domestics of the Albanians. One reason was, (for I do not now speak of the virtues of their masters,) that each family had few of them, and that there were no field negroes. They would remind one of Abraham's servants, who were all born in the house, which was exactly their case. They were baptised too, and shared the same religious instruction with the children of the family; and, for the first years, there was little or no difference with regard to food or clothing between their children and those of their masters.

When a negro woman's child attained the age of three years, the first new-year's day after, it was solemnly presented to a son or daughter, or other young relative of the family, who was of the same sex with the child so presented. The child to whom the young negro was given, immediately presented it with some piece of money and a pair of shoes; and from that day the strongest attachment subsisted between the domestic and the destined owner. I have no where met with instances of friendship more tender and generous than that which here subsisted between the slaves and their masters and mistresses. Extraordinary proofs of them

have been often given in the course of hunting or Indian trading, when a young man and his slave have gone to the trackless woods together, in the cases of fits of the ague, loss of a canoe and other casualties happening near hostile Indians. The slave has been known, at the imminent risk of his life, to carry his disabled master through trackless woods with labor and fidelity scarce credible; and the master has been equally tender on similar occasions of the humble friend who stuck closer than a brother; who was baptised with the same baptism, nurtured under the same roof, and often rocked in the same cradle with himself. These gifts of domestics to the younger members of the family were not irrevocable; yet they were very rarely withdrawn. If the kitchen family did not increase in proportion to that of the master, young children were purchased from some family where they abounded, to furnish those attached servants to the rising progeny. They were never sold without consulting their mother, who, if expert and sagacious, had a great deal to say in the family, and would not allow her child to go into any family with whose domestics she was not acquainted. These negro women piqued themselves on teaching their children to be excellent servants, well knowing servitude to be their lot for life, and that it could only be sweetened by making themselves particularly useful, and excelling in their department. If they did their work well, it is astonishing, when I recollect it, what liberty of speech was allowed to those active and prudent mothers. They would chide, reprove, and expostulate in a manner that we would not endure from our hired servants; and sometimes exert fully as much authority over the children of the family as the parents, conscious that they were entirely in their power. They did not crush freedom of speech and opinion in those by whom they knew they were beloved, and who watched with incessant care over their interest and comfort.

The volume abounds in quaint anecdote, pathos, and matter of a graver nature, which will be treasured up for future use by the historian. At page 321 is a description of the breaking up of the ice on the Hudson. The passage is written with great power; and, as Southey has called it, "quite Homeric," (a fact of which we are informed in the preface to this edition) we will be pardoned for copying it entire.

Soon after this I witnessed, for the last time, the sublime spectacle of the ice breaking up on the river; an object that fills and elevates the mind with ideas of power, and grandeur, and indeed, magnificence; before which all the triumphs of human art sink into insignificance. This noble object of animated greatness, for such it seemed, I witnessed; its approach being announced, like a loud and long peal of thunder, the whole population of Albany were down at the river side in a moment; and if it happened, as was often the case, in the morning, there could not be a more grotesque assemblage. No one who had a nightcap on waited to put it off; as for waiting for one's cloak or gloves, it was a thing out of the question; you caught the thing next you that could wrap round you, and run. In the way you saw every door left open, and pails, baskets, &c. without number set down in the street. It was a perfect saturnalia. People never dreamt of being obeyed by their slaves till the ice was past. The houses were left quite empty: the meanest slave, the youngest child, all were to be found on the shore. Such as could walk, ran; and they that could not, were carried by those whose duty would have been to stay and attend them. When arrived at the show place, unlike the audience collected to witness any spectacle of human invention, the multitude, with their eyes all bent one way, stood immovable, and silent as death, till the tumult ceased, and the mighty commotion was passed by; then every one tried to give vent to the vast conceptions with which his mind had been distended. Every child, and every

negro was sure to say, 'Is not this like the day of judgment?' and what they said every one else thought. Now to describe this is impossible; but I mean to account in some degree for it. The ice, which had been all winter very thick, instead of diminishing, as might be expected in spring, still increased, as the sunshine came and the days lengthened. Much snow fell in February, which, melted by the heat of the sun, was stagnant for a day on the surface of the ice; and then by the night frosts, which were still severe, was added as a new accession to the thickness of it, above the former surface. This was so often repeated, that in some years the ice gained two feet in thickness, after the heat of the sun became such as one would have expected should have entirely dissolved it. So conscious were the natives of the safety this accumulation of ice afforded, that the sledges continued to drive on the ice, when the trees were budding, and everything looked like spring; nay, when there was so much melted on the surface that the horses were knee deep in water while travelling on it; and portentous cracks, on every side, announced the approaching rupture. This could scarce have been produced by the mere influence of the sun, till midsummer. It was the swelling of the waters under the ice, increased by rivulets, enlarged by melted snows, that produced this catastrophe; for such the awful concussion made it appear. The prelude to the general bursting of this mighty mass was a fracture lengthwise, in the middle of the stream, produced by the effort of the imprisoned waters, now increased too much to be contained within their wonted bounds. Conceive a solid mass, from six to eight feet thick, bursting for many miles in one continued rupture, produced by a force inconceivably great, and, in a manner, inexpressibly sudden. Thunder is no adequate image of this awful explosion, which roused all the sleepers within reach of the sound, as completely as the final convulsion of nature, and the solemn peal of the awakening trumpet might be supposed to do. The stream in summer was confined by a pebbly strand, overhung with high and steep banks, crowned with lofty trees, which were considered as a sacred barrier against the encroachments of this annual visitation. Never dryads dwelt in more security than those of the vine-clad elms, that extended their ample branches over this mighty stream. Their tangled nets laid bare by the impetuous torrents, formed caverns ever fresh and fragrant, where the most delicate plants flourished, unvisited by scorching suns or nipping blasts; and nothing could be more singular than the variety of plants and birds that were sheltered in these intricate and safe recesses. But when the bursting of the crystal surface set loose the many waters that had rushed down, swollen with the annual tribute of dissolving snow, the islands and low lands were all flooded in an instant; and the lofty banks, from which you were wont to overlook the stream, were now entirely filled by an impetuous torrent, bearing down, with incredible and tumultuous rage, immense shoals of ice; which, breaking every instant by the concussion of others, jammed together in some places, in others erecting themselves in gigantic heights for an instant in the air, and seeming to combat with their fellow-giants crowding on in all directions, and falling together with an inconceivable crash, formed a terrible moving picture, animated and various beyond conception; for it was not only the cerulean ice, whose broken edges combatting with the stream, refracted light into a thousand rainbows, that charmed your attention; lofty pines, large pieces of the bank torn off by the ice with all their early green and tender foliage, were driven on like travelling islands, amid the battle of breakers, for such it seemed. I am absurdly attempting to paint a scene, under which the powers of language sink. Suffice it, that this year its solemnity was increased by an unusual quantity of snow, which the last hard winter had accumulated, and the dissolution of which now threatened an inundation.

CAMPERDOWN.

Camperdown; or News from our Neighborhood—Being a Series of Sketches, by the author of "Our Neighborhood," &c. Philadelphia: Carey, Lea & Blanchard.

In "*Our Neighborhood*" published a few years ago, the author promised to give a second series of the work, including brief sketches of some of its chief characters. The present volume is the result of the promise, and will be followed up by others—in continuation. We have read all the tales in *Camperdown* with interest, and we think the book cannot well fail being popular. It evinces originality of thought and manner—with much novelty of matter. The tales are six in number; *Three Hundred Years Hence—The Surprise—The Seven Shanties—The Little Couple—The Baker's Dozen—and The Thread and Needle Store*. *Three Hundred Years Hence* is an imitation of Mercier's "*Les deux mille quatre cents quarante*," the unaccredited parent of a great many similar things. In the present instance, a citizen of Pennsylvania, on the eve of starting for New York, falls asleep while awaiting the steam-boat. *He dreams* that upon his awakening, Time and the world have made an advance of three hundred years—that he is informed of this fact by two persons who afterwards prove to be his immediate descendants in the eighth generation. They tell him that, while taking his nap, he was buried, together with the house in which he sat, beneath an avalanche of snow and earth precipitated from a neighboring hill by the discharge of the signal-gun—that the tradition of the event had been preserved, although the spot of his disaster was at that time overgrown with immense forest trees—and that his discovery was brought about by the necessity for opening a road through the hill. He is astonished, as well he may be, but, taking courage, travels through the country between Philadelphia and New York, and comments upon its alterations. These latter are, for the most part, well conceived—some are sufficiently *outré*. Returning from his journey he stops at the scene of his original disaster and is seated, once more, in the disintombed house, while awaiting a companion. In the meantime he is awakened—finds he has been dreaming—that the boat has left him—but also (upon receipt of a letter) that there is no longer any necessity for his journey. *The Little Couple*, and *The Thread and Needle Store* are skilfully told, and have much spirit and freshness.

ERATO.

Erato. By William D. Gallagher. No. I, Cincinnati, Josiah Drake—No. II, Cincinnati, Alexander Flash.

Many of these poems are old friends, in whose communion we have been cheered with bright hopes for the Literature of the West. Some of the pieces will be recognized by our readers, as having attained, anonymously, to an enviable reputation—among these the *Wreck of the Hornet*. The greater part, however, of the latter volume of Mr. Gallagher, is now, we believe, for the first time published. Mr. G. is fully a poet in the abstract sense of the word, and will be so hereafter in the popular meaning of the term. Even now he has done much in the latter way—much in

every way. We think, moreover, we perceive in him a far more stable basis for solid and extensive reputation than we have seen in more than a very few of our countrymen. We allude not now particularly to force of expression, force of thought, or delicacy of imagination. All these essentials of the poet he possesses—but we wish to speak of care, study, and self-examination, of which this vigor and delicacy are in an inconceivable measure the result. That the versification of Mr. G.'s poem *The Conqueror*, is that of Southey's *Thalaba*, we look upon as a good omen of ultimate success—although we regard the metre itself as unjustifiable. It is not impossible that Mr. G. has been led to attempt this rhythm by the same considerations which have had weight with Southey—whose *Thalaba* our author had not seen before the planning of his own poem. If so, and if Mr. Gallagher will now begin anew, in his researches about metre, where the laureate made an end, we have little doubt of his future renown.

It is not our intention to review the poems of Mr. Gallagher—nor perhaps would he thank us for so doing. They are exceedingly unequal. Long passages of the merest burlesque, and in horribly bad taste, are intermingled with those of the loftiest beauty. It seems too, that the poems before us fail invariably as *entire* poems, while succeeding very frequently in individual portions. But the failure of a *whole* cannot be shown without an analysis of that whole—and this analysis, as we have said, is beyond our intention at present. Some detached sentences, on the other hand, may be readily given; but, in equity, we must remind our readers that these sentences are selected.

The following fine lines are from *The Penitent*—a poem ill-conceived, ill-written, and disfigured by almost every possible blemish of manner. We presume it is one of the author's juvenile pieces.

Remorse had furrowed his ample brow—
His cheeks were sallow and thin—
His limbs were shrivelled—his body was lank—
He had reaped the wages of sin;
And though his eyes constantly glanced about,
As if looking or watching for something without,
His mind's eye glanced within!
Wildly his eyes still glared about,
But the eye that glared within
Was the one that saw the images
That frightened this man of sin.

From the same.

We were together: we had tarried
So oft by some enchanting spot
To her familiar, and which carried
Her thoughts away—where mine were not—
That, ere she knew, the bright, chaste moon
—Not as of old, (when Time was young)
She roamed the woods, in sandal-shoon,
With bow in hand and quiver strung—
But 'mong the stars, and broad and round
The moon of man's degenerate race,
Its way had through an opening found,
And shone full in her face!
She started then, and, looking up,
Turned on me her delicious eyes;
And I, poor fool! I dared to hope,
And met that look with sighs!

From the "*Wreck of the Hornet*"—

Now shrank with fear each gallant heart—
Bended was many a knee—

And the last prayer was offered up,
 God of the Deep, to thee!
 Muttered the angry Heavens still
 And murmured still the sea—
 And old and sternest hearts bowed down
 God of the Deep, to Thee!

The little ballad "*They told me not to love him*," has much tenderness, simplicity, and neatness of expression. We quote three of the five stanzas—the rest are equally good.

They told me not to love him!
 They said he was not true;
 And bade me have a care, lest I
 Should do what I might rue:
 At first I scorn'd their warnings—for
 I could not think that he
 Conceal'd beneath so fair a brow,
 A heart of perfidy.

But they forc'd me to discard him!
 Yet I could not cease to love—
 For our mutual vows recorded were
 By angel hands above.
 He left his boyhood's home, and sought
 Forgetfulness afar;
 But memory stung him—and he fought,
 And fell, in glorious war.

He dwells in Heaven now—while I
 Am doom'd to this dull Earth:
 O, how my sad soul longs to break
 Away, and wander forth.
 From star to star its course would be—
 Unresting it would go,
 Till we united were above,
 Who severed were below.

By far the best poem we have seen from the pen of Mr. Gallagher is that entitled "*August*"—and it is indeed this little piece alone which would entitle him, at least now, we think, to any poetical rank above the general mass of versifiers. But the ability to write a poem such as "*August*," while implying a capacity for even higher and better things, speaks clearly of present power, and of an upward progress already begun. Much of the beauty of the lines we mention, springs, it must be admitted, from imitation of Shelley—but we are not inclined to like them much the less on this account. We copy only the four initial stanzas. The remaining seven, although good, are injured by some inadvertences. The allusion, in stanzas six and seven, to Mr. Lee, a painter, destroys the *keeping* of all the latter portion of the poem.

Dust on thy mantle! dust,
 Bright Summer, on thy livery of green!
 A tarnish, as of rust,
 Dimmest thy brilliant sheen:
 And thy young glories—leaf, and bud, and flower—
 Change cometh over them with every hour.

Thee hath the August sun
 Looked on with hot, and fierce, and brassy face:
 And still and lazily run,
 Scarce whispering in their pace,
 The half-dried rivulets, that lately sent
 A shout of gladness up, as on they went.

Flame-like, the long mid-day—
 With not so much of sweet air as hath stirr'd
 The down upon the spray,
 Where rests the panting bird,
 Dozing away the hot and tedious noon,
 With fitful twitter, sadly out of tune.

Seeds in the sultry air,
 And gossamer web-work on the sleeping trees!
 E'en the tall pines, that rear
 Their plumes to catch the breeze,
 The slightest breeze from the unfruitful West,
 Partake the general languor, and deep rest.

LIFE ON THE LAKES.

Life on the Lakes: Being Tales and Sketches collected during a Trip to the Pictured Rocks of Lake Superior. By the author of "Legends of a Log Cabin." New York: Published by George Dearborn.

The name of this book is in shockingly bad taste. After being inundated with the burlesque in the shape of *Life in London*, *Life in Paris*, *Life at Crockford's*, *Life in Philadelphia*, and a variety of other *Lives*, all partaking of caricature, it is not easy to imagine a title more sadly out of keeping than one embracing on the same page this so travestied word *Life* and the Pictured Rocks of Lake Superior. We have other faults to find with the work. It contains some ill-mannered and grossly ignorant sneers at Daniel O'Connell, calling him "the great pensioner on the poverty of his countrymen," and making him speak in a brogue only used by the lowest of the Irish, about "*the finest pisantry in the world*." The two lithographs, (Picture Rocks and La Chapelle) the joint work of Messieurs Burford and Bufford, are abominable in every respect, and should not have been suffered to disgrace the well printed and otherwise handsome volumes. In the manner of the narrative, too, there is a rawness, a certain air of foppery and ill-sustained pretension—a species of abrupt, frisky, and self-complacent Paul Ulricism, which will cause nine-tenths of the well educated men who take up the book, to throw it aside in disgust, after perusing the initial chapter. Yet if we can overlook these difficulties, *Life on the Lakes* will be found a very amusing performance. We quote from the close of volume the first, the following piquant Indian Story, narrated by an Indian.

As our adventures are thus brought, for the day, to a premature close, suppose I give you an Indian story. If any body asks you who told it me, say you do not know.

Many years ago, when there were very few white men on the lake, and the red men could take the beaver by hundreds upon its shores, our great father, the president, sent a company of his wise men and his warriors to make a treaty with the Chippewas. They did not travel, as the poor Indians do, in small weak canoes; no, they were white warriors, and they had a barge so great she was almost a ship. The warriors of this party, like all our great father's warriors, were exceedingly brave; but among them all, the bravest was he whom the white men called the Major, but the red men called him Ininiwee, or the Bold Man. He was all over brave—even his tongue was brave; and Waab-ojegg himself never spoke bolder words. For a while the wind was fair and the lake smooth, and the courage of Ininiwee ran over at his mouth in loud and constant boasting. At last they came to the mouth of Grand Marais, and here a storm arose, and one of the wise men—he was tall and large, and, on account of the color of his hair, and for other reasons, the Chippewas called him Misco-Monedo*—told the warriors of our

* Red Devil.

great father to take off their coats and their boots, so that if the great barge was filled with water, or if she turned over, they might swim for their lives. The words of Misco-Moneda seemed good to the warriors, and they took off their coats and boots, and made ready to swim in case of need. Then they sat still and silent, for the courage of the Major no longer overflowed at his lips; perhaps he was collecting it round his heart. They sat a long while, but at last the guide told them, 'It is over, the warriors are safe.' Then, indeed, there was great joy among the white men; but Ininiwee made haste to put on his coat and his boots, for he said in his heart, 'If I can get them on before the other warriors, I can say I am brave; I did not take off my boots nor my coat; you are cowards, so I shall be a great chief.' Ininiwee put on his coat, and then he thought to have put on his boots; but when he tried, the warrior who sat next him in the barge shouted and called for the Misco-Moneda. He came immediately, and saw that Ininiwee, whom they called the Major, in his haste and in his great fright, was trying to put his boot on another man's leg."

RUSSIA AND THE RUSSIANS.

Russia and the Russians; or, a Journey to St. Petersburg and Moscow, through Courland and Livonia; with Characteristic Sketches of the People. By Leigh Ritchie, Esq. Author of "Turner's Annual Tour," "Schinderhannes," &c. Philadelphia: E. L. Carey and A. Hart.

This book, as originally published in London, was beautifully gotten up and illustrated with engravings of superior merit, which tended in no little degree to heighten the public interest in its behalf. The present volume is well printed on passable paper—and no more. The name of Leigh Ritchie however, is a host in itself. He has never, to our knowledge, written a bad thing. His *Russia and the Russians* has all the spirit and glowing vigor of romance. It is full of every species of entertainment, and will prove in America as it has in England, one of the most popular books of the season. In this respect it will differ no less widely from the England of Professor Von Raumer than it differs from it in matter and manner, the vivacious writer of *Schinderhannes* suffering his own individuality of temperament to color every thing he sees, and giving us under the grave title of *Russia and the Russians*, a brilliant mass of anecdote, narrative, description and sentiment—the profound historian disdaining embellishment, and busying himself only in laying bare with a master-hand the very anatomy of England. It is amusing, however, although by no means extraordinary, that were we to glean the character of each work from the respective statements of the two writers in their prefaces, we would be forced to arrive at a conclusion precisely the reverse. In this view of the case Leigh Ritchie would be Professor Von Raumer, and Professor Von Raumer Leigh Ritchie. We copy from the book before us the commencement of a sketch of St. Petersburg, in which the artist has done far more in giving a vivid idea of that city than many a wiser man in the sum total of an elaborate painting.

St. Petersburg has been frequently called "the most magnificent city in Europe," but the expression appears to me to be wholly destitute of meaning. Venice is a magnificent city, so is Paris, so is St. Petersburg; but

there are no points of comparison among them. St. Petersburg is a city of new houses, newly painted. The designs of some of them may be old, but the copies are evidently new. They imitate the classic models; but they often imitate them badly, and there is always something to remind one that they are not the genuine classic. They are like the images which the Italian boys carry about the thoroughfares of London—Venuses de Medici and Belvidere Apollos, in stucco.

But the streets are wide, and the walls painted white or light yellow; and from one street opens another, and another, and another—all wide, and white, and light yellow. And then, here and there, there are columned façades, and churches, and domes, and tapering spires—all white too, that are not gilded, or painted a sparkling green. And canals sweep away to the right and left almost at every turning, not straight and Dutch-like, but bending gracefully, and losing themselves among the houses. And there is one vast and glorious river, as wide as the Thames at London, and a hundred times more beautiful, which rolls through the whole; and, beyond it, from which ever side you look, you see a kindred mass of houses and palaces, white and yellow, and columned façades, and churches, and domes, and spires, gilded and green.

The left bank of this river is a wall of granite, with a parapet and trottoir of the same material, extending for several miles; and this forms one of the most magnificent promenades in Europe. The houses on either side look like palaces, for all are white, and many have columns; and there are also absolute *de facto* palaces; for instance, the Admiralty, the Winter Palace, and the Marble Palace, on one side, and the Academy of Arts, on the other. The water in the middle is stirring with boats, leaping and sweeping through the stream, with lofty, old-fashioned sterns, painted and gilded within and without.

Among the streets, there is one averaging the width of Oxford Street in London, sometimes less, sometimes a little more. It is lined with trees, and shops with painted shutters, and churches of half a dozen different creeds. Its shops, indeed, are not so splendid as ours, nor are their windows larger than those of private houses: but the walls are white and clean, sometimes columned, sometimes pillastered, sometimes basso-relievoed: in fact, if you can imagine such a thing as a street of *gin-palaces* just after the painting season—and that is a bold word—you may form an idea scarcely exaggerated of the Nevski Prospekt.

But no analogy taken from London can convey an idea of the grandeur, I may venture to say, presented by the vistas opening from the main street. Here there are no lanes, no alleys, no *impasses*, no nestling-places constructed of filth and rubbish for the poor. These lateral streets are all parts of the main street, only diverging at right angles. The houses are the same in form and color; they appear to be inhabited by the same classes of society; and the view is terminated, ever and anon, by domes and spires. The whole, in short, is one splendid picture, various in its forms, but consistent in its character.

Such were my first impressions—thus thrown down at random, without waiting to look for words, and hardly caring about ideas,—the first sudden impressions flashed upon my mind by the physical aspect of St. Petersburg.

I have said in a former volume of this work, that I have the custom—like other idlers, I suppose—of wandering about during the first day of my visit to a foreign city, without apparent aim or purpose; without knowing, or desiring to know, the geography of the place; and without asking a single question. Now this is precisely the sort of view which should be taken of the new city of the Tsars, by one who prefers the poetry of life to its dull and hackneyed prose. St. Petersburg is a picture rather than a reality—grand, beautiful, and noble, at a little distance, but nothing more than a surface of paint and varnish when you look closer. Or,

rather, to amend the comparison, it is like the scene of a theatre, which you must not by any means look behind, if you would not destroy the illusion.

It will be said, that such is the case with all cities, with all objects that derive their existence from the puny sons of men: but this is one of those misnamed truisms which are considered worthy of all acceptance for no other reason than that they come from the tongue, or through a neighboring organ, with the twang of religion or morality.

London does not lose but gain by inspection; although on inspection it is found to be an enormous heap of dirty, paltry, miserable brick houses, which, but for the constant repairs of the inhabitants, would in a few years become a mass of such pitiful ruins as the owls themselves would disdain to inhabit. Those narrow, winding, dingy streets—those endless lines of brick boxes, without taste, without beauty, without dignity, without any thing that belongs to architecture, inspire us with growing wonder and admiration. The genius, the industry, the commerce, of a whole continent seem concentrated in this single spot; and the effect is uninterrupted by any of the lighter arts that serve as the mere ornaments and amusements of life. An earnestness of purpose is the predominating character of the scene—a force of determination which seizes, and fixes, and grapples with a single specific object, to the exclusion of every other. The pursuit of wealth acquires a character of sublimity as we gaze; and Mammon rises in majesty from the very deformity of the stupendous temple of common-place in which he is worshipped.

Venice does not lose but gain by inspection; although on inspection it is found to be but the outlines of a great city, filled up with meanness, and dirt, and famine. We enter her ruined palaces with a catching of the breath, and a trembling of the heart; and when we see her inhabitants crouching in rags and hunger in their marble halls, we do but breathe the harder, and tremble the more. The effect is *increased* by the contrast; for Venice is a tale of the past, a city of the dead. The Rialto is still crowded with the shapes of history and romance; the Giant's Steps still echo to the ducal tread; and mingling with the slaves and wantons who meet on the Sunday evenings to laugh at the rattle of their chains in the Piazza di San Marco, we see gliding, scornful and sad, the merchant-kings of the Adriatic.

St. Petersburg, on the other hand, has no moral character to give dignity to common-place, or haunt tombs and ruins like a spirit. It is a city of imitation, constructed, in our own day, on what were thought to be the best models; and hence the severity with which its public buildings have been criticised by all travellers, except those who dote upon gilding and green paint, and are enthusiasts in plaster and whitewash. As a picture of a city, notwithstanding, superficially viewed—an idea of a great congregating place of the human kind, without reference to national character, or history, or individuality of any kind—St. Petersburg, in my opinion, is absolutely unrivalled.

It would be difficult, even for the talented artist whose productions grace these sketches, to convey an adequate idea of the scale on which this city is laid out; and yet, without doing so, we do nothing. This is the grand distinctive feature of the place. Economy of room was the principal necessity in the construction of the other great European cities; for, above all things, they were to be protected from the enemy by stone walls. But, before St. Petersburg was built, a change had taken place in the art and customs of war, and permanent armies had become in some measure a substitute for permanent fortifications. Another cause of prodigality was the little value of the land; but, above all these, should be mentioned, the far-seeing, and far-thinking ambition of the builders. Conquest was the ruling passion of the Tsars from the beginning; and in founding a new capital, they appear to have destined it to be the capital of half the world.

It is needless to exaggerate the magnitude of the city;

as, for instance, some writers have done, by stating that the Nevski Prospekt is half as wide again as Oxford Street in London. Every thing is here on a gigantic scale. The quays, to which vessels requiring nine feet of water cannot ascend, except when the river is unusually high, might serve for all the navies of Europe. The public offices, or at least many of them, would hardly be too small, even if the hundred millions were added to the population of the country, which its soil is supposed to be capable of supporting.

Perhaps it may be as well to introduce here, for the sake of illustration, although a little prematurely as regards the description, a view of the grand square of the Admiralty. This is an immense oblong space in the very heart of the city. The spectator stands near the manège, the building which projects at the left-hand corner. Beyond this is the Admiralty, with its gilded spire, which is visible from almost all parts of the metropolis. Farther on is the Winter Palace, distinguished by a flag, in front of which, near the bottom of the vista, is the column raised to the memory of Alexander. Opposite this, on the right hand, is the palace of the Etat Major, and returning towards the foreground, the War Office. The group in front are employed in dragging stones for the new Isaak's church, which stands in the left hand corner, although the view is not wide enough to admit it. This is to be the richest and most splendid building in the world; but it has been so long in progress, and is now so little advanced, that a notice of it must fall to the lot of some future traveller. Saint Isaak, I believe, is not particularly connected with Russia, except by his day falling upon the birth-day of Peter the Great.

Such is the scale on which St. Petersburg is built; for although this may be considered the heart of the city, the other members correspond. The very vastness of the vacant spaces, however, it should be observed, seems to make the houses on either side look less lofty; while on the other hand, no doubt the real want of loftiness in the houses exaggerates the breadth of the area between. But on the present occasion, any thing like fancy in the latter respect would have been quite supererogatory. The streets were hardly passable. Here and there a pond or a morass gave pause to the pedestrian; while the drozki driver was only indebted to his daily renewed experience of the daily-changing aspect of the ground, for the comparative confidence and safety with which he pursued his way. The streets, in fact, were in the same predicament as the roads by which I had reached them; they had thawed from their winter consistence, and their stones, torn up, and dismantled by the severities of the frost, had not yet been put into summer quarters.

The greater part of the streets are what may be termed pebble-roads, a name which describes exactly what they are. At this moment, in the whole city, there are upwards of seven hundred and seventy-two thousand square sagues* of these roads, while of stone pavement there are only nine thousand four hundred and fifty, and of wood six thousand four hundred.

The wooden pavement, I believe, is peculiar to St. Petersburg, and merits a description. It consists of small hexagons sawed from a piece of resinous wood, and laid into a bed formed of crushed stones and sand. These are fastened laterally into each other with wooden pegs, and when the whole forms a plain surface, the interstices are filled with fine sand, and then boiling pitch is poured over all. This pitch from the porous nature of the wood is speedily absorbed, and on a quantity of sand being strewed above it, the operation is complete, and a pavement constructed which is found to be extremely durable, and which seems to me to suffer much less injury from the frost than the stone causeway. The honor of the invention is due to M. Gouriet; and I have no doubt he will ultimately see it adopted in most of the great towns towards the north.

* A sague is seven feet.

SUPPLEMENT.

In compliance with the suggestion of many of our friends, and at the request of a majority of our contributors, we again publish a supplement consisting of *Notices of the "Messenger."* We have duly weighed the propriety and impropriety of this course, and have concluded that when we choose to adopt it, there can be no good reason why we should not. Heretofore we have made selections from the notices received—only taking care to publish what we conceived to be a fair specimen of the general character of all—and, with those who know us, no suspicion of unfairness in this selection would be entertained. Lest, however, among those who do not know us, any such suspicion should arise, we now publish every late criticism received. This supplement is, of course, not considered as a portion of the *Messenger* itself, being an extra expense to the publisher.

We commence with the *Newbern (North Carolina) Spectator*—a general disclaimer from all favorable opinions of our Magazine.

Southern Literary Messenger.—The May number of this periodical has been on our table for some days, but our avocations have prevented us from looking into it before to-day. It is as usual, a beautiful specimen of typography, and sustains Mr. White's acknowledged mechanical taste. Its contents are various, as may be seen by referring to another column of to-day's paper, and not more various than unequal. Some of the articles are creditable to their authors, while others—indeed a majority of them—would better suit an ephemeral sheet like our own, which makes no great literary pretensions, than the pages of a magazine that assumes the high stand of a critical censor and a standard of correct taste in literature. While its pretensions were less elevated, we hailed the *Messenger* as an attempt, and a successful one, to call forth southern talent and to diffuse a taste for chaste and instructive reading; and had its conductors been satisfied with the useful and creditable eminence which the work attained almost immediately, the *Messenger* would not only have had a more extensive circulation, but its labors would have been more beneficial to the community—the great end at which every periodical should aim. With the talent available in any particular spot in the southern country, it is out of the question, truly ridiculous, to assume the tone of a Walsh, a Blackwood or a Jeffries; and to attempt it, without the means to support the pretension, tends to accelerate the downfall of so indiscreet an attempt. We do not wish to be misunderstood in this remark. We believe, indeed we know, that the south possesses talent, and cultivated talent too, in as great abundance perhaps as any population of the same extent so situated; but the meaning which we intend to convey is, that this talent is neither sufficiently concentrated, nor sufficiently devoted to literary pursuits, to be brought forth in support of any single publication in strength adequate to establish an indisputable claim to superiority. Without these advantages, however, the *Messenger* has boldly put itself forth as an arbiter whose dicta are supreme; and with a severity and an indiscreetness of criticism, especially on American works,—which few, if any, of the able and well established Reviews have ventured to exercise, has been not only unmerciful, but savage. We admit that the number before, as well as the one preceding, is more moderate; and this change encourages the hope that justness of judgment and a dignified expression of opinion will hereafter characterize the work. The May number, however, is over capacious, unnecessarily devoted to faultfinding, in a few cases. In criticising "Spain Revisited," this spirit shows itself. About ninety lines are occupied in condemnation of the Author's dedication, a very unpretending one too, and one which will elevate Lieutenant Slidell in the estimation of all who prefer undoubted evidences of personal friendship to the disposition which dictates literary hyper-criticism. The errors of composition that are to be found in the work, grammatical and other, are also severely handled, we will not say ably. The following is a specimen.

"And now, too, we began"—says Spain Revisited—"to see horsemen jantily dressed in slouched hat, embroidered jacket, and worked spatterdashes, reining fiery Andalusian coursers, each having the Moorish carbine hung at hand beside him."

"Were horsemen?"—says the *Messenger*, "a generic term," hat is, did the word allude to horsemen generally, the use of the "slouched hat" and "embroidered jacket" in the singular, would be justifiable—but it is not so in speaking of individual horsemen, where the plural is required. The participle "reining" probably refers to "spatterdashes," although of course intended to agree with "horsemen." The word "each" also meant to refer to the "horsemen," belongs, strictly speaking, to the "coursers." The whole, if construed by the rigid rules of grammar, would imply that the horsemen were dressed in spatterdashes—which spatterdashes reined the coursers—and which coursers had each carbine."

With all deference to the *Messenger*, we would ask, if it never entered into the critic's mind that "slouched hat," "embroidered jacket" are here used as generic terms? Lieutenant Slidell evidently intended that they should be so received; but that he entertained the same intention respecting "horsemen," a whole context disproves. Had the reviewer placed a comma

after the word "horsemen," in the first line of the paragraph which he dissects, (the relative and verb—*who were*—being elided, there is authority for so doing,) considered as parenthetical and illustrative all that follows between that comma and the one which comes after "spatterdashes," supplied the personal relative and the proper verb, which are plainly understood before the participle "reining," we presume that this sentence, ill-constructed as it undoubtedly is, would have escaped the knife, from a conviction that there are many as bad in the *Messenger* itself. The only critical notice which we have had leisure to read since the reception of the number, is the one which we have named. We may resume the subject in connexion with the June number.

We are at a loss to know who is the editor of the *Spectator*, but have a shrewd suspicion that he is the identical gentleman who once sent us from Newbern an unfortunate copy of verses. It seems to us that he wishes to be taken notice of, and we will, for the once, oblige him with a few words—with the positive understanding, however, that it will be inconvenient to trouble ourselves hereafter with his opinions. We would respectfully suggest to him that his words, "while its pretensions were less elevated we hailed the *Messenger* as a successful attempt, &c. and had its conductors been satisfied with the useful and creditable eminence, &c. we would have had no objection to it," &c. are a very fair and candid acknowledgment that he can find no fault with the *Messenger* but its success, and that to be as stupid as itself is the only sure road to the patronage of the *Newbern Spectator*. The paper is in error—we refer it to any decent schoolboy in Newbern—in relation to the only sentence in our Magazine upon which it has thought proper to comment specifically, viz. the sentence above (by Lieutenant Slidell) beginning "And now too we began to see horsemen jantily dressed in slouched hat, embroidered jacket, &c." The *Spectator* says, "We would ask if it never entered into the critic's mind that 'slouched hat' and 'embroidered jacket' are here used as generic terms? Lieutenant Slidell evidently intended that they should be so received; but that he entertained the same intention respecting 'horsemen,' the whole context disproves." We reply, (and the *Spectator* should imagine us smiling as we reply) that it is precisely because "slouched hat" and "embroidered jacket" are used as generic terms, while the word "horsemen" is not, that we have been induced to wish the sentence amended. The *Spectator* also says, "With the talent available in any particular spot in the Southern country, it is out of the question, truly ridiculous, to assume the tone of a Walsh, a Blackwood, or a Jeffries." We believe that either Walsh, or (Blackwood?) or alas! Jeffries, would disagree with the *Newbern Spectator* in its opinion of the talent of the Southern country—that is, if either Walsh or Blackwood or Jeffries could have imagined the existence of such a thing as a *Newbern Spectator*. Of the opinion of Blackwood and Jeffries, however, we cannot be positive just now. Of that of Walsh we can, having heard from him very lately with a promise of a communication for the *Messenger*, and compliments respecting our Editorial course, which we should really be ashamed of repeating. From Slidell, for whom the *Spectator* is for taking up the cudgels, we have yesterday heard in a similar strain and with a similar promise. From Prof. Nathan, ditto. Mrs. Sigourney, also lately reviewed, has just forwarded us her compliments and a communication. Halleck, since our abuse of his book, writes us thus: "There is no place where I shall be more desirous of seeing my humble writings than in the publication you so ably support and conduct. It is full of sound, good literature, and its frank, open, independent manliness of spirit, is characteristic of the land it hails from." Paulding, likewise, has sent us something for our pages, and is so kind as to say of us in a letter just received, "I should not hesitate in placing the 'Messenger' decidedly at the head of our periodicals, nor do I hesitate in expressing that opinion freely on all occasions. It is gradually growing in the public estimation, and under your conduct, and with your contributions, must soon, if it is not already, be known all over the land." Lastly, in regard to the disputed matter of Drake and Halleck, we have just received the following testimony from an individual second to no American author in the wide-spread popularity of his writings, and in their universal appreciation by men of letters, both in the United States and England. "You have given sufficient evidence on various occasions, not only of critical knowledge but of high independence; your praise is therefore of value, and your censure not to be slighted. Allow me to say that I think your article on Drake and Halleck one of the finest pieces of criticism ever published in this country."

These decisions, on the part of such men, it must be acknowl-

edged, would be highly gratifying to our vanity, were not the decision vetoed by the poet of the *Newbern Spectator*. We wish only to add that the poet's assertion in regard to the Messenger "putting itself forth as an arbiter whose dicta are supreme," is a slight deviation from the truth. The Messenger merely expresses its particular opinions in its own particular manner. These opinions no person is bound to adopt. They are open to the comments and censures of even the most diminutive things in creation—of the very Newbern Spectators of the land. If the Editor of this little paper does not behave himself we will positively publish his verses.—*Ed. Messenger*.

From the Augusta Chronicle.

Southern Literary Messenger.—The following flattering tribute to the merits of this Southern periodical, is from the New York Courier and Enquirer; and, for its liberality and independence, it is scarcely less creditable to the Messenger, than to the paper from which it is extracted. The Courier and Enquirer is ever ready to do justice to the South, in all its relations, and to defend it when assailed, and therefore richly merits the warm gratitude and liberal patronage of its people.

From the Courier and Enquirer.

"We have received the May number of the Southern Literary Messenger, and its contents are equal to its reputation. We feel no hesitation in declaring our opinion that this publication is in every essential attribute, at the very head of the periodical literature of its class, in the United States. We do not agree by any means with some of its literary conclusions. For instance, it is very wide of our opinion on the merits of Halleck, in this very number; but there is a vigor and manliness in most of the papers that appear in the Messenger, which we are almost ready to admit, are found nowhere else in American periodicals. At all events, it holds a proud post among its competitors, and its criticisms in particular, though sometimes a little too tomahawkish, have, generally speaking, a great deal of justice on their side."

From the National Intelligencer.

On the subject of the right of instruction, we find in the June number of the Richmond Literary Messenger, a very able paper, which, as soon as we can free our columns from the mass of Congressional matter on our hands, we will spread entire before our readers. The article comes to us in the shape of a letter to a gentleman in Virginia, and is understood to be from the pen of that distinguished jurist, Judge Hopkinson, of Philadelphia. It was elicited by a recent article in the Richmond Enquirer in defence of the right of mandatory instruction, and furnishes a luminous and complete refutation of that, amongst the most mischievous of the fallacies which obtain occasional popularity in particular States. Hearing of this letter, the publisher of the Messenger had the good sense and good fortune to obtain a copy of it, and the manliness to publish it in his valuable journal. In so doing he has rendered a service to the public, and enriched his pages with an article which is, itself, worth five years' subscription to the Messenger.

From the Richmond Compiler.

The Southern Literary Messenger.—Every body must remember, that a very short time ago the attempt to establish a magazine in Virginia, was looked upon as chimerical in the last degree; and when, at length, the publication was commenced, in spite of a host of difficulties, its speedy downfall was universally predicted. Such predictions, no doubt, tended in a great degree to verify themselves, and are the usual resources of the enemies of any scheme of the kind. But it is saying a great deal for the enterprise and talent which have been employed in the service of the Messenger, that it has not only overcome difficulties such as no other magazine in the country ever successfully contended with, but that it has succeeded in attaining to the very first rank among American monthly periodicals. Since the commencement of the second volume, there has hardly been a dissenting voice, in this respect, in the many notices of the journal which have come under our observation. The first literary names in the Union (without reference to mere Editorial opinions) have not scrupled directly to avow their belief, that the Messenger is decidedly the first of American Journals, and that its Editorial articles and management in especial, are far superior to those of any magazine in America, but have suffered these opinions to be published. Here, then, there can be no suspicion of puffery. Yet in spite of all these things,—in spite of the energy which has been displayed in getting up the Journal,—in spite of the acknowledged ability with which it is conducted, and the admitted talents of its principal contributors (Judge Hopkinson, Professor Dew, Rbt. Greenhow, Heath, Timothy Flint, Edgar Poe, Judge Tucker, Groesbeck, Minor, Carter, Maxwell and a host of others)—in spite, too, of the general acknowledgment that such a publication is an honor to the State, we find our citizens regarding the work with apathy, if not treating it with positive neglect. Our public presses, too, we think to blame, in not entering more warmly into the cause of the Messenger. We happen to be aware that these presses are, one and all, favorably disposed to the Journal and proud of its success. But they are, in a measure, bound to some active exertions in its behalf. In such a case as that of the Mes-

senger, silence amounts to positive dispraise. The public in other States naturally look to the Richmond presses for opinions in relation to the magazine, and are at a loss to account for not finding any, except by supposing some demerit. We are quite sure that Mr. White has neither any expectation nor desire that we should puff his Journal—that is, praise it beyond its deserts. Yet we may certainly notice each number as it appears, expressing freely, although briefly, our opinion of its deserts. This is nothing more, it appears to us, than our absolute duty—a duty we owe to the cause of Virginia literature, to Mr. White, Mr. Poe, and to ourselves.

The present number, we do not think equal as a whole to the March number, and still less to that for February—which latter may be safely placed in comparison with any single number of any Journal in existence for the great vigor, profundity, and originality of its articles. Yet we do not mean to say that the number now before us is not an admirable one, and fully equal to any of our Northern magazines in its communications, while it far surpasses the best of them in its Editorial department.

The first article is "MSS. of Benj. Franklin," printed from MSS. in the hand-writing of Franklin himself, and never published in any edition of his works. It is unnecessary to say more than this to call public attention to so valuable a paper. "Lionel Granby," chap. X. is the next prose article. We like this chapter as well if not better, than any of the former ones. The writer of these papers is evidently a man of genius—we might perhaps express our meaning more fully by saying that he has that degree of genius which enables him to appreciate, and keenly feel the labors of men of genius. Some of his detached passages may be considered as very fine. He has, however, no capacity to sustain a connected narrative of any length, and these chapters of "Lionel Granby" are consequently replete with the most ludicrous incongruities. They evince great ignorance of what is called the world. They are full of a shallow pedantry. Their style is excessively turgid, ungrammatical, and ineconomical. "The Prairie" is a delightful little sketch of real scenery. "Random Thoughts" is an excellent article, evincing much true learning and acumen. Such contributors as the author of this paper are invaluable to the Messenger. "Odds and Ends" is from the pen of Oliver Oldschool—a former correspondent of the Messenger. We believe Oliver Oldschool to be Mr. Garret, the author of many excellent things on Female Education. His present essay is exceedingly amusing—but somewhat old-fashioned. "The Hall of Incholesee" by J. N. McJilton should not have been admitted into the columns of the Messenger. It is an imitation of the Editor's tale of Bon-Bon, and like most other imitations, utterly unworthy of being mentioned in comparison with its original. Nothing but the most extraordinary talents can render a tale of this nature acceptable to the present taste of the public appetite. If not exceedingly good, it is always excessively bad. It must be a palpable hit or it is nothing. The "Lecture on German Literature" is in every respect worthy of the talents and learning of its author, George H. Calvert, Editor of the Baltimore American, and the writer of several popular works. It is a spirited and accurate sketch of German Literature from its origin to the present day. The Messenger should secure Mr. Calvert if possible. "Readings with my pencil, No. IV," is a very good paper. "American Social Elevation" is the best communicated article in the present number, and perhaps one of the best, if not indeed the best (of a similar nature) which has yet appeared in any Journal in the country. Its philosophy is bold and comprehensive without being minute—its style ferid and exceedingly pure. From the initials and place of date, we are led to attribute this essay to Mr. Groesbeck of Cincinnati. "Verbal Criticisms" is a good paper, but we cannot agree with the critic in his strictures on the phrase "being built."

The Editorial Department is (as it invariably is) full, bold, vigorous and original. The first paper is "Lynch's Law," and gives the history and origin, together with a copy of the law. Then follow Critical Notices. New works are reviewed—(Siddell's, of Professor Anthon's, of Mrs. Trollope's, of Pauline's, of Walsh's, of Cooper's, and of Mellen's. Praise and blame are distributed with the soundest discrimination, and with impartiality, (even in the case of known friends,) which it is impossible not to admire; or to impeach.

The Poetical Department is quite limited. Two pieces by Mr. Poe are very beautiful, the one entitled "Irene" is especially full of his rich and well-disciplined imagination. The lines on "Camilla" by Lambert A. Wilmer, are a perfect gem; full of antique strength and classic sorrow.

From the Baltimore Gazette.

The Southern Literary Messenger for April, has been received rather late in the day. Though the appearance of the Messenger is occasionally delayed (from us) longer than we might wish, yet we ever give it the cordial welcome which a most interesting and worthy friend never fails to receive at our hands. The present number, we perceive, contains less than the usual amount of matter, owing to the increase of the pages of the March number occasioned by the insertion of Professor Dew's valuable address upon the influence of the federative republican system of government upon literature and the development of character.

The long and able article on Maazel's Chess Player, contained in this number, does credit to the close observation and acute reasoning of its author, who, as the article is published under the editorial head, we infer is the talented editor himself. The question whether or not the chess-player is a pure machine, is, we think, completely put to rest. The nature of the game is

chess is such, that no machine, however ingeniously arranged may be its mechanism, could of itself perform its constantly varying operations. We have never, at any time, given assent to the prevailing opinion, that human agency is not employed by Mr. Maelzel. That such agency is employed cannot be questioned, unless it may be satisfactorily demonstrated that man is capable to impart intellect to matter: for *mind* is no less requisite in the operations of the game of chess, than it is in the prosecution of a chain of abstract reasoning. We recommend those, whose credulity has in this instance been taken captive by plausible appearances; and all, whether credulous or not, who admire an ingenious train of inductive reasoning, to read this article attentively: each and all must rise from its perusal convinced that a mere machine cannot bring into requisition the intellect which this intricate game demands, but on the contrary that every operation is the result of human agency, though so ingeniously concealed as to baffle detection, unless by long continued and close observation.

This question, so often, and in this instance so ably, examined, was settled in Baltimore several years ago, by the actual discovery of a man emerging from the top of the chest or box, on which Mr. Maelzel's figure moved the chess men, the lid, which moved on a pivot like some card table covers, being turned on one side. This was seen by two youths of respectable character, through a window, accidentally open, in the rear of the room in which Mr. Maelzel's Chess Player was exhibited. Of the truth of this discovery we are entirely satisfied.

The Lecture "On the Providence of God in the Government of the World," from the original manuscript of Benjamin Franklin, and which has not hitherto been published in any edition of his works, is properly entitled to the first place in the columns of the Messenger. The argument of the Providence of God contained in this lecture, is admirable for its brevity and conclusiveness. Franklin reasoned well, and wrote as well as he reasoned. Forming his style after the model of the most chaste and classic writer of the English language, and drawing from the resources of a capacious and well stored mind, he never failed both to please and to instruct his readers. His aim was to benefit his countrymen; and he wrote for them in a way in which they could understand, appreciate, and profit by every thing that came from his pen. The epistles published more than a century ago in his *Pennsylvania Weekly Gazette*, contain many valuable hints respecting domestic economy, some of which might be treasured up with advantage at the present day; for, generally speaking, economy is not an American virtue. Two of those epistles, one from Anthony Afterwit, and the other from Celia Single, have made their appearance in this number of the Messenger. Neither of them, it seems, has been inserted in any of the editions of the Doctor's works.

The article on "Genius" is perhaps more in accordance with our views than with those of the editor, who seems to think the writer's inferences lag behind the spirit of the age, and hence deduces the important conclusion, that his correspondent is not a phrenologist. We leave both the editor and his correspondent to the enjoyment of their own respective opinions, while we pass on to entertain ourselves for a little while in the "March Court" of our sister State. Nugator describes to the life the scenes of every day occurrence both in and around a Virginia Court House, and concludes the picture he has so happily drawn, by introducing the trial of a negro woman for murder, during the late war, and at the time the British were ascending the Potomac.

The article on "Woman," by Paulina, is sensible and well written—far more just and philosophical than a vast deal that has been said on this fair subject. Commend us to the ladies in general, and to Paulina in particular, for just views of the gentler sex. It is to be hoped the fair writer may perceive that the subject is not exhausted in a single essay.

"Leaves from my Scrap Book," includes much that is excellent within a limited space. The writer has improved his naturally correct taste by close communion with the ancient and modern classics.

A Tale of Jerusalem, is one of those felicitous "hits," which are the forte of Edgar A. Poe. The point, like that of an epigram, lies in the conclusion.

The "critical notices" of the present number, evince the usual ability of the editor in this department; though, what is more to our taste, not quite so caustic, as hitherto. We accord with the review of the "Culprit Fay." The merits of this poem, despite the praise lavished upon it, when critically sifted, will be found to be like the little Ouphe himself, rather a small affair.

Our article has been lengthened so far beyond the usual limits as to preclude attention to the poetical department.

From the Norfolk Herald.

The Southern Literary Messenger.—The present number of the Messenger, although not altogether equal to some previous ones, is full of highly interesting and valuable matter, and sustains the well earned reputation of the Journal. The first article is "MSS. of Benjamin Franklin." These MSS. are copied from the hand writing of Franklin himself and have never appeared in any edition of his works. Among other good things, they include the following question and its solution. "A man bargains for the keeping of his horse six months, whilst he is making a voyage to Barbadoes. The horse strays or is stolen soon after the keeper has him in possession. When the owner demands the value of his horse in money, may not the other as justly demand so much deducted as the keeping of the horse six months amounts to?" The second prose article is "Lionel Granby," a series of papers which we cannot consider

as at all creditable to the Messenger. The "Prairie" is a very good sketch. "Random Thoughts" are somewhat pedantic, but make a very excellent article. "Odds and Ends" we fancy is from the pen of Mr. Garnett; it is full of humor, and will be generally liked, although we agree with the Richmond Compiler in thinking it rather too old fashioned. The "Hall of Incholese" is decidedly bad, and moreover a direct imitation of Mr. Poe's tale of "Bon-Bon." The Editor should have refused to admit it in the Messenger, if for no other reason, on account of its barefaced flattery of himself. Mr. Calvert's (of the Baltimore American) "Lecture on German Literature" will be generally read and admired. It is a well-written and comprehensive essay, evincing intimate acquaintance with the literature of which he treats. "Readings with my Pencil, No. IV" by J. F. O. is like all the other numbers, good. "American Social Elevation" is most admirable: if we mistake not, this article is from the pen of Professor Dew. "Verbal Criticisms" are just, but rather common place.

The "Editorial" of this number is very forcible and racy as usual. Among other things we notice an account of the origin of "Lynch's Law." The "Critical Notices" embrace all new publications of any moment, that is, American publications; and we approve of the Editor's discrimination in not troubling himself, except in rare cases, with those of foreign countries. The books reviewed are Slidell's "Spain Revisited," "Paulding's Washington," Mrs. Trollope's "Paris and the Parisians," Walsh's "Didactics," Anthon's "Sallust," Cooper's "Switzerland" and "Mellen's Poems." A press of other matters prevented us from doing what we intended in relation to the last Messenger. We wished especially to have called public attention to the Editorial critique on the poems of Drake and Halleck, and the article (also editorial) on the "Automaton of Maelzel." Both these pieces are unanswerable—and perhaps the two best articles of any kind which have ever appeared in an American Periodical. The essay on the Automaton cannot be answered, and we have heard the Editor challenges a reply from Maelzel himself, or from any source whatever. The piece has excited great attention. The poetry of the Messenger improves: there are some excellent lines in the present number.

From the National Gazette.

The May number of the Southern Literary Messenger contains several excellent articles. Mr. Calvert's Lecture on the Literature of Germany may be commended to the attention of all who are either about studying the German language, or would wish to know something of the authors of that country. His descriptions, though necessarily brief, are satisfactory, and his estimates of the comparative merits of the authors he mentions, are, in general, judicious. The MSS. of Benjamin Franklin (not in his works) are from the same source which furnished some for the April number. They will be read with interest by all. The chapter of Lionel Granby does not advance the thread of the story. It describes a visit of the hero to Lamb (Elia Lamb,) and pictures his guests, Coleridge, Godwin, &c. "Odds and Ends" is the title of an attempt to divide mankind into genera and species, such as have not yet been named in any work on natural history. It will furnish amusement and perhaps instruction to the reader. The author (Oliver Oldschool) is an old correspondent of the Messenger. The essay entitled "American Social Elevation," deserves great commendation. How fatal to the advancement of society too great attention to money-making and politics is proving in this country, is well exhibited, and remedies for this are judiciously suggested. A new account of the origin of Lynch's law is given, which is probably the true one.

From the Baltimore American.

In the Southern Literary Messenger for April, which reached us a few days since, the Editor opens the department of "critical notices" with some spirited and just remarks on the puffing system, as practised in this country towards native writers, and a vindication of his own course. He is on the strong side, whatever number or influences may be arrayed against him, and will do much good even though he run occasionally into the extreme of severity. Many people really believe, by dint of reading the repeated praise bestowed on them, that the marrowless prose fictions and "baseless" verse of the day constitute a Literature. Let the editor of the Messenger and others, go on purging their judgment of such crude notions, and assuming a high standard of literary merit, require substantial qualifications in candidates for fame, and condemn unsparingly all who do not unite genius with cultivation, a union indispensable for the production of works of permanent value.

From the Baltimore Athenæum.

Southern Literary Messenger.—The April number of this excellent periodical is before us, and fully maintains the dignity and reputation won by its predecessors. We have read it carefully, and therefore hold ourselves qualified to pronounce judgment on its general merit. The articles in prose, are all good. We wish we could say the same of the poetry; which, with the exception of the dramatic sketch entitled "The Death of Robespierre," (admirable by the bye, although we think the writer has caught somewhat of the reflection of Coleridge,) we say, with the above exception, the poetry, judged by the Editor's own standard, that of idealism, does not rank above mediocrity. The critical notices, together with the brief introductory essay "On the present state of American criticism," are in the Editor's best vein. We like the independent spirit, and critical acumen, which

he evinces in the performance of his duty; and, however we may at times be induced to differ with him in opinion, yet we cannot but say, that in general his dissections of "poor devil authors," though apparently severe, are well merited. In making this admission, we do not withdraw any opinion heretofore expressed when we have differed from the Editor of the Messenger, for, whenever we dislike an article we shall, (as we have ever done,) speak our mind fully though in all friendliness. But we assert our conviction, that judicious criticism, exercised without regard to persons, has been long wanting. There was a time when American Reviewers imported their decisions on the works of native authors, and frowned down any attempt to resist the foreign decree. They have now rushed into the opposite extreme, the barrier once broken down, the torrent of adulation has lifted up every man who could fill a book with words; and changed the current of popular feeling to such an extent, that it is only by strenuous exertions it can be brought back into its mediate and true channel. They have given Phœton the reins, and if his steeds are not checked by a more powerful hand, the most disastrous effects must inevitably ensue. We, therefore, bid our friends cherish a work that upholds independent criticism, and pursues the "even tenor of its way," the friend of all who deserve its friendship, but the slave of none. Cherish it we say, that by a more extended circulation it may fulfil the christian precept, and "go about doing good."

From the Baltimore Athenæum.

The Southern Literary Messenger for May.—This number contains, among other excellent papers, an address on "German Literature," by our townsman, George H. Calvert, Esq., delivered before the Athenæum Society of Baltimore, on the 11th of February, 1836. The pleasure derived from a perusal of this admirable lecture was greatly enhanced by the fact of our having been present at its delivery, and our still vivid recollection of its varied beauties and excellences, heightened and rendered impressive by the peculiar manner, emphasis, and enunciation of the speaker. Of the literature of Germany, deeply metaphysical, and rich with an abounding store of learning as it is, we are by far too ignorant, and we owe much to the author of this address for his labors in opening for us many sources of rich intellectual enjoyment, in his translations, of which Schiller's *Don Carlos* may be named as his most elaborate effort yet published.

We cannot enter into an analysis of the entire number of the Messenger before us; it is however highly interesting, as is usual with all the issues of this Magazine. The paper called "Odds and Ends," we recommend to the especial perusal of all who have any desire to reform their manners and morals. It is a pleasant and well conceived satire.

Some of the northern critics have intimated that Simms was the editor of the Messenger. This is an error. It is now edited, as we understand, by Edgar A. Poe, formerly of this city, a young gentleman of excellent talents, and untiring industry. He is earning for himself a fine reputation.

From the Baltimore Patriot.

The Southern Literary Messenger.—The May number of this handsome and ably conducted periodical has just come to hand. It comes late, but in the case of this Messenger we may truly say "better late than never;" for the tales it tells, and its qualities as a temporary visitor and companion, must always secure it a cordial reception, however it may procrastinate its stated journeys, or linger by the way side. The Southern Literary Messenger is now under the editorial conduct of Edgar A. Poe, Esq., formerly of this city, and has been so, as we understand, since the commencement of the second volume. This gentleman has been, the while, a liberal contributor to its columns, and this thorough identification with a periodical, marked with unusual ability and attended with extraordinary success, must be satisfactory to the editor, and afford ample testimony at the same time that the conduct of the Messenger is in fit and competent hands. The May number of the Messenger contains the usual variety, and is marked with the freshness, spirit, and independence, which are characteristic of the work.

From the Baltimore Patriot.

The Southern Literary Messenger.—The April number of this fresh and spirited periodical has come to hand. Its contents exhibit the usual variety. The character of this work is now so well established, that we need not speak to the question of its general merits, and shall only say that the visits of this "Messenger," though sometimes tardy as in the present case, are, to us, always and altogether acceptable. The number now before us contains a long and ingenious editorial article, on the *modus operandi* of Maclellan's Chess Player.

From the New Yorker.

Southern Literary Messenger.—The April number of this spirited Monthly reaches us somewhat later than its date would indicate, yet so excellent in matter and manner that the reader will easily be induced to pardon the delinquency. The remarkable typographical neatness of the Messenger we have frequently alluded to, in glancing rapidly, as now, at the more intrinsic character of its contents. Some of those of the present number deserve a more extended consideration than we have time or space to give them.

"MSS. of Benjamin Franklin" form the opening paper of the Magazine—three hitherto unpublished though characteristic essays from the pen of the first eminent philosopher and sage whom

America can claim as her own. 'A Lecture on Providence' is replete with the profound yet perspicuous common sense which was ever so prominent a feature in the character of the inventor of the lightning-rod; while the letters of 'Anthony Afterwit' and 'Celia Single' are in his lighter vein of humorous utilitarianism which would have done no discredit to the pen of Addison. (By the way, why have we no compilation or edition of the Life and Writings of Dr. Franklin at all commensurate with the dignity of the subject? Such a work would form a valuable and now desirable addition to American literature.)

"Genius" is discussed in the succeeding prose paper, and in better purpose than in the majority of essays on the subject. The writer maintains that "Genius, as it appears to me, is merely a decided preference for any study or pursuit, which enables its possessor to give it the close and unwearied attention necessary to ensure success." This proposition is stoutly and ably maintained, and, though we cannot concur in it fully, we believe it much nearer the truth than is generally supposed. If true at all, it is a profitable truth, and should pass into an axiom with all convenient celerity.

"Some Ancient Greek Authors Chronologically Considered," is an article evincing profitably directed research, which we shall copy.

"March Court" is a sketch so exclusively Virginian, that we can hardly judge of its merit.

"The Death of Robespierre" is a dramatic sketch—a species of writing which we do not properly appreciate. We, who do not worship even Shakespeare, cannot bow to the sway of his humbler satellites.

"Woman" is the topic of the succeeding paper—judicious and sensible, but not very original or forcible, considering that the essayist is a lady.

"Leaves from a Scrap Book" will be found among our literary selections. We regret that its Greek characters and phrases compelled us to exclude the author's forcible illustration of the disadvantages under which the earlier poets labor in a comparison with the moderns. Nothing could be more conclusive.

The Editorials of the number are ably written, though some pages are devoted to a solution of the mystery of the Automaton Chess-Player, doubtless the correct one, viz. that, after all the scrutiny which it has undergone, there is actually a man concealed in the pretended machinery. We are not sure that this demonstration, conceding it to be such, is worth the space it necessarily occupies.

In the matter of Criticism, the Messenger has involved itself in a difficulty with some of our Northern periodicals, either party, as is not unusual in such cases, being just about half right. The Southern Editor has quite too savage a way of pouring upon unlucky wights who happen to have severally perpetrated anything below par in the literary line, like the Indian, who cannot realize that an enemy is conquered till he is scalped, and some of the mangled have no more policy than to betray their soreness by attempts at retaliation, under very flimsy disguises, invariably making the matter worse. We think the Messenger often quite too severe, as in the case of Norman Leslie; but still able and ingenious. The Poems of Drake and Halleck are reviewed this month—neither of them after the fashion of an ardent and avowed admirer—but faithfully, fairly, and with discrimination.

In conclusion, we take pleasure in remarking the fact that the cause of literature at the South is so flourishing as it appears to be at present. We believe the whole number of periodicals which may be distinguished as literary on the other side of the Potomac, has more than doubled during the last two years, and that their circulation has increased in at least equal proportion. We rejoice at this state of things, though it may be justly thought to militate against our own personal interest. The South has interests and feelings which find little real sympathy with us, though a profound and respectful deference elsewhere; and it is right that she should have literary as well as political journals to maintain those interests and challenge respect for those feelings. We shall not grudge them a generous patronage.

From the Charlottesville Advocate.

The Southern Literary Messenger.—The May number of this work has appeared, with its usual variety of valuable matter.

Foremost in merit as in place, are more of those MSS. of Dr. Franklin, which are contained in the April No., and which have never yet been published in any edition of his works. They seem, all, to have been communications to a newspaper called the *Gazetteer*; though we are not informed whether they actually came forth in its columns or not. One piece purports to be from a gossiping "young girl about thirty-five," who styles herself "Alice Addertongue; and who makes an ingenious, (and of course satirical) defence of Scandal. Another consists of some "Queries to be asked the Junto," (his club, perhaps;) one of which is, "Whence comes the dew that stands on the outside of the tankard that has cold water in it, in the summer time?" The simplicity of this question would warrant the belief, that the doctor was then but little advanced in his career of physical knowledge; unless we suppose that he propounded it only to stimulate some of his friends or readers to thought. The following question and answer have much of the true Franklin shrewdness and pungency: "I am about courting a girl I hate but little acquaintance with; how shall I come to a knowledge of her faults, and whether she has the virtues I imagine she has?" Answer. Commend her among her female acquaintance."

The Messenger has Chapter X. of "Lionel Granby," a sort of novel, in which there has been much to admire; but we are

altogether disarmed with the present Chapter, crippling, as it does, several of the good things said in the Essays of Elia, by making the hero of the story hear them (and very clumsily re-tell them) from the lips of Charles Lamb himself, the real "Elia." We would advise the writer to bring his hero *à tête* with no more literary lions, if he can shew them off to no better advantage than he shews Lamb. What will our readers think of his talking of "the 'willie-draughts' which are pledged to the memory of boyhood," meaning an allusion to the "guid-willie waughts" of Burns, in "Auld Lang Syne?"

We like such collections of scraps, as are bundled together in the piece headed "Random Thoughts."

"Odds and Ends," by our old friend Oliver Oldschool, is a whole gallery of satirical portraits; representing various forms of human weakness or depravity—sketches of character almost worthy of Theophrastus, or La Bruyère. Of female characters, the *Tongue-tied*, or *Monosyllabic*, the *Bustlers*, the *Tom-boys*, the *Peace-sappers*, the *Tongue-warriors*, and several other classes, are held up to just ridicule; and of males, the *Burglars*, the *Touch-me-nots*, the *Gastronomes*, the *Devilish Good Fellows*, &c. &c.

"A Lecture on German Literature," by George H. Calvert, of Baltimore, is a pregnant outline of a great deal that is inestimable in the literary store houses of probably the most enlightened nation (if we set aside politics) on earth.

We welcome No. IV. of "Readings with my Pencil," from a practised pen, and full, cultivated mind.

The article headed "Verbal Criticism," is of a sort which all the repositories and guardians of Literature ought often to contain: brief reprehensions of too prevalent errors in language; interspersed with curious philological remarks.

The somewhat long essay on "Social Elevation" has much that is praiseworthy, neatness (sometimes force) of style, and in the main, great justness of thought. Its aim is, to expose and rebuke those two ruling passions of our countrymen, the *love of money*, and the *love of political preferment*. It justly and forcibly shews how these obstruct our progress in knowledge, virtue, liberty, and happiness, by merging all enlarged patriotism in the most narrowly selfish considerations. Bent on wealth, half our people forget their country's weal, in contemplating the increase of their private hoards. Bent on *rising in the State* (as it is called,) or on ministering to those who do wish to rise, the other half sacrifice their country to their party, or to its leaders. God speed the Essayist in the wide, the universal dissemination of the views on this subject!

After all, the "Critical Notices" of the Editor have afforded us by no means the least pleasure. They are acute, just, and pungent. There is one thing we particularly like in the criticisms of the Messenger. While it displays a becoming pride in whatever excellences our country and its literature possesses, it does not hold itself bound, like many of our journalists, to applaud every thing that is American, and to admit the justice of no animadversions upon us and ours, from foreign tongues or pens. Thus, in an article on Mr. Cooper's "Sketches of Switzerland," it joins him in a just *flipp* to our national vanity, which has made us believe for many years past, that "the name of an American is a passport all over Europe," a boast which Mr. C. says is refuted by many mortifying tokens wherever an American travels in Germany, France, Switzerland, or Italy. In a review of Mrs. Trollope's *Paris and the Parisians*, the Messenger again justly rebukes the same American weakness, by averring (what we have always upheld) that her book upon the "Domestic Manners" of America had many more truths than our self love would let us acknowledge. "We have no patience," says the Messenger, "with that ambitious set of hyper-patriots, who find fault with Mrs. T.'s *Amusements* about the good people of the Union. The work appeared to us an unusually well written performance in which, upon a basis of downright and positive truth, was erected, after the fashion of a porcelain pagoda, a very brilliant, although a very brittle fabric of mingled banter, philosophy and spleen." "We do not hesitate to say, that she ridiculed our innumerable moral, physical, and social absurdities with equal impartiality, true humor and discrimination; and that the old joke about her *Domestic manners of the Americans* being nothing more than the *Manners of the American Domesticates*, is, like most other very good jokes, excessively untrue." Of all people on earth, it might be supposed that we, rational American freemen, would be most ready to bear with unpalatable truths told us of ourselves, and to profit by the admonitions those truths involve: that we would most willingly pray

"O would some Power the giftie gie us,
To see ourselves as others see us!
It would frae mony a blunder free us,
And foolish notion."

But instead of doing so, we wince, swear, and call names, at the slightest hint from a foreigner that our country and all belonging to it, are not the very beau ideal of perfection. It must be thus, if we would make those advances towards perfection which the true patriot covets for his country. Pope's precept applies no less to nations than to individuals—

"Trust not yourself; but your defects to know,
Make use of every friend, and every foe."

"Paulding's Washington," "Anthon's Sallust," "Walsh's Didactics," "Mellen's Poema," and Lieutenant Biddell's "Spain Revisited," (all native American works) are reviewed in a manner at once kind, just, and interesting.

The Number contains a good deal of original Poetry; the

merits of which we must consign to the judgment of those who have more pretensions to taste in poetry than we have.

We wish the Messenger all honor and prosperity—a steadily increasing list of punctually paying subscribers.

From the New Yorker.

Southern Literary Messenger.—We believe our respected cotemporary has profited by our advice this month before it reached him, for we find the June number on our table in much better season than its predecessors. We mark the improvement with pleasure, even though we cannot take credit to ourselves for effecting it. A few words on the papers which compose it.

"The Right of Instruction" is ably and temperately discussed in the leading article, which we may safely attribute to the pen of Judge Hopkinson, of Pennsylvania. The essay denies the right of a Legislature to instruct authoritatively the U. S. Senators of the State—or rather, the obligation of the Senators to obey unhesitatingly such requisition. We shall take cognizance of this subject in another place at an early day; but, for the present, we must be content with the remark that the argument drawn from the spirit of the Constitution and the intent of its framers is formidable, if not conclusive.

"Perdicaris," a sketch of the Greek scholar now lecturing on the literature and polity of his native land, is only remarkable for a translation of a beautiful little poem "from the Romaic of Christopoulos."

"MSS. of Benjamin Franklin" are continued in this number.

"Losing and Winning" is one of the most quietly affecting and excellent tales that we have perused for months. Let who will declaim against the evils wrought by fiction, we are sure that this same story contains more true practical wisdom—more forcible persuasives to the paths of virtue and duty, than many a well-intended volume of fact or direct exhortation.

"The Swan of Loch Oich" is fair verse, and fair only.

"Ulea Holstein—A Tale of the Northern Seas," is touching in its catastrophe, but not well imagined. The writer is evidently no veteran.

We have sometimes fancied we had reason to dislike the poetical contributions to the Messenger, while we were better suited with the prose. In the number before us there are three articles in verse—"The Laughing Girl," "A Birth-Day Tribute," and "Thy Home and Mine,"—which would do credit to any periodical. The Editor is evidently 'weeding out' as well as strengthening his crops of contributors, much to the advantage of his work.

"Court Day" and "My First Attempt at Poetry," are both well done.

A Lecture on Education concludes the contributed articles, and is devoted to a portrayal of the parental faults and misdemeanors which operate as serious obstacles to the inculcation of right principles and correct ideas in the minds of children. We heartily wish it could be read and appreciated by all the parents in our country.

The Editorial Criticisms are spirited but just. "Recollections of Coleridge," Colton's "Religious State of the Country," &c. &c. are praised without stint; while Col. Stone's unfortunate "Ups and Downs in the Life of a Distressed Gentleman," is most unsparingly shown up. We like the independence, the directness, of the Editor, though he sometimes contrives to tread emphatically on the corns of an author for whom we have a tenderness. In the present instance, however, he has managed to be just right throughout, and our appreciation of his labors is graduated accordingly.

From the National Gazette.

The number of the Southern Literary Messenger, for June, contains, among other excellent articles, "A reply to a late article in the Richmond Enquirer in favor of the mandatory right of a State Legislature to instruct a Senator of the United States, and supported by the

alleged opinions of King, Jay and Hamilton, as expressed in the Convention of New York." It is said to be by "a distinguished jurist of Philadelphia;" and the signature of H., together with the internal evidence of the composition, leave no doubt that it is from the pen of the eminent Judge of our District Court. He concludes the article with stating that a week or ten days before the death of Chief Justice Marshall, having called upon that great and good man, the question of instruction being then in high debate in the papers—he said to him that he thought the Virginia doctrine of instructions was inconsistent with all the principles of our government, and subversive of the stability of its foundations. To this the Chief Justice replied, in these words—"It is so; indeed, the Virginia doctrines are incompatible, not only with the government of the United States, but with any government."

From the Boston Galaxy.

The *Southern Literary Messenger* is before us. Too much praise cannot be conceded to the publisher of this Monthly. He started on untried ground—but has brought forward his forces with such superior skill, and maintained the combat so manfully, that he has won the entire victory. The *Messenger* is an honor to the South. The articles it contains are for the most part of a superior order, while a spirit characterizes its editorial department exceedingly gratifying. The number before us has many most valuable articles; and so long as those concerned in its publication exert themselves with their present success, a corresponding flow of patronage must ensue. There is an original manuscript of Ben Franklin—desirable if only as a matter of curiosity—a poem by N. P. Willis, furnished by J. F. Otis, to be found on our outside—an interesting chronology of authors—a story by E. A. Poe, &c.

From the United States Gazette.

Southern Literary Messenger.—Backward, like every thing else this spring, the April number of this periodical made its appearance in the first week in May. It is a good number, and though the reader may think the variety of its articles not so great as in some of the preceding, it contains many interesting papers. The first consists of "MSS. of Benjamin Franklin," comprising a Lecture upon Providence, never before published, and two humorous letters in the manner of those in the *Spectator*, published originally a hundred years ago in the *Pennsylvania Gazette*, and now republished from the original manuscripts. The article upon Maelzel's Automaton Chess Player is the most successful attempt we have seen to explain the *modus operandi* of that wonderful production. The writer advances a multitude of reasons to sustain his position, that a human being is concealed in the box and figure, and might be considered to have achieved complete success, were it not that an objection at once suggests itself. Could any human being have played so often and so long without once betraying himself by a sneeze and a cough? The "March Court" is a racy sketch, and the writer brings before us the justices, jurors, counsellors, clients, planters, pettifoggers, constables, cake women, candidate and jackass, as large as life, to say nothing of the sheriff running down a man who endeavors to escape, not punishment for some offence of his own, but the honor of sitting on the jury to decide upon the guilt of others. Nothing of the kind can be better than the anecdote in this piece, of the suppression of the British authorities by the report from the British cannon during the last war. The dramatic sketch entitled "The Death of Robespierre," is much to our taste. The incidents are well told, the language is poetical, and the versification smooth and harmonious. It is to be hoped that the readers of the *Messenger* will hear again from this author. The Essay on "Woman" is, we conclude from the signature, from a female hand, and contains just views upon a subject long neglected, but now beginning

to attract a proper share of attention—Female Education. The present number is smaller than usual, its predecessor having exceeded the standard, to admit Professor Dew's Address. The subscription list continues steadily to increase, and includes the names of several Philadelphians. The citizens of Richmond appear determined to give it a liberal support, and testify their opinion of its excellence in the most substantial manner.

From the Methodist Conference Sentinel.

Southern Literary Messenger.—We are indebted to the politeness of the publisher for the May number of this periodical. We have looked over some of its articles with pleasure. Among others "Odds and Ends," "German Literature," and "American Social Elevation" are well worthy of an attentive perusal. The character of this monthly "*Messenger*" is, in the general, unexceptionable, and it will, beyond question, exert a powerful, and, we trust a purifying, influence upon Southern literature. "The Hall of Incholese" is not only a failure in that department of literature with which it claims affinity; but it certainly possesses a character that can reflect but little credit upon the heretofore well established reputation of the "*Messenger*." It seems neither fit to "point a moral, nor adorn a tale." If the author has any desire for distinction in that particular line of writing, it will be necessary for him to form a more extensive acquaintance with "the little figure in black" before he can even hope for success. It would be better however to withdraw from the association altogether. In objecting to this article, we cannot be understood to object to the work in which it is found. The "Editorial Notices" are, to us, the most interesting part of the periodical. We turn to them with pleasure, in anticipation of an intellectual feast, and we are never disappointed. Though we sometimes differ with the editor in matters of taste and opinion, yet we find satisfaction in following the ever flowing stream of thought along which he leads his readers. We bid it welcome to our desk, and heartily wish it success.

From the Petersburg Constellation.

Southern Literary Messenger, for June.—Our best thanks are due to the attentive proprietor for his prompt attention in forwarding the *Messenger*. As usual, it contains many pleasing articles: the MSS. of Franklin are literary curiosities. An excellent moral tale, entitled "Losing and Winning," adorns the number. Our present limits will not permit more than these cursory remarks, but if enterprise and talent are any guaranty for success, Mr. White need feel no alarm for the ultimate success of his efforts in favor of *Southern Literature*. Let the New York Mirror snarl if it will; there are papers in each *Messenger* which will outlive all the Norman Leslie "Pencilings by the Way," and "Wearies my Love of my Letters?" of its erudite editors. Kennel a stag-hound with a cur, and the latter will yelp in very fear.

From the Winchester Virginian.

The June number of the *Southern Literary Messenger* has reached us. Its contents are of a highly interesting character—among them is a very able article on the "Right of Instruction," by a distinguished jurist of Philadelphia, but one in which the conclusions are not such as have obtained in Virginia, nor such as we have always inclined to believe correct. We are rather gratified than otherwise, however, at the introduction into the *Messenger* of essays upon such topics. Of the prose articles, one entitled "Losing and Winning," by the author of "Sensibility, &c." is a most valuable contribution; several others in the same department are very well written. The poetical articles are generally in good taste, and the critical notices are, as usual, able, candid and fearless. The *Messenger* is taking a higher and still higher stand among the periodicals of the day.

From the New Hampshire Patriot.

Southern Literary Messenger.—In acknowledging our obligations to the publisher for the above work, we cannot do less than express our unqualified approbation of the character, contents and design of the Messenger. We have often seen it favorably noticed by our brethren of the corps editorial, as among the first monthly magazines in this country—by some even placed at the head of the list—but it is only by an examination and perusal of the numbers before us, that we have learned to appreciate the justness of their praise. The correctness, neatness, beauty and elegance of its typographical execution and appearance, not less than the rich and attractive guise thrown over its pages by the combined union of wit, genius and learning therein displayed, certainly surpass any thing to be met with in any similar periodical within our knowledge. We have not space to detail its particular merits, and will only remark generally in the words of another, that the contributions, prose and poetical, are of a high grade of excellence, the *critiques* precisely what they should be in such a work—faithful mirrors, reflecting in miniature the book reviewed, and exposing alike its beauties and deformities without favor or affection. We should be glad to enrich our columns by transferring to them several articles from the Messenger—perhaps hereafter we may be enabled to do so. At present we can only commend it to the countenance and patronage of our literary friends.

From the Charleston Courier.

The Southern Periodicals.—We have received the April number of "The Southern Literary Messenger." It contains, among other articles of interest, a highly ingenious attempt to show that Maelzel's Chess Player is not a pure machine, but regulated by mind—by a human agent concealed within it.

From the Louisville City Gazette.

The Southern Literary Messenger is the title of a periodical, published at Richmond, Virginia, that has no superior, either in the taste and genius of its contributors, or the beauty of its mechanism. Its criticisms are prepared with peculiar justness and acumen—not leaning to the side of mercy, and throwing a protecting veil over the sins and faults of others, but plainly pointing them out—not screening the errors of a friend, or sparing the tender places of an enemy. Such guardians we want to preserve the vigor of American Literature. There are some nurses so tender and so indulgent, that the children under their tutelage, either die of a surfeit of sweets, or languish through their too great care and tenderness. This will never be the case with our literature while guarded by such vigilant sentinels as the Southern Literary Messenger.

We had an opportunity, while conducting a periodical in a neighboring city, of seeing some of the earlier numbers of the Messenger, and on such occasions expressed the gratification and pleasure enjoyed in their perusal. And it is not only well sustained, but improves. Lionel Granby is kept up with spirit. Edgar A. Poe sprinkles his gems among the leaves of the Messenger. George H. Calvert, Esq. of the same city, freights it with the researches of ripe scholarship in the lore of German Literature. The May number is excellent, and we shall recur to it often, before it gives place to its successor.

We are indebted to Mr. White, the publisher, for his present, and assure him he could not have sent us a budget which would have been received by us with more pleasure.

From the Oxford Examiner.

Southern Literary Messenger.—He who assumes to himself the province of amusing and instructing mankind for "a consideration," is amenable at all times to

just criticisms. The publisher of a newspaper or journal of any kind, should never feel hurt, as a caterer for the public appetite, if some of those to whom they minister should growl and find fault. He ought not to claim pre-emption over all other men, but should be satisfied if he occasionally received an approving nod. It is always a strong evidence of a want of force of mind to fly in a passion at the suggestions of a friend, when they are disposed to disapprove of our acts, although they may be unjust. We make these preliminary remarks in allusion to a hasty notice we took of the April number of the Messenger, which the publisher was polite enough to send us. Our time is generally much occupied, and we perhaps gave that number and others which have been occasionally handed us by a friend, rather a hasty perusal. We felt then, as we do now, that the editor's criticisms were unnecessarily, perhaps, strictly severe in some instances. The eagle who towers above all other birds, and even dares to look upon the sun, would not, unless hard pressed, condescend to notice the earthy flutterings of a tom-tit—he aspires to higher game.

We may have done the editor injustice; and we hardly expected him to send us another number—but perhaps, in his youthful days, he has read the fable of the goat and the ox—whether he did or did not, we feel obliged to him for the May number.

We have always freely accorded to Mr. White almost unrivalled excellence as a printer, and we now as freely accord to him the most unqualified praise for the matter as well as the manner of his last number.

From the Columbia (S. C.) Times.

We acknowledge the receipt of the May number of that chaste and interesting publication, the "Southern Literary Messenger," published by T. W. White, Richmond, Va. It undoubtedly contains more matter, for the price, than any other southern publication, and in style, is altogether unlike the mawkish effusions denominated "literary" with which our community is so liberally inundated.

From the New Hampshire Patriot.

The *Southern Literary Messenger*, for April, has just reached us, and though rather late in the day, we cannot omit observing that it is excellent—well sustaining the high reputation of its predecessors. We renewedly commend the work to the favor of our literary friends, as one every way deserving their patronage—in many respects unrivalled by any similar publication in the country.

From the Winchester Virginian.

Southern Literary Messenger.—We have just received the April No. of this work, but have barely had time to read the article on "Maelzel's Chess Player," which happened to arrest our attention on opening the book. It is exceedingly well written and interesting. The table of contents holds out quite a tempting bill of fare.

From the Richmond Whig.

The Southern Literary Messenger.—The May number of this periodical has just appeared. Though not perhaps equal to some of the preceding numbers, it is far, very far from being deficient either in entertainment or instruction. As all the supporters of this work, and indeed the public generally, have a deep interest in its reputation, it is not only right, but a duty, to pass an occasional judgment upon its merits—to commend its various excellences, and to point out in the spirit of liberal criticism, such faults as may be perceived to exist. The Messenger, to be extensively and permanently popular, must mingle the useful with the sweet. It must not only mirror the burning thoughts and glowing images which teem in the world of fancy, but also condescend an occasional visit to this dull planet, the Earth. It must mix familiarly with ordinary mortals, take some interest in their concerns, and lend a helping

hand in the struggles which are now making against power and corruption. Not that the Messenger should become a vehicle of mere party politics, but that the great principles of liberty should be boldly and steadily espoused by its conductors and those various and important measures which concern the welfare and happiness of the State, freely and frequently discussed in its pages. If the Star of this Republic, "the world's last hope," is destined to go down in darkness, corruption and misery, literature will either follow its fate, or be no longer worth cultivating or preserving. As essentially connected with the great cause of civil liberty, sound morals ought also to find in the Messenger a constant and able advocate. Without freedom and virtue, it is difficult to conceive the existence in any community of a pure and exalted literary taste. Such articles as the "Hall of Incholese," by J. N. McJilton, are popular only with a small number of readers, and are not calculated to increase the moral reputation of the Messenger. The introduction of the Evil One, as a familiar in human society—as a social companion in scenes of revelry, has rather a tendency to throw an air of ridicule upon the truths of Divine Revelation. Milton indeed pierced the mysterious veil which shrouds the monarch of darkness, but Milton's Satan, "high on his throne of state," is invested with a sublime terror which forbids the approaches of levity, and leaves behind it no impression inconsistent with revealed truth. No similar exception, however, can be taken to any other article in the present number of the Messenger. The MSS. of Franklin are interesting remains of that great man—interesting as illustrations of the strong common sense which peculiarly distinguished him. "Lionel Granby" is one of the best chapters which has appeared under that title. A novel however, published at intervals in the pages of a monthly miscellany, necessarily loses by that circumstance much of its interest. The author of "Odds and Ends" has attempted with much humor and effect, a new moral classification of that strange compound animal called Man. His satire is for the most part just, and his style racy and agreeable. "Random Thoughts," saving and excepting one or two smutty allusions, are excellent. They have an air of freshness and originality, which is quite delightful, considering how little can be said which is new upon any subject. The Lecture on "German Literature," by Mr. Calvert of Baltimore, now for the first time published, is highly creditable to its author. It evinces much classical taste, combined with a spirit of philosophical criticism. Mr. Calvert is sometimes, however, careless in his style, or rather in the formation of his sentences, which a good writer should study to avoid; and the great literary sin of this country, a propensity to bombast—is discernible in some parts of his lecture. Take for example the following passage, "John Wolfgang Goethe, was born at Frankfort on the Maine, in 1749, ten years before Schiller. 'Selectest influences,' leagued with nature, to produce this wonderful man. To give its complete development to a mighty inward power, outward circumstances were most happily propitious. Upon faculties of the quickest sensibility, and yet of infinitely elastic power—wide convulsions and world-disturbing incidents bore with tempestuous force, dilating the congenial energies of the young genius who suddenly threw out his fiery voice to swell the tumult round him, and announce the master spirit of the age." This would certainly be a very unfair specimen of the general character of the lecture, and it is the more surprising, that such a sentence should have escaped the vigilance of the author. The slightest departure from the simplest mode of expression, if it does not degenerate into bombast, is almost certain to be attended by a certain degree of obscurity. The author of the "Hall of Incholese," is himself not free from this blemish. The following passage is entirely unintelligible: "The Spanish minister was married; but a star on the fashionable horizon higher than the vesta of his own choice, prompted the proffer of his help, in the establishment of a medium

point of lustre." The meaning might be guessed at by very laborious study—but popular literature should never levy so severe a tax upon its subjects. The paper on "American Social Elevation," contains many just thoughts and patriotic reflections, expressed in an unusually agreeable style—and the 4th No. of "Readings with my Pencil," is quite passable. The design of the writer is excellent, and deserves to be imitated. The "Critical Notices," though in themselves good, are not generally equal to the Editor's previous efforts. As it was however permitted to Homer sometimes to nod, so should the really gifted mind which presides over the Messenger, be allowed occasionally a little repose. Of the poetry, the writer of this brief notice will say nothing. Some of it is good—but he is but an indifferent judge.

From the New York Weekly Messenger.

Southern Literary Messenger.—The high encomiums which this periodical has received from all parts of the Union, is most richly deserves. We have been favored with the five first numbers of the current (second) volume, and have had an intellectual feast in the perusal of many articles contained therein. To express our opinion candidly of the talents and erudition of the worthy editor of this monthly, would expose us to the charge of plagiarism, because it would be exactly similar to half a hundred others, who have preceded us in expressions of approbation. What shall we do then? To go through and examine every article in five numbers, is more than we have space for. But we must—we feel bound to say, Virginians especially are indebted to Mr. White for his unprecedented literary zeal. He ought to meet with encouragement; in short, we believe he does—but there should be an effort made to sustain the undertaking, by a continually increasing list of paying subscribers.

If our friends in the city or country wish their table filled with rich literary food once a month, they should immediately order "The Southern Literary Messenger," published by T. W. White, Richmond, Va. There is one article to which we object, the burlesque, or caricature, not criticism, on Fay's "Norman Leslie," but in making only one objection, we think much is said for the periodical, more than can be said of any other of the monthlies. We really do think it is as good as any, if not the very best in these United States. We think so highly of the Richmond "Messenger," that if we had the numbers of the first volume, we would have them neatly bound, and placed in our library as a literary treasure.

From the Norfolk Herald.

The *Southern Literary Messenger* for May very gallantly holds it own. The 'manuscripts of Franklin' are well worth publishing. The chapter of Lionel Granby introduces us into the bodily presence of Lamb and Coleridge, and the ragged regiment of folios and quartos pass in review before us. The Lecture on German Literature, by Mr. Calvert of Baltimore, is a very entertaining discourse on the history of the poetry and philosophy of that wonderful people; but it is clear that the author of the lecture has paid more attention to the German than to the English and those languages from which the English flows. The paper of Oliver Oldschool is worthy of its author, and we were happy to see the story of 'Tang Lang' appended as a foot-note. The critical notices are very good for the most part; but then we could hardly expect Mr. Poe to be so sure the honey moon be past. What has become of the remaining numbers of the series of articles on the distinctive differences of the sexes from the pen of one of the strongest writers of the Commonwealth? We sincerely hope, that, after such a fair beginning, the theme has not proved too mighty—if it has, the author may henceforth ponder well on the advice of Horace. Still we are on the look out for the essays.

SOUTHERN LITERARY MESSENGER.

VOL. II.

RICHMOND, AUGUST, 1836.

No. IX.

T. W. WHITE, PROPRIETOR.

FIVE DOLLARS PER ANNUM.

THE RULER'S FAITH.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

"Come, lay thine hand upon her, and she shall live."
Matthew 9th and 18th.

Death cometh to the chamber of the sick.
The ruler's daughter, like the peasant's child,
Grows pale as marble. Hark, that hollow moan
Which none may help, and then, the last, faint breath
Subsiding with a shudder!

The loud wail
Bespeaks an idol fallen from the shrine
Of a fond parent's heart. A wither'd flower
Is there, oh mother, where thy proudest hope
Solac'd itself with garlands, and beheld
New buddings every morn. Father, 'tis o'er!
That voice is silent, which had been thy harp,
Quickening thy footstep nightly toward thy home,
Mingling, perchance, an echo all too deep
Even with the temple-worship, when the soul
Should deal with God alone.

What stranger-step
Breaketh the trance of grief? Whose radiant brow
In meekness, and in majesty doth bend
Beside the bed of death?

"She doth but sleep,
The damsel is not dead!"

A smother'd hiss
Contemptuous rises from the wondering band
Who beat the breast and raise the licens'd wail
Of Judah's mourning.

Look upon the dead!
Heaves not the winding-sheet? Those trembling lids—
What peers between their fringes, like the hue
Of dewy violet? The blanch'd lips dispart,
And what a quivering, long-drawn sigh restores
Their rose-leaf beauty! Lo, the clay-cold hand
Grasps the Master's, and with sudden spring
That shrouded sleeper, like a timid fawn,
Hides in her mother's bosom!

Faith's strong root
Was in the parent's spirit, and its boon
How beautiful!

O mother, who dost gaze
Upon thy daughter, in that deeper sleep
Which threatens the soul's salvation, breathe her name
To that Redeemer's ear, both when she smiles
In all her glowing beauty on the morn,
And when, at night, her clustering tresses sweep,
Her downy pillow, in the trance of dreams,
Or when at pleasure's beckoning she goes forth,
Or to the meabes of an earthly love
Yields her young heart! Be eloquent for her!
Take no denial, till that gracious hand
Which rais'd the ruler's dead, give life to her—
That better life, whose wings surmount the tomb!

SKETCHES OF THE HISTORY

AND PRESENT CONDITION OF TRIPOLI, WITH SOME ACCOUNTS OF THE OTHER BARBARY STATES.

NO. XI.

BY ROBERT GREENHOW.

By the evening of the 3d of July, the preparations for the bombardment of the Emperor's castle were completed; ditches had been dug to the extent of more than two thousand yards, and the batteries some of which were within musket shot of the walls, were armed with six sixteen-pounders, ten twenty-four-pounders, four eleven-inch mortars and six nine-inch howitzers. In order to secure themselves against any general attack, the French had likewise established communications between the different bodies of their forces by roads across the fields and gardens, while they had barricaded or otherwise fortified the lanes and passes which separated their positions from those of their enemies. All this was done notwithstanding the bold and persevering efforts of the Algerines, who maintained an almost constant though ill-directed fire on the workmen from their batteries, and annoyed them by frequent sorties.

At day break on the morning of the 4th, a rocket was thrown up from the quarters of the French commander as a signal for the commencement of the attack, and all the batteries were instantly opened on the devoted fortress. Its dauntless defenders returned the fire, which they continued for some time with great spirit but with little effect, their balls and shells causing scarcely any damage to the persons or works of the besiegers. The walls of the castle, high and entirely exposed, soon exhibited evidences of the skill of the French artillerists; the materials of which they were built, crumbled under the "iron shower" falling incessantly upon them; and the embrasures, made unnecessarily wide, afforded but little protection either to the guns or to those engaged in serving them.

By eight o'clock the guns of the castle were nearly all dismounted, and the number of its effective defenders had been so much diminished, that it was found necessary to desert the ramparts, and retire within the great tower, which from the thickness of its walls offered at least a temporary security. On this last place of refuge, the Hasnaghe hoisted a black flag, in token of his determination to die rather than yield, according to the promise which he had made to his master. He was however released from this promise by a signal from the Casaubas indicating the Dey's wish that the fortress should be abandoned; this was accordingly done and the garrison escaped just as the French had effected a practicable breach in its wall. General Hurel who commanded the nearest battery, was then in the act of advancing with his men towards the opening, when suddenly the earth shook, the towers of the castle were seen to totter, flashes of flame and dense clouds of smoke rose above them, and an explosion ensued which momentarily stunned the ardent soldiers. The

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Algerines, before they evacuated the castle, had fired a slow match communicating with the powder magazines in its vaults, and the last and strongest defence of Algiers was utterly destroyed. As the smoke vanished, the walls of the fortress were seen rent and shattered by the terrible concussion; the great tower was reduced to a few shapeless masses, and the ground in the environs was covered with fragments of wall, corpses and even cannon, which had been projected into the air by the violence of the explosion. The French soon recovered, and rushing forward with shouts of triumph, planted their standard among the smoking ruins; scarcely too was this done, ere the prompt and skilful engineers were directing the workmen to clear away the interior of the place, and stop the breaches in its outward walls, so as to protect it against the assaults of its former possessors. The ruins of the Star fort were also occupied, and preparations were made for erecting batteries on them for the bombardment of the city.

Algiers was now completely exposed; in a few hours the artillery which had so rapidly overwhelmed its strongest defence, would be levelled against the palace of the Dey and the dwellings of the citizens. Hussein and his subjects had done all that men could do in defence of their country; and it was unnecessary farther to provoke a foe who held them at his mercy. At two o'clock Sidi Mustapha, the Dey's private secretary, appeared under a flag of truce at Bourmont's headquarters, to offer on the part of his master, the surrender of those claims against France which had led to the war, as well as the payment of the expenses occasioned by the expedition, provided the French would leave the country. It is scarcely necessary to say that this proposition was rejected with scorn. "I hold in my hand," was the reply, "the fate of your city; nothing less than its unconditional surrender can save the Dey and inhabitants from being buried in its ruins." With this answer Mustapha returned to the Casaubas, exclaiming, says Bourmont, "When the Algerines are at war with France, they should obtain peace before the evening prayer." Such a speech may have been uttered by the trembling secretary, but when repeated in the despatch of the victorious general it became a mere *fanfaronade*.

A few bombs were immediately thrown into the town which produced the desired effects. Hussein saw that his fate was in the power of his enemies, and his whole anxiety was to obtain as good terms as possible for himself and his own immediate followers; he accordingly despatched a Turk named Mahmoud, and Boudierba a Moor who had lived in Marseilles and spoke French, to entreat that the firing might be stopped, promising a similar cessation on the side of the Algerines. They received at first the same answer which had been given to the Secretary; however a conference ensued between them and Bourmont, which resulted in a suspension of hostilities.

As soon as the Dey had received the first answer of the French General, he sent to entreat the intervention of the British Consul. Mr. St. John instantly obeyed the summons, and after an interview with the Dey, proceeded to Bourmont's head quarters which were by this time established among the ruins of the Emperor's castle, in order to learn with exactness the conditions required by him. Bourmont at first

objected to his interference, but subsequently thought proper to treat with him. The plan of a Convention was in consequence drawn up between them, by the terms of which, the Casaubas and all the other fortresses of the city were to be delivered to the French early on the following morning; the Dey and soldiers were to quit Algiers with their families and private property; the inhabitants were to be protected in the enjoyment of their personal liberty, property and religion; their women were to be respected, and their commerce and industry to remain undisturbed.

This Convention was sent to the Dey and immediately returned with his seal and signature affixed in token of his own assent; he however required time to consult his Divan without whose approbation it could not be legally executed. Bourmont agreed to wait until the next morning; he did not however suspend his preparations for the investment of the place, which were continued with unabated activity.

The debate in the Divan lasted the whole night of the 4th, and it was probably stormy; the younger and poorer members of the body proposed, it is said, to murder Hussein, then divide the treasures of the Casaubas and escape with them to the interior of the country; the older Turks who had wives and other valuables to lose, found the conditions so much better than was expected, that they only doubted as to their being observed by the French commander. The morning's sun however put an end to the discussion, by enabling them to see every height around the place occupied by the batteries of their enemy; they therefore resigned themselves to their fate, and Mahmoud and Boudierba were despatched to announce their acceptance of the conditions proposed by the conqueror. The envoys were likewise charged if possible to obtain a delay of twenty-four hours before the entry of the French troops into the city; this was peremptorily refused by Bourmont, who probably conceiving that within that period the treasures of the Casaubas might become the "private property" of the Turks, insisted that the port, the forts and the town should all be delivered to him before noon. The Dey of course assented to this demand, and prepared for his retreat to a house in the town which he had occupied before his elevation to the throne; the Beys of Titery and Constantina made their way with their surviving followers to the country; the forts were evacuated, and the Turks and citizens sullenly retired to their houses.

The French troops were in the meantime collected under arms; every flag was unfurled, and all the pomp and circumstance of warlike triumph was displayed, to render the serious ceremony more imposing. At two o'clock the fleet was anchoring in security under the dreaded batteries of the Mole, and the famous *Agar Agaz* so long the terror as well as the reproach of Christian Europe, was in the possession of the Franks.

Bourmont met at the gate the French prisoners who had been liberated, and after receiving their felicitations he hastened to the Casaubas, whither a guard had been already despatched. The Dey was just taking his departure, and his followers were endeavoring to appropriate to themselves the rich shawls, hangings, plate, &c. which had not been secured, when the appearance of the French grenadiers put them to flight. The General received from Hussein the keys of the treasury, and accompanied by Commissioners who had

been appointed to that effect he proceeded to inspect its contents.

Whether the amount of treasure found in the Casaba differed from that stated in the report of the commissioners will probably ever remain a subject for speculation. Shaler reckoned it at fifty-two millions of dollars in 1818, when Ali Cogia transferred his residence to the Casaba; his calculations were however founded only upon the number and the probable values of the burthens of the mules employed to transport it. The British Consul, when he visited Hussein on the evening previous to the surrender of the city, "was admitted by him" says Campbell,* "to the chamber of his treasures. It was paved with stone, for no wooden floor would have borne the weight of them—golden coins literally in millions were heaped up like corn in a granary several feet high." A French officer who accompanied Bourmont in his first visit describes rather more minutely the number and size of the rooms containing these precious articles.

Such appear to be the only data from which we can estimate the treasures in the Casaba previous to its surrender. Gold, silver and jewels, to the value of forty-one millions of francs (seven millions seven hundred and forty-nine thousand dollars,) declared by the General and Commissioners appointed to superintend the affair, to be the whole contents of the Algerine treasury, were transmitted to France immediately after the conquest of the city.

To these fruits of the expedition are to be added, wool and other articles found in the Magazines of the Regency, worth three millions of francs, and brass cannon valued as old metal at four millions, thus giving to the government an immediate return of more than nine millions of dollars, besides ammunition, materials of various sorts and public property to a vast amount. The whole expenses of the armament, to the middle of September following the capture of the place were reckoned at eight and a quarter millions of dollars, to which should however be added nearly half as much more for the cost of the blockade since June, 1837. Taking all the circumstances into consideration, the French Government was probably the gainer in the contest at the time of the capture of Algiers.

How many lives were lost during the war it is impossible to determine with accuracy; between the 14th of June, the day on which the French landed at Sidi Ferruch, and the 5th of July when Algiers was surrendered, it is supposed that not less than six hundred of their men were killed and two thousand five hundred wounded. Of the loss on the side of the Algerines we have no accounts, but it was probably greater than that of the French.

On the 11th of August the news of the surrender of Algiers reached Paris, and was received with the utmost enthusiasm by all classes of the population. The liberals could afford to rejoice as it came just too late to produce any effect on the elections, the result of which was known to be fatal to the Ministry. The Court was perhaps somewhat disappointed by the failure

of what was in reality the principal object of the expedition; the *baton* of Marshal of France was indeed sent to Bourmont, but the crosses (only three) to be distributed among his officers were much less numerous than had been expected.

The British Ambassador immediately offered his congratulations to Prince Polignac, expressing at the same time his conviction, that the French Government "would keep its faith with his Court and would not fall from the assurances given in the name of the Sovereign, that the expedition was undertaken for the sole purpose of vindicating the national honor, and not with views of acquisition or conquest." The Prince in answer "declared his readiness to repeat his former assurances, from which he protested that their late success had given the French government no inclination to depart."

With this repetition of former assurances terminated all correspondence on the subject between the government of Great Britain and that of Charles X. His successor on the 10th of August, immediately after his establishment on the throne, and before his government was acknowledged by that of Great Britain, verbally declared to Lord Stewart "his intention to fulfil the engagements of the preceding government relative to Algiers." We have already seen how vague were those engagements. Charles the Tenth declared his readiness, "in case the existing government of Algiers should be overthrown, to concert immediately with the other Powers, the new order of things to be there established, for the greatest advantage of the Christian world." The change produced in the political relations of the European Governments, by the Revolution of July, has rendered any such "concert" with regard to Algiers impossible; and the engagement of the French King may be considered as obsolete as that made by Great Britain at the peace of Amiens, to restore Malta to the Knights of Saint John.

To return to Algiers. Immediately after their occupation of the city, the conquerors took measures to conciliate the inhabitants, and to free the country from the presence of the Turks. For the former purpose administrative institutions were established, similar at least in name and form to those which had previously existed; they were however soon found to be inefficient, and were replaced by others which have been also since abandoned. With regard to the Turks a considerable number had perished in the conflicts, others went off with the Beys of Tittery and Constantina, and only about three thousand five hundred were left in the place. Of these the elder, and such as had wives and houses, obtained permission to remain in Algiers under certain conditions until they could dispose of their property; the others were sent without delay to Turkey, each man receiving five dollars on his departure.

On the 11th of July, Hussein embarked with his son-in-law the Aga Ibrahim, and their families and attendants to the number of a hundred, on board the frigate *Jeanne d'Arc* for Mahon, carrying with them, it was said, upwards of a million of dollars. As he has no farther connection with this history, it may be here stated, that from Mahon he proceeded to Naples where he had the satisfaction to learn that the Sovereign who had ordered, and the General who had effected his overthrow were themselves in exile; from Naples he went to Leghorn, in the vicinity of which he passed a year;

* *Letters from Algiers* by Thomas Campbell, published in the London New Monthly Magazine. These letters give an agreeable and interesting picture of Algiers as it now is; the historical statements are, however, in almost every instance erroneous.

in 1831 he visited Paris, where he was of course the object of universal attention; his piety afterwards led him to make the pilgrimage to Mecca, and he died in Egypt in 1835, aged about 70 years. Notwithstanding his dethronement and exile, he was perhaps in every respect, the most fortunate of the Deys of Algiers.

The Bey of Oran, on learning the fall of the capital, made his submission to the conquerors and received their troops as garrisons into the principal places on the coast of his province. Achmet Bey of Constantina retired with the remnant of his forces and some Turks, towards his capital, determined to resist the invaders to the last extremity. As a first measure against him a division of the fleet under Admiral Rosamel was sent with a detachment of troops commanded by General Damremont to occupy Bona.

The Bey of Tittery appeared in person at Algiers on the 8th of July; and after a conference with the General in Chief took the oath of allegiance to the French before the Moorish Cadi or principal municipal officer of the place, and was confirmed in his government. He then invited Bourmont to make an excursion to Blida, a small town at the foot of the great chain of Mount Atlas about twenty-four miles south of the capital, assuring him that his presence there would tend to quiet the apprehensions of the inhabitants, and induce them the more readily to submit to the French. The Ex-Dey Hussein, on being consulted with regard to the propriety of making this excursion, declared his total want of confidence in the assurances of Abderrahman, whom he described a designing and treacherous knave. Notwithstanding this premonition, on the 23d of July the Marshal (he had just received his *baton*) left Algiers with about two thousand men and several of his principal officers for Blida, which place they reached in the evening after a fatiguing march across the Metijah. They were received with every demonstration of joy by the inhabitants, who came out to meet them bringing fruits and refreshments of all kinds; some uneasiness was indeed excited by the number of the Kabyles, who appeared loitering about the place and its vicinity; however no distrust was manifested by the French, the soldiers bivouaced in an open square, and the Marshal having occupied the best house in the place, was about to retire to rest, when some musket shots were heard under the window. One of his aid-de-camps went out to ascertain the cause and was immediately brought back mortally wounded; the assailants increased in numbers, and the French soldiers were soon completely surrounded and exposed to a murderous fire. In this state of things it was determined to retreat without delay to Algiers; the men although fatigued with their day's march were formed in order, and the party proceeded back to the city exposed during the way to the unceasing attacks of their daring enemies.

The ill success of this first attempt on the part of the French to penetrate the country, rendered the wandering tribes of Arabs and Kabyles more bold and more determined to resist the invaders, who were soon almost shut up within the walls of the capital. Several expeditions have been subsequently sent from Algiers in the same direction, the events of which are described in glowing colors in the despatches of their commanders; in one of them the treacherous Bey of Tittery was made prisoner and sent to Paris, where he strutted his

hour rather as a prince than as a captive; this and the glory of planting the standard of France on a new soil, appear to have been the only beneficial results obtained from these excursions.

During the first ten days of August, no news was received from France. On the 11th of that month, a corvette appeared in the bay; she was recognized as French, but instead of the white flag of the Bourbons the tri-color of the revolution appeared on her mast head. The despatches brought by her were delivered to Bourmont, but notwithstanding all his efforts to keep their contents secret, the astounding details of the events which occurred in Paris during the *three days* of July, soon became known. Bourmont assembled a council of his principal officers and proposed to them to retain the white cockade, and sail back to France with the army, in order to defend the cause of Charles the Tenth. His arguments were however unavailing; the majority declared in favor of the new state of things, and the tri-colored flag had been already hoisted by the fleet. At length after some days spent in hesitation, or in hopes that the cause of the Bourbons might not be lost, he at length decided to obey the orders which he had received, and his soldiers were gratified by seeing that standard which they considered as the symbol of victory, waving over the towers of the Casaba.

On the 2d of September Marshal Clausel arrived from France to assume the command of the forces, in the name of King Louis Philippe; on the same day, Bourmont accompanied by his two sons and carrying with him the embalmed heart of the third who had fallen in action, embarked on board an Austrian trading vessel for Malaga. He has since been a wanderer in exile; and except for a few weeks, during which he endeavored unsuccessfully to retrieve the fortunes of a fiendish despot, his active spirit has been unemployed. The Duke d'Escars and some other officers whose attachment to the cause of the fallen dynasty, was either too strong or had been too conspicuously manifested, also retired from the army; the general popularity and good management of Clausel however soon reconciled the majority of the disaffected to the change of rulers, and restored the troops to discipline.

The division of the fleet commanded by Admiral Rosamel, consisting of two ships of the line, three frigates and four smaller vessels, which quitted Algiers on the 26th of July, arrived before Bona on the 7th of August. That town was instantly occupied by the troops under Damremont, who endeavored to repair the fortifications and render them tenable against the Bey of Constantina as it was expected that he would soon attack them. The Kabyles however soon after appearing in great numbers about the place, it was judged prudent by the French Commander to withdraw with his troops to Algiers. The wretched inhabitants, who relying upon the assurances of the conquerors had quietly submitted to them, were thus left until the spring of 1832, to maintain themselves as they could against the savage mountaineers.

After the troops had been landed at Bona the French squadron proceeded eastward and on the 7th of August was seen at the entrance of the harbor of Tunis, where its appearance contributed to hasten the conclusion of the negotiation then in progress between the Consul of France and the Bey of that Regency. The result of the

negotiation was a treaty, signed at Tunis on the 8th of August, the provisions of which were apparently more liberal and more nearly universal in their application, than those of any convention previously made between a Christian State and a Barbary Power. The Bey of Tunis here distinctly renounced for himself and his successors, the right of cruising against any nation, which should renounce or have renounced the right of cruising against Tunis. Christian prisoners of war were not to be enslaved under any circumstances, but to be treated according to the usages of European nations. Foreign vessels wrecked on the coasts of the Regency were not to be plundered; their crews were to receive every assistance; those guilty of maltreating or robbing them were to be punished, and the government was made answerable for all injuries to their persons or property. Foreign nations were to have the privilege of establishing consular and commercial agents in any part of the Regency, and no tribute or present was to be exacted from or on account of them, on any occasion whatsoever. The subjects of foreign nations were to be at liberty to trade in all parts of the Regency, without being subject to any other than the established duties; and the government was to exercise no right of pre-emption or of monopoly, with regard to any goods which they may wish to buy or sell. Finally, the Bey gives to the French the full right of fishing for coral on certain parts of the coast of Tunis without any tribute or duty. These conditions appear to evince a degree of liberality on the part of France and of regard for the interests of other nations, which her former diplomatic proceedings had not prepared us to expect. However on examining the subject more minutely, it will be seen that although something may have been gained for the cause of civilization, by the formal admission of such principles, yet nothing was in reality secured to any other Power than France; for no other nation could or would avail itself of these provisions, as France could not be expected to enforce their observance, in any other cases than those in which the interests of her own subjects were concerned. The treaty was received with great dissatisfaction at Tunis; for which there was indeed just cause, as it not only prescribed new rules for intercourse with foreign nations but also interfered materially with the internal administration of the country.

Having produced the desired effect at Tunis, Admiral Rosamel sailed for Tripoli, off which he appeared on the 9th of August.

Ever since the precipitate departure of Baron Rousseau, the French Consul, from Tripoli, in August 1829, the Pasha of that Regency had been vainly endeavoring through the intercession of the Spanish Consul, to avert the vengeance which he knew would fall upon him, for his share in that affair. The news of the fall of Algiers left him without hope; and therefore as soon as the French squadron had come to anchor, he sent Hadji Mohammed the Bet-el-Mel or Judge of inheritances, on board the Admiral's ship, with full powers to conclude an arrangement. A convention was accordingly signed on the 11th, containing besides the same general stipulations to which the Bey of Tunis had agreed on the 8th, some severe and humiliating engagements on the part of the Pasha. In the first article, he agreed to deliver to the Admiral a letter, addressed to

the *Emperor* of France, in which he entreats his Majesty to accept his most humble excuses for the circumstances which had obliged the French Consul to quit his post; disavows all participation in the calumnious reports circulated with respect to that agent; and expresses his anxious desire for the restoration of friendly intercourse between the two countries, as well as for the return of Rousseau, to whom the excuses were to be repeated on his arrival. Yusuf moreover agreed to pay 800,000 francs, one half immediately, the remainder in December following, in exoneration of all demands of French subjects against him.

The 400,000 francs were with some difficulty procured and delivered in a few days after the signature of the Treaty; in December 200,000 more were paid and the revenues of the province of Bengazi were pledged for the remainder. Yusuf was however spared the mortification of being obliged to receive Rousseau again as French Consul in Tripoli; his place was supplied by M. Schwabell, who appears to be superior in capacity, acquirements and character to the generality of such agents.

The forced loans and other acts of violence by means of which these sums were raised, increased the unpopularity of the Pasha's government and contributed to excite disturbances in his dominions. In the spring of 1831, a formidable insurrection broke out in Fezzan, to quell which the Bey Ali was sent with a large force. Of the circumstances of the war we can obtain no accounts; its result was the discomfiture of the Tripolines and the return of the Bey to the capital. The rebels appear to have been headed by Abdi Zaleel, who has been already mentioned as the grandson of the celebrated Sheik Safanissa, and the Chief of the Arab tribe called the Waled Suleiman. The successful issue of this revolt encouraged many of the wandering tribes to throw off the authority of the Pasha, and his difficulties were soon after increased by another heavy demand on his treasury from abroad.

As soon as it was known that the French had obtained payment of nearly all the debts due to their subjects, the British Government of course insisted on a similar settlement in favor of its own merchants, which the Pasha, according to the immemorial custom of Princes and people in the East, evaded by every means in his power. Warrington at length declared that he would be put off no longer; accordingly on the 14th of July 1832, a British squadron of two frigates and a sloop of war appeared in the bay, and Yusuf was summoned immediately to pay a hundred and eighty thousand dollars to satisfy the demands of his English creditors. The Pasha in vain repeated the oft urged plea of poverty; in vain appealed to his sons, to his wives, to his ministers, and to the citizens of Tripoli; the sum could not be obtained, and although sixty per cent on the whole amount was tendered in part payment, the inexorable Consul refused to receive it. Yusuf in despair then determined to levy a contribution by force on the inhabitants of the Messehah, the rich and populous plain near the city; the attempt was resisted, the soldiers who were sent to collect the tax were repulsed, and the people of the Messehah raised the standard of rebellion.

A new actor now appeared on the scene.

It has been stated that on the death of the Pasha's

eldest son Mohammed, the claims of Emhammed the son of the deceased Prince to the succession, had been set aside by Yusuf, in favor of Ali his second son, who had been raised to the dignity of Bey. Emhammed had now attained manhood, and though closely watched by his uncle and grandfather had succeeded in forming a small party among the people, who looked to him for deliverance from the tyranny and oppression under which they groaned. In this he had been assisted and encouraged by the British Consul, who hating Ali on account of his connection with the D'Ghies family, and his well known partiality to France, adopted this means to satisfy his vengeance. Warrington has indeed been supposed to have carried his views still farther, and to have fomented disturbances in Tripoli, in order to obtain possession of the country for Great Britain. The sequel will show how far such suppositions were warranted.

As soon as the insurrection in the Messeh broke out, the neighboring Arab tribes came in crowds to join the rebels, and Emhammed, having succeeded in making his escape from the city, was proclaimed by them Pasha of Tripoli. The Bey Ali immediately assembled his adherents, and on the 27th of July 1832, a battle was fought on the sea shore between them and the insurgents. Emhammed's party was successful; the Bey's troops were driven back into the city, and the insurgents, receiving daily accessions to their forces, were soon able to close effectually all the communications of the place on the land side; a battery was also established by them at the entrance of the harbor on its eastern shore, in order to prevent the entrance of vessels. In a few days the city was completely invested by the besiegers, who began to bombard it; and the supply of provisions from the country being thus cut off, the inhabitants were threatened with the horrors of famine. The Consuls were however informed by Emhammed, that they might be furnished with necessities for their families, by means of boats sent under the flag of a Christian nation to his batteries.

In the meantime, the British Consul had struck his flag, and the besiegers were in hopes that an attack would be made on the place by the squadron. These expectations were however disappointed by the sudden departure of the ships, in consequence it was supposed of an order from Malta, to which island Colonel Warrington shortly after sailed with his family in an Austrian brig.

Things continued in this state of uncertainty until the 12th of August, when the Consuls were informed by Yusuf, at a public audience, in the presence of his Divan and the principal persons of the place, that he had abdicated the throne in favor of his son Ali, whom he requested them to consider as Pasha of Tripoli. Letters were at the same time delivered to the Consuls addressed to the heads of their respective Governments, formally communicating the same intelligence, and soliciting from each the speedy recognition of the new sovereign. The means by which the old man was thus induced to transfer his powers to his son are not known; there is reason to believe however that he was impelled to it by the threats of Ali, and the promises and representations of the French Consul, both of whom had cause to apprehend that an admission of Emhammed's claims to the succession might otherwise be extorted

from him by Warrington on his return from Malta. Ali immediately assumed the authority and title of Pasha, appointing as Prime Minister his brother-in-law Mohammed d'Ghies, (the younger, the old minister of that name died in 1831) who has been already mentioned in connection with the affair of Major Laing's papers.

STANZAS.

BY W. GILMORE SIMMS.

Oh, lovely were once her eyes, but grief
Their light hath now o'erclouded—
And her lips were sweet, like the budding leaf,
Though now their bloom be shrouded—
For in her heart, a malady
Like the canker-worm in the rose,
Preys ever there, unceasingly,
And gives her no repose.

It is sad to think, in a few short hours,
We shall look on her no longer,
For the glance gives sign of the failing powers,
And the pang grows hourly stronger;
We shall lose the balm of her budding breath,
We shall hear her voice no more;
We shall see those sweet eyes sealed in death,
That we once could so adore.

Yet shall I not weep, though losing all
For many long days I so have loved;
The tear that from mine eyes would fall,
My thought has well reprov'd:
For hers has been a doomed life,
And those who love her well, should pray,
That she may quickly lose the strife,
That has eaten her heart away.

THE RIGHT OF INSTRUCTION.

BY JUDGE JOSEPH HOPKINSON.

Dear Sir—I am well aware that my letter on the Right of Instruction, published in your June number, will encounter, in Virginia and elsewhere, names of high and deserved authority, and talents of great power, if it shall be thought worthy of any attention. I must therefore beg you to allow me to explain my views of this interesting subject a little more fully than was necessary or proper in a letter to a friend. The additions, however, will be briefly made. I am particularly desirous to sustain myself by the countenance of our distinguished patriots and jurists, especially those who, having assisted in framing the government, may be presumed to understand its mechanism at least as well as the politicians of a later date; who are, as I have suggested, the authors of the doctrine of instructions. It was unknown to those who made the constitution—as well as to those writers and speakers who afterwards attacked and defended it.

It is a matter of familiar history that from the commencement of this government, there has been a party,

particularly in the South, powerful by its talents, its character and the public confidence, who have cherished and propagated, with unwearied efforts, a jealous fear of the power of the general government. They have taught and, I may not doubt, truly believed that this power would swallow the independence of the states, or so depress their influence and strip them of their rights, that they would finally become mere subordinate corporations, living and acting by the will of a master. I do not stop to examine the justice of this apprehension, nor to show that the federal government, *constitutionally administered*, (and no fair argument can be drawn from usurpation and violence,) has more to fear from the power of the states than the states from it. This is not my present purpose. I would show how the doctrine of instructions was introduced among us. It was one of the devices and means resorted to—and invented by the party I have alluded to, to cripple the federal power, and, in this way, to give the states a control over the action of the general government, which they could not exercise directly under any power or rights given or reserved to them in the constitution they had adopted. Thus by binding their representatives in Congress by the obligation of obedience to their instructions, and by limiting and fettering the powers of the federal body by their doctrines of *constitutional construction*, they would acquire an ascendancy over the federal operations which would reduce that body to a bloodless, fleshless skeleton.

In looking for a support for my opinions upon this subject, I was naturally led to open the volume of the "Secret Proceedings and Debates of the Convention," published from the notes of Chief Justice Yates. In this volume we find also the information communicated, by *Luther Martin, Esq.* a delegate to the federal convention from the state of Maryland, to the legislature of Maryland, relative to the proceedings of the convention. This communication occupies about ninety pages of the book, and contains a string of resolutions, amounting to nineteen, reported to the convention by a committee of the whole house. The fourth of these resolutions proposed "That the members of the second branch of the legislature ought to be chosen by the individual legislatures, to be of the age of thirty years at least, to hold their offices for a term sufficient to insure their independence, namely, seven years," &c. There is another provision in this resolution which shows an intention to make the senators equally independent of the several states and of the United States. It is that they are "to be ineligible to any office by a particular state—or under the authority of the United States—except those peculiarly belonging to the functions of the second branch, *during the term of service*, and under the national government for the space of one year after its expiration."

Mr. Martin was a decided opponent to the adoption of the constitution; he was opposed to federal power—a friend of state power—and seeking every means by which he could restrain the first and strengthen and enlarge the latter. He especially feared the senate; but he never thought of this controlling right of instructions by which the states might direct the federal legislation at their will, and make their senators, in the language of Mr. Tyler, "mere automata to move only when they are bidden—and to sit in their places like

statues, to record such edicts as may come to them." Mr. Martin's objection to the construction of the second branch of the federal legislature is, that the senators are independent of the states appointing them. He objects that they are chosen for *six years*; that they are not paid by the respective states, but from the treasury of the United States; that they are *not liable to be recalled during the period for which they are chosen*. This very able and ingenious lawyer could not have made this objection if he had conceived the cunning device of making it the constitutional duty of a senator to resign his place at the will of the legislature of his state.—After stating these objections, Mr. Martin proceeds: "Thus, sir, for six years the senators are rendered *totally and absolutely independent of their states*, of whom they ought to be the representatives, without any bond or tie between them. *During that time*, they may join in measures ruinous and destructive to their states, even such as should totally annihilate the state governments; and their states cannot recall them, *nor exercise any control over them*." Such was his understanding of the constitution, and of the rights of senators and state legislatures, under it. His objection was that *they are not* precisely what the advocates for instructions say *they are*. He saw nothing in the instrument that gives the state legislatures any right to instruct their senators, accompanied by a duty on the part of the senators to obey or resign. This is practically to give the legislatures a power to recall their senators, as instructions may always be given which must be disobeyed by an honest man.

On considering the question whether the second branch of the general legislature should or should not be appointed by the state legislatures, Mr. Wilson (the most democratic of all the members of the convention) said, "It is improper that the state legislatures should have the power contemplated to be given to them. A citizen of America may be considered in two points of view; as a citizen of the general government, and as a citizen of the particular state in which he may reside. We ought to consider in what character he acts, in forming a general government. I am both a citizen of Pennsylvania and of the United States; I must, therefore, *lay aside my state connexions and act for the general good of the whole*. We must forget our local habits and attachments. There ought to be a leading distinction between the one and the other; nor ought the general government to be comprised of an assemblage of different state governments." Mr. Wilson was opposed to the election of the senators by the state legislatures.

Mr. Ellsworth was for the state legislatures. He thought the choice by them would be more judicious. "In the second branch we want *wisdom and firmness*, to check hasty and inconsiderate proceedings of the first branch."

Gov. Randolph, speaking of the senate, says: "This body must act with firmness. The state governments will always attempt to counteract the general government." His opinion, of course, was, that it was the duty of the senators to resist these attempts, to protect the general government against them, and not to yield to them as bound and bidden slaves, and abandon to their caprices and will the sacred trust reposed in them.

Mr. Madison says: "We are proceeding in the same manner that was done when the confederation was first

formed. Its original draft was excellent, but in its progress and completion it became so insufficient as to give rise to the present convention. By the vote already taken, *will not the temper* of the state legislatures transmute itself into the senate? Do we create a free government?" We see then that Mr. Madison was of opinion that the mere power of appointing the senators by the state legislatures, would give those legislatures so much influence in this branch of the federal legislature as to impair its necessary power and independence. He asks: "Do we create a free government?" What would he have said had he supposed that to this power of appointment, there was to be added as flowing from it, an imperative and constitutional right of instruction, under the penalty of a forfeiture of the place by disobedience?

At another period of the debate, on the constitution of the senate, Mr. Madison says: "That great powers are to be given, there is no doubt; and that these powers may be abused, is equally true. It is probable that members may lose their attachments to the states that sent them; yet the first branch will control them in many of these abuses. But we are forming a body on whose wisdom we mean to rely, and their *permanency in office* secures a proper field in which they may exert their firmness and knowledge. Democratic communities may be unsteady, and be led to action by the impulse of the moment." After showing the dangers that may arise from popular bodies without some wholesome check and control of another body, he says: "The senate, therefore, ought to be this body; and to answer these purposes, they ought to have *permanency and stability*."

On the debate on the question whether the senators should be paid from the national treasury or by the states, Mr. Wilson said: "The states may say, although I appoint you for six years, yet if you are against the state your table shall be unprovided. Is this the way you are to erect an independent government?" But the doctrine of instructions comes to the same end by a much shorter and more certain operation. *Obedy or resign*. Men might be found who, to render a great service to their country, or from personal motives of inclination or ambition, would continue in their seats, although their compensation were withdrawn. But they have no such choice, when the action of the legislature comes upon them in the shape of instructions.

On the same question, Mr. Madison said: "I do assert that a national senate, elected and paid by the people, will have no more efficiency than congress; *for the states will usurp the general government*."

In looking over this column of debates, I have made my selections as few and brief as possible. Not a syllable is found any where, or from any body, which hints at this right of instruction to senators, as a means by which the states may control or interfere with the constitutional action of the federal government, or add to their own power and influence. Every proceeding of the convention, every argument and word having any bearing upon the question, has a contrary tendency. The whole doctrine has been got up at a later date, to serve particular interests and purposes; and, unfortunately, is so palatable to state pride and state politicians, that it has found a reception too favorable

for the safety of our government and the preservation of the Union.

I have not referred to the opinion of Mr. Burke, so often quoted, because I think the argument stands here on a different and a stronger ground. We have a number of sovereign states which have, by their own will, placed themselves under one government; and for this purpose, they have mutually agreed upon the *extent and manner* in which each shall have a participation in the government of the whole. No one has a right to control or interfere with the government of the whole to any further extent or in any other manner than those which have been thus agreed upon. They may elect their senators by their legislatures respectively; having done this, their power over that body is fulfilled. The senators of each become the senators of all, and the power of each over them is merged in the power of the whole for the period for which they are elected. The senators from Virginia are as independent of Virginia as those from Massachusetts. Any control over, or interference with them, except by their periodical election, would verify the prediction of Mr. Madison, that "states will usurp the general government," and that "the greatest danger is from the encroachments of the states upon the general government."

If you will now do me the favor to republish some observations I had printed in the "National Gazette," on the perusal of Mr. Tyler's letter, by which he resigned his seat in the Senate of the United States, I shall have the satisfaction to see, in your valuable journal, all I have to say upon a question which, in my view, is of vital importance to the existence of our national government, and the continuance of this happy and prosperous Union.

[The following is the article alluded to.]

A man may pertinaciously assert an error in the face of truth and his own better judgment; but the moment he attempts to defend it, he is assured that he will seldom fail to destroy the delusion by the very arguments he brings to support it. Like a brilliant bubble, the moment you would test it by the touch, it is gone. This truth is forcibly illustrated in the letter addressed by Mr. Tyler to the Legislature of Virginia, resigning his seat as a Senator of the United States. Let any one examine his reasons for refusing to obey the instructions of his legislature,—for refusing to do what they require of him, for he does refuse, and his reasons for it are absolutely unanswerable,—and then say whether the same reasons do not as decidedly prove that the legislature had no lawful right to give the instructions as that Mr. Tyler had the right to disobey them. There could not be a constitutional right to give an order, the obedience to which would be "to violate the Constitution." This is a plain absurdity, and it is equally clear that if there was no right to give the order there could be no duty to obey it. Assuredly the pointed and pregnant question put by Mr. Tyler applies to the whole subject of instructions. He asks—"whether the representatives of a sovereign State are such mere automata, as to move only when they are bidden, and to sit in their places like statues to record such edicts as may come to them?" Mr. Tyler implies in his answer, that Senators are not such passive machines, and yet he consents to become one, in a modified way. On this particular

case he says to the Legislature, "To obey your instructions would be to violate the Constitution of the United States." One would suppose that this was a full and definite answer to the demand, and to the right to make it. Of course Mr. Tyler will not do the deed; he will not with his own hand strike the blow which is to wound the sacred body which his country had put under his protection. But does this fulfil his duty? does it discharge the obligations of his oath of office? That oath is not answered by merely abstaining from the wrong himself; it does not stop with this negative duty; he has sworn to support and defend it against violation and wrong from any quarter. Did he not desert this high and solemn duty when he abandoned his post in order that another might take it with the avowed design of violating the Constitution; for that such is the act to be done is the conscientious belief of Mr. Tyler himself. To resign, to surrender his power for such a purpose, is hardly an evasion of the high principles which Mr. Tyler assumes as his rule of duty; it is, in effect, to sacrifice them. Where is the difference between the sentinel who turns his own arms upon the citadel he was bound to defend, and one who gives up his trust to the enemy, that he may do the work of ruin which the conscience of the latter forbids. In my opinion, the very time and occasion where a Senator should not resign, are where his place is wanted for such a purpose. It is then peculiarly his duty to keep his post, because it is always his paramount duty, as a Senator of the United States, to protect the Constitution of the United States. May he put it at the mercy of a State Legislature, issuing, from year to year, or from month to month, its contradictory orders, as party or caprice may prevail? What is the Constitution, under such a dictation, but a fabric built upon the sand; a rag floating in the wind? It has neither permanency nor strength.

It is to be lamented that good and talented men, sometimes unadvisedly and without looking far enough to consequences, entangle themselves in theories, which afterwards embarrass and constrain them, in the sound and practical exercise of their understanding, and compel them to participate in acts condemned, at once, by their judgment and conscience. In such cases it is more honest, more safe and noble, to shake off the webs which their own ingenuity has wound around them, and give a free use and exercise to their better knowledge and true convictions. There is a sensible maxim in common life which is equally wise in public affairs—that "the shortest follies are the best."

Mr. Tyler tells the Legislature that he would have complied with their wishes, if they had put them in another form; indeed it is only a change of form—he would have voted, at their bidding, to rescind or repeal the offensive resolution of the Senate. Why would he do so, unless he thought it ought to be rescinded or repealed? If he did not think so, he was as much bound by a conscientious performance of his duty to vote against the repeal as the expunging. If the latter be a stronger case, the principle is the same. But will he say, that in the one case he is called upon to violate the Constitution, in the other only to give up an opinion upon the conduct of the President? This is altogether an illusion; there is in truth no difference in the cases. In the one case he was of opinion that the President had transgressed his constitutional powers; he is of the same

opinion still, but his Legislature do not think so, and he yields his opinion to theirs, or rather he votes against his own opinion to give effect to theirs. In the other case he holds the opinion that to expunge a part of the records of the Senate is a violation of the Constitution, but his Legislature are of opinion that it is not so; it is a question of opinion between them, and nothing more. Why, then, should he not give up this opinion to their power or their judgment, as well as the other? Why must he not on this question surrender his judgment and conscience, and become the "mere automaton" of the majority of the members of the Virginia Assembly? He casts off and treads upon the robes of a Senator of the United States, to bind himself in a straight jacket, fashioned by heads and hands which would acknowledge no power but their own. There is no such thing as dividing or modifying this State claim to instruct the Senators of the United States. It is a full, perfect, and universal right, or it is no right. It binds every limb and muscle of the Senator, or none of them. If he may move a finger in opposition to it, his whole body is free. It is an absolute, despotic power in all cases, or it must be reduced to that voluntary respect and serious consideration which a wise representative will always give to the opinions and wishes of those from whom he derives his office. There will always be subserviency enough; the danger is from too much.

I do not see where Mr. Tyler gets his alternative to obey or resign. This is not his instruction, it is "not so nominated in the bond." He is ordered to vote, to act—not to fly the field. If the command is lawful, he should obey the mandate of his "approved good masters," as they have issued it. He might equally disappoint their object by leaving his seat, as by voting in opposition to their wishes. How impossible it is to be consistent in the pursuit of a false principle. When a man splits a hair to get a principle or rule of action, he must go on splitting hairs to modify or get rid of it.

I have said that I cannot see the distinction taken by Mr. Tyler between a vote to rescind the resolution and one to expunge it. It cannot be replied, that a Senator may properly give up his opinion concerning a matter comparatively insignificant, but should refuse such a compliance on a question of more importance. If the argument be good it cannot help the present case; there is no such difference between the question to rescind and expunge; both refer to constitutional rights and powers, and there is the same obligation on a Senator to give up or not to give his opinion in both cases. They are of equal dignity, but in importance, as to consequences, the advantage is infinitely on the side of the vote to rescind. What is to be rescinded? A resolution of the Senate on the subject of the power of the President over the treasury and revenues of the United States. Can any question under the Constitution arise of more vital importance to the liberties and rights of the people? The other vote relates only to the power of the Senate over its own records. Both are to be decided by the Constitution, and the decision, in the one way or the other, gives an authoritative construction to that instrument, and becomes, while admitted, a part of it. This resolution has declared,—whether right or wrong, is of no importance to our present question—that the Constitution does not vest in the President of the United States the power that he has assumed over the treasure of the

United States. This solemn declaration Mr. Tyler is willing to rescind, to take back, to disaffirm, although he believes that the resolution does express the true sense of the Constitution. Had his legislature *only* required this sacrifice of him, he would have made it, thus indirectly affirming a most dangerous power in the executive, to which Mr. Tyler thinks he is not entitled. He would ratify an usurpation of this alarming magnitude. But this was not enough to satisfy his hard masters; he must not only do the deed of rescision, but he must do it in the manner and form prescribed to him; he must expunge the offensive resolution from the journal of the Senate. Here he takes his stand; he will not do it, and shows by an unanswerable argument that he cannot honestly do it, *because* it is a violation of the Constitution. Now, was not the act of the President upon the treasury also, in his opinion, a violation of the same Constitution, and yet this opinion he was willing to surrender to his constituents, and record a vote on the same journal, affirming so far as his vote could do it, this violation of the Constitution. I confess there is a perplexity in these political metaphysics which surpasses my understanding, and confounds my notions of right and wrong. Here, then, we have a gentleman of fine talents, a lawyer and a statesman of great experience and eminence, who has often received and well deserved the respect and confidence of his fellow-citizens, brought into a labyrinth of doubt and obscurity; entangled by errors and contradictions, merely by setting out on a *false principle*. How plain and satisfactory is the duty of a Senator who will steadily and fearlessly say, I am not "an automaton to move only when I am bidden; a statue to record the edicts that may come to me"—I am a Senator of the *United States*—I am bound by the most sacred obligations to my country and my God, to discharge this high trust with fidelity, firmness and truth, according to my best judgment, and the calm convictions of my conscience. I am bound to support, defend, protect the Constitution of the United States, whose officer I am, as I honestly and truly understand it—this is my *first law*. And it is my duty to pay a most considerate and respectful attention to the wishes and interests of my immediate constituents—this is my *second law*.

Contrast this plain, intelligible course, which requires no uncommon sagacity to discover it, no deep casuistry to explain it; which demands no prostration of personal character and independence, and is followed by no misgiving or remorse—with the incomprehensible, tortuous, humiliating doctrines of the school of instructions, as to which the most devoted professors do not agree, and which a novitiate, however docile, cannot comprehend. Let us try him. He would first inquire—am I bound to obey my orders strictly and implicitly to the letter, or is there some alternative left me? must I give the vote required, or may I in any way avoid it? He will be answered, in some cases—You must stand your ground and give your vote as directed; for instance, if you are called upon to rescind and repeal a recorded resolution of the Senate, in which you did or did not concur, you must record your vote for such repeal in the same journal which testifies your approval of it, but if you are instructed to come at this conclusion in another form, that is, by expunging it from the page on which it is written, then you are not bound to a strict obedience, but may make your bow, beg to be excused, raise a high question of honor

and conscience about it, and go about your business. So far the scholar might understand that he must always either obey or resign, although it may puzzle him to know how to make the choice. He is, however, altogether mistaken in believing that he has got even this uncertain rule for a guide. He asks another learned Doctor in this science—Must I, in every case, either obey or resign? By no means, is the reply. There are cases in which you may do neither, such as an order to expunge the record of some act or opinion of the Senate; this is not a *law*, and you may do as you please with it. [See *Mr. Leigh's Letter*.] The anxious scholar proceeds to inquire, by what rule or sign can I distinguish and decide between these close cases; how may I know when I may act and think for myself, without infringing the sacred right of instruction? Truly there is no defined line or settled rule; it must depend upon the *nature of the question and the circumstances of the case*, which are very numerous and complicated, and sometimes require half a dozen columns of a newspaper to elucidate and apply them. [See *the same letter*.] The simple novitiate observes, this then is very like leaving the whole matter to myself after all. He is bewildered and lost in this maze of inexplicable rules and exceptions, principles and qualifying circumstances. Should he pass by these difficulties, he has others scarcely less formidable to encounter. He understands that he must obey the instructions of the Legislature of his State, because he is their agent or representative. What Legislature is he to obey? Not that only which *de facto* appointed him. But is this allegiance due to the Legislature of the last year or of this year? Certainly, he is told, the latter. But why so? They are equal and contrary weights; they act in opposition upon the same subject, with the same lights and by the same authority. Why not wait for another to decide between them? Why should he not, especially in Virginia, play for the rubber—take his chance for the third heat? There may be another change in the fortune of parties—another *will of the State Legislature*, to which he may run counter by a hasty submission. Again—must this State agent, mis-called a Senator of the United States, take the vote of the Legislature to be the will of the people, without regard to the state of the vote? may he inquire how the vote was constituted, *how it was obtained*—by what influence, misrepresentation or mistake? Suppose he should find that his orders came from a majority of the members present, but not a majority of the house, and he should know that the absent members would have turned the vote—may he refuse his obedience to what is, legally speaking, the act and will of the Legislature? If he should obey or resign, and then, in a full house, his instructions are revoked, what is his situation? He has perhaps inflicted a serious wound upon the Constitution of his country, which he cannot heal.

I will present one other difficulty which might distress the unlearned. A Senator may be presumed to know the members of his State Legislature—their general standing and character. He receives instructions passed by a majority of six or eight, on a vote of one or two hundred. He looks at the roll of yeas and nays. He finds in the majority a great proportion of men he knows to be of little knowledge, of strong passions and prejudices, with a servile adherence to party purposes;

men, even if honest, on whose judgment he would not place the least reliance in the most common business—whose opinion he would not regard in any concern of his own of the value of a dollar. On the other side, he finds the names of men long distinguished for their learning and experience, of unsuspected integrity, dispassionate in judgment, and pure in their patriotism and purposes;—men to whom all the country has looked for years, with confidence and veneration. In a word, he sees the name of *James Madison* on the one hand, opposed by that of some violent, ignorant, interested demagogue on the other. Is he to shut his eyes and his understanding to such a state of things, and surrender his duty, his honor, and his conscience, to the dictation of ignorance, passion and prejudice, and turn a deaf ear to the voice of knowledge, virtue, and patriotism? Is he to decide a vital constitutional question by the will of such masters, who would not hold themselves bound by their vote? Mr. Tyler assures us that some of the voters for his last instructions were among those who but the year before gave him contrary orders on the same subject. Such an obedience is to make himself something worse than an automaton—it is to be an active, efficient, self-condemned agent in the consummation of designs he knows to be morally wrong, and deeply injurious to his country, to the whole people he has sworn to defend and protect, by the preservation, inviolate, of the great charter of their rights and liberties. This Mr. Tyler would not, could not do; it would be to contradict and disparage the whole course of an honorable and useful life. He has spurned such degradation. But I lament that he did not do more than this—that he could find an alternative in abandoning his post to the enemy.

I have alluded to Mr. Leigh's letter, but should be tedious were I now to make it a subject of particular comment, but cannot refrain from remarking that these gentlemen (Messrs. Tyler and Leigh) both professing to maintain the true and orthodox doctrines of "Instruction," and exerting their powerful and cultivated intellects to explain them through many a labored column, at last bring themselves to opposite conclusions on the same case. Is it possible to give a more impressive illustration and evidence of the fallacy of the whole faith than that two such men, both indoctrinated in the same school, should, when brought to the practical application of their principles, so differ about their import and obligation?

This is a subject of vast and growing magnitude. In my judgment, it is of vital importance to the Constitution of the United States, which will be essentially if not fatally changed, if its powers and operations are to be in this way under the dictation and control of State Legislatures. It will no longer be a Government of the United States. The Senate and House of Representatives will be but the agents of the State Legislatures, "to move only when they are bidden, and to record such edicts as may come to them."

In "Dodsley's Collection" is an old play called "*Eastward Ho!*" It was written by Ben Jonson, and published in 1605 by George Chapman and John Marston. This probably suggested to our Paulding the title of his "*Westward Ho!*"

TO ———.

BY W. GILMORE SIMMS.

'Twas meant for thee, when all look'd dark,
And ev'ry friend my childhood knew,
Shrunk from the slight and vent'rous bark
As reckless, through the waves it flew—
Unshaken still, to keep thy faith,
And through each gloomy storm that came,
To shield me, in thy pray'rs, from scaith,
To keep me, in thy words, from blame.

When narrow fears beset the base,
And selfish hopes o'ercame the mean,
'Twas love alone whose gentle face
Look'd still unchanged through all the scene;
And with the darkness of the hour,
Thy truth but more conspicuous shone,
As some sweet star, when clouds have power,
Looks proudly out from Heaven, alone!

Shall I not love thee, evermore,
Thou more than planet guide to me,
Whose gentle light, on sea and shore,
Still spoke thy true heart's constancy!
Oh, be Time's changes what they will,
They cannot change that sleepless thought,
That tells,—that teaches of thee still,
By thee, for evermore, still taught.

A REMINISCENCE.

BY DR. FRANCIS LIEBER.

Charleston, S. C. June 28—the day of
Fort Moultrie—1836.

Dear Sir—Your favor of Richmond, June 18—the anniversary of the battle of Waterloo—reached me here, a few minutes ago. The vacations of South Carolina College have begun, and I am here waiting for a vessel to carry me to the Island of Porto Rico, whither I intend to proceed for the sake of recreation! A strange way of getting cool, you will say, to go from South Carolina to the West Indies, from degree 31 northern latitude to degree 18—it is a more formidable experiment than the process of annealing, by which glass is passed into an oven not quite so hot as the first in which it was melted. I allow, it may be strange; still I shall go. But here I am, not only without any materials or memoranda, but confined to the sofa by a *faux-pas*, which has made of me, ever since, a lame man. Now if you sum up all these items—vacations just begun, without books or papers, lame and wind-bound in a seaport, a voyage of considerable interest before me, for which one ought to prepare himself a little—you will own that they are as many difficulties in the way of granting your request, which otherwise it would have given me much pleasure to comply with.

A lame man feels poor—helpless, much more so than a man with an injured arm. How interesting does not a young officer look with his arm in a sling; but his comrade with a crutch attracts nothing but bare, sheer pity. Limping—the mere idea of limping, makes all the difference. Has not the Prussian government de-

cided, after the wars against Napoleon, that the old law, which prohibits a cripple from officiating as priest or minister, is to be interpreted, that an individual who has lost a leg is a cripple, but if he has lost an arm only, he is not to be considered such. They thought, perhaps, of the noble Cervantes, who lost his right hand in the battle of Lepanto, and wrote his immortal *Don Quixotte* with the left.

I am without books. Well! did not Ercilla write his *Auracana* in the very face of the Tudian enemy, and the conquering Spaniard, probably, carried no *bibliothèque volante* with him. True, but had he a dislocated toe, did he wait for wind, had he to buy a hundred trifles, and to make the place before his sofa a real bazaar? Napoleon, you reply, dictated some of his most inspired and inspiring proclamations, in the saddle. True, but it is easier to address an army before or after a battle, than to address the public through a monthly periodical before or after a sea voyage. Again you say—did not Walter Scott compose his *Lady of the Lake* chiefly in his bed, where most afflicting pains confined him? True, but he had his books and papers around him, and he did not wait for wind. Did not Körner compose his *Adieu* when wounded on the field of battle? True, once more, and so would I write a touching poem on dislocated toes—how limping Vulcan would inspire me!—were I master of the English tongue; but an article for a review is another thing. And then the heat—the thermometer stands this moment at—*Impatience Boils*—and the musquitos, who play their scornful music long around your frightened ear, before, at length, they yield to their Timour-like disposition, as the malicious servants of the Holy Inquisition tormented their victims long before the actual infliction of the refined torture, by showing and trying the racking instruments—and the tickling, inexhaustibly persevering flies, which have entered into a most malignant conspiracy against the human nose—what can you possibly expect? Nothing but an anecdote. But, sir, anecdotes, however witty or trifling, are like the glorious pictures which a Raphael painted for the altars of his church—they lose much of their merit if out of their place. Still, I should like to give what is so kindly asked for, and ———

The wind has changed—to-morrow morning we sail—I have to get some ice packed (free intercourse distributes comfort like a blessing far and wide; how could we otherwise have northern ice!) and other things to attend to; my writing will be a hurried business, and I am afraid my communication turn out as so many administrations or notes do—the introductory or promissory part will be the best of it, however poor even this may be. Now, sir, pray let the following succeed immediately after the *and above*: if you think that the subsequent lines will do, they are quite at your service, though I consider it hard that I must give, whatever I may send, “*with my name*”—a condition you have underlined. If you think you had better “lay it on the table to be taken up this day six months,” I shall have no objection.

Prussia had been humbled, almost annihilated in the battle of Jena; one Prussian fortress after the other surrendered, except Colberg on the Baltic. She retained what is called in German military language, her

maiden reputation. Nettelbeck, an old sea captain and Major Schill, contributed most by their patriotic exertions, to the holding out of this place against the French, who overflowed all the Prussian provinces. Schill had been seriously wounded in the battle at Auerstädt, near Jena; but this did not prevent him from collecting some scattered infantry and cavalry and forming them into a corps, motley from without, but unanimous within. He restored to them confidence, and from the rallying of this small band must be dated, perhaps, the regeneration of Prussia. Schill's perseverance and the brave obstinacy of Colberg altogether, had a good effect upon Königsberg, whither the king and queen had fled, and a powerful one upon the whole kingdom. The mere idea—there is one spot at least, where the sweeping eagles of Napoleon have not been able to perch—became a moral rallying point for the stunned hearts of the Prussians. Schill was made lieutenant colonel, and he had the honor of being the first Prussian soldier that returned to the capital.

The effect of the misfortune which had befallen the royal house, was not that of alienating the subjects from the afflicted king and his beautiful consort. During the seven years war, the Prussians had become proud of their name; the government under Frederick William II, had certainly done much to cool all attachment of the people; now, after the disaster of Frederick William III, who was universally known to love justice, every one felt again strongly attached to the government, the country, the name of Prussia. The French, at whose hands the people received such galling insult and grinding oppression, were hated—calmly, thoroughly hated. No wonder then that the inhabitants of Berlin prepared for this day in the Spring of 1808 as for a great festival. My father considered it so with the rest.

His youthful years had fallen in that momentous time when Frederick the Great made the Prussians a nation. As the great Dante has raised the Italian idiom from a “vulgar dialect” to a language stamped with his gigantic mind, and erected at once the most noble and most enduring monument with it, so has Frederick of Prussia elevated his people to a nation, stamped it with his mind, and at once led it into the temple of glory. There was no greater man in all the pages of history, for those who lived under Frederick, than himself. How often have I heard my grandfather describe the pillage of Berlin by the Russians after the unfortunate battle at Cunerendorf, how they stripped him of every thing, wounded him, and took him away as prisoner, ill-treating him in all possible ways. Still he would always end his story by—“But that was nothing; my greatest grief was about Frederick.” Nor can I forget the intensity of veneration with which my father would explain to us children some engravings on the walls of our sitting-room, representing some memorable actions of “his great king.” His greyhounds were forgotten on few of them.

My father went early with us to see the entrance of Schill. Coaches were out of question; they could not have proceeded in the throng. We soon lost my brothers in the dense crowd; but they were old enough to look out for themselves; I only remained with my father, and he grasped my hand firmly, to pull me through the almost impenetrable masses of loyal people. I suffered considerably, for I was very little, and

frequently did I look from my lower regions at the patches of blue sky which now and then appeared above the heads of my taller equals, with a longing desire for some pure air and free breathing. After much tossing and pulling we found a place, where, as my father believed, I might see the whole procession from the top of a garden gate; he placed himself beneath me. It seems to me that we waited fully two hours, when, at length, the rumbling sound "he comes, he comes," rolled toward us from a great distance. The sound was swelling, the trumpets could be discerned in the roaring noise of the crowds, and the yelling "*vivat Schill!*" of the boys. I stretched my neck, I saw the four hussars, who opened the procession, cutting with great labor, their way through all the patriotism and loyalty; they approached, they were close by us, but with them had also come an irresistible, compact mass. Where is Schill? There he comes; do'nt you see?—and in this moment the wedge-like crowd broke down the fences, and I tumbled from the place where I had been envied by thousands of passers by. I fell upon another crowd, which had conglomerated behind the fence, and was carried along like an Emperor of old,—like a Franconian king after his election. But I did not remain long in this elevated situation, for the searching eyes of my father had discovered me. "This is my boy!"—he exclaimed, "this is my boy!" while he was striving to press through the crowd; but when has a crowd listened to any thing? On it went, and I floated on a sea of heads and hats. At last my father, impelled by a parent's anxiety, almost driven by despair, succeeded in severing this piece of human mosaic. He grasped my foot, and down I went. My situation was in no way bettered, for the current of men continued to roll on; as Socrates threw himself over his beloved Alcibiades or Epaminondas over Pelopidas (I compare the great to the small) so resolved my father to form a shield over his urchin. This necessarily soon created a mountain of tumbling and scrambling individuals over me, and I should surely have been suffocated, had not most happily the layer over my father consisted of a huge grenadier, who, torn or driven from his line, had met with this living stumbling block. "There is a boy below," he shouted, with a stentorian voice; "by G—he sha'n't be killed." I considered this a very sensible speech, quite to the purpose; and felt happy indeed, when my Trim—if he was no sergeant, I would have given him the cheveron on the spot, had I possessed the power—succeeded in excavating me. Oh, with what feeling I drew breath! but Schill was gone; I heard the music at a distance long past by, while my father hugged me, his eyes beaming with joyful gratitude for my delivery.

We now mingled with the soldiers, and my father picked out three or four, to take quarters with us. So great was the ardor of the citizens of Berlin, to have some of the followers quartered with them, and in such a degree was all military order broken into, that it was impossible for the commanding officer to give any orders before his followers were dismissed, and he was obliged, the next morning, to publish the order, where and when the rendezvous should take place, through the police of the city. My father had caught an officer and several privates; we made them tell us of Colberg the whole livelong day, and pestered them with a thousand questions.

I had not seen Schill, the object of our wishes, but, soon after his arrival at Berlin, I began to make a heraldic collection, and it struck me, that it would be a fine beginning, could I place at the head the seal of Schill. So I went one day to his quarters and told the sergeant in waiting that I wished to see Schill. I peremptorily refused to tell him my business, and after some conversation, was admitted. I found Col. Schill in the garden, shooting with the pistol at a target. He asked me what I wanted. Your seal, sir, said I. And why my seal? was the reply. Because, said I, I love you, and wish to begin my collection with your coat of arms. Does your father love me too? he asked. Yes, replied I, all the Berlin people do. He seemed much moved, turned toward the other officers, while he treated me in the kindest manner, and said something which I now forget, but the import of which may be easily surmised. He then asked me to take luncheon with them, and I remember that he helped me to a glass of wine, saying—"Boy, be ever true to your country; here, let's touch our glasses on its welfare." I remember nothing of his appearance, except the kind expression of his large blue eyes. I was a great man among my school-fellows the next day, and refused to exchange one of the seals which Col. Schill had given me, for the arms of the Emperor of Austria. When the signet of the King of Saxony was added, I parted with one of Schill's, but still I thought the advantage of the bargain on the other side.

Schill, you know, marched in 1809, when the Tyrolese had risen under Andrew Hofer, against the French, to second an insurrection, which had broken out in Westphalia, under Count Dörnberg. Schill marched, without order of his government, had several fights with the French, but could do nothing, as the insurrection in Westphalia was soon put down, after the brilliant success of Napoleon's army in the campaign of 1809 against the Austrians. Schill took Stralsund, and fortified it in haste; but on May 31 it was taken by Dutch troops, and Schill fell after a valiant resistance. His head was sent in spirits of wine to Holland; the King of Westphalia had offered ten thousand francs for it, when yet on his shoulders.

Twelve officers of the corps of Schill were taken prisoners, and sent to Wesel; a French court-martial sentenced them to be shot; for they were treated as common robbers. A maid of honor, at the court of Jerome, King of Westphalia, obtained, through the latter, a pardon from Napoleon for one of the officers under sentence of death. It arrived before the execution, but he firmly refused it, if it could not be extended to all. He was shot with the rest. Twelve trees designate to this day the spots where this brotherhood in death sank into the grave.

I have heard a calm and prudent kind of a reasoner, maintain that the officer had no right to refuse his pardon; that his action approached very closely to suicide. To me, it approaches rather to that offering of our life for our friends, which the Scripture designates as so holy a deed. Yet however that may be, a boy of stern and noble metal surely he must have been, and he is worthy to be mentioned together with the brave Van Spyke, who blew up himself and his crew rather than see the flag of his country insulted.

When we hear the word Dutch, we generally con-

nect the idea of wide breeches, a long clay pipe and a placidly puffing mouth with it—things not very poetical in their association. And yet, these Dutch people have erected the most poetic monument to their youthful hero. A penny collection has been made throughout the country, for the amount of which they have erected a light-house far out in the sea, off the estuary of the Scheldt; and on the light-house stands written with colossal letters of iron, VAN SPYKE—nothing more. There, to direct the lonely mariner on the dangerous coast by night, burns the guiding light, and reminds him of a great deed; and when he passes in the day, the white pile, reared out of the tossing waves, he reads that name, which he, to whom it once belonged has added—a noble bequest—to the rich inheritance which his brave people—foremost in liberty, foremost in enterprise, foremost in readiness to die for religion—possess in the many pages of their proud annals.

Let us not laugh at the Knickerbockers and Rip Van Winkles, but rather imitate their nation and inscribe, with the single names of the bravest sailors, our naval history on the many light-houses which garnish our shores. Thus they would form instructive annals, intelligible to every hand before the mast—each light-house a chapter, telling a great story, inciting the commander as well as the aspiring youth, when they pass it to carry into distant seas our stripes and stars, and with them respect to our name, or greeting them with the best welcome a sailor desires, when they return from long and ardent cruises. Long eye the wife or brother could welcome them, would thus their country have cheered their hearts by these simple but speaking monuments of acknowledged faithfulness to home and country. Let Congress decree, as the best reward for the noblest actions at sea, that the commander's name shall stand in huge letters of bronze on these warning or guiding beacons—the pyramids of modern industry and modern civilization—to indicate that as the sea shall never wash away these names, so shall no tide of time wash them out of the grateful hearts of their countrymen. And now Sir, I must take leave; the captain wants me on board. I am, &c. &c.

FRANCIS LIEBER.

To Edgar A. Poe, Esq.

THE OLD MAN'S CAROUSAL.

BY JAMES K. PAULDING.

Drink, drink, whom shall we drink?
A friend or a mistress? Come let me think.
To those who are absent, or those who are here?
To the dead that we lov'd, or the living still dear?
Alas! when I look, I find none of the last,
The present is barren, let's drink to the past.

Come! here's to the girl with the voice sweet and low,
The eye all of fire and the bosom of snow,
Who erewhile in the days of my youth that are fled,
Once slept in my bosom, and pillow'd my head!
Would you know where to find such a delicate prize?
Go seek in yon church-yard, for there she lies.

And here's to the friend, the one friend of my youth,
With a head full of genius, a heart full of truth,
Who travell'd with me in the sunshine of life,
And stuck to my side in its sorrow and strife!
Would you know where to find a blessing so rare?
Go drag the lone sea, you may find him there.

And here's to a brace of twin cherubs of mine,
With hearts like their mother's, as pure as this wine,
Who came but to see the first act of the play,
Grew tir'd of the scene, and so both went away.
Would you know where this brace of bright cherubs
have bled?
Go seek them in Heaven, for there they abide.

A bumper, my boys! to a gray-headed pair,
Who watch'd o'er my childhood with tenderest care,
God bless them, and keep them, and may they look down
On the head of their son, without tear, sigh or frown!
Would you know whom I drink to—go seek midst the
dead,
You will find both their names on the stone at their head.

And here's—but alas! the good wine is no more,
The bottle is emptied of all its bright store;
Like those we have toasted, its spirit is fled,
And nothing is left of the light that it shed.
Then, a bumper of tears, boys! the banquet here ends,
With a health to our dead, since we've no living friends.

PISCATORY REMINISCENCES.

"Some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon them," and so it is with angling. Some are born fishermen, some acquire the art, and it is thrust upon some by necessity. I read myself into it. My first penchant for angling was created by that prince of good fellows and good fishermen, Izaak Walton. I well remember one sunny spring morning, while reclining indolently in my little piazza with the "complete angler" open before me, I was suddenly smitten with a love for the "cool shaded stream" and the exercise of the angling rod. What a happy time of it hath the fisherman, thought I. How quietly his life passeth away; his spirits are always unruffled, and his bosom unknown to the cares that harass the rest of mankind. Here am I, always excited or depressed, and eternally ruminating upon dollars and cents, without ever allowing myself time to breathe the pure air of heaven in peace. I will turn fisherman, quoth I to myself, and immediately proceeded to purchase a rod and tackle just such as is recommended in the "complete angler," mentally repeating all the while, one of honest old Izaak's wishes.

"I in these flowery meads would be,
These chrysal streams should solace me,
To whose harmonious babbling noise,
I with my angle would rejoice."

Duly accoutred according to the directions of master Izaak, I wended my way with a light heart and impatient step, to the slippery banks of old Neuse, chasing and catching grasshoppers for bait, as I passed through a meadow that lay in my way. When arrived at the

river I ensconced myself "secretly behind a tree," fastened a grasshopper on my hook, and let it down to the water "as softly as a snail moves," nothing doubting that I should soon draw forth a chub of the first water. There I sat with all the patience recommended by the "complete angler," for two good long hours, expecting every moment to see the writhing grasshopper taken down by some monster of a chub. But nothing disturbed the poor fellow's kicking, except an impudent dragon fly that alighted on him, and sat there, floating lazily on the water and basking his bright wings in the warm sun, very prejudicially, as I thought, to Mr. Walton's manner of fishing. About this time I began to have some doubts as to the practice of master Izaak's rules for chub fishing in our uncivilized streams, and was pretty well cured of my fishing mania. I must say, though in justice to my preceptor, that I lacked one essential qualification for a fisherman—*devotion*, though I swore not an oath, sorely tempted as I was. This was doubtless the reason of my bad luck. After seeing the poor grasshopper make his last effort to get loose, without the least interruption from a chub, I despaired of ever being an angler, and "drew up stakes" to make for home, consoling myself with the reflection that "angling is like poetry—men are born to it." As I trudged leisurely along I could not help thinking that I had been vastly more taken with the oddities and eccentricities of the devout old fisherman, than with the practice of his art in these unromantic regions, and inwardly assented to Swift's definition of angling—"a stick and a string, with a fool at one end and a worm at the other." Ever since that day, I have been pointed at as the man that fished by the book, much to the gratification of my rustic neighbors, and mortification of myself.

ISRAFEL.*

BY E. A. FOE.

In Heaven a spirit doth dwell
Whose heart-strings are a lute:
None sing so wild—so well
As the angel Israfel—
And the giddy stars are mute.

Tottering above
In her highest noon,
The enamored moon
Blushes with love—
While, to listen, the red levin
Pauses in Heaven.

And they say (the starry choir
And all the listening things)
That Israfel's fire
Is owing to that lyre
With those unusual strings.

But the Heavens that angel trod
Where deep thoughts are a duty—
Where Love is a grown god—

* And the angel Israfel who has the sweetest voice of all God's creatures.—*Koran*.

Where Houris glances are
Imbued with all the beauty
Which we worship in a star.

Thou art not, therefore, wrong
Israfeli, who despisest
An unimpassion'd song:
To thee the laurels belong
Best bard—because the wisest.

The extacies above
With thy burning measures suit—
Thy grief—if any—thy love
With the fervor of thy lute—
Well may the stars be mute!

Yes, Heaven is thine: but this
Is a world of sweets and sour:
Our flowers are merely—flowers,
And the shadow of thy bliss
Is the sunshine of ours.

If I did dwell where Israfel
Hath dwelt, and he where I,
He would not sing one half as well—
One half as passionately—
And a loftier note than this would swell
From my lyre within the sky.

JUDGMENT OF RHADAMANTHUS.

BY JAMES K. PAULDING.

One day, Rhadamanthus, the stern and wise judge of the dead, sat in the shades, passing sentence on the crimes, follies, and virtues of the human race, that flocked in myriads to his awful tribunal. On his right hand extended a delicious region, fragrant with flowers of unnumbered tints and odors, musical with the song of myriads of happy birds, and glowing in glories brighter than sunbeams, for they were reflected from the smiling face of an approving deity. On his left lay the kingdom of darkness and despair, where though nothing could be seen, the wretchedness of its tenants was sadly indicated by groans and howlings of suffering and despair, which might aptly represent the universal chorus of human misery. To the former, Rhadamanthus beckoned the good with a benignant and approving smile—to the latter, he condemned the wicked with a withering frown.

Few—alas! few and far between, were they who were beckoned to the land of delight, while crowds of wicked beings expiated in the region of howling darkness, the crimes of a guilty life. At length there approached a proud stately woman, clad carelessly in attire not the most cleanly, her cap on one side, her hands begrimed with ink, and a hole in either stocking. Pride and conceit sat on her brow, and she was passing to the right of the judge, towards the region of the blest, before receiving judgment, when Rhadamanthus stopped her, and demanded an account of her doings in the other world.

She seemed mightily indignant at this, and after muttering something about "an old ignoramus," proceeded as follows:

"Your worship surely cannot be ignorant of the services I have rendered the present age, as well as posterity, in writing six folio volumes on political economy, the duties of kings, princes and governors, the character of different nations, and the true principles of government. That I might the more exclusively devote myself to these great objects, I resolved never to marry, lest the care of my household and children might interfere with the desire I had to be useful."

"Humph," quoth Rhadamanthus—and the woman of six folios mistaking this for an approving fiat, was about to pass into the happy region, when he sternly bade her remain where she was. Whereupon she tossed her head, cocked her chin, and took a pinch of snuff, half of which she flourished in the face of the judge.

At this moment there approached a respectable matronly female, of an open, contented, and happy countenance, which seemed the index of a virtuous mind. She was dressed in plain attire of exquisite neatness, and as she came before the judgment seat, made a low obeisance, reverent, yet devoid of fear. The judge returned the salutation with a bow, and asked in a voice of kind encouragement what she had been doing in her past life.

With timid modesty, she told her tale of usefulness. She had married a worthy man, whose house she tried to make a happy home, and whose moderate means she exerted all the becoming arts of domestic economy to render sufficient for the supply of all the rational wants of life. She had borne him six children, four sons and two daughters; of the former of whom, one was now fighting in defence of his country at the head of its armies; another was a judge administering the laws to the people with justice and mingled mercy; a third was cultivating his father's land, and watching over his declining age; and a fourth imitating the faith of his forefathers both by precept and example. The daughters were all happily married, and living a life of virtue, in the midst of their children.

The lady of the six folios listened to this detail of modest usefulness with unutterable scorn, but far different were the feelings of Rhadamanthus, who nodded and smiled approbation at every sentence.

"Approach," cried he to the mother of six children, and the writer of six folios. "Thou," addressing himself to the former—"Thou that hast made thy husband happy by thy cares and thy economy, and thy children useful to their country by thy precepts and example, pass into the region of the blest, and enjoy thy reward in an eternity of happiness. "But thou"—and he frowned majestically—"thou that has preferred the quill to the spindle; to instruct mankind rather than teach thy children the ways of virtue; and to be the mother of six musty books, rather than of as many sons and daughters, to honor their parents, serve their country, and worship thy God, thou shalt return again to the earth, where thy punishment shall be to give advice which none will follow, and write books that nobody will read."

The happy mother passed into the region of bliss, and the instructor of nations returned to the earth, with a resolution to write another folio, contesting the decision of Rhadamanthus, and pointing out the abuses of his system of jurisprudence.

SCENES IN CAMPILLO.*

BY LIEUT. A. SLIDELL.

The Andalusian village of Campillo is built on a plain, with regular and well-paved streets, houses in good repair and neatly whitewashed, each with its stone seat at the door, and grated cage projecting from the window and garnished with shrubs and flowers, the scene of many a tender parley and midnight interview. Every thing in Campillo, to the village church and village posada, bespeaks a pervading spirit of order and cleanliness, and the little room into which I was installed, partook largely of these qualities. It looked upon the principal square of the village, having in front the church, with its Gothic tower surmounted by the simple emblem of our faith, and embellished with the unwonted decoration of a clock, under whose promptings a hoarse old bell muttered forth the passing hours. On another side of the square was the hotel of the Ayuntamiento, which contained the offices of the municipal authorities and police; while opposite was a guard-room, in which were a few ill-fed soldiers, shabbily accoutred in dirty belts and rusty muskets. In the middle of the square was a plain granite fountain, surrounded by a kerb, which formed a reservoir for watering cattle.

For want of better occupation, I passed a great part of the day in gazing from my window upon the moving scene below. Sometimes a stable boy would bring a train of jaded mules to the fountain, give them water, and wash their backs where they had been galled by the pack-saddles. Next would come a party of mules, heavily laden; each muleteer having his carbine slung securely beside him. These would pause a moment, refresh their cattle at the fountain, and then pass on and leave the arena again solitary, until some modern Sancho came ambling across the square, sitting upon the end of a mouse-colored ass, which he would guide at pleasure by means of a staff, touching the animal first on one side of the neck, then on the other. He too would pause at the fountain, renew his journey, and then have a contest with the animal about stopping at the open door of the posada, disappearing at length in a rage, and at a full gallop.

While the middle of the square seemed given up to passing travellers, the sides were more exclusively occupied by the native worthies of Campillo. In the guard-house the soldiers were all sleeping away the heat of the day upon wooden benches in the interior; while the one on post sat under the shade of the portico, with his musket leaning against the wall beside him, occupied in cutting up tobacco on a board to make paper cigars. Immediately under my window was a group of the village notables, seated upon the stone bench that ran along the whole front of the building, or gathered round the more important personages of the assemblage. I amused myself in assigning to each a character, and in guessing at the import of his discourse.

That well-fed royalist, with silver shoe and knee buckles, and the red cockade in his hat, is doubtless the Alcalde of Campillo. He is declaiming upon the

* These hitherto unpublished *Scenes in Campillo* are from a new edition (now in press) of the "Year in Spain." We are indebted for them to the kindness of the author and of the Messrs. Harpers.

late successes of the insurgent royalists in Portugal; and of those two who listen to him, and seem to catch the words that fall from his lips, the one is our own inn-keeper paying his court to the powers that be, and the other, with the thin legs and long nose, who is followed by a half-starved dog, equally miserable with his master, is certainly the village doctor, the Sangrado of Campillo. He is evidently looked on contemptuously by the rest of the assembly, who are aware of his ignorance, and know that he owes his situation, and the right to kill or cure the good people of Campillo, rather to two ounces of gold opportunely bestowed on the Alcalde, than to any acquaintance with the healing art. The thick-set man in the oil-cloth cocked hat, with scowling look and bushy whiskers, who is fingering the hilt of his sabre, is the commandant of the royalist volunteers. He has become terrible to the "negros," who will tell you that he is no better than he should be, that he began the world after the manner of Robin Hood, and passed in due season to the command of a royalist guerrilla. But who is that tall sharp featured individual, walking across the Plaza, with the village curate on one side and a capuchin on the other? That is doubtless the intendant of police, who has just received intelligence of some pretended revolutionary plot, and who will soon go with a force in search of persons and papers.

THE PINE WOOD.

A SONG—WRITTEN IN GEORGIA.

BY DR. ROBERT M. BIRD.

'Tis brave and good through the broad pine-wood,
As through a sea, to steer,
Cheering the heart and warming the blood,
In chase of the gallant deer;
Up o'er the hill, and down the hollow,
Still through a wood to go,
With some antique pine in the distance ever
Echoing your loud hillo.

Hillo! hillo!

In opening May, what a grand array
Of flowers is spread around!
Solemn, aloft, are the tree-tops gray,
But a garden on the ground;
With the pleasant wild-pink, goatsbeard, and brier,
And the wild-rose here and there,
Smelling so sweet in the desert woods,
And making them so fair.

Hillo! hillo!

Your dogs they rest on the ridgy crest,
When evening darkens o'er,
The trumpeter* creeps to her high perched nest,
The hawk he screams no more.
Down with a pine—how the light-wood catches!
And soon 'tis in a glow:
A merry fine time in the pines one passes,
When we camp—Now, my dogs, hillo!

Hillo! Hillo!

* The greater wood-pecker.

Just at your ear, all night you hear
The wailing whippoorwill;
The turkey tramps through the hollow near,
The owl hoots from the hill;
The katydid, too, if the summer wake her,
Pipes out from the flame-bush nigh:
Sure, the song of the midnight woods is sweeter
Than mortal minstrelsy!

Hillo! hillo!

And hark! the sound that swells around!
How mournfully it gush'd!
A groan of air in the tree-tops drown'd,
A voice, half-heard, then hush'd;
The ghostly whisper, the sob, and sigh,
The dirge of the piny breeze,
As spirits were clustering over-head,
Like birds, upon the trees.

Hillo! Hillo!

Then Memory wakes from her silent cell,—
Perhaps a tear is shed
For the few we love, or loved, so well,
The distant, or the dead.
But a truce to sorrow—the night is waxing,
The fire is burning low:
We sleep as well in the dry pine-wood
As ever in sheets of snow.

Hillo! Hillo!

THE BATTLE OF LODI.

BY MAJOR HENRY LEE.*

Bonaparte, having despatched the affairs which on the evening of the action of Fombio called him back to Placentia; having adjusted the amount of contribution imposed on that town, provided for the immediate passage of his rear division across the Po, and signed an armistice with the commissioners of the Duke of Parma, hastened to rejoin his advance, and to resume the personal direction of its movements. He arrived at Casal Pusterlengo at 3 o'clock on the morning of the 10th, and marched without delay in pursuit of Beaulieu. Early in the forenoon, and at some distance in front of Lodi, with the grenadiers under Lannes, he reached the Austrian rear guard, composed of the grenadiers of Nadasti, and two squadrons of hussars, with two field pieces; which detachment, Beaulieu, that he might gain time to withdraw his main body, encumbered with a heavy train of artillery, across the Adda, had directed to defend to the last the approach to Lodi. The ground they occupied was found to be so strong that it was necessary to execute several manœuvres before they could be advantageously attacked. The onset of the French was made with that ardor which the presence of their general, and the confidence of victory

* We are pleased at an opportunity afforded us of presenting our readers in anticipation with an extract of great beauty from the second volume of Major Lee's *Life of Napoleon*. This volume will not be published for some time—many laborious investigations operating to delay the work much longer than was anticipated by its author. We are indebted to Major Lee himself for the MS.—who sends it to us from Paris.

inspired. The defence, which was as obstinate as the post was important, was persisted in until the French battalions pouring along in succession, the Austrians were nearly surrounded. They at last gave way, leaving their killed and wounded, with one field piece, on the field; and were pursued so closely into Lodi, that they could neither shut the gates nor cross the river before the French van-guard was in possession of the town.

Beaulieu's main body, upon which the fugitives retreated, consisting of 12,000 infantry, 4,000 horse, and 30 pieces of artillery, was drawn up behind field-works on the left bank of the Adda, and immediately opposite to Lodi; the artillery, in front, looking on the bridge, and the cavalry, a little withdrawn, on the flanks. From this position, in which he felt at last safe and unassailable, the Austrian general directed a violent cannonade on the town of Lodi, as soon as he perceived it was occupied by the French; and expecting rather to dislodge his adversary than to be himself disturbed, he declined destroying the bridge over the Adda, and thus interrupting his direct communication with Milan. To avoid and to mitigate the effect of this cannonade, Bonaparte sheltered his infantry and horse, as fast as they came up, behind the rampart of the town, which ran along the bank of the river; and planting advantageously his own artillery, opened a fire, which though supported by fewer guns, was more effectual than the enemy's, inasmuch as the Austrians were uncovered. Notwithstanding the strength of Beaulieu's ground, Bonaparte perceived, that with men like his, it was not impregnable; and persevering in his design of intercepting Wukassowich and Colli in their retreat to Mantua, he resolved, even under the Austrian guns, to force the passage of the Adda. The attempt was hazardous; but the soul of the enterprise consisted in its danger, and the main chance of success, in its apparent impossibility, which, so long as the bridge remained entire, was only apparent. To prevent its destruction, he proceeded in person, in full exposure to the Austrian artillery, to place two guns in such positions that their cross fires, which assisted by Berthier he himself tried, covered the farther end of the bridge, and rendered all approach to it impracticable. The freedom with which he exposed himself while making his skill as an artillery officer, instrumental to his success as their general, delighted the troops extremely, and was the occasion of their conferring on him that rank, which rendered him famous in the annals of the bivouac, as "the Little Corporal." Then, comparatively at leisure, he made his preparations for forcing the passage, ordering the artillery officers to maintain their fire with unabated spirit, and directing Massena to give the rest of the troops, who were drawn up behind the rampart, and had been in constant exertion from 3 o'clock in the morning, a hasty breakfast and a short repose.

The force which he had in hand at Lodi was more formidable in character than numbers, consisting of three brigades of Massena's division, the grenadier corps lately commanded by Laharpe, and a reserve of light cavalry under general Beaumont, in all about 13,000 men; Gen. Kilmaine with the principal part of the horse, and Gen. Mesnard with a brigade of infantry, had been detached in the morning from Casal; the first to the left for the double purpose of keeping free that

wing of the army, and of hanging upon the flank of the Austrian divisions in their retreat from Milan to Cassano; the second to the right, for security on that aide, and with instructions to observe and act against the garrison of Pizzighitona. Serrurier's division being the last in crossing the Po, and having been directed to occupy Pavia, was at some distance in the rear; while Augereau's, which had encamped the previous night at Borghetto, was following by the way of Casal the progress of the advance. To this General, therefore, as additional force might be required at Lodi, orders were sent to expedite his march, and close up with the front as soon as possible.

Although the chief reliance for success in this undertaking, was to be on the courage and alacrity of the troops engaged in it, two circumstances enabled Bonaparte to bring its issue, in some degree, within the range of calculation. One of these was the information of the inhabitants, that at the present stage of the water, the Adda was fordable for cavalry, at a point half a league above the town; and the other, his own observation, that the Austrian commander, in order to shelter his troops from the French artillery as the French were sheltered from his own, had withdrawn his mass of infantry and his corps of horse behind a swell in the surface of the ground, to a position so much in the rear, that it placed them farther from the Austrian guns, than the French grenadiers would be when prepared to rush across the bridge. In the first he perceived an opportunity of annoying the right flank of the enemy, and distracting his attention at a critical moment; in the second, and more important one, the practicability, by a sudden and impetuous charge, of reaching his guns before his infantry could interpose; and in both the probability that his own column of attack, would be exposed but for an instant, to the enemy's artillery. Upon the edge of this sharp inference, which few minds would have had the acuteness to shape or the firmness to act upon, the fate of the day was to turn.

At 5 o'clock in the afternoon, when the men were refreshed, and when Augereau's immediate junction might be counted on, he directed Gen. Beaumont with the cavalry and four pieces of light artillery, to pass the Adda at the ford above, and having gained a footing on the opposite bank, to cannonade the right flank of the Austrians, and if practicable, to charge them. A column of attack 4,000 strong, composed of grenadiers, and having the second battalion of carabiniers or light infantry grenadiers, in front,* was formed under the orders of Massena behind the rampart of the town, with the leading sections so close to the gate, that by merely facing to the left, they would be ready to spring upon the bridge. The rest of Massena's troops had orders to follow in the charge instantly. The time required for the *detour* of the cavalry, Bonaparte employed in passing through the ranks of the grenadiers, by a few energetic expressions encouraging their zeal and rousing their intrepidity. Shouts of "long live the republic!" repeated by a thousand voices, welcomed his appearance, and proclaimed, that troops who had

* When Alexander's officers dissuaded him against attempting the passage of the Granicus, and particularly at a late hour in the day, he said—"The Hellespont would blush, if after having crossed it, I should be afraid of the Granicus."—*Plutarch's Life of Alexander*.

turned the Alps and traversed the Po, were not to be stopped by the Adda.* The cannonade was continued with fury on both sides; when the guns of Beaumont being heard on the left, and the Austrian fire seeming to slacken at the sound, Bonaparte himself gave the word to advance. The drums beat the charge; and the assailants issuing from behind the wall, like a band of giants sprung from the earth, suddenly changed the face of the conflict and quickly brought it to a closer decision. Wheeling to the left, the leading sections rushed upon the bridge against a storm of fire, which at the first onset, was so fatal, that the head of the column reeled under its destruction. Bonaparte, aware that his attempt must prove instantly successful or dreadfully abortive, perceived the disorder in a moment, and in a moment repaired it. He hastened to the front, and seconded by Berthier, Massena, Cervoni, d'Allemagne, Lannes, Dupat, and the Commissary Salicetti, gave a fresh impulse to the charge; and the column closing its ranks and quickly redressing its disordered front, sprang forward with more determined valor and more ardent steps. The bridge, two hundred yards long, was instantly cleared. Dupat was the first officer across; Bonaparte himself was next after Lannes. The soldiers, impatient to get across, and crowding on their leaders, were seen as they approached the shore, some sliding down the timbers of the bridge, others leaping off into the water, and then speeding up the bank to close with the enemy. Displaying as rapidly as they passed, they threw in a close and a deadly fire, and falling upon the Austrian artillery before it could be supported, dispersed the men or killed them at their pieces. Then with fury they rushed upon the infantry, which, neither in time for rescue, nor in spirit for revenge, was advancing. A struggle too fierce to be lasting, ensued. The Austrians, discouraged by frequent defeats and constant misfortunes, were unnerved by this unexpected attack, which like a blast of death had swept across the river; and their line was already pierced and mangled, when Augereau coming up with his light brigade under Gen. Rusca, led it keenly into action and completed this double victory, which at one blow, severed a strong line of defence, and routed a formidable army. Part of Beaulieu's force fled, with their general, into the Venetian territory to Crema, part to Pizzighitona, some even to Cremona. His hussars endeavoring to cover the retreat, made several charges, which, owing to the firmness of the French infantry, were not successful.

But the marches and fighting of the day had so much exhausted the victorious troops, that though still eager for glory they were panting for breath, and the pursuit was not carried far beyond the field of battle. The Austrians left on the ground 1,200 men killed and wounded, and in possession of the French 1,000 prisoners, 600 horses, 20 guns, and several stand of colors. Bonaparte's loss scarcely exceeded 200 in killed and wounded; such was the rapidity and effect of a move-

ment which, with the nicest calculations of judgment, seemed to combine the wild boldness of inspiration.*

* Formally announcing to his readers a minute description of the battle of Lodi, (vol. iii. p. 126) the author of *Waverley* prefaces it by assuring them that the Adda falls into the Po at Pizzighitona, a town at least twenty-five miles above its mouth; which is like saying that the Tiber falls into the sea at Rome. Another error into which he falls, requires more serious notice, because he founds on it a general prospective imputation of untruth against Napoleon, in reference to his military despatches, and his posthumous works. At page 134, this free and fanciful historian says—"Bonaparte states that they only lost 200 men during the storm of the passage. We cannot but suppose that this is a very mitigated account of the actual loss of the French army. So slight a loss is not to be reconciled with the horrors of the battle, as he himself detailed them in his despatches; nor with the conclusion, in which he mentions, that of the sharp contests which the army of Italy had to sustain during the campaign, none was to be compared with that 'terrible passage of the bridge of Lodi.'"

Now the truth is, Napoleon never "details" nor even mentions, "the horrors of the battle" of Lodi, in any of his despatches. In that of the 22d Floreal, 11th of May, he says—"Although since the commencement of the campaign we have had some severe affairs, and it has frequently been necessary to expose the troops to fire in the freest manner, none of our struggles has come up to the terrible passage of the bridge of Lodi." Here is certainly no "detail of the horrors of a battle," implying a conflict and slaughter of some duration. On the contrary, in the body of the same despatch, he had previously described the severity of the affair, as existing only for a moment. "The grenadiers presented themselves on the bridge, which is 200 yards in length; the fire of the enemy was terrible; the head of the column seemed even to hesitate; a moment's hesitation and all would have been lost. The generals sensible of this, threw themselves in front, and decided the struggle while it was yet balanced. This formidable column overthrew every thing opposed to it; the enemy's artillery was instantly taken. In the twinkling of an eye his army was completely dispersed." Salicetti's despatch is conceived in similar terms. The charge was made "with the rapidity of lightning"—the column hesitated "for an instant"—and renewing the charge, carried the Austrian artillery "in a moment." In his account dictated to Montholon, (vol. iii. p. 214) Napoleon, who could hardly have anticipated a calumny of this kind, says—"the column traversed the bridge at a running pace, in a few seconds," and "was not exposed to the fire of the enemy, except at the very moment when it wheeled to the left upon the bridge." All this shows that the "storm of the passage" instead of consisting of a "detail of horrors," was a momentary hurricane of shot, which swept off in an instant from the head of the column 200 men. Now the head of the column, could only have been a certain portion of the whole column. As the second battalion of carabinieri was in front, let us suppose this battalion constituted the head, and had got upon the bridge. We learn from a previous statement of Napoleon's, which is not disputed, (Montholon, t. 3, p. 205) that the ten battalions of grenadiers collected at Tortona, composed a force of 3,500 men. They had been marching and fighting ever since; but let us estimate the second carabinieri at 300; supposing them all on the bridge when the Austrians fired, and we have two-thirds of them killed and wounded in a single instant! If this was not a sharp affair, a hot fire, a terrible passage, it is doubtful whether the annals of war furnish any thing that is. Cæsar lost but 200 men at the battle of Pharsalia, although the struggle had been at one moment so warm, that the brave Crastinus and thirty centurions fell.—*Bello civili. L. 3, C. 90.*

The head of the column being thus shattered, had the Austrian artillery quickly repeated and vigorously sustained their fire, the attempt of Napoleon must have failed. But it is evident that they were daunted and confused by the sudden rush of the French upon the bridge, by the opening of Beaumont's guns upon their flank, and by the want of support from their own infantry; and after delivering one fire, served their guns unsteadily and made little effectual resistance; for of all the distinguished persons who sprang to the front of the column, eight in number, not one was even wounded. This agrees perfectly with another passage of Napoleon's report, which is of itself a

* Napoleon in his despatch reporting to the government the battle of Lodi (Moniteur, 20th May, 1796) says, his column of attack was formed of grenadiers, with the "second battalion of carabinieri in front." In the French army there are both foot and horse carabinieri, the former of which were employed at Lodi, and are the grenadiers of the light infantry.

The French cavalry, with the exception of a small party headed by Marmont, and composed mostly of Bonaparte's escort, took no part in the action, and received none of the General's praise. It was alleged that the ford was found less practicable and the circuit more extensive, than had been counted upon. But the conduct, or rather the nullity of this corps, at Lodi could hardly have lessened the dissatisfaction which Bonaparte expressed the day before in a letter to Carnot. "I will confess to you, that since the death of Stengel, I have not a single fighting man among the superior officers of cavalry. I wish you would send me two or three Adjutants General, who have risen in the dragoons, possess a spark of military fire, and are firmly resolved never to make skilful retreats." It was not until the French had reached the borders of the Mincio, and by capture or contribution had furnished their troopers with heavy horses; and when Murat, being returned with promotion from Paris, had an opportunity of displaying that unbounded courage which gave a romantic splendor to the technical force of his charges, that the cavalry of the army of Italy began to prove worthy of their General's skill in war, and to rival the infantry in prowess.* The conduct of the grenadiers, and particularly of the battalion of carabinieri, was above praise or description. When Bonaparte asked for the names of the men who formed the leading section of the column, for the purpose of men-

tioning them honorably in his report, the names of the whole battalion were handed him. Léon, a sergeant of the thirty-second, whose courage had been noticed at Montelignio and Montinotte, and Laforge, a grenadier of the twenty-first, remarkable for activity and strength, appear however to have been most conspicuous. The sergeant, after passing the bridge in the front section, led the assault upon the Austrian batteries. The grenadier, throwing himself into the enemy's intrenchments, slew five men with his own hand. Among the generals in like manner, the gallantry of Berthier was judged pre-eminent. To these circumstances Bonaparte made allusion in his report. "Were I to mention all who distinguished themselves, I should be obliged to name all the carabinieri and grenadiers of the light division, and almost all the officers of the staff. But I must not forget the intrepid Berthier, who himself acted as gunner, horseman, and grenadier, on this memorable day."† Yet however excellent the spirit of the troops and the conduct of the officers, few victories were ever, in so great a degree, the result of the General's sagacity and courage, as that of Lodi.‡ His modesty in making no reference to himself in his report, was as heroic as his conduct in the battle.

Although the possession of Milan and the submission of Lombardy were consequences of the battle of Lodi, Bonaparte was disappointed in one of the principal objects which he hoped to gain by it. Wukassowich and

refutation of Sir Walter's calumny. "If we have lost but few men, it is owing to the promptitude with which the charge was executed, and to the sudden effect produced on the enemy, by the imposing mass and dreadful fire, of our intrepid column."

But the author of Waverley, finding that no authentic narrative of this action furnished the desired "horrors of the battle," resolved, it seems, in order to color his charge of wilful and habitual misstatement against Napoleon, to prepare a set of horrors of his own, expressly for the occasion. At page 133, therefore, he asserts, in opposition to the report of Napoleon, that of Salicetti, the memoirs of Napoleon, the histories of Jomini and Desjardins, all of which were in existence when he wrote, that "from the windows of the houses on the left side of the river, the soldiers who occupied them, poured volley upon volley of musketry on the thick column as it endeavored to force its way over the long bridge." This detail seems with little variation to be transposed from his own spirited account of the battle of Bothwell bridge. "But the bridge was long and narrow, which rendered the manœuvres slow as well as dangerous, and those who first passed had still to force the houses, from which the covenanters continued to fire."—*Old Mortality*, chapter xxxii. After this it would be needless to remark upon the next passage in Sir Walter's commentary, which runs thus: "In fact, as we may take occasion to prove hereafter, the memoranda of the great general, dictated to his officers at St. Helena, have a little too much the character of his original bulletins; and while they show a considerable disposition to exaggerate the difficulties to be overcome, the fury of the conflict, and the exertions of courage by which the victory was attained, show a natural inconsistency, from the obvious wish to diminish the loss which was its unavoidable price."

* This account of the French cavalry at Lodi is confirmed by the words of Napoleon's report—"the ford being found very bad, the cavalry was greatly retarded, and could not charge." It corresponds with the observation respecting them in his memoirs (Montholon, t. 1, p. 4.) Yet Lockhart insists, that at the battle of Lodi and during the charge of the French grenadiers, "Beaumont pressed gallantly with his horse upon the Austrian flank." The same critical historian, who appears to have written for the sole purpose of repeating or inventing misrepresentations, copies devoutly Sir Walter's errors; one importing that the vanguard of grenadiers who first passed the Po, was commanded by Andreossi, and the other that the Adda falls into the Po at Pizzighitona.

* In the report, neither of Napoleon nor of Salicetti, is it stated that they were personally engaged in this charge. But at St. Helena, "some one having read an account of the battle of Lodi, in which it was said that Bonaparte displayed great courage in crossing the bridge; and that Lannes passed it after him—'Before me,' said Bonaparte, with much warmth; 'Lannes passed first and I only followed him. It is necessary to correct that on the spot'—and the correction was accordingly made in the margin of the book." (Haylitt, vol. 1. p. 448. See also Lockhart, t. 1, p. 47.) Here *first* must mean *before me*; for in his despatch to the Directory of the 22d July, (Moniteur of the 1st of August,) in reporting a successful assault on the outworks of Mantua, and extolling the conduct of the officers engaged in it, Napoleon says—"The chief of battalion Dupat, who commands the brave fifth battalion of grenadiers, is the same officer who passed the first bridge of Lodi." In his despatch, Bonaparte tells the Directors that Salicetti was constantly at his side, a fact which shows the latter was in the charge, and which otherwise would probably not have been mentioned. He also says—"the army is under real obligations to him," referring no doubt by the word *real*, to the *false* pretensions set up, by Salicetti and his colleagues, or for them, in regard to the storming of Little Gibraltar at Toulon, which are noticed in the first volume (p. 365) of this work.

† After this anecdote, the author of Waverley lugs into his narrative, the following compliment to the national vanity of his countrymen. (Vol. iii, p. 137.) "This somewhat resembles the charge which foreign tacticians have brought against the English, that they gained victories by continuing, with their insular ignorance and obstinacy, to fight on, long after the period when if they had known the rules of war, they ought to have considered themselves as completely defeated." Such impertinence and bad taste deter imitation, or it might be said, this charge against Sir Walter's compatriots has never been urged by officers of the army or navy of the United States—neither on the lakes nor on the ocean; at Saratoga, nor at New Orleans, where the "flower of the peninsular veterans," as Sir Walter himself admits, (vol. viii. p. 474,) led by the disciple and brother-in-law of Wellington—sought a combat with an inferior force of western militia, and were perfectly sensible of a total defeat.

"Testis Metaurum flumen et Andral
Devictus, et pulcher fugatus
Ille dies Latio tenebris."

Colli, feebly annoyed by Kilmaine, had crossed the Adda at Cassano, in the forenoon of the day; he forced a passage at Lodi, and taking the upper route, by the way of Brescia, to Mantua, were beyond the reach of interception. Relinquishing, therefore, further efforts against these Generals, he determined to attack Pizzighitona before it could be put in a state of defence, and marched for that purpose on the morning of the 11th, down the left bank of the Adda. The flight of a few shells seconded by the cannonade of Mesnard from the right bank of the river, compelled the garrison of three hundred men, which Liptay had left behind him, to surrender. Cremona, a more important fortress, opened its gates the same day to General Beaumont, who after charging a body of the fugitives from Lodi, appeared before it with an advance guard of cavalry.

From this point, which was the present limit of his career, Bonaparte determined to lead back his forces in order to secure the country they had overrun; and turning his views toward Milan, resolved to impress on that capital and other cities of Lombardy, the stamp of French authority, in the room of that which his victories had expelled. This operation, which first called into exercise his abilities for government, appears to have awakened the germs of that high ambition, which, nurtured by the possession of great civil qualities, placed him so far above all the other Generals of his age, and conducted him to a sphere of elevated greatness which a mind supported by military talents alone, and ambitious only of success in war, can never reach. In recurring to the events of his early life, he afterwards said—"Neither my success on the thirteenth of Vendémiaire, nor in the campaign of Montenotte, made me believe myself a superior man. It was not until after the battle of Lodi, that I began to think I might become a decisive actor on our political theatre. Then it was, that the first spark of high ambition was kindled in my soul."

Suspending for the moment his further advance towards the Adige, he thus disposed of his troops: The light division lately commanded by Laharpe, was distributed along the Adda from Como to Cassano; and that of Serrurier, which had been under orders to occupy Pavia, was recalled and posted at Lodi, Pizzighitona and Cremona, so as to complete the possession of the line of the Adda. From this last place, he was to observe the discomfited forces of Beaulieu, who were reassembling behind the Oglio and the Mincio. Augereau was directed to take possession of Pavia, and to exhibit in that celebrated city, which was next to Milan itself in importance, one of the finest divisions of the invading army; while to Masséna was assigned the still more honorable duty, of receiving the keys of the noble capital of Lombardy. At the head of his division, this distinguished General marched from Lodi, on the 13th of May.

The hostile forces being now separated, the imperialists collecting their shattered battalions within the Venetian frontier, and the republicans spreading their victorious divisions over the plains of Lombardy, the reader's attention will be inclined to turn from the constant success of the one, and the uniform defeat of the other party, to the conduct of their respective commanders. He will observe that while a lamp of foresight guided the French General, the Austrian was be-

wildered in a cloud of uncertainty. Though active, courageous, and experienced, Beaulieu was throughout the struggle, as distracted in his efforts as a sightless pugilist, who knows neither where to aim nor to expect a blow; and although operating in the open field and in a populous quarter of his own country, was invariably subjected to the effect of surprise. The passage of the Po, the combat of Fombio, the victory of Lodi, operations which constituted the leading acts of this brilliant section of the campaign, were, each of them, the result of an attempt, which had it been foreseen, might have been frustrated. But while Beaulieu was guarding the Po at Valenza, Bonaparte had passed it at Placentia; while he was preparing to support Liptay at Fombio, that General was already defeated; and while he felt unassailable and meditated offensive operations at Lodi, he was himself overthrown by a blow of such quick and incalculable energy, that it was impossible to fear, withstand, or recover from it.

The confusion and dismay which these circumstances spread through the ranks of the imperial army, are aptly exemplified by the anecdote which Bonaparte records of an old Hungarian captain, with whom among other captives he fell in, while making the rounds of his camp, the night after the surrender of Pizzighitona. The prisoner, who did not know to whom he spoke, being asked by the General what he thought of the state of the war, replied—"nothing could be worse, and that it was altogether incomprehensible." "We have to do," he added, "with a young General who is at one moment in our front, at another in our rear, and the next on our flanks. One knows not how to take him. This manner of making war, against all rules, is insupportable."

Bonaparte on the other hand, seizing the initiative by his boldness and maintaining it by his activity, divined the intentions of his adversary on all occasions, and confounded them, as with the overruling force of destiny. Accordingly, though operating with little more than his vanguard, he predominated irresistibly in the campaign, defeating the corps which came in his way, terrifying those which kept out of it, and in defiance of obstructions that seemed to others insurmountable, by an electric shock of genius and audacity, hurling to the ground the military strength and political power of his once gigantic antagonist.

MARCUS CURTIUS.

BY OMEGA.

A Roman matron thus addressed her son:
 "Why, at this time, wilt thou put armor on;
 No foreign foes menace thy native land,
 No hostile galleys seek her guarded strand—
 At peace with all but Gods, thou dost not hope
 In martial pride with Heavenly power to cope?
 Oh say thou goest not, as much I fear,
 To view yon gulph of terror and despair:
 It open'd at the word of angry Jove,
 And 'till our prayers win mercy from above,

A million, brave as thou, might spend in vain
 Their strength or lives to close its depths again.
 No answer, Marcus? Ah, my heart sinks down
 With sad presentiment of ills unknown.
 Why shade those ringlets, trimm'd with scrup'ulous care,
 A brow whose gloom thy mother cannot cheer?
 And deck'd more gaily than a bridegroom—why
 Turn'st thou on me a grave and mournful eye?
 Remain with me, my son, but this one day—
 To-morrow take my blessing with thee;—say,
 Shall she who gave thee birth implore in vain?
 Unblest by me, what canst thou hope to gain?"

To this alone he calmly made reply—
 His gaze on her, his right hand raised on high—
 "Safety for Rome—renown that ne'er shall die!"

No kind farewell, tho' shower'd her grief like rain—
 He knew himself, nor dar'd to look again;
 But shook his plume, suppress'd the gathering tear,
 Turn'd his proud horse, and urg'd his fleet career.
 His parent gazed in that convulsive grief
 Which burns the heart, nor finds in tears relief—
 No Spartan she to bid him wear his shield,
 Or be borne on it from the battle field.
 "Oh Death," she cried, "a desolate mother see!
 In mercy strike, and set my spirit free!
 I'll seek my son on thy unfriendly shore,
 My heart assures me he returns no more."

* * * * *

Though Rome's ten thousands throng'd the Forum:
 there—
 All stood aloof in more than mortal fear,
 Save now and then, a veteran or a priest
 Approach'd the gulph, more hardy than the rest,
 And gaz'd on what the boldest might confound—
 So vast its depth, so black, and so profound.
 Sulphurous, stifling exhalations rose,
 With hollow sounds, perchance the laboring throes
 Of a new *Ætna*, whose volcanic ire
 Might burst ere long, and deluge Rome with fire:
 But when the priestly train, in pomp and state,
 Proclaimed aloud the stern decree of Fate,
 That never more should close that dread abyss,
 Or Rome know safety, 'till the appointed price
 Of peace with Heav'n were paid, by burying there
 All that she held most precious—then despair
 Gave way to patriotic hope, and soon
 Money and costliest goods were tossing down
 With eager haste, 'till Curtius rode along
 The precipice, and thus bespoke the throng.
 "Romans, withhold your gifts—the Gods behold
 Unmoved this reckless waste of gems and gold!
 Think ye the wealth of conquer'd realms can save
 Th' imperill'd city from this yawning grave—
 That Rome, whose banner to the skies unfurl'd,
 Proclaims the future mistress of the world,
 Can bring, when to her last resources driven,
 No purer, costlier boon to proffer Heaven
 Than sordid ore, which every miser craves,
 The bane of freedom, and the life of slaves?
 Be sure it needs in this abyss to throw
 What gold ne'er bought, and Gods alone bestow.
 Our guardian deities do most approve
 Of military courage, and the love

Of native land; and if within my heart
 These virtues may be found, I now depart
 Alone to fathom the impervious gloom,
 And be this gulph my altar and my tomb!
 Oh may propitious Jove with favor see
 This sacrifice, and Rome remember me!"

Rider and horse have reached the brink—one bound,
 And, like a dream, he disappeared!—no sound,
 No shout of triumph, or of dread, to tell
 His fate, who dar'd so nobly and so well.

Strange horror, admiration, and regret,
 Spell-bound that multitude—thereon was set
 Silence unearthly—even as with a seal
 Unbroken—'till a muttering thunder-peal,
 Low, sad and solemn, through the empyrean rung,
 As tho' the Gods his funeral requiem sung—
 While slowly to its music closed the tomb
 That held the saviour and the pride of Rome.

The act—its motives—its results, imprest
 A sacred awe on every Roman breast.
 In silence to their rescued homes they turn'd,
 And inly blest the hero while they mourn'd;
 They rais'd no arch, in vain triumphal pride,
 Recording how or wherefore Curtius died—
 No column trophy-crown'd: no sculptured stone;
 These but emblazon what were else unknown:
 A death whose influence might ne'er depart,
 Had shrin'd his heroism in every heart.

Immortal Curtius, Heaven hath deigned to hear
 Thy aspirations and thy dying prayer
 For Rome and for thy memory: it shall be
 A watchword to the patriot and the free
 'Till Rome shall perish. Since thy deed sublime,
 Two thousand years have join'd the flight of Time;
 Earth's mightiest empires, one by one o'erthrown,
 Have seen thy country matchless and alone;
 Supreme in arts and arms. Her godlike race
 Of statesmen, poets, orators, who grace
 Th' eternal city's annals, have arisen,
 And shone, and set like stars—and o'er the scene
 Of her departing greatness, trod the throng
 Of unredeeming tyranny and wrong;
 The Goth, the Vandal, and the Hun have given
 Her pride and grandeur to the winds of heaven.
 New times, new creeds, new worlds have sprung to birth,
 And countless changes overswept the earth,
 But kindles still the generous emotion
 Of youth, at thy heroic self-devotion;
 Nor may the votaries of a purer faith,
 And loftier hopes, think slightly of thy death—
 For had thy lot in after days been thrown,
 Thou might'st have been a Christian, and have known
 The ardent zeal which, shrinking not t' engage
 The fangs of beasts, or man's more brutal rage,
 Had given thy spirit from the flames to rise,
 And seek a martyr's crown beyond the skies;
 By thy example fired in many a land
 Shall future Washingtons and Hampdens stand,
 Unbought by gold, unaw'd by despot power,
 Between their country and her perilous hour—
 And in the historic page their names shall shine
 In stainless lustre, unimpaired, like thine.

Richmond, July 25.

BRITISH PARLIAMENT IN 1835.

NO. II.

THE HOUSE OF LORDS.

The chamber of the House of Lords is close to that of the Commons. The constant communication between these two bodies, renders it necessary that they should sit within the same palace. The recent destruction of the old Parliament House, by fire, has not separated them. Their temporary chambers are connected by temporary passages, leading from one to the other. Along them Members of the House of Commons, personally, carry their bills to the bar of the Peers; while the Peers despatch their messengers to lay their own before the representatives of the people.

The Ministers do not fail to avail themselves of this proximity. Being entitled to a seat only in that chamber to which they belong as Members of Parliament, when any struggle between themselves and the opposition is going on at the same time in both houses, they are at least enabled to exchange messages, from minute to minute, and to regulate their movements accordingly.

Thanks to this proximity, the noise and uproar of the popular branch, has alone, more than once, made the members of the more aristocratic body tremble on their seats. While the fanatical coalition of the Lords, temporal and spiritual, assailed the intrepidly defended, but badly fortified ministry of Lord Melbourne, more than once, the thundering voice of the Commons has relaxed the fury of the assailants, and encouraged the resistance of the besieged. The victorious cry of the reformers, led by Lord John Russell, often threw into confusion the conquered conservatives of Sir Robert Peel.

But it is necessary to describe this second arena of political warfare.

The chamber of the Lords is of the same form as that of the Commons—a lengthened square. The benches are generally placed in the same way; but the decorations are of a more striking appearance. Looking from the only gallery, common to the public and the reporters, you behold the throne immediately in front. This throne is not, as in France, a piece of furniture placed in the chamber every year, on the first day of the session. Here it is immovable.

Below is the celebrated woolsack, the seat of the real President of the assembly. Custom has determined that this must be a sort of sack—a bench without a back.

The apartment for the clerks is separated from the woolsack by two benches, on which two places are reserved for the Masters in Chancery, the official messengers of the chamber.

The covering and drapery of the throne, the hangings of the walls, the carpet, the screens, the benches, cushions and backs, every thing is red in this hall. Red is the aristocratic color. When the Peers, on the occasion of a visit from the King, are seated in state, with their red mantles, the whole appearance of the chamber is more dazzling than imposing. The appearance of the Commons at the bar, in their simple every day dress, presents a striking contrast. One smiles in spite of himself on reflecting that those are not the masters,

who are thus sumptuously dressed in garments of purple.

This hall, in which the Lords are temporarily convened, was formerly the bed-chamber of Edward the Confessor. One can well imagine that if the four hundred and thirty nobles should take it into their heads to meet at the same time, that this room would with great difficulty contain them; but this fancy rarely ever seizes them. It is a great occasion which draws together even two hundred. The Peers enjoy a singular privilege which renders personal attendance almost unnecessary. They can vote by proxy. So that, when any one of them desires to travel on the continent, he leaves, if he choose, a power with some Peer of his own party, who exercises this delegated right of voting as often as he pleases, when he pleases, and how he pleases, except in divisions of a committee. Formerly the royal authority alone could render these powers available. Now even this is not required. At the present time, the Duke of Wellington, for instance, has his pocket full of tory votes.

The Peers who are in the habit of attending Parliament, find the present hall very small and uncomfortable. The government, which is building a new Parliament House, has consulted them on its dimensions; and it has been decided that it shall be neither very large nor very small. No one ever thought of building it on the supposition that the whole of the Peers would assemble at one time within its walls. This hypothesis has never even been suggested. The number of Peers present at the same time, has never been greater than on the question of the passage of the principal amendment attempted against parliamentary reform, the 7th of May, 1832. On that occasion there were two hundred and sixty-seven members in the house. That number was taken as the maximum: each member will be allowed three feet square. It is evident that the noble Lords are divided between the desire to be seated comfortably, and the fear of having too large an apartment, in which on some day or other a crowd of intruders may lodge themselves.

One word on the constitution of this chamber. Nothing can be more various than the elements of which it is composed. It has, first, its Peerages hereditary under the law of primogeniture—these are the English Peerages, and are beyond all comparison the most numerous; next, the Scotch and Irish Peerages, which are elective, but on different principles. The Scotch Peers are nominated only for a single Parliament; the Irish are for life. There are besides Ecclesiastical Peers, Archbishops and Bishops, English or Irish, who sit, the former on their own right, and for life, the latter by turns, every year, four by four.

In England the Peerage forms the only nobility possessed of any real title. One who is not a Peer has no legal title. The sons of Peers are not authorized to assume, in their public acts, any title of nobility. Even the eldest sons are only Lords by general consent and courtesy. The official list of the Peerage is the only official list of the nobility. The peerages are of different ranks; and among those of the same class, the most ancient has precedence. Thus there are in the first place, Dukes, then Marquises, Earls, Viscounts, and Barons. The Bishops and Archbishops, known as Lords Spiritual, are ranked according to their respective

dignity. The Archbishops of England have the rank of Dukes, and even precede them. The Archbishop of Canterbury, the primate and head of the church, is a sort of English Pope, and follows immediately after the Princes of the blood. He is the first Peer of the House of Lords. The Lord Chancellor (when there is one) is, in virtue of his office, the second; and the Archbishop of York is the third. The Bishops are ranked as Barons, and have precedence of them.

The Barons of Kingsale, like the Grandees of Spain, enjoy the exclusive and hereditary privilege of remaining uncovered in the presence of the King. The Peers have no other privileges, (excepting the peculiar style in which they are addressed, as "his grace," or the "right honorable,") which are not common to them all. Their chief privileges are those which prevent the seizure of their goods, their being arrested for debt, or judged by default in any civil action. They cannot be held to answer any criminal process but before their Peers. The reason of the inviolability of their persons in these and many other cases, is to be found in the fiction by which the Peers are all considered as counsellors of the King, and therefore secured in this perfect personal freedom, that they may be always ready to serve the necessities of the crown.

The House of Lords can only exclude a member and deprive him of the privileges of his rank, by convicting him of some capital or infamous crime. However, Blackstone mentions that, during the reign of Edward IV, George Neville, Duke of Bedford, was degraded by act of Parliament, on account of his poverty, which prevented his keeping up a style suited to his rank as a Peer. This fact is the more curious, as it is the only one of the kind, in the whole history of Parliament. Subsequently, a practice the very reverse has prevailed. So that, recently, the Earl of Huntingdon, though reduced to extreme indigence, has succeeded in establishing a contested claim to the Peerage, and the King has endowed him to enable him to sustain his rank as becomes a nobleman.

In England the aristocracy is firmly established. Each Peerage rests, at least fictitiously, on a real title, based on landed property. France and Spain, with a much larger and more ancient and illustrious nobility, have, however, never had a powerful and deeply-rooted aristocracy. If the French noblesse of the States-General had formed a political body strongly seated, properly supported, and distinctively marked, the revolution could not have overthrown them with as much ease as it did. Louis XVIII undertook, in 1814, to construct an upper house; he was too late—the materials were wanting—he built with sand on a foundation of sand.

It is now two years since M. Martinez de la Rosa also endeavored to form one in Spain. Well! in the country where every body is a *hidalgo*, he was unable to find grandees and *titulos* for his frail edifice. He went to work like the French political masons in 1831; he took political economists, philosophers, judges, lawyers, poets, merchants, and mixed them all up with the little of true nobility that remained. With this mortar he built his *proceres*, destined to last about as long as the new Peers of France.

It is certain that the British Peerage has no longer the solid strength it once possessed; but, though weakened and shaken, it maintains itself by the vigor of its

original organization; it does not absolutely arrest the popular torrent, but it resists, even in letting it pass along. However, this flood will not always dash without injury, around the House which forms an obstacle to its course; it is fast undermining its foundations; and will soon or late overthrow the whole mass. It will have been long submerged while Westminster Abbey still mirrors itself in the Thames. Such is the lot of the works of the middle ages. Its buildings outlive its strongest institutions.

The British Peerage is not only a legislative body; it is at the same time a court of justice—not an extraordinary court for the trial of its own members or persons accused of high treason, but a permanent and regular court—a supreme court of appeals in civil matters. These two attributes are, however, as distinct as the unavoidable consequences of this double capacity will permit; good sense has corrected in practice, the theoretical absurdity of the law. Although every Peer is born a competent judge in every cause, as he is a born legislator, the House of Lords only sits as a common tribunal when it is represented by the lawyers belonging to its own body. For example, Lord Brougham or Lord Lyndhurst, both Ex-Chancellors, usually sit in the morning, and give a final judgment on civil suits brought to that court.

No divorce can be pronounced but by act of Parliament. The Peers decide on all process for separation. As in these cases the only question is about facts which no legal knowledge is required to comprehend, they are decided indifferently by the Law-Peers, or any others present at the commencement of the political session. So the House of Lords is at the same time a court and a legislative chamber; a barbarous amalgam.

If the strict rules of ceremony were preserved, the Peers should sit according to their ranks; that is to say, Dukes on the first benches, Marquises on the second, and the Barons on the third. This order is, however, not observed. They range themselves like the Commons, according to the political party to which they belong, Barons, Earls, Dukes or Marquises indiscriminately. During the session just closed, the ministry of the whigs and their friends, occupied the seats to the right of the woolsack; the opposition of the Tories, those on the left.

We use the terms "whigs" and "Tories," for these words are most suitable to the House of Lords. The whole aristocracy being centered in that House, the Peers only represent themselves; they do not express the will of such or such a party, but their own will. Lord Durham and Lord Brougham, both radicals, are anomalies and differ entirely from their fellows.

The political classification of the House of Lords, is more simple and easy than that of the Commons. There is at present, as during the last century, in the Upper House, two different shades of aristocracy, which fiercely contend for power and the emoluments of office; the *Tories*, consistent at least with their anti-liberal principles, the triumph of which, if such triumph could be accomplished peacefully and without a revolution, would be the only safety for the Peerage; the *whigs*, very much embarrassed by their pretended popular opinions, of the sincerity of which proofs by acts and not by words, are begun to be required.

Numerically these two divisions are far from being

equal. Counting consciences, you would have ten Tories for one whig. However, in 1832 the whig minority forced the Tories to capitulate; and, since that time assisted by the pressure from without, it has more than once dictated the law to its adversaries. But the period is rapidly approaching when the true majority will attempt to break the yoke, perceiving that concessions can no longer avail to secure its safety. It would be at least as becoming to seize the sword, and fall in defending its ramparts, as to wait seated on its curule chairs, the political death which threatens it.

The rules and customs of the two chambers in some respects resemble, and in others differ from each other.

In the House of Lords the members remain covered as in the Commons; and in the former chamber more etiquette is preserved. It is more rare to see their Lordships convert their benches into beds, or imitate with their legs the signs of a telegraph. The murmurs of the House are more subdued and civilized, the disapprobations expressed with more courtesy; the arena of discussion generally presents less animating and striking scenes; there is more concession, and more unity. You witness none of that strife of common-places which exasperate to so great a degree the patience and the politeness of the Lower House. There, for one eloquent harangue, you will have to submit to ten stupid ones, which serve no other end than to lengthen and injure the discussion. In the Lords able speakers are not so common, and do not abuse to so great a degree their right of speaking. It is true that the Peerage is but a groupe, but a little intrenched garrison; and you should not expect either reserve, or discretion, or discipline, in such a multitude as the Commons; an impatient army bivouacing whole nights on the benches, and where each soldier wishes to be a conqueror.

TO A TORTOISE-SHELL COMB.

BY MRS. E. F. ELLET.

Being an humble imitation of the style of some modern poets, by the prism of whose fancy the most common objects are invested with the hues of poesy, even as the sunbeam turneth to diamonds the dews which heedless night hath flung over the earth.

There is more in thy history than meets
The eye of cold observance. Had'st thou words
To speak imprisoned secrets, how would all
Thy silent, chiselled labyrinths resound
With thought transcending eloquence! Deep things—
The passionate breathings of a hidden voice,
And young and fond imaginings that swell
The fountains of a yet untroubled soul,
Ere to the world its flowings have gone forth—
Thou hast been witness to. Thou hast reposed,
Pressed by a pearly hand, upon a brow
Stainless and lofty; and thou hast been worn
When the full tide of youth and loveliness
Coursed wildly through her heart, o'erlooking all
Her regal swanlike grace; moved when she moved,
In blest obedience—perchance hast stooped
To watch the speakings of her mantling cheek,
And felt the haughtiest tossings of a head
Whose classic beauty might a Phidias shame.

And when the hour of twilight musings came
And thy fair mistress in the leafy bower,
Or by the curtained casement, lay entranced
In all the dreamy luxury of thought,
When the soft odors of the sleeping flowers
Stole forth on dewy wing to visit her,
And bathe her brow in sweetness—when she looked
To the far, quiet stars, that glanced abroad
In silent, glorious beauty—thou hast strayed
Carelessly through the long fair locks that lay
Like a sun-kindled cloud across her neck:
Lifting each half unconscious tress in pride,
Fondly and lingeringly entwining it,
As loth to quit thy lovely resting place.

And thou art—aye, sweet shell—more favored far
To owe thy polish to her gentle touch,
Than the most honored worshipper who kneels
Before her shrine: than he who holds thee now
Betwixt a reverential thumb and finger,
Absorbed in admiration of thy worth.

New York, 1836.

INFLUENCE OF NAMES.

"What's in a name? That which we call a rose, by any other name would smell as sweet."—*Shakespeare.*

Shakespeare was mistaken. There is a great deal—there is almost every thing in names. Their influence is felt at all times, and under all circumstances. In war and peace—in morals, literature and religion—in the world of fashion—and above all, in politics, the despotism of names is all powerful, universal and irresistible. Nay, Shakespeare himself is authority against Shakespeare. Does he not make the gentle Juliet say to her lover, "'Tis but thy name that is my enemy"—that fatal name which separated two devoted hearts—which planted thick sorrows in their path, and finally shrouded them in one common sepulchre! Does he not put into the mouth of one of Antony's captains, "I'll humbly signify what in his name, that magical word of war, we have effected." And again, speaking of the great Pompey, "his name strikes more than could his war resisted." Names indeed govern the world; and it is not among the least ingenious of all human contrivances that the world should be so governed. I do not wish to speak of the moral guilt and future accountability of those who combine to delude the ignorant—who chain mens' minds to some false idol, or enlist them in some scheme of abomination, whose iniquities are artfully veiled under the names of virtue, patriotism, and the like. If the denunciations of the eloquent Hebrew prophet against those who call evil good, and good evil—who put darkness for light, and light for darkness—who call bitter sweet, and sweet bitter—are not sufficient to alarm such delinquents, it would avail nothing for uninspired tongues and pens to attempt their conviction and reform.

In literature, how remarkable and how injurious is the influence of names, apart from any actual or intrinsic merit. How common is it to estimate an opinion or sentiment, not by the wisdom of the one or the purity of the other, but by the authority of him who pronounces

it. A false, immoral, or stupid passage in a book, which bears on its title-page the name of a popular writer, is often received with favor, when precisely the same offence in an unknown author would be almost certain to bring down upon him the lash of criticism. Take for example one of England's most renowned bards—one, not more known even in his own country than on this side of the Atlantic—whose "Melodies" are lisped by our amorous youths and sentimental maidens, and whose name has become a "household word"—a passport to every festival where music, love and wine are the sources of enjoyment. Among his "National Airs" so called, Mr. Moore has written the following lines, which have no doubt been admired by every pretty miss in the country, as the very perfection of poetry, sentiment, and even good sense.

Flow on, thou shining river,
But, ere thou reach the sea,
Seek Ella's bower, and give her
The wreaths I fling o'er thee.
And tell her thus, if she'll be mine,
The current of our lives shall be,
With joys along their course to shine,
Like those sweet flowers on thee.

But if, in wandering thither,
Thou find'st she mocks my prayer,
Then leave those wreaths to wither
Upon the cold bank there.
And tell her thus, when youth is o'er,
Her lone and loveless charms shall be
Thrown by upon life's weedy shore,
Like those sweet flowers from thee.

Now the plain English prose of all this, when divested of the magic of Mr. Moore's numbers, is something like the following. "Take, gentle river, these pretty flowers which I fling upon thy surface, and before thou reachest the great ocean, be pleased to flow into the bower of my fair Ella; and if it be not miracle enough, good river, for thee to rush into a lady's bower, without either drowning her or wetting her garments, be pleased to perform another wonderful feat and *speaking to her*—tell her if she will only marry me, our joys whilst we are floating down life's current, shall resemble these wreaths which are borne upon thy bosom. But mark me, river!—if this insensible girl is resolved that she will not accept a good offer, why then roar like another cataract, toss these worthless wreaths on the shore to wither and rot, and tell this cruel Ella that she will live and die an ugly, neglected old maid."

Now, whilst it is fully conceded that the figure of *personification* is perfectly legitimate, especially in poetry; yet there are certain degrees of it which should never be attempted, unless connected with subjects of great dignity, or which inspire powerful emotion—and it must not be forgotten that the excellence of poetry does not consist so much in the form or arrangement of its words as in the value and beauty of the thoughts and sentiments which it expresses. A gentle zephyr stealing into a lady's bower and lulling her into repose, or whispering in her ear the sighs of an absent lover, is natural and agreeable enough; but a river, or even rivulet, turning from its course and performing the same office, is a conception which would be very ridiculous in any other than a popular poet. It would be tedious to point out other examples of similar extravagance in Moore, and one only shall suffice—a song which has

occasioned abundant fluttering in female hearts, and which for impious hyperbole was never excelled:

Why does azure deck the sky,
But to be like thine eyes of blue?
Why is red the rose's dye?
Because it is thy blush's hue, &c. &c.

In which said song the poet very calmly shows that all that is bright, and fair, and sweet in creation, was made purposely to resemble some young lady of his acquaintance. And yet all these trifles and absurdities, to say nothing of the frequent obscene allusions of the same author, have acquired an extensive popularity under the influence of a popular name.

It would be no difficult task to extend these remarks so as to embrace a long list of distinguished writers, both in prose and verse, who have perpetrated various offences against sound morals as well as good sense, but with whom the lustre of reputation, like the mantle of charity, has not only shielded them from censure, but imparted a kind of dignity and splendor to their failings. Enough perhaps has been said to illustrate the influence of names in the empire of literature.

How is it in the empire of the church? But here I tread upon sacred ground, and must use both brevity and caution. That truth exists in religious doctrine as well as in other things, will not be denied, except by unthinking scepticism or perverted reason. The difficulty has always been in finding her out—in distinguishing her sacred vestments and celestial carriage from the skillful imitations of imposture. The diamond may be known, by the tests of experiment, from the gems which mimic its lustre; but there is no moral chemistry which can separate truth from error, and resolve each into its proper elements. In fact, it seems to be one of the fallacies which have obtained currency among mankind, that truth and error are natural antagonists. So far from it, they are scarcely ever to be found in a state of disunion or repulsion. Error winds itself around the stately column of truth, as the creepers folds in its poisonous embrace the sturdy oak of the forest. Not that they are not in themselves essentially different—but so are the gasses which are found in combination in the water we drink, or in the atmosphere we breathe. What tremendous influence has been wielded by the simple word *church*, from the very first ages of christianity down to the present time! That name alone has covered a multitude of sins, and sanctified innumerable crimes. What torrents of blood have been shed under the crimson banner of *orthodoxy*, and how many meek and conscientious *heretics* have fled from the tender embraces of that holy and infallible mother, who has assumed the supreme government of the soul in this world, as well as the direction of its immortal destiny hereafter. But I only dwell upon this subject in order to show how much we are deceived by empty, unmeaning names. That there is such a treasure as "pure and undefiled religion," none but the hardened infidel or remorseless libertine will deny. That it is always necessarily found under the priestly robe, or connected with the "sober brow," neither candor nor charity itself will contend for—and yet, some how or other, the world has identified the sacred gift with certain sanctimonious exterior, and with certain peculiar ceremonials, and there are few, perhaps, who reflect that it may be more frequently traced in the aban-

of humility and wretchedness, in the sighs of a contrite heart, and in the tears of penitential guilt.

But how is it in the world of *fashion*? What is fashion? Many attempts have been made to define what in truth is undefinable. It is an empty *name*—a mere shadow, and yet is of substance sufficient to be felt and seen and understood almost every where. A popular English novelist, writing of his own country, says—"The middle classes interest themselves in grave matters: the aggregate of their sentiments is called *OPINION*. The great interest themselves in frivolities, and the aggregate of *their* sentiments is termed *FASHION*. The first is the moral representative of the popular mind—the last of the aristocratic." But this definition is unsatisfactory. Fashion executes its decrees with as much energy and effect upon those who are excluded from its mystic circle, as upon them who reside within its pale; upon the popular mind as well as the aristocratic. Its frivolities bewilder and dazzle the multitude who abjure them, as well as the chosen few with whom they originate. Imagine this mysterious agent, or whatever it may be called, personified, and endowed with the majesty and power of a queen,—and what are her attributes? A fickle, inconstant, inscrutable and unscrupulous being—selecting her subjects from every rank and condition, and with every diversity in morals and intellect—yet investing them with an uniform and exclusive badge of distinction; exacting from her followers the most unbounded homage, and repaying them often with the sacrifice of peace, health, fortune, self-respect and virtue; instilling into those who throng around her throne the poison of impure and corrupting pleasures, and in those who are banished to the outer courts, awakening the worst passions of envy, discontent and hatred, added to a debasing sense of inferiority. Fortune is not more capricious in dispensing her favors than this empress of smiles and frowns. By her command, dullness is transformed into wit, and deformity into grace. The withered maiden of forty is arrayed in the matchless charms of blooming seventeen, and the notorious libertine becomes transmuted into the fascinating and agreeable companion. If a despot of bodily shape and form, were to cause his power and caprice to be felt in all the minute concerns and occupations of society; if he were to ordain laws regulating the dress—furniture—social intercourse and amusements of his subjects, and in so doing should levy an oppressive tax upon their fortunes, time and comforts—the spirit of freedom would circulate like the electric fluid from one end of the community to the other; the tyrant would be resisted with fearless and determined perseverance. And yet doth fashion issue her imperial decrees equally as despotic and calamitous in their effects, without other aid than the influence and magic of her name—whilst her subjects, so far from opposing resistance, render an implicit and delighted obedience to her mandates. And what is this inexorable arbitress at last but a *name*? What is this capricious and mysterious intermeddler in human affairs but a vain shadow? a creature of imagination only, and yet as powerful as Caesar and Napoleon in all their glory! Shakspeare was wrong; there is much—there is every thing in *names*.

In that great concern of human society—the structure and action of the *political machine*, how does the matter

stand? Are the governed portion of mankind—I mean a majority of them—influenced by things or names? The recorded experience of past ages, and our own particular observation, will answer the question. The master spirits who have ruled mankind with success, have studied the genius of the people with whom they lived. National glory was at one time, if it be not now, the passion of the French, and Napoleon well knew how to avail himself of a moral lever of such tremendous force. Administering to that all devouring and never satiated appetite, he found it an easy task to wade through tears and blood to the goal of his ambition. Preceding the period of his meteor-like and almost miraculous career, the French nation had been intoxicated by seraphic dreams of liberty and equality. Awakening from a long and gloomy night of slavery, they became suddenly bewitched by the doctrines of a new philosophy, (to them at least new,) which proclaimed the sovereignty of the people—and it was long before the horrors of Revolution could dispel the enchantment. The leaders in that dark and bloody episode of human history, retained their ascendancy so long as the names of *liberty* and *equality* could be skillfully employed for their purposes. An *appeal to the people*, or a compliment to their sovereign power, wisdom and virtue, was the daily prologue to those scenes of human butchery, which posterity will regard as incredible fictions. "Oh liberty!" said the beautiful Madame Roland, as she bowed her neck to the guillotine—"what crimes are committed in thy name!"

Are we free in our day from these disastrous influences? Have names no fatal magic with us—sufficiently fatal to unloose the bands of society—to subvert institutions, long cherished and venerated, and finally to dissolve the fairest fabric which ever realized the visions of hope, or the speculations of philosophy? Alas! have we not studied human nature enough to know, that *all* men are not honest and patriotic, and that some are sufficiently selfish, cunning, cruel and ambitious to work out their own designs, and accomplish their own evil desires, although calamity should overspread society, and millions go supperless to bed? Are there not hundreds of demagogues who are willing to flatter and wheedle and delude the people into final enslavement, if in the whirlwinds of their own creation they can ride into power and office? With what calm and shameless effrontery do such men constantly exert before our eyes a controlling power over the yet doubtful destinies of this infant republic! To fulfil the purposes of ambition, the vilest appeals are made to the lowest and basest passions of the multitude. The *pride of democracy* is a never failing chord to be skillfully touched, when some wicked design or atrocious mischief is meditated. The popular good—the welfare of the dear people—is the favorite string played upon by worn out political hacks and corrupt aspirants to office. Does a well tried and virtuous patriot stand in the way, and refuse his sanction to the bold assaults, or disguised and no less dangerous encroachments of power? He is instantly denounced as an odious and insidious *aristocrat*, and is forthwith delivered over to the tender mercies of the faithful—the great *democratic republican family*—the self-styled conservators of the only true and genuine principles of liberty—whose peculiar province it is to keep the republic pure, by a patriotic monopoly of all its

offices and honors. It would indeed be perfectly amusing, if it were not at the same time a subject of sad contemplation, to hear the terms *aristocratic* and *democratic*, in the party contests of the day—familiarily applied to things and persons having no one quality—to justify such idle distinctions. The man for example who is “clothed in purple and fine linen, and fares sumptuously every day”—who drives his splendid equipage with liveried servants, who “lies down in luxury and rises in sloth”—that man is a member, or if you choose, the leader of the plain republican party—whilst the humble homespun pedestrian, who walks by the wheels of the other’s chariot—whose bread is earned by the sweat of his brow, but who is sufficiently independent to think for himself—is denounced as an *aristocrat*, or what is worse, a *Federalist* of the genuine stamp—and is thought unworthy of all communion with the faithful, or at least of all participation in equal political benefits. *Epithets* are the powerful weapons with which bad and ambitious men have in all countries finally succeeded in overturning all that was valuable and good—all that was wise and beneficent; and unless the people of these States shall in time become sufficiently enlightened, to distinguish the *qualities* of things from their *names*, we shall assuredly ere long add another to that gloomy procession of republics, WHICH HAVE VANISHED FOREVER FROM THE EARTH. H.

THE CITY OF SIN.

BY E. A. POE.

Lo! Death hath rear’d himself a throne
In a strange city, all alone,
Far down within the dim west—
Where the good, and the bad, and the worst, and
the best,
Have gone to their eternal rest.

There shrines, and palaces, and towers
Are—not like any thing of ours—
Oh no!—O no!—ours never loom
To heaven with that ungodly gloom!
Time-eaten towers that tremble not!
Around, by lifting winds forgot,
Resignedly beneath the sky
The melancholy waters lie.

No holy rays from heaven come down
On the long night-time of that town,
But light from out the lurid sea
Streams up the turrets silently—
Up thrones—up long-forgotten bowers
Of sculptur’d ivy and stone flowers—
Up domes—up spires—up kingly halls—
Up fanes—up Babylon-like walls—
Up many a melancholy shrine
Whose entablatures intertwine
The mask—the viol—and the vine.

There open temples—open graves
Are on a level with the waves—
But not the riches there that lie
In each idol’s diamond eye,

Not the gaily-jewell’d dead
Tempt the waters from their bed:
For no ripples curl, alas!
Along that wilderness of glass—
No swellings hint that winds may be
Upon a far-off happier sea:
So blend the turrets and shadows there
That all seem pendulous in air,
While from the high towers of the town
Death looks gigantically down.

But lo! a stir is in the air!
The wave—there is a ripple there!
As if the towers had thrown aside,
In slightly sinking, the dull tide—
As if the turret-tops had given
A vacuum in the filmy heaven.
The waves have now a redder glow—
The very hours are breathing low—
And when, amid no earthly moans,
Down, down, that town shall settle hence,
All Hades, from a thousand thrones,
Shall do it reverence,
And Death to some more happy clime
Shall give his undivided time.

A HINT,

TOUCHING THE GREEK DRAMA.

While there is an active literary faction in America, who decry the study of the ancient classics, it is still pleasing to observe, upon a comprehensive survey, that these consecrated remains are assuming in public esteem the place which they deserve. I hope therefore to meet with some indulgence when I offer a few desultory remarks, not in behalf of classic lore in general, so much as in commendation of a single branch. The observations which follow are meant to shew some reasons why our scholars should devote special attention to the *Greek Tragedies*.

It is believed that these relics, unfortunately not more than thirty in number, have been more neglected in our schools and among our private scholars than any portion of ancient letters. That this has not been the case in England will be very apparent to any one who is familiar with the lives and labors of such men as Bentley, Porson, Markham, and Blomfield. Especially in the University of Cambridge the ardor with which these works have been restored to purity of text, and elucidated by indefatigable research, has been almost excessive.

The intrinsic difficulties in the Greek plays are not such as should deter any well grounded scholar. After an ordinary training in the Attic idioms of Xenophon, Plato, and Demosthenes, the labor will be small. From the nature of the versification, there is a limit to the construction, so that the sense cannot be thrown beyond a few lines. And the metres themselves, except in the most difficult choral parts, have been robbed of their intricacies by the labors of the critics.

There is this obvious inducement for the scholar to take up a Greek tragedy, that it is short. Even if he

study with minute analysis, a few days will complete his task. But he who begins the *Odyssey* is loth to lay it aside until he has finished it, which is the work of months. The tragedy is complete in itself, "*totus teres atque rotundus*."

It has been maintained by some scholars, that no human productions have the perfection of literary finish, as it is possessed by the dramas of Euripides. And we may include his two great predecessors in the remark, that their works, like the Hellenic sculptures, will remain unrivalled, the models of all who aim to present nature idealized to its utmost point.

The ancient tragedy, from its very nature, contains the concentration of high passion. This was the very notion of it, as tragedy. And this quality renders it an indispensable study to all those whose province it is to scrutinize or to awaken the active powers; in other words, to the metaphysician, the poet, and especially the orator. No doubt it was this view of the subject which led a man no less visionary than Mr. Fox to declare, as he does in his correspondence with Dr. Parr, that if he had a son to educate for the senate, he would cause him to be profoundly versed in the writings of Euripides.* And yet so far as mere passion is concerned, we find it more strongly developed in the "desolate simplicity" of Aeschylus, than in either of his followers. This use of dramatic composition is doubtless involved in that celebrated and vexed passage of Aristotle's *Poetics*, in which tragedy is said to be efficacious to *purge the passions*. Barker quotes Jamblichus, in illustration of this *καθαρσις καθαρσις*, where he says: "By contemplating the passions of others in tragedy and comedy, we settle our own passions, render them more temperate, and purify them." Milton also, whose whole soul was steeped in Grecian poesy, alludes in the introduction to his *Samson Agonistes*, to this same remark of Aristotle, where tragedy is said "to be of power by raising pity and fear or terror, to purge the mind of those and such like passions, that is, to temper and reduce them to just measure."

Alike in name, ancient and modern tragedy scarcely belong to the same species. The grand distinction of the former is the chorus, which is altogether inadmissible in the latter. According to the most specious hypothesis this was the nucleus of the Greek drama, around which, by slow degrees, the dialogue was gathered. It was the chorus, as a train of personages unconnected with the plot, that relieved the tedium or directed the excitement of the dialogue. Sometimes, as they appear in significant dance, they advise, exhort, or suggest a moral; sometimes they echo back the feeling of the actors, and always augment the grandeur of the pageant. Thus we find the chorus ever and anon breaking in to temper the unnatural rage of Medea, and in this respect discharging the duty indicated by Horace,

*Ille bonis faveat, et concilietur amice:
Et regat iratos, et amet pacare tumentes:
Ille dapes laudet mensae brevis: ille salubrem
Justitiam, legesque, et apertis oïa portis:
Ille tegat commissas, &c.* *Ad Pisones 195.*

The mere English reader will have a fair conception of this singular ingredient of the ancient drama, by perusing Milton's tragedy above-named, which is cast

in the most rigorous Attic mould; and which, we are tempted to imagine would have been received even at Athens, if it could have been brought out in the astonishing Greek version of Glasse. If Gray had not dissipated his matchless powers upon mere fugitive efforts, he might have done more than all other scholars to produce a spirited reprintation of the antique chorus. Mason's *Elfrida* on the same plan has been thought a failure. His estimate of the ancient chorus however merits attention. "Shakspeare" says he, speaking of the poetic element in the drama, "had the power of introducing this naturally, and what is most strange, of joining it with pure passion; but I make no doubt, if we had a tragedy of his formed on the Greek model, we should find in it more frequent, if not nobler, instances of his high poetical capacity. I think you have a proof of this in those parts of his historical plays, which are called choruses, and written in the common dialogue metre. And your imagination will easily conceive, how fine an ode the description of the night preceding the battle of Agincourt would have made in his hands, and what additional grace it would receive from that form of composition." He also shows that the chorus augmented the pathetic, both in its odes and dialogue; by music, by the dance, by aiding and carrying forward the impression, and by showing to the spectators other spectators strongly affected by the action. These remarks are cited merely to throw light on this cardinal attribute of the ancient drama, not to recommend its revival among the moderns. The German scholar will find the "Iphigenia in Tauris" perhaps the severest and happiest imitation of the antique; yet it does not "come home to our business and bosoms."

The relative importance of these great productions should cause them to be placed in a commanding position at our great schools. This has already been effected in England. A taste for this branch of study is fostered by the rank which it is made to hold in the university examinations. Porson's noted prize is awarded annually to the best translation into Greek verse of a given passage of Shakspeare. In the Cambridge examinations, the three great objects of competition in classical literature, are the University Scholarships—the Classical Tripos, and the Chancellor's Medal. Among other exercises demanded of candidates, they are expected to translate into *English verse* any given portions of the three tragedians, as well as of Aristophanes. A passage, usually from Shakspeare or Milton, is assigned, to be translated into *Greek verse*. The metre is generally Tragic Iambic; sometimes Tragic Trochaic; sometimes Anapaestic; rarely Heroic, and still more seldom Comic Iambic. The obvious tendency of such measures, is to excite the most intense emulation in the whole literary corps, and to keep before the mind of the learned the highest models. Familiarity with these amazing conflicts of passion is not merely a literary luxury; it is a great preparative for those real scenes in which the statesman, the advocate and the orator, are called upon to reach the hidden springs of human action, to sway the motives, and wield "at will the fierce democracy." The American student therefore who is awake to his own interest, will not deem it beneath his notice to work in this mine, and will say with Milton,

Sometimes let gorgeous Tragedy
In accepted pall come sweeping by,

* See Appendix to Parr's Works, Johnstone's edition. Vol. vii. and viii.

Presenting Thebes, or Pelops' line,
Or the Tale of Troy divine;
Or what (though rare) of later age
Ennobled hath the buskined stage.

N. Jersey.

BOREALIS.

SACRED SONG.

BY W. MAXWELL.

Oh strike the Harp.

Oh! strike the harp, while yet there lies
In Music's breath the power to please;
And if the tears should fill mine eyes,
They can but give my bosom ease.
But hush the notes of Love and Mirth,
Too welcome to my heart before;
For now those airs that breathe of earth
Can charm my pensive soul no more.

Yes, I have loved the world too well,
And roved in Pleasure's train too long;
And I have felt her sweetest spell
In Beauty's smile, and Passion's song.
But now my soul would break her chains,
While yet perhaps the grace is given;
Then strike the Harp in Zion's strains,
And she shall soar at once to heaven.

A TOUR TO THE ISTHMUS:

Filled in from the Pencillings of an English Artist,

BY A YANKEE DAUBER.

Painting is welcome;—
The painting is almost the natural man;
For since dishonor traffics with man's nature,
He is but outside. These pencilled figures are
Even such as they give out.

Timon of Athens.

I.

Chesapeake Bay. Hampton Roads. Old Point. Rip Raps.
The Capes.

Tuesday, May 26, 1835. Hurrah! there she goes!
Free and fast,—free and fast! Hurrah! Here am I
on the green waters of the Chesapeake,—my craft a
little clipper, my companion one of the best fellows in
creation; and his sister, a bright-eyed French girl, whose
spirits seem to rise with every knot our tight little ves-
sel makes upon the dancing waves. Did you ever see
a Baltimore clipper under full way? Then you have
seen a fair sight. I never saw any craft get over the
waves so fast. Her peculiar build, and her yet more
peculiar rig fit her for this, and she takes the wind out
of any thing and every thing she essays to compete
with. We have left a steamboat behind since we left
Baltimore. We are just now entering Hampton Roads,
and here we are to anchor. "Old Point Comfort," is
the name given to a fortification on our right, which, in
the dense mirk of the night looks like any thing but
the abode of comfort. We are riding at anchor upon
the surging waves, and beneath dark and heavy clouds

piled one above another in voluminous masses, from
which the lightning is playing incessantly. It is a most
grand and yet most fearful scene. I stand, with Mari-
ette, my little French companion, and, as if spell-
bound, look into the depths of cloudland, watching for
every opening of those yawning chasms disclosed by
the perpetual play of the lightning, regardless of the
warning of the captains, (for we "serve two masters")
who are foreboding a fearful night. Excitement! what
are we not willing to sacrifice for it,—a new scene,
something strange,—a fresh feeling! Here are we,
tempests threatening us from every point, the wind
veering incessantly from every quarter of the heavens,
and the chances that we shall be driven ashore increas-
ing with the lapse of every moment, and yet all is so
new, and so exciting, that we are really rather amused
than fearful. But then, capitaine, if you insist upon it,
why, I suppose we must c'en go below!

23th. Just returned from a visit to what one of the men
who accompanied us called "the last post office I ever did
see, any how!" It is located in the centre of the grand
fort, planned by the most celebrated engineer of his
own and Napoleon's time, General Bernard. They
mount three hundred guns, and the work, I understand
is, or is to be the finest piece of military architecture
in the United States. But it was too dark while we
were there to observe any thing minutely. We are
now approaching blue water very fast. The Rip Raps
or Fort Calhoun on our left, will soon be lost to our
view. This fortification is only a few feet above the
water as yet, nor will it be finished for some years. I
do not know who was the projector of it, but presume
from the name it bears that it was originally projected
by that celebrated South Carolinian statesman, while
he was minister of the war department. It is to be
built on a similar plan to that of Cherbourg in France,
by filling large boats or rafts with stone, and sinking
them. This mass is then covered with loose stone,
over all which a composition or cement is poured, act-
ing as a binder. This work is about gun distance from
Old Point Comfort, and the two, by a cross fire, form a
most admirable barrier to James River, thus protecting
the ports of Richmond and Norfolk completely. I do
not see that Baltimore is by any means adequately
guarded, its only protection being a small fort a dozen
miles below the town, which might be very easily
evaded by a skilful foe.

29th. Only think of a stager of my standing and
experience being sea-sick! I am ashamed of myself,
after defying Old Nep. in his very lair, in two or three
regular marches across his domains, to be here, turning
pale in the face from encountering the Capes of Vir-
ginia. But so it is, and as that droll Yankee Liston whom
I saw in Boston, but whose name I forget,* was wont
to say, "it can't be any 'tisser."

June 4. After all, this sea life is an intolerably mo-
notonous and stupid way of getting along in the world.
I would rather be a dormouse or a hedgehog; indeed I
might as well be either,—for my only life now is lying
in the sun all day, eating if my qualms will allow me,
and drinking whether they will allow me or no,—
merely *pour passer le temps*: sleeping from seven o'clock,
P. M. until seven o'clock, A. M. besides taking a nap in

* My friend means Finn.

the morning, and a siesta to boot. I have seen the flying fish, the whale, and the Portuguese man of war, which Mariette says is "sans doute le Nautille,"—and now I close my log till I shall see a dolphin. "This do I swear, and now let's have a song!" as the renowned Artaxomines saith.

II.

Chased by a Pirate. Going ashore. St. Thomas's. Descriptive Sketches.

After a lapse of many days, I resume my sketches, to give you some account of my going ashore in the West Indies, after my long and tedious voyage. Since I shut up the port-folio nothing worthy of remark has occurred. The same succession of two-knot breezes, of lazy floating gulf-weed and of flying fish; the same rolling of the vessel all the first part of our voyage, to make us sick, and then six days of severe squalls, during light and dark, to make us mad, were our only amusements. My comrade was on his back, a martyr to this combination of horrors. Mariette, poor thing! looks the spectre of herself; and as for myself, I have conjugated that bore of a verb *ennuyer* in all its moods and tenses, until I began to fancy myself a marine Mazzeppa, tied on a seahorse, and doomed to ride the waste of waters forever for my sins.

What a relief was it, and how did it stir my sluggish blood, to hear the captain say that there was a pirate in full chase of us, one squally morning. We were a fore and aft schooner—with a two and a half knot wind—while the chase was square rigged, and neared us every moment. The wind had not blown from any quarter steadily for six days, but was rising and lulling every half hour,—and it was to this peculiarity in the weather that we owed our escape, after a smart chase of seven hours. Our craft was a very fast vessel on the wind, and a breeze springing up, we distanced the enemy in a little time, and soon run her clear out of sight. So much for the speed of the far famed Baltimore clippers! This sea-devil appears to be well known by sailors in these waters; and one of our crew told me that she carries no guns, but only small arms, which are easily stowed, or plausibly accounted for,—and if she is overhauled by a government vessel, that she shows merchants' papers. When she attacks she makes sure work, and quiets all babblers: "dead men tell no tales." Upon our arrival at St. Thomas, we heard of preparations being made to pursue this very craft, which had been carrying on its bloody trade in the vicinity of that island. Arrived at St. Thomas on the last day of June.

This island belongs to the government of Denmark, and its latitude is about 19 deg. 30 min. It seems to me one of the most interesting places I ever visited, which feeling, in advance of all experience upon its shores, must arise from the impression of novelty which every thing I see around me has produced. The principal harbor (Porto Franco) is one of the loveliest bays in the world; it is round and small, and filled with vessels displaying the flags of every nation on the globe. Among these I observed that the stars and stripes of your free land predominated greatly. Entering this harbor, you see only a dense mass of mountain and wood, until within a few miles you see the Moro, or fort, on the right, and a dilapidated structure on the

left, of an entrance scarcely a half mile across. Passing the latter fortification, as it is called, the whole town rises grandly before you, compactly built on a succession of undulations or spurs of the grand hill which composes the island, reaching quite down to the water's edge. The wharves are built on piles, as are many of the stores or warehouses for the deposit of heavy goods, as tobacco, sugar, &c. in which an extensive trade is carried on by the people of the island.

The town does not make so imposing an appearance from the harbor as it would do were the houses more than one or two stories high; and one is disappointed on going ashore, to find a much more dense and extensive population than he was prepared to see. The streets are refreshed with the shade of banana and cocoa trees, and here and there you meet with a market place or parade ground, with these tropical trees growing in thick luxuriance around them. I have observed that several parts of the town have of late been thickly planted with them, but as they are six years in attaining their growth, they are yet very small compared with the others I have described.

Many, I may say most of the houses are built of stone, and this renders them much cooler and more agreeable places of residence than they would otherwise be. Yet the preference of this material arose less from choice than necessity. There was a most calamitous fire in the island in the year 1832, which devastated nearly the whole town. Since that time the government have prohibited the erection of buildings from any other material than stone. These are low, but neat and commodious enough.

The country around (if that may be called so which is a continued ascent to the elevation of about 3,000 feet above the level of the sea, rising abruptly from the harbor) is surpassingly rich in verdure, every description of tropical shrub and underwood growing spontaneously. Many of these, and indeed most of them, are gay and brilliant in their flowering, but singly are, like other wild flowers, scentless. Yet on the hills, their united or concentrated aroma is often overpowering.

In the morning, upon rising and coming on deck, while the heavy dew is yet lying upon all around me, I observe that the water outside the harbor, being very deep, is of the most intense blue; while inside the harbor it is of the brightest green,—brighter than any thing I have ever seen, excepting some very light shades of foliage,—and realizing the clearness of Claude's water pieces. And when the early sun shines upon the waters, they present shades of emerald, which, were I to be so daring as to convey them to my canvass, would be invariably condemned by all beholders as fictitious. This, by the way, is one of the painter's greatest obstacles; to surmount which, indeed, he finds it impossible: he must paint nature with art as his model, before he can be called natural; yet he knows full well that

"Laboring art, can never ransom Nature
From her inaidable estate."

In the centre of the town is a very substantial fort of dark blue stone, an excellent garrison, and paved with a kind of fire-brick or tile. The guns are very small but beautifully cast. They are of brass, and are handsomely mounted. The men are all clean, well dressed, and under admirable discipline. Their light Danish complexion strikingly contrasts with the swarthy coun-

tenances of the islanders. The pale fair faces, flaxen hair, sandy mustachios and light blue eyes of the soldiery, mark them at once among the smooth-chinned, black-eyed, curly-haired Creoles and natives. The streets are filled with blacks of every grade and shade, all thinly clad; and the coquettish manner in which the *Madras* dress their heads in their striped handkerchiefs, with the hair long and straight, or braided and hanging in clubs around the forehead and temples, and a peculiar style of gait in the women, combine to give them a certain air, which at first gives you rather a ludicrous idea of them; but as you see more of it, it becomes rather pleasing than otherwise. The girls of fifteen or sixteen are frequently met walking in pairs, as erectly as possible, clad in a single garment, generally of white cotton or linen, either falling down to the feet in folds, or tied round the waist with a kerchief, and the folds partially drawn up to this belt, to aid the wearer in walking. This gives them a certain air which we sometimes call classic, and which is associated rather with the idea of an Egyptian or a Hindoo. When young they are mostly beautiful; but age, though it does not destroy that erectness of gait which I have described, gives them an unsteadiness in their carriage which is quite marked and very general. I have observed too, that the old people of the laboring classes, are either grossly fat or wretchedly thin and emaciated. It is curious to see the precision and ease with which they carry their burdens, invariably upon their heads, and which they balance, be they ever so heavy, with great nicety. I yesterday saw two girls coming from the well with their water pots. These are entirely Egyptian in their fashion, being large and round, with long necks, and a handle on each side. They are made of red clay, and are very strong. I could not but stay to watch the group. The figures of the girls were faultless, their faces pleasing, though black; and then their thin white flowing draperies setting off their slender graceful forms and small neat feet to great advantage. The back ground to this scene was formed by a row of latticed houses, shaded by cocoa trees.

The stores for the sale of fancy articles and dry goods are large, commodious and cool,—fire proof, by ordinance of the government, with large open doorways, displaying the interior almost entirely, and attended by the whole family—fathers, mothers, sons, daughters, and slaves. Articles of all descriptions are cheaper here than in New York, though I confess the currency puzzles me no trifle, the Spanish dollar being here worth only seventy-five cents, and that is divided into so many "stivers" and "bits," that a stranger is cheated every hour in the day in spite of his teeth.

July 7th. I have just returned from one of the most whimsical scenes I ever witnessed. About half a mile from the town rises a chain of hills, divided by ravines running from the summit to the spot I visited, a distance of perhaps two miles. This being the bight of the hills, is always moist, even in the hottest weather. A small stream which is constantly trickling down, keeps the place cool, and the foliage is the richest and purest green I ever witnessed. Tropical trees and shrubs of every kind, grow here spontaneously; the lofty silk cotton tree,—the mango, with its dense foliage, than which there is no shade from the sun, or shelter from the rain more agreeable,—the graceful pomegranate,—

the quivering tamarind with leaf like the locust tree, but more graceful and fragile, and a thousand other plants, all in blossom, and bearing ripe fruit and green at the same time. One would fancy the place the chosen spot of Oberon, for the scene of his fairy revels,—although at present a very different kind of fairies were disporting themselves in this lovely wilderness. The spot is called by the very unromantic name of "Buck's Gut," from the circumstance, I believe, of its being the property of a Mr. Buck. However this may be, it is private property, and the owner derives a profit from it by farming it out to a tenant, who has built a dam at the head of the stream, which is but a little drizzle of water an half inch deep or thereabouts. Thus he makes a pool, in which he sells the right of washing linen at the rate of ten stivers, or twelve cents *per diem*. The parties hiring this privilege, assemble over night and form lesser pools, by building smaller dams at intervals from the top to the bottom of the ravine, out of stones, mud, and old rags. Round these pools congregate persons of every color and shade—but no white—dressed in every degree, from the dress in which their Maker sent them into the world, to the fashionable muslin slip in which "Missy Rosa, lubby fine," danced with her amiable ebony Adonis last evening,—during which pastime his spurs (all ride, and many walk here *à la militaire*, with spurs, the shanks of which are of bright brass, and six inches long at least) must have caused "that envious rent," through which I perceived the ladies' flesh-colored stockings and sky-blue shoes with pink rosettes.

The process of washing was curious enough. The pool soon becomes of the consistency of batter from the large number of clothes washed in it, but still the wretches wash and wash until they only gain in dirt instead of losing, until the hour of noon, when you see them in all their glory—some on their knees, thumping their duds into very rags with a short mallet—others, mid-deep in the pool, more tenderly treating their clothes—some lying on the bank, lazily basking in the sun, and singing some negro song, in which the whole group at times unite in full chorus. One old woman stood among the enormous roots of a gigantic silk cotton tree, cooking soup for the good of the community, with a half dozen children sitting contentedly around her, in primitive nudity. In this latter particular the adults are not much better off, however, than the children; for of them not more than a twelfth part have any more covering than a single kerchief tied round the middle of their persons. Now, though some of these yellow girls are straight and well limbed, the generality of them would hardly serve as models for a Venus.

But hark! what noise is that! what screaming and shouting! what roar of waters! the sluices at the head of the stream are just opened, and the fresh water is coming down in all its force. Open gush all the pools, to be dammed up again directly, so as to allow the laundresses an opportunity to rinse the clothes they have been attempting to wash. The water, in its descent, is accompanied by shouts from group to group, apprising those below of what is coming—and such an infernal hubbub never before did I hear. Having finished my pencilling of the scene, I took my leave.

July 8th. I took a walk this evening a little way out

of the town, passing along the sea-side for about two miles, westward. After passing through the suburbs, which are composed of houses remaining from the recent fires, which are of course old and dirty, I came to the burial grounds. That belonging to the Jews is well kept, very neat, and surrounded by a high wall strongly built of stone. Every tomb is handsome, and some are really elegant. But the English and Catholic grounds are very much neglected, the only fence being a hedge of aloes, with a prickly pear interspersed here and there. The tombs are small and mean, many of the graves being marked only by a wooden cross. From this yard you have a fine scope of the whole harbor presented to your view, and an admirable panoramic prospect of the town; while on the other side of the road the hills rise amphitheatrically, covered with perennial green, with a hedge of cocoa trees between the burial grounds and their base.

A mile farther on, you come to a walk of cocoas, the road on each side being hedged with this beautiful tree. On one side of the road runs a small bay of about three miles in circumference, sweeping closely up to the road, its tiny waves fairly breaking on the passing traveller. Seen through the foliage, this sheet of water is most picturesque. I have attempted a sketch of it, which I hope you will recognize among those in the port folio. At the end of this walk stands the most remarkable curiosity in the island,—a silk cotton tree of such gigantic dimensions as literally to astonish all who behold it. The trunk at the base occupies ground of at least fifty feet in circumference. It is not very high, but spreads abroad its enormous limbs until one would imagine that it must fall asunder by its own weight. Each branch would form a stately forest tree, if growing separately. It extends its foliage-covered boughs far over the way in every direction, and on every bend of the limbs you see grasses of various descriptions growing; and on one in particular, I noticed a vigorous stalk of sugar cane flourishing finely. The foliage hangs densely and gracefully from every bough, and is of a deep green tint. I assayed a sketch of this wonderful tree, but fear I have given you, by the conjoined aid of pen and pencil, but a very inadequate idea of its magnificence and rare beauty.

July 9th. Started from St. Thomas', with the assurance that our little schooner was awaiting us at Chagrea. We all longed to see the wee craft once more, and to be again with her upon the waves; and indeed we regretted her, clipper as she was, with as much fondness as if she were the most stately man-of-war. I close my portfolio for the present; where I shall open it next, Fate knows, not I. But wherever it may be, for your eyes and yours alone, my friend, are these "types of travel" recorded. I do not write for the public eye; I leave that to your friend N. P. W. and to my friend Mrs. Trollope, content, when again we meet, and shake hands once more after my wanderings, to hear you say, in the language of Old Will—Well, Ned, "thou didst make tolerable vent of thy travel."

* * * * *

Wherever the Inquisition had power, the word *fata* was not allowed in any book. An author wishing to use the word, printed in his book *facta*, and put in the errata "for *facta* read *fata*."

LINES.

BY P. P. COOKE.

I sometime at sweet even go
Forth to the greenwood tree,
To watch the day-flush fading slow
Over the west countrie.

There, sitting on a gnarled root,
I place my hand upon my cheek—
And sitting thus, whole hours, all mute,
Feeding on thought too rich to speak,
I hear the ever rushing wings
Of the many cloudy things
Which are my brain's imaginings.
And sometime am quite happy—quite—
Under the influence, soft and holy,
Of the eve's bough-broken light,
(Bough-broken and most melancholy!)
Quite happy! and my fingers pass
Over my brow and through my hair,
In rude—rude mimicry, alas!
Of the soft fingers slim and fair
That once were so familiar there—
But which now death-eaten are.

So I do sit me down and dream—
Acquaint with mystery; and seem
To prying Ouphes a happy mortal,
And seem aright!—For through the portal
Of joyful meditation stream
All bright and lovely things. But then
These come not to the haunts of men,
And I, (sad I!) am happy only
In the old wood, dim and lonely!

THE LEARNED LANGUAGES.

BY MATHEW CAREY.

So much has been written on the advantages and disadvantages of studying these languages, and such a diversity of opinions prevails on the mode of teaching them, among those who are in favor of the study, that little of novelty can be adduced on this mooted subject; and a writer can scarcely expect to find readers at all disposed to favor his lucubrations with a perusal, or, if they condescend to peruse, they will rarely come to the task with unprejudiced minds. This is very discouraging, and might well forbid any but a bold writer from entering the arena. The importance of the subject induces me, however, to venture. If I fail of producing conviction, I shall only share the same fate as numbers who have preceded me.

One among the discouragements to the discussion, is the unfair means employed by the friends of the prevailing system, to decry their antagonists—whom they represent as ignoramuses, incapable of appreciating the value of the classics, and therefore, like the fox in the fable, depreciating what they have not attained, and cannot attain. It requires some courage to incur the risque, indeed the certainty, of being classed in the category of idiots or fools.

To enable us to judge correctly of any system, it is necessary to be able to form a correct idea of its objects, and the means adopted to attain them. These two points I shall touch as briefly as possible.

The objects of the system of education, pursued in our academies, colleges, and universities, so far as classical learning is concerned, are, 1. To acquire a knowledge of the Latin and Greek languages so as to be able not only to read and understand them correctly, but to write and speak them. 2. To relish their beauties. 3. To be incited by emulation to imitate the noble examples scattered through the histories of Greece and Rome; and, 4. To instil into the minds of youth the sublime principles of morality to be found in their poets.

Having these objects clearly presented to the mind's eye, it remains to investigate the means employed to attain them, and to ascertain whether there is a due proportion between the means and the end, and whether the end, in all its amplifications, is worthy of the means employed for its attainment. To simplify the subject, I shall, for the present, confine myself to the Latin language. The reasoning will apply, with at least equal force, to the Greek. Let it be observed that I chiefly refer to the cases of young men intended for active business, to which they are generally devoted, from the age of fifteen or sixteen. The reasoning is, in a great degree, inapplicable to those destined for the learned professions.

Lads usually commence learning the Latin at seven, eight, or nine years of age. But to afford the friends of the system the fairest chance in the argument, I will date from nine—and suppose them to enter college at fourteen. The chief portion of the valuable period between those ages, is spent in the dry, irksome, and revolting task of learning the grammar; and if translations of the authors studied, be excluded, as is the case in many schools, they are engaged for tedious hours in hunting in dictionaries for the meaning of the words in the books they are studying, and, when they find, as they frequently do, ten or a dozen meanings to one word, in deciding on the most appropriate one for their purpose. It is difficult to conceive of a more irksome or vexatious employment, especially for the lively, jocund, and merry-hearted lads on whom this penance is imposed.

When the term of probation at school is completed, the lads are transferred to a larger scene of action—a college—where they are destined to remain four or five years more, of which term probably a third part is consumed in the study of the two languages in question; thus making on a fair computation, four or five years employed in learning languages of which little use is made in after life.

To facilitate the judgment on this system, I will venture to assume as postulates,

1. That the advantages of the acquirement of a foreign language may be considered under three points of view—the capacity of correctly reading—of writing—or of speaking it.

2. That not one, in one thousand of our citizens, ever has occasion to write or speak Latin.

3. That not above one in a hundred of those who learn Latin in this country, is capable, were it necessary, of correctly writing or conversing in that language.

4. That lads of moderate capacity and no very extra-

ordinary application, frequently acquire the French language in twelve or eighteen months, so as to be able not merely to read it understandingly, but to comprehend it when spoken, and to make themselves tolerably well understood in conversation.

5. That sometimes in addition they acquire the Spanish within that period.

6. That the Latin language is not more difficult than the French—indeed I believe not so difficult. On this point I shall rely on the opinion given, and the fact stated, by Locke, to be offered in the sequel.

7. That the French being attainable in twelve or eighteen months, and the Latin not being more difficult, it follows that it is an error to consume three, four, five, or six years in the attainment of the latter.

8. That in the common intercourse of life, which “comes home to the business and bosoms of men,” the French is more useful than the Latin, Greek, Hebrew, and Arabic.

9. That except to the members of the learned professions, and men of leisure and curiosity, the learned languages, to the mass of mankind, are of no use whatever beyond the ability to understand authors, and quotations from them, in those languages.

10. That, therefore, for lads intended for trades or business, all the time bestowed on learning Latin, beyond the capacity to read and understand it, is literally thrown away.

Some of these assumptions may be questioned, and, perhaps, are questionable, without materially affecting the proposed plan. Be this, however, as it may, I shall fortify myself with such an array of authorities, as, if it do not convince the reader of the soundness of the doctrines here advocated, will shield me from the charge of empiricism for advancing them.

“How many years of life are spent in learning Latin? How much labor, pain and imprisonment, are endured by the boy? How much anxious drudgery by the master? How much disgust of literature is engendered? How many habits are formed of reluctance to regular employment? In short, how much misery has been produced, is being produced, and will continue to be produced, in teaching the Latin language? This appears to us to be a very important question, and will, we think, appear so to our readers, after a little consideration.”

“We sometimes figure to ourselves an inhabitant of another world coming among us, and examining with an unprejudiced eye the value of our pursuits. If this idle speculation could be realized, who, we should be glad to know, would be Quixotic enough to undertake a defence of the usual course of instruction in Latin? Nobody, certainly. For, in the first place, not two boys out of three who follow it, ever become able to read even the easier classic authors with fluency. Of these, perhaps one half, from the painful associations which they have attached to Latin books, never open one after they leave school. If we add to the account, as Rousseau would, the numbers who die during the schoolboy age, we shall find the list of those who use the knowledge, gained with so much pain to master and scholar, dwindle into a very small one.”—Essay on Public Education, p. 12. London, 1833.

“I object to the practice of sending, almost indiscriminately, every male child, whose parents are above the laboring class of the people, to undergo the painful

drudgery of committing to memory the rules of a Latin Grammar, and to sacrifice four of the years of his existence to a pursuit which is ultimately to be of no service to him."—*Russell's View of the Scotch System of Education*, p. 85.

"Does it savor of our characteristic sagacity to send almost every boy of a certain age, to a grammar school, to learn the elements of Latin, and afterwards to enter him to business, with no other qualifications for it than those which he may have derived from a partial and ill-directed attention to writing and accounts?"—*Idem*, p. 79.

"Many children are whipped into Latin, and made to spend many of their precious hours uneasily on it, who, after they are once gone from school, are never to have more to do with it as long as they live. Can there be any thing more ridiculous, than that a father should waste his own money, and his son's time, in setting him to learn the Roman language, when at the same time he designs him for a trade, wherein he, having no use of Latin, fails not to forget that little which he brought from school, and which it is ten to one he abhors, from the ill usage it procured him? Could it be believed, unless we had every where amongst us examples of it, that a child should be forced to learn the rudiments of a language, which he is never to use in the course of life that he is designed for, and neglect all the while," &c.—*Locke on Education*, p. 239.

"The themes are written in Latin, a language foreign to their country, and long since dead every where—a language which your son, 'tis a thousand to one, shall never have occasion to make a speech in, as long as he lives, after he comes to be a man—a language, wherein the manner of expressing one's self is so far different from ours, that to be perfect in that would very little improve the purity and facility of his English style."—*Idem*, p. 308.

"A young Englishman goes to school at six or seven years old; and remains in a course of education till twenty-three or twenty-four years of age. In all this time his sole and exclusive occupation is learning Latin and Greek; he has scarcely a notion that there is any other kind of excellence, unless he goes to the University of Cambridge, and then classical studies occupy him about ten years, and divide him with mathematics for four or five more."—*Edinburgh Review*, Vol. XV. p. 45.

In a letter prefixed to the Port Royal Latin Grammar, is the following complaint. "The grammar which is in use in all our schools, has been, it is true, compiled by a learned man—but is so prolix, that boys can scarcely learn it in four years."

The friends of classical learning in Great Britain assume, that the illustrious men whose education has been completed at either of the universities, and who reflect honor on the nation, have owed their celebrity and the development of their talents to those great establishments. The *Edinburgh Review* repudiates this idea as destitute of truth.

"It is in vain to say we have produced great men under this system. We have produced great men under all systems. Every Englishman must pass half his life in learning Latin and Greek—and classical learning is supposed to have produced the talents, which it has not been able to extinguish."—*Edinburgh Review*, No. XXXIX, p. 50.

Having offered some of the arguments against the prevailing system of classical education, it is but fair to exhibit some of those of its advocates.

"I believe I may say, though not without danger of offending the conductors of English academies, that no man who does not understand Latin, can understand English!"—*Knox on Education*, p. 82.

"Latin themes, Latin declamations and Latin lectures are constantly required of academical students."—*Idem*, p. 78.

"Another argument in favor of the Latin exercises in our seminaries, is, that it has a natural tendency to improve the student in English composition."—*Idem*, p. 79.

"To write Latin in youth is an excellent preparation for that vernacular composition which some of the professions require."—*Idem*, p. 79.

"As soon as the grammar is perfectly learned by heart, [perfectly learned by heart!!] I advise that the practice of our ancient schools should be universally adopted—and that passages of the best classics, construed as a lesson in the day, should be given as a task to be learned memoriter at night."—*Idem*, p. 101.

"I recommend that the scholar's week shall be thus employed: Monday evening, in Latin themes; Tuesday evening, in Latin verse; Wednesday evening, in English or Latin letters; Thursday evening, in English verse; Friday evening, in Latin verse, or in translating English into Latin; and the interval, from Saturday to Monday, in a Latin or an English theme."—*Idem*, p. 59.

This is the "*toujours perdrix, toujours perdrix*" of the king of France.

"The exercise of mind, and the strength of mind acquired in consequence of that exercise, are some of the most valuable effects of a strict, a long, and a laborious study of the grammar, at the puerile age."—*Idem*, p. 46.

"Exercises in Latin verse, and in Latin prose, are usual in our best schools, and at the university. They are attended with very desirable effects, and pave the way for improvement in every kind of vernacular composition."—*Idem*, p. 99.

"A boy will be able to repeat his Latin grammar over two or three years before his understanding is open enough to let him into the reason of the rules; and when this is done, sooner or later it ceases to be jargon, so that all this clamor is wrong-founded—and therefore I am for the old way in schools, since children will be supplied with a stock of words, at least, when they come to know how to use them."—*Fellon*.

Muretus, a name of considerable celebrity in his day, goes far beyond all the other advocates of classical education. He appears to believe that every thing good or great, in art or science, depends on a thorough knowledge of the Greek. It is observable that Vicesimus Knox quotes him as one of his authorities.

"In the first place I would inform the gentlemen who have conceived a dislike to Greek, that all elegant learning, all knowledge worthy the pursuit of a liberal man, in a word, whatever there is of the politer parts of literature is contained in no other books than those of the Greeks!!"—Muretus, quoted by Knox, p. 109.

"I may venture to predict, that if our countrymen should go on a little longer in the neglect of the Greek, inevitable destruction awaits all valuable arts!"—*Idem*, p. 140.

The system of classical education at present in use, has by no means improved with the general improvement of society. Classical studies occupy nearly as much of the invaluable time of a student, as they did two hundred years ago, when the Latin language was, if not the sole, at least the chief medium of communication between the literati throughout Christendom. At that period, it was nearly as necessary to study that language as it is now to study the vernacular tongue.

Again. Within that period, knowledge, of various kinds, has greatly expanded. Branches are now cultivated extensively that were only superficially attended to at that period. Political economy and politics are among these, as are chemistry, botany, and mineralogy. Geology may be almost said to be a new science altogether, as all that was then known of it, compared with its present state, is only as the Hill of Howth to Mount Caucasus. While such an extension of human knowledge has taken place, requiring long periods of devotion to new studies, ought not such portions of the old system as require, and will admit of, pruning, to experience a salutary curtailment?

I proceed to show how two of the great advantages of a classical education, stated in the fifth paragraph of this essay, (No. 3. and 4.) may be secured by this system to at least as great an extent as by the prevailing one; that is, No. 3, the familiarity with the illustrious examples of patriotism, public spirit, magnanimity, bravery, generosity, and other virtues, to be found scattered through the Grecian and Roman histories—the effect of which, on the youthful mind, has always proved eminently beneficial, and led to some of the most noble efforts of the elite of mankind; and No. 4, the impressing on the minds of the students the sublime moral lessons to be found in their poets.

If the question at issue were, whether we were to give up those advantages, or to give up the present system of classical education, the decision might be attended with some difficulty. But, fortunately, that is not the alternative. The system need not be absolutely abandoned in order to remove the solid objections to it, and to secure all its advantages. It only requires to be modified and rendered more conformable with the present state of society, the extension of human knowledge, and the wants of the students. It is merely proposed to circumscribe that study to the all-important capacity to read those languages with facility and correctness—in a word, to prune off, as worthless for the present purposes of society, those portions of the study which appear to demand a capacity to speak and write them—a capacity which is never required, and never employed, by above one man in five thousand of the inhabitants of the British dominions and of this country. The case is different with some of the inhabitants of the Continent of Europe. “But that is none of our concern.”

The major part, perhaps I might say nearly the whole, of the heroic deeds, which shed such a glorious lustre on the Grecian and Roman histories, are most judiciously collected in the “*Selectæ et profanæ*,” one of the best books ever produced by human industry, compiled with nice tact and discrimination. They are accompanied by applications and moral reflections calculated to make a deep and lasting impression on the minds of the young. I think I risque but little in stating an opinion, that thus concentrated and enforced, they are

likely to produce more powerful and lasting effects than when scattered through the original histories, where a large portion of them never meets the eye of a student.

It is greatly to be regretted that this admirable book, calculated as it is to produce the most salutary consequences on society, has through the prurient desire of novelty, been injudiciously excluded from many schools, and has given way to substitutes incomparably inferior.

The fourth advantage is impressing on the minds of youth the splendid moral maxims to be found in the Latin poets. No man can have a higher opinion of the excellence of those effusions than I have. But though I believe their intrinsic value cannot easily be overrated, yet, I am persuaded, their amount is. Horace has more of those than any other Latin author—yet in a judicious selection of the ethics of this poet and others, it appears that he has only three hundred and seventeen lines of that character, a great part of which, and of those of other Latin poets, are introduced into the Latin primer to illustrate the rules of the grammar.

One of the advantages of the proposed system, and by no means an inconsiderable one, assuming that to read the Latin language may be acquired in twelve or eighteen months, would be, that the door of that language might be advantageously opened to nearly all the lads in our public schools, possessed of talent and application, and without interfering with their other studies. Thus, instead of circumscribing the acquisition of that language, it would be immensely extended—and being learned when the memory was strong, would greatly facilitate at a future day the acquisition of the French, Spanish, and Italian, which have borrowed so largely from the Latin.

Young men intended for the learned professions, after acquiring the Latin on this plan, would find the study of the grammar incomparably easier than on the existing system, and probably make more progress in it, in one year, when its extreme irksomeness would be done away, than on the present system in two or three.

It now remains to state what substitute is proposed for, or rather what modification of, the system at present universally prevalent.

Of the grammar, to which so much time and mental labor are now devoted, nearly all that is necessary to be studied on the proposed plan, is the declensions of nouns and conjugations of verbs, which can be committed to memory in a week or two. And the study of Clarke's Cordery, Æsop's Fables, and Erasmus, with literal translations, and afterwards Clarke's Justin and Mair's Cæsar should proceed regularly. When these works, or such parts of each as may be judged necessary, are carefully studied, the student will have acquired a sufficient supply of words to enable him, with slight occasional aid from a dictionary, to read understandingly the higher authors. The very day on which a lad commences with the declensions and conjugations, Cordery may be put into his hands, which will be a relief from the task of committing them to memory.

There is an objection zealously enforced by men of great weight, against the use of translations, that they encourage idleness and indolence in the student, by the facility they afford, of attaining his task; whereas they say that explanations sought in a Dictionary, make an indelible impression on the mind.

This objection was fully obviated a century since, by

John Clarke, who translated a number of the lower Latin school books. He advises, when a translation is allowed, to double the number of lines that is regarded as a task without a translation. His reasoning on the subject is irrefutable—and further, that the student be obliged, not merely to translate the Latin into English, but the latter into the former, and, if necessary, twice over. This will as effectually fix the meaning in his mind as if he had spent his precious time in poring over a Dictionary.

On the subject of the extreme facility of learning Latin, the testimony of Locke is conclusive.

"Whatever stir there is made about Latin, as the great and difficult business, his mother may teach it him herself, if she will but spend two or three hours in a day with him, and make him read the Evangelists in Latin to her: for she need but buy a Latin Testament, and having got somebody to mark the last syllable but one, where it is long, in words above two syllables (which is enough to regulate her pronunciation and accenting the words) read daily in the Gospels, and then let her avoid understanding them in Latin if she can. And when she understands the Evangelists in Latin, let her, in the same manner, read *Æsop's Fables*, and so proceed on to Eutropius, Justin, and other such books. *I do not mention this, as an imagination of what I fancy may do, but as of a thing I have known done, and the Latin tongue with ease got in this way.*"—Locke, p. 319.

Philadelphia, August, 1836.

P. S. May I not assume that the knowledge of Greek and Latin, acquired by lads in Grammar schools, before they go to college, is superficial and of little use in after life? If this be granted, as I presume it will, it follows as the whole number of students in all the colleges in the United States is only about five thousand;* that the time devoted to those languages, by all the other scholars, who never enter a college, might be much better employed.

FOURTH LECTURE

Of the Course on the Obstacles and Hindrances to Education, arising from the peculiar faults of Parents, Teachers and Scholars, and that portion of the Public immediately concerned in directing and controlling our Literary Institutions.

BY JAMES M. GARNETT.

The Faults of Scholars.

On the present occasion, I shall attempt to expose the obstacles to all correct education, arising from the peculiar faults of youth, during the period of their pupilage.

In all schools having a sufficient number of scholars to embrace much variety of character, the pupils may be divided into four distinct classes or castes, which may be thus described. The first, not content with doing merely what is required of them, in a manner barely sufficient to avoid a violation of the rules established for their government, exert every faculty, at all times, to do their best. They love knowledge and virtue for their own sakes—not from merely selfish considerations; and their earnest desire to obtain them for the sake also of their fellow creatures, gives addi-

tional power and efficacy to their efforts. Their constant study is, to please all with whom they are connected or concerned: they sedulously cultivate every source of moral and intellectual improvement, and they ardently desire to secure their own happiness by promoting that of other people. In a word, they constitute spectacles in the moral world, as refreshing and delightful to the eyes of the mind, as those enchanting spots of the physical world, found only in the great deserts of Africa, are to the eyes of the exhausted traveller perishing with intolerable heat, thirst and hunger. They console us for much of the evil which we anticipate, in beholding the many thousands of the rising generation growing up in ignorance and all its consequent vices: they encourage our efforts to labor in the noble cause of education, while they cheer our hearts and animate our hopes in pursuing that course which we believe to be the only available one for permanently promoting human happiness. The pride and joy of their parents' hearts—the highly prized objects of warmest affection among all their other relatives, and of esteem and regard to every one who knows them—they constitute, in fact, our country's only sure reliance for the preservation of its honor—the promotion of its welfare—the security of its happiness. How supremely important then, is it to increase their number! But my present object being rather to expose faults, than to eulogize good qualities, I shall say no more of this first class, than to wish them, from my inmost soul, every blessing to be enjoyed in the present life, and all the felicity of the life to come.

The second class consists of those who always keep within the strict letter of the law, leaving its spirit for other people to regard, who may have any such fancy. To go a single hair's breadth beyond the exact words of whatever requisition may be made of them, would be deemed, not only a great waste of time, but a grievous breach of duty to themselves. They acknowledge the authority under which they are placed, and will do nothing which can fairly be ascribed to a spirit of insubordination. But the performance of what might be called extra duty, however beneficial to themselves, they would consider a very unwise thing, if not the extremity of folly. All, over and above the most scanty compliance with the demands of their teachers; every thing more than is barely necessary to save appearances, would be shunned with infinitely more care, than they are capable of exerting in any voluntary act of real praise-worthy conduct. Whatever they do, is done—because it is required by their laws—not because they desire to do it on account of its being right in itself, or for the pleasure it might give their instructors, who are no more the objects of their regard, than would be so many men or women in the moon. The scholars of this class all die, as they have lived—by none respected—by none beloved: no regret will be felt for their loss, and a few days will suffice to extinguish the remembrance of them forever in every bosom but that of their unfortunate parents. Like horses in a bark-mill, they will have travelled their appointed time, and will have performed with equal exactness their regular, daily task; but beyond this the record of their lives will be as entirely blank, as if they had always continued to form component parts of their elemental and kindred dust. If the whole mass of mankind had always con-

* See American Almanack for 1836, p. 11.

assisted of such people, the world would have remained to this hour as stationary and immovable, in regard to improvement of all imaginable kinds, as the central point of the universe.

The third class, although distinguished by general habits of insubordination, utter idleness and frivolity, are subject to occasional spasms of good intention. By fits and starts they will make a great show of exerting themselves. But these convulsive movements soon cease; and being unnatural, unsustained by any fixed principle of rectitude, produce only something of no real use, and are succeeded by increased incapacity for performing even that *something*, which they had vainly persuaded themselves might procure for them the praise of well directed—well sustained effort.

The fourth and last class are entirely destitute of every thing—even approaching towards what is called laudable ambition. Altogether reckless in regard to the consequences of their conduct, they are deaf to advice—hardened against reproof—utterly averse to all learning—cursed with an ever restless propensity to mischief, and incapable of taking pleasure in any thing but the doing of what they are forbid to do. Their condition resembles in one striking particular, that of persons infected with some dangerous disease—being objects of careful avoidance to all who feel at liberty to keep out of their way—objects whose cure is far beyond the reach of any thing but the special mercy of God.

Although all the classes might deserve to be ranked with the first, if they would only strive “in spirit and in truth” to gain a station so truly noble and glorious, yet those who really belong to it, are, comparatively speaking, (if I may borrow the language of a Latin poet in an English dress,) “scarcely as numerous as the gates of Thebes, or the mouths of the fertile Nile.” Among the remaining classes, the third is beyond comparison the largest; and the reason seems to be, that their occasional efforts to do right, being strong in proportion to their spasmodic and evanescent character, have the effect, for the time, of completely deceiving the actors themselves, as well as many of their friends, into a belief that what appears to be so vividly felt, must be the result of motives, at once highly laudable and permanent; although, in fact, it is nothing better than the fruitless whim or impulse of the moment. But persons of much experience in life always distrust these very fiful people, and never calculate upon their exertions producing much good, simply because they exceed the common and natural measure of effort used by those who earnestly intend to do their duty *well*, and to do it *long*.

Having done with the classification of scholars, let me now proceed with the exposure of their prevalent faults. By far the most common, and probably most pernicious in the end, is aversion to learning. This continually prompts them to act in regard to their school—wheresoever that may be—as if the word still retained the meaning of its primitive Latin—*schola*, a *loitering place*, from the Greek *skole*—*leisure*. If we trace this aversion to its origin, we shall find that in almost every case, it is attributable chiefly to the circumstance, that “to learn their book” (according to the common phrase,) has been generally inflicted on them as a punishment, instead of being invariably recommended with suitable earnestness and zeal, as a plea-

surable occupation. Hundreds of times have I heard a sharp, angry, parental reprimand for misconduct, wound up by some such order as the following: “sit down instantly to your book, you good for nothing thing, and don’t let me see you stir from your seat for the rest of the day, or you shall be well whipt, as sure as you live. Not many days more shall pass over your head, before I pack you off to school.” When, to this hopeful discipline are added the real difficulties of learning many things of which they were before ignorant, and which they are often required to learn, without either aid or encouragement from the teacher, it is no wonder that scholars should so frequently be found, not only destitute of all inclination to acquire knowledge, but hating every object connected in any way with the attempt. At the head of these stand the teachers themselves, and very naturally, if not deservedly too, especially when they also proceed upon the plan of prescribing study as a punishment, and tasks in their books as the penalties to be paid by their scholars, for misconduct of almost every kind. Hence, all school exercises are taken rather as physic than food, and the unfortunate young patients of such mental doctors, instead of being led to think with the admirable Milton, that “a good book is the precious life-blood of a master spirit, embelmed and treasured up for a purpose to a life beyond life,” they learn to loathe books of every kind with unconquerable aversion and disgust. But there is still another cause for the hatred of mismanaged children to school, which is very different from the last, as it may be said to arise rather from the merit, than the demerit of the teachers. For example, many young persons dislike school for the same reason that many of the parents who have spoiled them dislike church—because they are there forced to behold a picture of themselves so unlike the one which their own self-love, the overweening partiality of their parents, or the flattery of others has drawn for them, that they cannot bear the sight. The veil of self-delusion is there most painfully torn from their eyes—their foibles, faults and vices, are made to appear in their own native deformity; and all their pride and vanity must be prostrated at the shrine of truth, before any thing like reformation can be effected. Such clearing of the mental vision—such purification of the heart *must* be made in regard to all spoiled children, and it requires all the skill and all the prudence of the wisest, most experienced teachers, to make it in such a manner as not to defeat their own object. This process, however managed, is too humiliating to be easily borne, especially by those who have never been taught the indispensable duties of self-examination and self-control; and it is one great cause, in addition to the first mentioned, of the repugnance so often manifested by children to scholastic institutions of every grade and character. The worst of it too, is, that this repugnance will always be found greatest among those who most need the instruction to be derived from them.

Another great fault of scholars is, that they generally look upon their teachers as far inferior to their parents in every way whatever. Of course they treat them with less respect, less deference, less obedience, and consequently listen, (if they do at all) with very inadequate regard either to their commands or persuasions. It matters not a straw whether their instructors deserve

this disregard or not; the effect on the scholar's mind is nearly the same in both cases, and insubordination, not unfrequently accompanied by ill-concealed contempt, is the sure consequence.

Another fault of almost universal prevalence among wrong-doers at school, is the constant and laborious effort to put their teachers *in the wrong*, instead of laboring to preserve themselves *in the right*, and to exult, in utter recklessness of consequences, when they believe they have been successful. Such pupils never make any allowance for infirmities of temper or error of judgment in their teachers. Hence a single instance of either kind, when detected by themselves, becomes in their eyes a perpetual justification of all their own faults.

Another fault, common in both boys and girls, is to behave towards the masters and mistresses of boarding schools, as if the payment of a pecuniary compensation for board and tuition actually absolved the payers not only from all obligation to observe the ordinary rules of civility and politeness towards the receivers, but also purchased the privilege of using or abusing, at their pleasure, every species of property possessed by the latter. In the school-creed of all such pupils, it would really appear to be an established article, either that there could not well be any manner too rude, nor any conduct too unjust to be exercised towards the keepers of boarding schools; or, that the nature both of justice and politeness changed according to the characters and occupations of the persons with whom they had intercourse—having nothing in itself, invariably either right or wrong. The greatest evil of this juvenile, but highly culpable practice, is, that either rudeness or injustice indulged in early life, even although confined at first to keepers of boarding schools, is apt to become habitual, and deeply to injure both the manners and principles of youth in regard to all other persons, after these thoughtless offenders arrive at years of maturity. They should ever bear it in mind, that politeness is not a holiday-suit, to be put on for particular occasions only; but is a decent, becoming, most appropriate every-day dress, without which they should never appear, either at school, at home, or in general society.

There is still another fault of a similar character, which defeats, while it lasts, nearly every effort to instruct—especially in moral duty—let the teachers themselves possess what qualifications they may. This is, the very prevalent notion (if we can infer what they believe from what they do,) that if rules of moral conduct for pupils do not actually exist, of a nature far less rigorous than such as are to govern grown persons—yet that these last moral regulations were never designed for youth, who therefore cannot suffer any of the consequences of their violation. Hence they very often act as if they thought no fault too great, nor scarcely any vice too dangerous for them to commit with impunity while at school. They are, apparently, at least altogether unconscious, that although they may escape legal punishment, they frequently acquire characters for worthlessness, which they never can shake off in after life. Lying and pilfering, for example, are among the vices which, if known to be committed in youth, will indelibly blacken the reputation of the perpetrators to the latest hour of their existence. Yet both boys and girls often violate, not only their obligations

“to speak truth at all times,” but also that of holding sacred all the rights of property. This too is done without the slightest apparent conviction, that they are identically the same vices which bring adults either to penitentiaries or the gallows, or degrade them forever in the estimation of all the honest, virtuous part of mankind. The robbing of orchards, gardens, melon-grounds, and even poultry yards, are often considered by boys as mere frolics and peccadillos, serving only to form good stories in after life, for the amusement of their friends, to be laughed at and enjoyed—most strange to say, even by the parents and near connections of the offending parties. I have sometimes heard, and from the parties themselves too, of actions nearly, if not quite as bad, achieved by girls at school, which have furnished high entertainment for years, to a certain class of mothers and grave matrons, whose only comment, even in the presence of their daughters, probably would be—“ah! to be sure, they were bad, wild girls, and deserved to be well whipt for their pranks; but we should remember that *we* were so too, at *their* age, yet have *we* gone on pretty well since.” And so have many children *also gone on pretty well*, after being almost miraculously rescued from deep waters and blazing fires into which they had fallen. But would not any parents be thought stark mad who would venture, for such a reason, to throw their offspring into rivers and furnaces? The truth is, that neither folly, vice, nor crime can be altered, either in their nature or consequences, simply by the age of the perpetrators, provided only that they be old enough to know thoroughly the difference between right and wrong. Infection, contagion, and death by bodily diseases, never spare *young victims* any more than *old ones*; and the only difference between them and moral diseases, is altogether in favor of the first—since they can only destroy our perishable bodies a few days, weeks, or months, before they must naturally and inevitably decay; whereas *the last* may bring everlasting misery on our immortal souls. Terrific and intolerable as would be the pangs and agonies of mortal maladies in their utmost extremity, yet would they be beyond all powers of calculation or comprehension better, than to remain for endless ages under all the threatened torments of the damned. But where, I would anxiously inquire, where is the hope or prospect of escape for our children, if we suffer them to wander unrestrained through all the various paths of temptation, which, although they have some few stopping places in them, as certainly lead us more and more rapidly towards the commission of criminal and unpardonable deeds, as that time leads us to death. Let no one then, for a moment, incur the deadly hazard of regarding this language as a mere exaggeration, for it expresses no more, although in very far inferior language, than the blessed gospel itself. And let all such parents as I have just alluded to, as well as their poor, thoughtless, but not less guilty children, forever bear in mind, that few miracles would be greater, than for either boys or girls to become men and women without the least moral taint whatever, if from infancy to adult age they had been almost continually exposed to the atmosphere of vice, and the contagion of vicious example. Almighty power might achieve such a work, but it is as far beyond all human means, as would be the creation of man himself.

Another fault of scholars which does infinite mischief,

is that of believing, or at least acting as if they believed any other time better than the present, for increasing their knowledge and improving their morals. Hence their innumerable little tricks to avoid their school exercises—their continual efforts to escape from study, and their passion for holidays. The possession of life is viewed—if not as a perpetuity—at least, as an estate to be enjoyed for a very long period, the first part of which is the only season for the enjoyment of vivid, highly exciting and never to be neglected or rejected pleasures. As a season of preparation and *the only one*—not only for the faithful performance of all the duties of the present life, but for securing an inheritance in the life to come, it is rarely ever viewed by young persons at school. If a human being leaves an estate in trust to other beings like himself, for beneficent uses, the whole world is ready to cry out “shame—shame!” should these trustees violate their trusts. Yet is this same world either entirely silent, or takes little notice of the infinitely more criminal breach of trust committed towards the God of the universe, by every individual in regard to his own soul, whenever he neglects to exercise *his* powers as he has been ordered, by one having supreme authority to command, and unlimited power to punish eternally, for disobedience. It would seem as if each person really believed his life and all his faculties actually constituted a kind of estate, for which he was indebted to no one, and which he had a full and perfect right to use or abuse as he pleases. But *would this be so—could it possibly happen*, almost as a matter of course, if the first and the last lessons which our youth received at every place of instruction from the nursery to the college, were accompanied and fortified by this most momentous truth, presented to them in all its terrors, when necessary—or recommended, where this seemed best, in all its attractions? Would they not first fear to neglect their moral and religious duty—then love it—then cherish a sense of it in their hearts, as their vital blood—and lastly, make it the governing motive of their whole lives? Religious and moral principles should be the paramount objects of all instruction, and their constant inculcation the imperative duty of all instructors, from the humble teachers of our alphabet, to the most learned and dignified professors of our colleges and universities. As to the moral malady, procrastination—which led to the preceding remarks, it is certainly not peculiar to scholars, for it afflicts the old as well as the young. But it is equally certain, that unless it be contracted in youth, it rarely, if ever, appears in after life. Every scholar then, who feels the slightest symptom of this disease, should apply as a remedy, the cardinal rule—“*obsta principiis*”—“resist beginnings;” and he should strive with might and main to guard against the first approaches, if he wishes his old age to be exempt from a malady, at once so distressing and so fatal. To postpone any useful act, any thing from which we ourselves, or others, may derive the least benefit, is bad enough; but to defer so essential a duty as constant attention to our scholastic studies, in the vain expectation that some future day will answer as well as the present, is like drawing a pecuniary order on an unknown person, without naming any time, and for money to which we have not even the shadow of right or title. The resemblance holds good, too in another important particular: neither the person,

we know, nor the future day, will ever answer the draft, for the first is not under the smallest obligation to do so, and the last has no power to change, even to accommodate idlers, that irreversible law of nature, which assures us that *time once abused is lost forever*. It may be said, perhaps by some, that this is a truism odiously trite and wearisome. But let the young and the old, too, beware how they neglect or despise it on this account. Education and all its blessings, great and glorious as they most assuredly are, depend entirely upon the strictest regard being paid to this truism: nor can either the scoffs of the idle, the taunts of the infidel, or the lamentations of sufferers abate one tittle—one jot of the fatal consequences which inevitably follow, when we disregard or condemn it.

In close connexion with this fault of procrastination, is that of disobedience in general, for the last is the offspring of the first. Whether it arises in all those cases where it exists, from utter incapacity to comprehend the true grounds of the sacred obligation, “to obey those who have the rule over them,” or from unconquerable aversion to do what they believe to be right and necessary, is more than I can tell. But the fact of general disobedience is unquestionable, to the woeful experience of all who have had any thing to do with the government of children, in any way whatever, requiring authority to be exercised over them. It is true, we have the often quoted “*video meliora, proboque, deteriora sequor*” of a Latin poet, to prove that we may see, approve, and yet fail to do our duty; but I have always doubted its general applicability to disobedient children. Most of them appear to have neither eyes nor brains to check their culpable inclinations, or to prevent their vicious deeds; but awful indeed, is the inquiry, how this has happened. Parents and teachers alike, are utterly disregarded by them, when out of sight, unless from a principle of fear; and that is of no more efficacy in relation to their moral improvement, than would be the ringing of bells in their ears. Even the devils, it is said, “fear and tremble,” but we are not any where told, that such tremors and fears can work any reformation. No, never—for *this* to be effectual, must be the joint effort of the heart and understanding, aided by “the Spirit of God, working with our spirits both to will and to do of his good pleasure.” Unless the minds of children can be first thoroughly and deeply impressed with this truth, and with their solemn, sacred obligation to regard it as of vital importance, it is labor completely thrown away to try to control them effectually, except on account of guarding other people from being injured by them. It is true, they will not be quite so expert in mischief, if you can so manage as to keep them a long time out of practice, “the having one’s hand in” being a great matter. But the inclination “to keep it in” will still remain, nor can it ever be entirely eradicated without some much more active medicine than mere abstinence. The seat of the disease lies too deep—its action on the heart is too constant, to yield to such regimen alone—excellent, as it confessedly is, when made to co-operate with powerful moral remedies. Teachers and parents too, may labor this matter as long as they please; they may even wear out their lungs, if they fancy such an experiment, with scolding, reproaching and threatening, but all will prove far worse than useless to accomplish their object, unless

they adopt an entirely different course from the most common one, and pursue it, both with body and soul. They must learn to consider children—not as machines and spinning tops, to be governed by whips, cords, springs, pulleys and levers—not as mere living animals, incapable of any other impulse than fear or ambition, but as rational beings, made after God's own image, and gifted by him with immortal souls, whose appropriate regulators are the high, celestial, ever glorious attributes of reason, judgment, and understanding—all which are to be kept in continual exercise by the ardent love of truth, wisdom, knowledge, and virtue. The faults of children will all continue to grow with their growth, and strengthen with their strength; nay, they will live and die with them, as surely as that death itself will come to them all, unless their treatment in all future time, be made to conform, from the nursery even unto the college, to the principles just stated. This is not said in any spirit of presumptuous dictation; for neither is the principle itself any discovery of my own, nor have there been wanting many writers of great ability and experience in teaching, to recommend it most earnestly and zealously. But it is a thing of such deep and universal importance to the happiness—not only of the present generation, but to that of millions yet unborn, that it cannot be too frequently insisted upon—especially while so many parents and teachers are to be found, who appear almost entirely to disregard it. If this were not strictly true, could we possibly find either so many private families or schools as we do find, wherein it is manifest, that unpolished manners and awkwardness of person appear to be infinitely more dreaded, than deformities of mind or diseases of temper; where external attractions are evidently prized far above all intellectual acquirements, and where children in fact are educated much more assiduously for all the purposes of the present life, than for any of that everlasting life which is to come?

Having now finished the particular examination of the faults and vices most common among parents, teachers and scholars, which form the mass of obstacles to education, there are many general reflections that suggest themselves as proper to be stated—so many indeed, that the present lecture cannot embrace them all, without trespassing too far on your time. A few of them however, I beg leave to present on the present occasion. To describe in general terms all the hindrances heretofore attributed to the three great classes who establish, fill, and regulate schools, we may say, that there is not, in the first place, sufficient care, either in the selection of suitable means, nor subsequently, in regard to the best means of applying them. Parents themselves are too often badly educated, or not at all. They are too frequently incompetent, either from sheer ignorance—from defects in temper and principle—or from utter blindness to their children's faults, to direct in the great business of their education. Teachers are much too often suffered to decide on their own qualifications, and are encouraged to proceed in the vital undertaking, without any thing like an examination into their fitness by competent judges. Scholars too, are not unfrequently suffered to choose for themselves, not only *what*, but *where*, and *how* they shall learn, as well as to decide on the time to be devoted to scholastic pursuits; although it is most manifest, on a moment's

reflection, that none are competent to form a correct judgment on all these important points, but those who have already received a liberal education, and have some experience in the ways of the world, as well as knowledge of the various advantages and disadvantages of its chief callings, trades and professions. Upon the prevalent let-alone-plan, boys and girls are often left to do, as their immature judgments may direct, what their criminally neglectful fathers and mothers ought to do for them; and an inverse order of proceeding is thus established, which cannot possibly end in any thing but "confusion worse confounded." A still more fatal error than this transfer of the right and duty of judging for their children to the children themselves is, that the religious principles (I do not mean sectarian opinions,) of their teachers are rarely ever made a subject of inquiry, much less of anxious solicitude. They may be heathens, or confirmed infidels, for aught that is known or cared about them; neither is any concern felt or taken to know what particular provision is made in schools for the moral and religious instruction of the many thousand children, who are there to form their principles of conduct for all future time. Yet, if the question were asked, whether any thing in the whole circle of sciences and the arts, be at all comparable in importance *with these principles*, a negative answer would assuredly be given, even by the most careless of all those persons who have the control of the whole subject of education in all its parts. That the peace, comfort, prosperity, and happiness of all orders in society, depend upon the soundness of their moral and religious principles, none, I believe, will be either so foolish or wicked as to deny. And yet, where shall we find the schools in which the acquisition of knowledge in various other matters, such as physical science, foreign languages, and what are called polite accomplishments, is not made the chief, if not the sole object of pursuit? The great springs of all human action—the powerful regulators of all human conduct—such as it ought to be, are either not thought of at all, or it is taken for granted that the whole have been so carefully adjusted while the poor children were taking pap in their nurseries, or coming over their alphabet, while under their good mother's supervision, as to require no farther care.

When we consider well the nature, tendency, and general prevalence of the faults which I have enumerated among all the parties concerned in the great business of education, together with the errors so commonly committed in regard to its chief ends and purposes, or rather in the choice of means for their attainment, and then endeavor to measure the destructive power of their combined influence, the contemplation is truly appalling. It is in vain to turn our eyes to the bright region of science and the arts, displaying all their glories, and diffusing their innumerable blessings over the whole face of our happy country. None can rejoice in such a delightful prospect, nor give more heartfelt thanks to God for it, than I do. But alas! I cannot always avoid the sight of the dark, portentous, and terrific clouds of vice and crime which always obscure, in some direction or other, and often threaten to destroy this heavenly view. I cannot avoid asking myself why these things should be; nor have I the power to shut the eyes of my understanding against the soul-sickening

conviction, that we have abundant means at our command of making a glorious change, but will not use them. These means, I am most thoroughly persuaded, are neither more nor less, than *to require and to see*, that in all places of instruction, from the lowest to the highest, the moral and religious principles of the students be made the chief—the paramount objects of pursuit. But what proportion of our schools, either public or private, will the most partial advocate of modern improvements in education say, that we shall find to be conducted on these principles? The whole number taken together, counting all kinds, will constitute a mere drop compared to the entire aggregate. For, let any individual try the experiment, by naming to himself all that he knows or has heard of, wherein the true motives and means to mental improvement are uniformly inculcated. Their great scarcity, I will venture to assert, would surprise him very much. Temporal riches—temporal honors—temporal fame, will be found, in a vast majority of them, to be the ends continually kept in view; and the fear of temporal punishment, or the desire to surpass others in science and literature, the means relied upon to insure the great literary acquirements which are to serve as so many stilts to ascend the various eminences aimed at. But let all these advantages be appreciated at ten thousand times their real intrinsic value, and what must be the final judgment pronounced upon them by reason and common sense? Why, that they are all utterly worthless, when compared with the true uses and ultimate objects of moral and religious cultivation. The sum and substance of all our sober reflections and reasonings upon this deeply interesting topic will be, that all superstructures of education, either under the parental roof, or elsewhere, not built upon the everlasting foundations of the Gospel of Christ, can be but little better than so many toy houses erected upon sand. They must all soon fall, although the best of them may possibly attain a considerable degree of elevation, splendor and magnificence. What are these indestructible foundations, the grand architect of which was no other than the Savior of the World? Neither more nor less than the love and practice of *all* our duties, of every nature and kind whatever, springing from the love of God—from full faith in his promises—and entire reliance on his justice, his wisdom, his power, and his mercy. If we do what appears to be right, from any other motive, it is not worth a rush; and yet, almost the constant aim in a vast majority of schools is, to secure at least the appearance of right conduct by a much shorter and more practicable process. This is to manage them chiefly, by the instrumentality of a sentiment, continually at war with every principle and precept of Christianity in relation to the proper motives of human conduct. I have before noticed it; but its influence is so pernicious, so utterly destructive, as I most conscientiously believe to all just principles of education, that I can never suffer any suitable occasion to pass without raising my humble voice against it. The sentiment is—*emulation*, than which nothing can well be worse as regards the heart, which many believe to be the source of all motives. It is true, that like the physical power of steam, emulation is capable of producing truly wonderful effects; for by its operation alone, that matchless machine—man, may be propelled to the performance of almost incredi-

ble deeds. But the great question with all who believe in a future state of rewards and punishments is, how far will the most marvellous of those deeds—proceeding as they do from the usual worldly motives—go towards the procurement of eternal salvation? Not the length or breadth of a mathematical point,—if there be any truth in Scripture,—any reliance on the conclusions of right reason,—any trust to be reposed in the word of that holy immaculate Being, who is truth itself. Can it then be consistent with common sense, and a due regard to the safety of our immortal souls, any longer to neglect at least an effort to reform our prevailing systems of education: such an effort too as shall be sufficiently earnest, zealous and persevering to afford some rational prospect of success? Indeed, my friends, is it any thing short of actual madness, to delay for an instant so momentous a work, when we have every reason to believe that God has placed the remedy in our own hands, for a very great portion of the vice and consequent misery which we see in our country? The reform of which I speak, regards more *the motives* to study and mental culture, than *the things* generally taught. In these last, I am not disposed, were it in my power, to make much change: languages, the sciences and arts, with all kinds of accomplishments, are well taught in a large portion of our schools. But in relation to motives, every reflecting person must be convinced of the necessity of a radical change, who considers but a moment the incentives to application which are almost universally held out to our youth—even from the schools of the lowest grade to the universities themselves. These are so far from having any intimate connexion with religious principles, that they are in direct hostility to them. Thus, instead of genuine Christian humility, we have insatiate worldly ambition; in place of a permanent and ardent desire to promote the happiness of the whole human race, we have the selfish passion of seeking our own—even at the expense of others—if it cannot be otherwise obtained; and in lieu of the love of God, we are taught to estimate the love and admiration of his creatures, as the chief object of pursuit in this life. Our sons are educated to make money and acquire distinction by professions; and our girls, to get rich husbands, if they get nothing else. The great concerns of eternity, are postponed to a less busy time; a time that may never arrive to a vast majority of mankind, and which—if it does come—will probably find them as destitute of the efficient inclination to repent, as they will generally be of the power any longer to commit most of the sins which rendered repentance necessary. But even suppose life may last so long, and the inclination really *may* come, just as the wretched victims of such a system are sinking into their graves; the only offering they can then make to their God will be, “of the Devil’s leavings;” and no great prophetic skill will be required to conjecture what will be the chance of acceptance.

To recommend, in detail, any effectual means for removing all the foregoing obstacles to education; to effect a radical cure of all such deadly evils, is very far beyond my ability. Indeed I have given no promise—even to make the attempt: my only effort has been, so to describe the symptoms of the various moral diseases now working so much mischief among us, that other more able moral physicians might devise the necessary

remedies. But I would respectfully suggest, that the prevalent—I may almost say, total—unconcern in regard to the principles of conduct taught, and left untaught in our schools; the minutiae of their moral discipline; the reciprocal deception and counteraction between parents, teachers, and scholars: the directing almost all efforts to the excitement of wrong and highly culpable motives for study, must be entirely abandoned, or all the movements of pupils in pursuit of knowledge and virtue, will be departures, more and more remote from the true course,—and leading to endless mischief. Not only must universal education become the grand, the vital object of pursuit to all classes of our citizens; but the true means of making it what it should be, must also become objects of equal solicitude, of ceaseless, zealous, and ardent investigation.

But I must postpone to another opportunity, many views of this all-important subject, which I wish still to present by way of recapitulation, as well as to supply several omissions. Before I conclude however, suffer me to address a few remarks to you on our approaching Anniversary, as it will not be in my power—much as I wish it—to attend on that interesting occasion.

Some notice, I believe, having been given of such remarks being intended for our present meeting, I hope its unusual size will justify me in concluding, not only that none of our first members have become weary of their membership, but that many others who have not yet united with us, have now determined to join this Lyceum. Is any old member then ready to join me in expressing this hope, I will not say to him as Henry the 5th did to Westmoreland before the battle of Agincourt: “Wish not, good cousin, one man more;” much rather would I wish for as many more as the largest room in your town could contain. Neither can I quote Henry’s language in regard to any who may be disposed to quit us, (if there are any such,) by adding,

“Let him depart; his passport shall be made,
And crowns for convoy put into his purse.”

In truth we have no crowns to spare for any such self-destructive purpose. It accords much better with my feelings, as well as with the confidence I have in the intelligence and public spirit of the citizens of Fredericksburg, to believe that our funds will be increased rather than diminished; that all of you desire to cherish this social institution; and that even those who make the lowest estimate of its benefits to themselves and others, still rate them as cheaply purchased by their very moderate annual subscription, the amount of which is daily lavished by hundreds of us for that which has really as little substantial good in it, as the mere “shadow of a shade.” I would assert the cheapness of the purchase in regard to every one who had acquired the knowledge only of one single useful fact, which he had not known before; and who is there among us who can truly say, that he has made no such acquisition? Much more, then, may it be urged in regard to all who feel that they now know many more such useful facts, of which twelve months ago they were entirely ignorant. The pleasure alone of witnessing once a week the highly gratifying proof, that so many of you as here meet together, are cordially united for mutual improvement, is worth incalculably more than is given for it. In this behalf, I would respectfully say to each member, are you a father, and yet unconcerned about increasing

your own knowledge for the sake of augmenting that of your own offspring, yet ignorant that it is a most sacred duty? Are you a mother, and can you be destitute of that never-dying affection for the children of your bosom, which should impel you with resistless power to seek every opportunity of hearing something, be it ever so little, which you can apply for their benefit? Are you a son, a daughter, a brother, or a sister, and yet so regardless of the welfare and happiness of all connected with you, so destitute of the love of kindred, nay of self-love itself, in its only laudable form, as to have no taste, no desire, no anxiety, for moral and intellectual culture? I will not for a moment, suffer myself even to suspect that these questions could be answered in the affirmative by any to whom I now address myself. Rather let me continue to believe, even if in error, that I behold in all of the present assembly, ardent and zealous friends to all the objects of our association; friends, not for fashion sake, nor novelty, nor idle curiosity, nor a mere time killing purpose, but true, earnest, abiding friends to the great cause of mutual improvement. And by what means, I would confidently ask, so cheap, so convenient, so gratifying, as nightly meetings once a week, for an hour or two, could this cause be better promoted by persons occupied, as most of us are, in daily business and daily duties of indispensable obligation? Whatever is calculated to strengthen our convictions of the superiority of intellectual and moral enjoyments to such gratifications as are merely physical and sensual; whatever can elevate our minds so far above our animal appetites as to assure us that they were never given to be our *masters*; whatever can lead us to look beyond the present life for the final consummation of all our aspirations after happiness, and the fulfilment of our present duties to God, to man, and to ourselves, as the sole means of attaining this happiness—all these together, constitute the proper objects of education. And the more we study, the more we love, the more we strive to attain them, the greater share shall we *here* gain of every earthly blessing—the larger portion shall we enjoy *hereafter* of every felicity that an all-bounteous God hath promised to the most faithful of his children in the life to come. These momentous considerations, my friends, require us to devote to them all our thoughts and all our time not devoted to other equally indispensable duties; and I am ignorant of any associations that might lead us to engage in them more advantageously, during what are called our leisure hours, than Lyceums for mutual improvement, would we only avail ourselves of them, as we well might do. To effect this, all should be “*hearers*” in the cause, but many should be “*doers*” also. The exercises of such associations should never be left to be performed by only a very few of the members. They should not be so very diffident of their own powers, as always to be mere listeners; for a large portion usually have some that might be beneficially exerted. The merit of good intentions would always be awarded to them, and that should suffice, even where their efforts fell short of their own wishes. But the great means to preserve, as well as to establish associations like ours, are for their members to cherish for each other benevolence, sympathy, and brotherly love. Such a bond of union wants nothing to make it indissoluble (for it already possesses all the other

elements of perpetuity) but christianity. This connects and surrounds these endearing sentiments with associations which diffuse over them a brighter light, and give them an infinitely higher value than they could have without it. "Christianity not only reveals to us the Infinite One, the great Supreme, as the Father alike of all men; it not only instructs all whom it addresses in looking over, and as far as we may, in looking *into*, and *through* the mighty universe, to say and to feel 'our Father made it all;' it not only says to each individual, and to all the race, 'all ye are brethren;' and requires each one to cherish for the rest a brother's interest, and sympathy, and affection; but it requires us also, when we pray, to carry with us these sympathies and affections to the throne of infinite mercy and love, and there to strengthen and hallow the feeling of our connexion with our fellow-men, through our common relation to God, by addressing him as—not *my*, but '*our Father who art in Heaven.*' Who, indeed, can feel that he is a child of God—that he has an immortal nature—that in his intellectual and moral powers, and in his capacity of eternal progress, he has also the capacity of an eternal advancement in likeness to God himself, and therefore in all which can forever exalt his nature, and secure and increase his happiness; who can feel all this, and at the same time, (what it is equally important we should feel,) that the most untaught, the poorest, and most degraded of our race, possesses the principles of a common nature with ourselves, and is equally a child of God, and as such, *our brother*;—who can thus comprehend his own soul, and thus feel his relation to his fellow-man, without feeling his heart drawn out in sympathy with human weakness, and ignorance, and want, and wretchedness, and sin?"

With these convictions deeply, and I hope indelibly engraven on my heart, I cannot bid adieu to you on the present occasion, without most earnestly entreating you to make them your own as speedily as possible, if this has not already been done. In making this request, I address myself principally to such of my auditors, of both sexes, as are still the subjects of scholastic instruction and discipline. Upon you, and others of your age, will chiefly depend the welfare and happiness of yourselves and the next generation—nay, I may add, of all future generations, since each age is most materially affected by that which has immediately preceded it. The hope of rendering you, my young friends, some small service, was my chief object in coming here this evening; and could I depart with the confident expectation that my humble efforts might contribute in any degree towards leading even one of you to your God, it would afford me a gratification—a joy which I have no language to express. Few are the enjoyments left, in a great majority of cases, to those who, like myself, are fast approaching the verge of their graves; but it is in the power of the young to multiply these enjoyments far beyond what they themselves are able to conceive. It is in the power of such as you, my youthful hearers, to furnish the generally gloomy and painful close of long protracted life with intellectual repasts infinitely more delightful than can possibly be afforded by the sensual gratifications of the most ardent of all the sinful passions of youth. It is in the power of such as yourselves to invigorate with unspeakable pleasure the feebleness of old age—to raise their sinking hearts with the most

animating anticipations of your future prosperity, fame and happiness—to banish forever from their minds the utter misery of leaving you in the broad road to destruction—and even to surround the bed of a beloved and aged parent's death with joys and foretastes of future felicity to each, such as none but a mother's or father's imagination can possibly conceive. Leave not this room then, leave it not, I beseech you, without an unalterable determination to exert this power from the present moment to the end of your lives. Let your temporal destiny then be what it may,—no earthly bereavement—none of what are called the calamities and miseries of life, can possibly deprive you of that greatest of all earthly blessings—conscious rectitude; nor of that last, that highest reward of all christian hope—a never fading inheritance in a world of endless duration and perfect beatitude.

A CASE

NOT TO BE FOUND IN ANY OF THE BOOKS.

Barney Cunningham was dancing with all his might, while Pat O'Leary was playing Paddy Carey on his Jews Harp, and Jemmy Callahan sitting quietly looking on, smoking his pipe on the head of an empty whiskey barrel. All of a sudden the Devil got into Pat, who changed the tune to Molly put the kettle on, which, as it were, brought Barney up all standing, and caused him to bite his tongue almost through. Upon this, Barney, without saying a word, quietly marches up to Pat and gives him a black eye, and upon that Pat appeals to Jemmy Callahan whether this was not offending against good manners. Whereupon Jemmy decides, that Pat had no right to change the tune without giving the gentleman notice, and so the matter was settled to the satisfaction of all parties.

MSS. OF JOHN RANDOLPH.*

LETTER IV.

GEORGE TOWN, Dec. 31,† 1811.

My Dear Madam,—Under that most severe visitation of Divine Providence, which it is your fate to suffer, I well know how worse than useless—how almost cruel and insulting may appear any mention of comfort, or consolation on the part of a friend. I have none such to offer: yet I cannot resist the feeling which impels me, at this awful moment, to speak to you: to remind you that our Heavenly Father chasteneth whom he loveth; that his eye is upon us, who died for our sins; who, having partaken of our nature, looks with pity upon its errors and its sufferings, and offers to our acceptance a sure and eternal refuge from the calamities of this life and of the next. It is he who calls upon us to endure,

* We are indebted for the letters now published, to the same personal friend of Mr. Randolph, who furnished us those for the July number of the Messenger. We hope to be able to procure others for September.

† Five days after the Richmond Theatre was burnt.

not with stoical apathy, but with meek and Christian fortitude, the miseries inseparable from our mortal condition—to endure them, *for his sake!* Can we resist this appeal to our gratitude, made by him, who writhed upon the cross, that we might escape the eternal wrath of God? In him alone is our trust:—and when the troubled dream of life is past, let us humbly hope, that we shall awake to everlasting joy through his all atoning merits; that we shall be re-united (never more to part) to those who have preceded us in the voyage of eternity. They are released from those duties, which we are yet called upon to perform—upon the faithful discharge of which must depend our becoming acceptable in the sight of him who made us: our duty towards God; and our duty towards our neighbor;—our fellow sufferers in humanity. The wide-spread desolation that hath overwhelmed your house, hath yet left connexions the most sacred and most dear, who call for the exercise of all the charities of life. Fix your eye alone upon the survivors, and put your trust in God! It is my present sense of duty to Him, that alone hath emboldened me to hold this language to you. I almost shudder at my own rashness—may he whose grace “surpasseth all human understanding” support, comfort and bless you! All other hope is vain. It is from him, and him only, that we can receive strength in this life, or mercy in the life to come. Human learning and human devices avail nought. But where am I rambling? My dear madam, I would, but cannot express my sensations. I turn away my eyes from this world, and endeavor to fix them upon the next, as the only remedy against that stupefaction of grief, that at times overcomes me; and yet addressing myself to you, shall I dare to talk of my grief? May God, in his mercy, restore and comfort you! So prays, dear madam,

Your fervent friend,

JOHN RANDOLPH, of Roanoke.

LETTER V.

ROANOKE, June 2d, 1813.

I did not receive your letter of the 26th until last evening, and then I was obliged for it to my good old neighbor Col. Morton, who never omits an occasion of doing a favor however small. The gentleman by whom you wrote is very shy of me, nor can I blame him for it: no man likes to feel the embarrassment which a consciousness of having done wrong to another is sure to inspire, and which the sight of the object towards whom the wrong has been done never fails to excite in the most lively and painful degree. My neighbor Col. C., who goes down to Petersburg and Richmond tomorrow, enables me to answer (after a fashion) your question—“how and where I shall pass the summer months?” To which I can only reply—*as it pleases God!* If I go to any watering place it will be to our Hot Springs, for the purpose of stewing the rheumatism out of my carcass, if it be practicable.

It would have been peculiarly gratifying to me to have been with you when Leigh, Garnett, W. Meade and I must add M—, were in Richmond. If we exclude every “party man and man of ambition” from our church, I fear we shall have as thin a congregation as Dean Swift had when he addressed his clerk “Dearly

beloved Roger!” What I like M. for, is neither his *courtesy* nor his *intelligence*, but a certain warm-heartedness, which is, now-a-days, the rarest of human qualities. His manner I think peculiarly unfortunate. There is an ostentation of ornament (which school boys lay aside when they reach the senior class) and a labored infelicity of expression that is hurtful to one’s feelings—we are in terror for the speaker—but this fault he has already in some degree corrected, and by the time he is as old as you or I, it will have worn off. I was greatly revolted by it, on our first acquaintance, and even now, am occasionally offended—but the zeal with which he devotes himself to the service of his friends and of his country makes amends for all. It is sometimes a bustling activity of little import to its *object*, but which is to be valued in reference to its motive.

* * * * *

I am not surprised at what you tell me of our friend. We live in fearful times, and it is a perilous adventure that he is about to undertake. In a few years more, those of us who are alive will have to move off to *Kentucky* or the *Mississippi*, where corn can be had for six pence a bushel, and pork for a penny a pound. I do not wonder at the rage for emigration—what do the bulk of the people get here, that they cannot have for one-fifth of the labor in the western country? Surely that must be the Yahoo’s paradise where he can get dead drunk for the hundredth part of a dollar.

What you tell me of Milnor is quite unexpected. He was one of the last men whom I should have expected to take orders—not so much on account of his quitting a lucrative profession as from his fondness for gay life. I am not sure that it is the safest path—The responsibility is awful—it is tremendous.

Thanks for your intelligence respecting my poor sister. If human skill could save her, Dr. Robinson would do it: but there is nothing left to smooth her path to that dwelling whither we must all soon follow her. I can give Mrs. B. no comfort on the subject of * * * * *. For my part, it requires an effort to take an interest in any thing—and it seems to me strange, that there should be found inducements strong enough to carry on the business of the world. I believe you have given the true solution of this problem, by way of corollary from another—when you pronounce that free will and necessity are much the same. I used formerly to puzzle myself, as abler men have puzzled others, by speculations on this opprobrium of philosophy. If you have not untied the Gordian knot, you have cut it, which is the approved methodus medendi of this disease.

My neighbor C., who is the bearer of this, is called by the world a *hard man*—but I like him because he has a manliness of character—not common in this age of base compliance with what is and what is not (but supposed to be) the ruling opinions.

Write to me when you can do no better. Worse you cannot do for yourself, nor better for me. You can’t imagine what an epoch in my present life a letter from you or Leigh constitutes. If I did not know that you could find nothing here beyond the satisfaction of mere animal necessity, I should entreat Mrs. B. and yourself to visit my solitary habitation. May every blessing attend you both.

Your’s unchangeably,

JOHN RANDOLPH, of Roanoke.

LETTER VI.

ROANOKE, July 15, 1814.

I had begun to fear that my long visitation of last winter and spring, had put you so much out of the habit of writing to me, that you would never resume it—but your letter of the sixth (just received) encourages me to hope that I shall hear from you as formerly. It was a sensible relief to me—but I will say nothing about my situation.

Poor St. George continues quite irrational. He is however very little mischievous, and governed pretty easily. His memory of persons, things, events and words, is not at all impaired—but he has no power of combination, and is entirely incoherent. His going to the Springs is out of the question—and mine, I fear, equally so—although my rheumatism requires the warm bath. By this time, you are on your way thither—except that it is too cold, the weather could not have been finer. What a climate we live under!

As to peace, I have not a doubt that we shall have it forthwith. Our folks are prepared to say that the pacification of Europe has swept away the *matters in contestation*, as M. the Secretary of State has it. All that we see in the government prints, is to reconcile us the better to the terms which they must receive from the enemy. From the time of his flight from Egypt, my opinion of the character of Bonaparte has never changed, except for the worse. I have considered him from that date a coward, and ascribed his success to the deity he worships—Fortune. His insolence and rashness have met their just reward. Had he found an efficient government in France on his abandonment of his brave companions in arms in Egypt, and return to Paris, he would have been cashiered for ruining the best appointed armament that ever left an European port. But all was confusion and anarchy at Paris, and, instead of a coup de fusil, he was rewarded with a sceptre. He succeeded in throwing the blame of Aboukir on poor Brueys. He could safely talk of “his orders to the admiral,” after L’Orient had blown up. His Russian and German campaign is another such commentary on his character; it is all of a piece.

If the Allies adhere to their treaty of Chaumont, the peace of Europe will be preserved—but in France I think the seeds of disorder must abound. Instead of the triple aristocracy of the Noblesse, the Church and the Parliaments, I see nothing but janissaries and a divan of ruffians: Algiers on a great scale. Moral causes I see none—and I am well persuaded that these are not created in a day. Matters of inveterate opinion, when once rooted up, are dead never to revive: other opinions must succeed them. But I am prosing—uttering a string of common place, that every one can write, and no one can deny. But you brought it on yourself—you expected I would say something, and I resolved to try. I can bear witness to the fact of Mrs. B’s prediction respecting Bonaparte’s retirement. I wish I were permitted to name five ladies who should constitute the Cabinet of this country: our affairs would be conducted in another guess manner. This reminds me of Mrs. G., of whom I have at last heard. Mr. G. wrote me late in February from London. They were going to Bath, and “if circumstances on the continent would

permit, meant to take a tour through France.” How well timed their trip to Europe has been.

I am here completely *hors du monde*. My neighbor Clark, with whom I have made a violent effort to establish an intercourse, has been here *twice by invitation*. W. Leigh as often, on his way to court, and on Saturday I was agreeably surprised by stumbling on Frank Gilmer, who was wandering to and fro in the woods, seeking my cabin. He left me on Tuesday for his brother’s in Henry. Except my standing dish, you have my whole society for nine weeks. On the terms by which I hold it, life is a curse, from which I would willingly escape, if I knew where to fly. I have lost my relish for reading—indeed I could not devour even the Corsair* with the zest that Lord Byron’s pen generally inspires. My plantation affairs always irksome are now revolting. I have lost 2 of the finest and largest crop I ever had.

My best respects and regards to Mrs. B.

I am as ever, yours,

JOHN RANDOLPH, of Roanoke.

Dr. Dudley is (as you may suppose) a treasure to me above all price. Without him what should I do? He desires his respects to you both.

As to an English constitution for France, they will have one when they all speak the English language, and not before. Have you read Morris’s oration on the 29th of June? His description of Bonaparte’s “taking money for his crown” is very fine. It is a picture. I see him. There are some cuts in the same page that our *fulminating* statesman will not like.

SUNDAY, the 17th.

I am compelled to be at Prince Edward Court tomorrow, and the weather is now so intensely hot that I shall go a part of the way this afternoon, and put my letter in the Farnville P. O. whence it will go direct to Richmond, instead of waiting five days on the road. Our crops lately drowned, are now burning up, and I begin to feel the effects of the fresh in my health as well as my purse. Dudley and myself have both experienced the ill consequences of our daily visits to the low grounds. The negroes, however, continue healthy: out of more than 200, not a patient since I came home. Who is it that says “il-y-a tant de plaisir à bavarder avec un ami!” Perhaps you will reply that the pleasure is not so great *etre bavardé*.

At Charlotte Court House yesterday, I saw Dr. Merri, who told me that your trip to the Springs was postponed. Pray let me hear from you. If you write by Saturday morning’s post, address your letter to this place—otherwise, to Roanoke. We hear that you are in great consternation at Richmond, in consequence of Cochrane’s appearance in the Chesapeake. Not a week ago it was ostentatiously announced that Porter was master of the South Pacific! The mail will arrive in less than half an hour, which brings the official account of his capture.

Again my best wishes and respects to Mrs. B., with whom, I fear, I have fallen out of favor. Compliments to Mr. and Mrs. Wickham.

*It is very inferior to the Giaour or the Bride. The character of Conrad is unnatural. Blessed with his mistress, he has no motive for desperation.

18me May 1804.

Messieurs.—Vous êtes priés d'assister au convoi et enterrement de la très haute et très illustre et très puissante Citoyenne République Française; une, indivisible et iméprissable, décédée le 28me Floreal (18 May) en son Palais Conservateur—et à son service, qui se sera le 14me Juillet prochain.

REQUIESCAT IN PACEM!

"Citoyens! freres et amis
Partisans de la République,
Grands raisonneurs en politique,
Venez d'assister, en famille,
Au grand convoi de votre fille,
Morte en couche d'un Empereur.
L'indivisible Citoyenne
N'a pu supporter, sans mourir,
L'Opération Cæsarienne;
Mais vous ne perdrez presque rien,
Vous tous qui cet accident touche;
Car si la mere est morte en couche,
Le Fils au moins se porte bien."

N. B. "Le Fils" ne se porte pas bien aujourd'hui.
18me juin, 1815. J. R. of R.

A POLITE STRUGGLE.

Terence Brannagan and Davy Dougherty were sworn brothers, and reckoned very much of the gentlemen, and happening to run against each other in turning a corner, stopped to make apologies.

"It was all my fault Davy my jewel," says Terence.

"By St. Dan O'Connell, but it was all mine," says Davy.

"By the honor of a gentleman, it was mine," says Terence.

"By the Holy Poker, I say it was mine," says Davy.

"Do you doubt the honor of a gentleman? I thought you had more politeness. Better manners to you say I," says Terence.

"Do you reflect on my manners you spalpeen? If you wont take a genteel apology, take that," says Davy, hitting Terence a click aside of his pate, which Terence returned with interest, and so they had a bloody battle all about politeness.

A PROFESSION FOR LADIES.

BY MRS. SARAH J. HALE.

Many good men, who really feel solicitous for the improvement and elevation of the female sex, doubt the expediency of bestowing on young ladies a regular scientific education. They doubt this, because there is no profession in which the talents of women may be employed without injury to the female character—to that retiring modesty which should ever

"Do good by stealth, and blush to find it fame."

No person of reflection and good judgment, who wishes to promote the happiness and respectability of woman, would seek to place her in the lecture room of the physician—in the forum—the desk—or the halls of legislation. The attempt to inspire our sex with the

ambition to appear like men, is too absurd to merit discussion. Would any lady consider herself competent to direct the management of a ship in a storm, or a fire-engine at a conflagration? The storms of the political ocean, and the fires of party spirit, would as little accord with her moral delicacy of mind and feeling. Still she was not formed to be a trifer on earth. She has mental powers which, if not equal with those of man, are yet far too precious to be wasted in indolence, or allowed to rest in ignorance of their duties. Women have a vast influence on society, which nothing can prevent; this influence will be beneficial or deleterious in proportion to the reasonable and enlightened manner in which it is exerted. To secure it on the side of virtue and intelligence, should be the aim of every person who wishes to promote individual and social improvement and happiness, and our national prosperity and glory. There is no country where the right direction of female influence is so necessary as in America, because here the popular breath guides and impels as it were, the bark of state. Our people must, therefore, be educated—not made learned in ancient lore merely, or even instructed deeply in modern sciences, but trained to the love of excellence, and habituated to the control of the passions. The heart and the understanding must alike be cultivated, and this can never be effected without the co-operation of women.

It is in the department of *teaching*, that women exert their greatest power. Important as is their influence in the nursery, the task of education is but commenced there. Females might be extensively employed in school keeping. Why should not a department so peculiarly fitted to their talents, feelings and station, be more generally appropriated to them? In New England, it is true, this has partially been done; and to that, more than to any other single cause, may be traced the general diffusion of learning among all classes of our people. Had only men been permitted to teach a common or district school, the expense would have prevented schools from being continued in our thinly settled towns, except for a small part of each year. Then, it is a truth, which few will feel disposed to question, that the young imbibe instruction more readily from female teachers than from those of the other sex. Another, and very important consideration, is the effect which the employment has had on those females engaged in it. Their own minds have been disciplined and strengthened, and when married, they have carried into their own families those habits of attention to intellectual improvement, which have qualified them to judge of the talents and to direct the studies of their own children. Thus, their influence on society has been continually active in promoting the *fashion* of learning,—that peculiar mode of thinking, which, even among our poorest class, attaches infamy to ignorance, and incites the dullest laborer to consider himself disgraced if his children cannot at least read and write.

Here, then, is the *profession* to which I would direct the talents and energies of my own countrywomen. The field is wide enough for the display of all their genius, and there are laurels sufficient to satisfy the most ambitious. Many distinguished female writers have likewise been distinguished as teachers of children and youth. Mrs. Hannah More was greatly indebted to her situation as an instructress for the cultivation and

development of her extraordinary talents. Mrs. Barbauld owed much of her literary excellence to the necessity she felt of assisting her husband in the education of his pupils. Miss Edgeworth, though not ostensibly a teacher, was nevertheless stimulated in her literary career—first entered upon to promote education—by the practical illustrations of its benefits, which she daily witnessed while assisting her father in the instruction of his numerous family. Among the French ladies, Madame de Genlis, and Madame Campan, were distinguished for their skill in teaching youth; and the genius and writings, of the first especially, are well known. The present king of the French was her pupil, and to her wise and efficient management, owes much of that practical knowledge and energy of character which has distinguished his career.

Indeed, there is no method by which a lady can, with safety and credit to herself, so surely and speedily acquire that very necessary knowledge for a popular writer—the knowledge of the human heart—as by becoming an instructress of the young. Let American ladies, who wish for literary distinction, if such there are, enter the school-room as their temple of fame—and then they will be useful if they are not celebrated. I shall be told that they cannot do this—that men have engrossed the employment of school-keeping, as well as that of every other, by which money can be acquired; and that female teachers are excluded from all schools excepting those of the very youngest scholars. This is too true. Ought it thus to be?—Is it for the public benefit, to employ men to teach schools, when women could do that duty better,—even were the same compensation to be allowed to the female as to the male?

It has become a proverb, that none but a man of inferior abilities, will keep a school from choice—that it is a drudgery, in which no man of genius will engage, but from necessity,—or persevere in, but from pecuniary motives. Allow this repugnance to the business of instruction to proceed, as perhaps it does, from man's superior talents,—say, that it is not in accordance with the strong powers and stirring energies of his mind, to rest contented in the prison of a school-room; yet to women, less gifted with confidence in their own abilities, and having so few objects of pursuit, it would furnish an employment congenial as well as honorable. There is no branch of learning taught in our common schools which females would not be capable of teaching. They should also be employed, as assistants, in every school and seminary, where there are pupils of their own sex. One very important object to be effected by this arrangement, would be the saving of expense. Women can afford to teach for a less reward than men, even should they prove, as they often doubtless would prove, the more capable instructors. To make education universal, it must be afforded cheap. It is a false principle, which estimates the benefits of a privilege by the money it costs. If it were true, our Republican government would be a miserable one, in comparison with those of royal magnificence. It is, usually, the *abuses* of our privileges, which form the largest item in their expense. Our nation has need of all the talents of its citizens, exerted in the most beneficial manner, to keep pace with the spirit of the age. Why then, refuse the assistance of female intellect, when it might be so usefully and appropriately exerted?—There are now, as it is

reported, about ten thousand schoolmasters in the State of New York. One half of that number might, undoubtedly, be employed more profitably to the country, and pleasantly to themselves, in other business, and their duties, as teachers, better as well as cheaper, performed by intelligent women. There are many such to whom even a moderate compensation would be wealth, and would stimulate to unwearied exertion.

But above all, women should be at the head of establishments for the education of their own sex. If it be found necessary, let gentlemen be employed as teachers and lecturers occasionally,—but a lady should always preside as directress. This is invariably practised in every country, save America; and such a preposterous fashion, as that of committing the scientific education of young girls, mostly to men, cannot much longer continue here. Women will feel what is due to their own character and dignity, sufficiently to rouse themselves to the education, at least, of their own sex. The example of Mrs. Willard, Principal of the Troy Female Seminary, and that of Miss Catharine Beecher, not to mention others, demonstrate that ladies are capable of understanding the philosophy of the human mind, and of preparing works which facilitate the acquisition of knowledge. And then a lady, with talents and energy, unites those feminine accomplishments which men cannot know or teach.

In short, though there should be no encroachment on the prerogative or duties of the men, yet women should remember that they too have duties,—which they ought not, which they cannot, consistently with duty and delicacy, surrender. One of these duties, is the superintending the education of their own sex. This must not be abandoned. Then, should men commit to their care the tuition of boys, till the age of ten, twelve, or even later, they would probably find the effect very beneficial. The influence of a sensible, intelligent and pious woman, has a tendency to soften the turbulent dispositions, and foster the kindly affections of boys—to instil the love of virtue, and a horror of vice. Remember, the culture of the *heart*, as well as the *head*, is essentially necessary to make men good citizens of a Republic. A strong argument in favor of employing ladies as instructors of children, may be found in their purity of principles and feelings. A female advocating infidelity, or endeavoring to weaken the bonds of moral and social order, is a phenomenon. Can the same be said of the other sex?

Swift's "Liliputian Ode" is an imitation from Scarron. The French poet concludes a long tri-syllabic poetical epistle to Sarrazin, who had failed to pay him a visit, in the following words.

Mais pourtant
Repentant
Si tu viens
Et te tiens
Seulement
Un moment
Avec nous,
Mon courroux
Finira
Et cætera.

Editorial.

RIGHT OF INSTRUCTION.

In the article published by us this month, on the *Right of Instruction*, Judge Hopkinson has alluded to some opinions of Edmund Burke. It may perhaps be as well to copy here one or two of the paragraphs to which we suppose allusion is made.

In his speech in 1780, at the Guildhall in Bristol, upon certain points relative to his parliamentary conduct, we have what follows.

Let me say with plainness, I who am no longer in a public character, that if by a fair, by an indulgent, by a gentlemanly behavior to our representatives, we do not give confidence to their minds, and a liberal scope to their understandings; if we do not permit our members to act upon a very enlarged view of things, we shall at length infallibly degrade our national representation into a confused and scuffling bustle of local agency.

Again, in the same speech—

What, gentlemen, was I not to foresee, or, foreseeing, was I not to endeavor to save you from all these multiplied mischiefs and disgraces? Would the little, silly, canvass prattle of obeying instructions, and having no opinions but yours, and such idle, senseless tales which amuse the vacant ears of unthinking men, have saved you from the “pelting of that pitiless storm” to which the loose improvidence, the cowardly rashness of those who dare not look danger in the face, so as to provide against it in time have exposed this degraded nation?

Again—

I did not obey your instructions. No—I conformed to the instructions of truth and nature, and maintained your interest against your opinions, with a constancy that became me. A representative worthy of you ought to be a person of stability. I am to look indeed to your opinions; but to such opinions as you and I must have five years hence. I was not to look to the flash of the day. I knew that you chose me, in my place, along with others, to be a pillar of the state, and not a weathercock on the top of the edifice, exalted for my levity and versatility, and of no use but to indicate the shifting of every fashionable gale.

And farther—

As to the opinion of the people which some think, in such cases, is to be implicitly obeyed; near two years tranquility, which followed the act, proved abundantly that the late horrible spirit was, in a great measure, the effect of insidious art, and perverse industry and gross misrepresentation. But suppose that the dislike had been much more deliberate, and much more general than I am persuaded it was.—When we know that the opinions of even the greatest multitudes are the standard of rectitude, I shall think myself obliged to make those opinions the masters of my conscience. But if it may be doubted whether Omnipotence itself is competent to alter the essential constitution of right and wrong, sure I am that such things as they and I, are possessed of no such power. No man carries farther than I do the policy of making government pleasing to the people. But the widest range of this politic complaisance is confined within the limits of justice. . . . “But if I profess all this impolitic stubbornness I may chance never to be elected into Parliament.” It is certainly not pleasing to be put out of the public service. But I wish, in being a member of Parliament, to have my share of doing good and resisting evil. It would therefore be absurd to renounce my objects in order to obtain my seat.

In his speech, upon his arrival at Bristol, and at the conclusion of the poll in 1774, he says—

I am sorry I cannot conclude without saying a word on a topic touched upon by my worthy colleague. I wish that topic had been passed by, at a time when I have so little leisure to discuss it. But since he has thought proper to throw it out, I owe you a clear explanation of my poor sentiments on that subject. He tells you that the “topic of instructions has occasioned much altercation and uneasiness in this city,” and he expresses himself (if I understand him rightly) in favor of the coercive authority of such instructions. Certainly, gentlemen, it ought to be the happiness and glory of a representative, to live in the strictest union, the closest correspondence, and the most unreserved communication with his constituents. Their wishes ought to have great weight with him; their opinion high respect; their business unremitting attention. It is his duty to sacrifice his repose, his pleasures, his satisfactions to theirs; and, above all, ever and in all cases, to prefer their interest to his own. But his unbiassed opinion, his mature judgment, his enlightened conscience, he ought not to sacrifice to you, to any man, or to any set of men living. These he does not derive from your pleasure—no, nor from the law and the constitution. They are a trust from Providence, for the abuse of which he is deeply answerable. Your representative owes you not his industry only, but his judgment, and he betrays, instead of serving you, if he sacrifices it to your opinion. My worthy colleague says his will ought to be subservient to yours. If that be all the thing is innocent. If government were a matter of will upon any side, yours, without question, ought to be superior. But government and legislation are matters of reason and judgment, and not of inclination—and what sort of reason is that in which the determination precedes the discussion; in which one set of men deliberate and another decide; and where those who form the conclusion are perhaps three hundred miles distant from those who hear the arguments?

PINAKIDIA.

Under the head of “*Random Thoughts*,” “*Odds and Ends*,” “*Stray Leaves*,” “*Scraps*,” “*Brevities*,” and a variety of similar titles, we occasionally meet, in periodicals and elsewhere, with papers of rich interest and value—the result, in some cases, of much thought and more research, expended, however, at a manifest disadvantage, if we regard merely the estimate which the public are willing to set upon such articles. It sometimes occurs that in papers of this nature may be found a collective mass of general, but more usually of classical erudition, which, if dexterously besprinkled over a proper surface of narrative, would be sufficient to make the fortunes of one or two hundred ordinary novelists in these our good days, when all heroes and heroines are necessarily men and women of “extensive acquisitions.” But, for the most part, these “*Brevities*,” &c. are either piecemeal cullings at second hand, from a variety of sources hidden or supposed to be hidden, or more audacious pilferings from those vast store-houses of brief facts, memoranda, and opinions in general literature, which are so abundant in all the principal libraries of Germany and France. Of the former species, the *Koran* of Lawrence Sterne is, at the same time, one of the most consummately impudent and silly; and it may well be doubted whether a single paragraph of any merit in the whole of it may not be found, *nearly verbatim*, in the works of some one of his

immediate cotemporaries. If the *Lacon* of Mr. Colton is any better, its superiority consists altogether in a deeper ingenuity in disguising his stolen wares, and in that prescriptive right of the strongest which, time out of mind, has decided upon calling every Napoleon a conqueror, and every Dick Turpin a thief. Seneca; Machiavelli;* Balzac, the author of "La Maniere de bien Penser;" Bielsfeld, the German, who wrote, in French, "Les Premiers Traits de L'Erudition Universelle;" Rochefoucault; Bacon; Bolingbroke; and especially Burdon, of "Materials for Thinking" memory, possess, among them, indisputable claims to the ownership of nearly every thing worth owning in the book.

Of the latter species of theft, we see frequent specimens in the continental magazines of Europe, and occasionally meet with them even in the lower class of periodicals in Great Britain. These specimens are usually extracts, by wholesale, from such works as the "Bibliothèque des Memorabilia Literaria," the "Recueil des Bons Pensées," the "Lettres Edifiantes et Curieuses," the "Literary Memoirs" of Sallengré, the "Melanges Littéraires" of Suard and André, or the "Pieces Interressantes et peu Connues" of La Place. D'Israeli's "Curiosities of Literature," "Literary Character," and "Calamities of Authors," have, of late years, proved exceedingly convenient to some little American pilferers in this line, but are now becoming too generally known to allow much hope of their good things being any longer appropriated with impunity.

Such collections, as those of which we have been speaking, are usually entertaining in themselves, and, for the most part, we relish every thing about them save their pretensions to originality. In offering, ourselves, something of the kind to the readers of the Messenger, we wish to be understood as disclaiming, in a great degree, every such pretension. Most of the following article is original, and will be readily recognized as such by the classical and general reader—some portions of it may have been written down in the words, or nearly in the words, of the primitive authorities. The whole is taken from a confused mass of marginal notes, and entries in a common-place-book. No certain arrangement has been considered necessary; and, indeed, so heterogeneous a farrago it would have been an endless task to methodize. We have chosen the heading *Pinakidia*, or Tablets, as one sufficiently comprehensive. It was used, for a somewhat similar purpose, by Dionysius of Harlicarnassus.

The whole of Bulwer's elaborate argument on the immortality of the soul, which he has put into the mouth of the "Ambitious Student," may be confuted through the author's omission of one particular point in his summary of the attributes of Deity—a point which we cannot believe omitted altogether through accident. A single link is deficient in the chain—but the chain is worthless without it. No man doubts the immortality of the soul—yet of all truths this truth of immortality is the most difficult to prove by any mere series of syl-

* It is remarkable that much of what Colton has stolen from Machiavelli, was previously stolen by Machiavelli from Plutarch. A MS. book of the *Apophthegms of the Ancients*, by this latter writer, having fallen into Machiavelli's hands, he put them nearly all into the mouth of his hero, Castrucio Castrucani.

logisms. We would refer our readers to the argument here mentioned.

The rude rough wild waste has its power to please, a line in one Mr. Odiorne's poem, "The Progress of Refinement," is pronounced by the American author of a book entitled "Ante-Diluvian Antiquities," "the very best alliteration in all poetry."

The *Turkish Spy* is the original of many similar works—among the best of which are Montesquieu's *Persian Letters*, and the *British Spy* of our own Wirt. It was written undoubtedly by John Paul Marana, an Italian, in Italian, but probably was first published in French. Dr. Johnson, who saw only an English translation, supposed it an English work. Marana died in 1693.

The hunter and the deer a shade is a much admired line in Campbell's *Gertrude of Wyoming*—but the identical line is to be found in the poems of the American Freneau.

Corneille's celebrated *Mot* of Medea is borrowed from Seneca. Racine, in *Phœdra*, has stolen nearly the whole scene of the declaration of love from the same puerile writer.

The peculiar zodiac of the comets is comprised in these verses of Cassini—

Antinous, Pegasusque, Andromeda, Taurus, Orion,
Procyon, atque Hydrus, Centaurus, Scorpius, Arcus.

Speaking of the usual representation of the banquet-scene in Macbeth, Von Raumer, the German historian, mentions a shadowy figure thrown by optical means into the chair of Banquo, and producing intense effect upon the audience. Enslin, a German optician, conceived this idea, and accomplished it without difficulty.

A religious hubbub, such as the world has seldom seen, was excited, during the reign of Frederic II, by the *imagined* virulence of a book entitled "The Three Impostors." It was attributed to Pierre des Vignes, chancellor of the king, who was accused by the Pope of having treated the religions of Moses, Jesus, and Mahomet as political fables. The work in question, however, which was squabbled about, abused, defended, and familiarly *quoted* by all parties, is well proved never to have existed.

The word Τῆχῆ, or Fortune, does not appear once in the whole Iliad.

The "Lamentations" of Jeremiah are written, with the exception of the last chapter, in acrostic verse: that is to say, every line or couplet begins, in alphabetical order, with some letter in the Hebrew alphabet. In the third chapter each letter is repeated three times successively.

The fullest account of the Amazons is to be found in Diodorus Siculus.

Theophrastus, in his botanical works, anticipated the

sexual system of Linnæus. Philolaus of Crotona maintained that comets appeared after a certain revolution—and *Æetes* contended for the existence of what is now called the new world. Pulci, "the sire of the half-serious rhyme," has a passage expressly alluding to a western continent. Dante, two centuries before, has the same allusion.

De vostri sensi ch'è del rimanente
Non vogliate negar l'esperenza
Diretro al sol, del mondo senza gente.

Cicero makes *finis* masculine, Virgil feminine. *Usque ad eum finem—Cicero. Quæ finis standi? Hæc finis Priami fatorem—Virgil.*

Dante left a poem in three languages—Latin, Provençal, and Italian. Rambaud de Vachieras left one in five.

Marcus Antoninus wrote a book entitled *Τὰ ἐν ἑαυτῷ*—Of the things which concern himself. It would be a good title for a Diary.

Lipsius, in his treatise "De Supplicio Crucis," says that the upright beam of the cross was a *fixtore* at the place of execution, whither the criminal was made to bear only the transverse arm. Consequently the painters are in error who depict our Savior bearing the entire cross.

The stream flowing through the middle of the valley of Jehoshaphat, is called, in the Gospel of St. John, "the brook of cedars." In the Septuagint the word is *καὶ*, darkness, from the Hebrew Kiddar, black, and not *καὶ*, of cedars.

Seneca says that Appion, a grammarian of the age of Caligula, maintained that Homer himself made the division of the Iliad and Odyssey into books, and evidences the first word of the Iliad, *Μῆνι*, the *Μη* of which signifies 43, the number of books in both poems. Seneca however adds, "Talia sciât oportet qui multa vult scire."

The tale in Plato's "Convivium," that man at first was male and female, and that, though Jupiter cleft them asunder, there was a natural love towards one another, seems to be only a corruption of the account in Genesis of Eve's being made from Adam's rib.

Corneille has these lines in one of his tragedies;

Pleurez, pleurez, mes yeux, et fondez vous en eau—
La mort de ma vie a mis l'autre au tombeau

which may be thus translated,

Weep, weep, my eyes! it is no time to laugh
For half myself has buried the other half.

Over the iron gate of a prison at Ferrara is this inscription—"Ingresso alla prigione di Torquato Tasso."

Hedelin, a Frenchman, in the beginning of the 18th century, denied that any such person as Homer ever existed, and supposed the Iliad to be made up *ex tragediis*, et *variis canticis de trivio mendicatorum et circulatorum*—à la manière des chansons du Pontneuf.

The Rabbi Manasseh published a book at Amsterdam entitled "The Hopes of Israel." It was founded upon the supposed number and power of the Jews in America. This supposition was derived from a fabulous account by Montesini of his having found a vast concourse of Jews among the Cordilleras.

The word *assassin* is derived according to Hyle from Hassa, to kill. Some bring it from Hassan, the first chief of the association—some from the Jewish Essenes—Lemoine from a word meaning "herbage"—De Sacy and Hammer from "hashish" the opiate of hemp leaves, of which the assassins made a singular use.

"Defuncti injuriâ ne afficiantur" was a law of the twelve tables.

The origin of the phrase "corporal oath" is to be found in the ancient usage of touching, upon occasion of attestation, the *corporale* or cloth which covered the consecrated articles.

Montgomery in his lectures on *Literature* (!) has the following—"Who does not turn with absolute contempt from the rings and gems, and filters, and caves and genii of Eastern Tales as from the trinkets of a toyshop, and the trumpery of a raree-show?" What man of genius but must answer "Not I."

The Abbé de St. Pierre has fixed in his language two significant words, viz: *bienfaisance*, and the diminutive *la gloriole*.

There is no particular air known throughout Switzerland by the name of the Ranz des Vaches. Every canton has its own song varying in words, notes and even language. Mr. Cooper, the novelist, is our authority.

Incidis in Scyllam cupiens vitare Charybdin is neither in Virgil nor Ovid, as often supposed, but in the "Alexandrics" of Philip Gualtier a French poet of the thirteenth century.

Under a portrait of Tiberio Fiurilli who invented the character of Scaramouch, are these verses,

Cet illustre Comedien
De son art traca la carrière:
Il fut le maître de Molière
Et la Nature fut le sien.

A curious passage in a letter from Cicero to his literary friend Papyrius Pætus, shows that our custom of annexing a farce or pantomime to a tragic drama existed among the Romans.

In Cary's "Dante" is the following passage—

And pilgrim newly on his road with love
Thrills if he hear the vesper bell from far
That seems to mourn for the expiring day.

Gray has also

The curfew tolls the knell of parting day.

Marmontel in the "Encyclopedie" declares that the Italians did not possess a single comedy worth reading—therein displaying his ignorance. Some of the greatest

names in Italian Literature were writers of comedy. Baretto mentions a collection of four thousand dramas made by Apostolo Zeno, of which the greater part were comedies—many of a high order.

A comedy or opera by Andreini was the origin of "Paradise Lost." Andreini's Adamo was the model of Milton's Adam.

Milton has the expression "Forget thyself to marble." Pope has the line "I have not yet forgot myself to stone."

The noble simile of Milton, of Satan with the rising sun in the first book of the *Paradise Lost*, had nearly occasioned the suppression of that epic: it was supposed to contain a treasonable allusion.

Campbell's line

Like angel visits few and far between,
is a palpable plagiarism. Blair has

Its visits

Like angel visits short and far between.

In Hudibras are these lines—

Each window like the pillory appears
With heads thrust through, nailed by the ears.

Young in his "Love of Fame" has the following—

An opera, like a pillory, may be said
To nail our ears down and expose our head.

Goldsmith's celebrated lines

Man wants but little here below
Nor wants that little long,
are stolen from Young; who has
Man wants but little, nor that little long.

The character of the ancient Bacchus, that graceful divinity, seems to have been little understood by Dryden. The line in *Virgil*

Et quocunque deus circum caput egit honestum

is thus grossly mistranslated,

On whatever side he turns his honest face.

There are about one thousand lines identical in the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*.

Macrobius gives the form of an imprecation by which the Romans believed whole towns could be demolished and armies defeated. It commences "Dis Pater sive Jovis mavis sive quo alio nomine fas est nominare," and ends "Si hæc ita faxit ut ego sciam, sentiam, intelligamque, tum quisquis votum hoc faxit recte factum esto, ovibus atris tribus, Tellus mater, teque Jupiter, obtestor."

The "Courtier" of Baldassar Castiglione, 1528, is the first attempt at periodical moral Essay with which we are acquainted. The *Noctes Atticæ* of Aulus Gellius cannot be allowed to rank as such.

These lines were written over the closet door of M. Menard,

*Las d'esperer, et de me plaindre
De l'amour, des grands, et du sort
C'est ici que J'attends la mort
Sans la desirer ou la craindre.*

Martin Luther in his reply to Henry VIIIth's book by which the latter acquired the title of "Defender of the Faith," calls the monarch very unceremoniously "a pig, an ass, a dunghill, the spawn of an adder, a basiliak, a lying buffoon dressed in a king's robes, a mad fool with a frothy mouth and a whorish face."

The Psalter of Solomon, which contains 18 psalms, is a work which was found in Greek in the library of Augsburg, and has been translated into Latin by John Lewis de la Cerda. It is supposed not to be Solomon's, but the work of some Hellenistical Jew, and composed in imitation of David's Psalms. The Psalter was known to the ancients, and was formerly in the famous Alexandrian MS.

An unshaped kind of something first appeared,"

is a line in Cowley's famous description of the Creation.

It is probable that the queen of Sheba was Balkis—that Sheba was a kingdom in the Southern part of Arabia Felix, and that the people were called Sabæans. These lines of Claudian relate to the people and queen,

*Medis, levibusque Sabeis
Imperat hic sexus; reginarumque sub armis
Barberis magna pars jacet.*

Sheridan declared he would rather be the author of the ballad called *Hosier's Ghost*, by Glover, than of the *Annals* of Tacitus.

The word Jehovah is not Hebrew. The Hebrews had no such letters as J or V. The word is properly Iah-Uah—compounded of Iah Essence and Uah Existing. Its full meaning is the self-existing essence of all things.

The "Song of Solomon" throwing aside the heading of the chapters, which is the work of the English translators, contains nothing which relates to the Savior or the Church. It does not, like every other sacred book, contain even the name of the Deity.

In the Vatican is an ancient picture of Adam, with the Latin inscription "Adam divinitus edoctus, primus scientiarum et literarum inventor."

The word translated "slandere" in 1 Timothy iii, 2, and that translated "false accusers" in Titus ii, 3, are "female devils" in the original Greek of the New Testament.

The Hebrew language contains no word (except perhaps Jehovah) which conveys to the mind the idea of Eternity. The translators of the Old Testament have used the word Eternity but once.

"The slipper of Cinderella," says the editor of the new edition of Warton "finds a parallel in the history of the celebrated Rhodope." Cinderella is a tale of universal currency. An ancient Danish ballad has some of the incidents. It is popular among the Welch—also among the Poles—in Hesse and Swerth. Schottky found it among the Servian fables. Rolfsen found it among the Froechmauseler speaks of it as the tale of the despised

Aschen-possel. Luther mentions it. It is in the Italian Pentamerone under the title of Cenerentola.

Porphyry, than whom no one could be better acquainted with the theology of the ancients, acknowledged Vesta, Rhea, Ceres, Themis, Priapus, Proserpina, Bacchus, Attis, Adonis, Silenus, and the Satyrs to be one and the same.

Servius on Virgil's *Aeneid* speaks of a *bearded Venus*. The poet Calvus in Macrobius speaks of Venus as masculine. Valerius Soranus among other titles calls Jupiter the *Mother* of the Gods.

In Suidas is a letter from Dionysius, the Areopagite, dated Heliopolis, in the fourth year of the 302d Olympiad (the year of Christ's crucifixion) to his friend Apollophanes, in which is mentioned a total eclipse of the sun at noon. "Either," says Dionysius "the author of nature suffers, or he sympathizes with some who do."

The most particular history of the Deluge, and the nearest of any to the account given by Moses is to be found in Lucian (De Dea Syria.)

The Greeks had no historian prior to Cadmus Milesius, nor any public inscription of which we can be certified, before the laws of Draco.

So great is the uncertainty of ancient history that the epoch of Semiramis cannot be ascertained within 1535 years, for according to

Synecellus, she lived before Christ	2177,
Pataivius, ‘ ‘ ‘ ‘	2060,
Helvicus, ‘ ‘ ‘ ‘	2248,
Eusebius, ‘ ‘ ‘ ‘	1984,
Mr. Jackson ‘ ‘ ‘ ‘	1964,
Archbishop Usher, ‘ ‘ ‘ ‘	1215,
Philo-Biblius from Sanconiathon,	1200,
Herodotus about ‘ ‘ ‘ ‘	713.

The book of Jasher, said to have been preserved from the deluge by Noah, but since lost, was extant in the time of Joshua, and in the time of David. Mr. Bryant thinks, however, very justly, that the ten tables of stone were the first written characters. The book of Jasher is mentioned Joshua x. 13, and 2 Samuel i. 18.

André Chenier, imprisoned during the French Revolution, began thus some lines on his unhappy situation,

Peut-être avant que l'heure en cercle promenée
 Ak posât sur l'email brillant
 Dans les soixante pas où sa route est bornée
 Son pied sonore et vigilant,
 Le sommeil du tombeau pressera ma paupière—

At this instant André Chenier was interrupted by the officials of the guillotine.

Archbishop Usher, in a MS. of St. Patrick's life, said to have been found at Louvain as an original of a very remote date, detected several entire passages purloined from his own writings.

An extract from the "Mystery of St. Denis" is in the "Bibliothèque du Théâtre François, depuis son

origine, Dresde. 1768." In this serious drama, St. Denis, having been tortured and at length decapitated, rises very quietly, takes his head under his arm and walks off the stage in all the dignity of martyrdom.

The idea of "No light but rather darkness visible" was perhaps suggested to Milton by Spenser's

A little glooming light much like a shade.

In the Dutch Vondel's tragedy "The Deliverance of the Children of Israel" one of the principal characters is the Divinity himself.

Darwin is indebted for a great part of his "Great poem" to a Latin one by De La Croix, published in 1727 and entitled "Connubia Florum."

Mr. Bryant in his learned "Mythology" says that although the Pagan fables are not believed, yet we forget ourselves continually and make inferences from them as existing realities.

The shield of Achilles in Homer seems to have been copied from some Pharos which the poet had seen in Egypt. What he describes on the central part of the shield is a map of the earth and of the celestial appearances.

Anaxagoras of Clazomenæ is said to have prophesied that a stone would fall from the sun. This is a mistake of the learned. All that Anaxagoras averred may be seen in the Scholiast upon Pindar (Olymp. Ode. l.) It amounts only to this, that Petros was a name of the sun.

The Hebrew language has lain now for two thousand years mute and incapable of utterance. The "Masoretical punctuation" which professes to supply the vowels was formed a thousand years after the language had ceased to be spoken, and disagrees in many instances with the Seventy, Origen and other writers.

James Montgomery thinks proper to style M'Pherson's *Ossian*, a collection "of halting, dancing, lumbering, grating, nondescript paragraphs."

The paucity of spondees in the English language, is the reason why we cannot tolerate an English Hexameter. Sir Philip Sidney, in his *Arcadia*, thus speaks of Love in what is meant for Hexameter verse :

So to the woods Love runnes, as well as rides to the palace :
Neither he bears reverence to a prince, nor pity to a beggar ;
But, like a point in the midst of a circle, is still of a nearnesse.

His form had not yet lost
All her original brightness,

is a very remarkable passage in Milton's *Paradise Lost*, wherein a *person* is *personified*.

It is certain that Hebrew verse did not include rhyme: the terminations of the lines where they are most distinct, never showing any thing of the kind.

Francis le Brossano engraved these verses upon a marble tomb which he erected to Petrarch at Arqua.

Frigida Francisci tegit hic lapis ossa Petrarce.
 Suscipe, virgo parens, animam : sate virginis, parce,
 Fessaque jam terribis, cœli requiescat in arce.

"Statua Statuæ" was an inscription handed about at Paris for the equestrian statue of Louis XV, begun by Bouchardon and finished by Pigal. The following also,

Bouchardon est un animal
 Et son ouvrage fait pitié :
 Il place les vices à cheval
 Et les vertus à pied.

And another,

Voilà notre roi comme il est à Versailles
 Sans fol, sans loi, et sans entrailles.

Bochart derives Elysium from the Phœnician Elysoth, joy, through the Greek Ἠλύσιον. Circe from the Phœnician Kirkar, to corrupt—Siren from the Phœnician Sir, to sing—Scylla from the Phœnician Seol, destruction—Charybdis from the Phœnician Chor-obdam, chasm of ruin.

Attroga, a fruit common in Palestine, is supposed to have been "the forbidden." It has a rough rind, and resembles a citron or lemon.

The following quaint sentence is found in Saint Evremond. "I own I do not envy him, when I consider that there are in the next world such people as Minos, Rhadamanthus, and Eacus."

The standard of Judas Maccabæus displayed the words "Mi camoca baelim Jehovah"—Who is like unto thee, O Lord, among the Gods? This being afterwards intimated by the first letter of each word, in the manner of the S. P. Q. R., gave rise to the surname Maccabæus—for the initials in Hebrew form "Maccabi."

Josephus, with Saint Paul and others, supposed man to be compounded of body, soul, and spirit. The distinction between soul and spirit is an essential point in ancient philosophy.

Lord Lyttleton acknowledged the authorship of two dialogues, in the first of which the personages were the Savior and Socrates, in the second king David and Cæsar Borgia.

Dante gives the name of *sonnet* to his little canzone or ode beginning

O voi che per la via d'Amor passate.

Boileau is mistaken in saying that Petrarch 'qui est regardé comme le pere du sonnet' borrowed it from the French or Provençal writers. The Italian sonnet can be traced back as far as the year 1200. Petrarch was not born until 1304.

The learned Menage has this epitaph on Sannazarus

Ci gît, dont l'esprit fût si beau,
 Sannazar, ce poëte habile,
 Qui par ses vers divins approche de Virgile,
 Plus encore que par son tombeau.

The two reprehensible lines in Pope's *Eloisa*,
 Not Cæsar's empress would I deign to prove ;
 No—make me mistress to the man I love

are to be found in the original letters of *Eloisa*—at least the thought.

Mercier, in "L'an deux mille quatre cents quarante" seriously maintains the doctrines of the *Metempsychosis*, and J. D'Israeli says there is no system so simple, and so little repugnant to the understanding.

One of the best epigrams affixed to the statue of Pasquin was the following upon Paul III,

Ut canerent data multa olim sunt vatibus æra
 Ut taceam quantum tu mihi, Paule, dabis ?

Milton in *Paradise Lost*, has this passage,

— when the scourge
 Inexorably, and the torturing hour
 Call us to penance.

Gray, in his Ode to Adversity, has

Thou tamer of the human breast
 Whose iron scourge, and torturing hour
 The bad affright.

Gray tells us that the image of his bard, where

Loose his beard, and hoary hair
 Streamed like a meteor to the troubled air

was taken from a picture by Raphael: yet the beard of Hudibras is also likened to a meteor,

This hairy meteor did denounce
 The fall of sceptres and of crowns.

The lines

For he that fights and runs away
 May live to fight another day,
 But he that is in battle slain
 Will never rise to fight again

are not to be found, as is thought, in *Hudibras*. Butler's verses ran thus ;

For he that flies may fight again
 Which he can never do that's slain.

The former are in a volume of 'Poems' by Sir John Mennes, reign of Charles II. The original idea is in Demosthenes. *Ανερ ο φεγων και παλις μαχησται.*

"Semel insanivimus omnes" is not from Horace but from Mantuanus, an Italian. In a work entitled "De honesto amore" is this line,

Id commune malum, semel insanivimus omnes.

Dryden in 'Absalom and Achitophel' has these lines,

David for him his tuneful harp had strung
 And heaven had wanted one immortal song.

Pope in his Epistle to Arbuthnot has

Friend of my life which did not you prolong
 The world had wanted many an idle song.

Tickell's lines

While the charmed reader with thy thought complies
 And views thy Rosamond with Henry's eyes,

are evidently borrowed from those of Boileau,

En vain contre 'Le Cid' un ministre se ligue ;
 Tout Paris pour Chimene a les yeux de Rodrigue.

The expression, 'nemorumque noctem' occurring in one of Gray's Latin odes, has been repeatedly found fault with—yet Virgil has 'medio nimborum in nocte.'

Selden observes of Henry VIII, that he was a king with a pope in his belly.

In the 'Nubes' of Aristophanes, there are several Greek verses in rhyme.

Of the ten tragedies which are attributed to Seneca, (the only Roman tragedies extant,) nine are on Greek subjects.

Ariosto says of one of his heroes, that, in the heat of combat, not perceiving that he was a dead man, he continued to fight valiantly, dead as he was.

*Il pover' huomo che non s'en era accorto,
Andava combattendo, e era morto.*

The author of 'La Maniere de bien Penser' speaks of a French divine who, to prove that young persons sometimes die before old ones, cited the text, 'Præcurrit citius Petro Johannes et venit primus ad monumentum.

There is no passage among all the writings of antiquity more sublime than these lines of Silius Italicus. The words are addressed to a young man of Capua, who proposed to assassinate Hannibal at a banquet.

*Fallis te mensas inter quod credis inermem,
Tot bellis quæsitæ viro, tot cædibus armat
Majestas eterna ducem : si admoveris ora
Cannas et Trebium ante oculos, Trasymenæque busta,
Et Pauli stare ingentum miraberis umbram.*

*Giace l'alta Cartago : à pena i segni
De l'alte sui ruine il lido serba :
Muoino le città, muoino i regni ;
Copre i fasti e le pompe arena et herba :
E l'huom d'esser mortal per che si sdegni.*

These lines of Tasso are a curious specimen of literary robbery—being made up entirely of passages from Lucan and Sulpicius. Lucan says of Troy

*Jam tota teguntur
Pergamæ dumetis : etiam perire ruinas :*

and Sulpicius in a letter to Cicero says of Megara, Egina, Corinth, &c.—"Hem! nos homunculi indignamur si quis nostrum interiit, quorum vita brevior esse debet, cum uno loco tot oppidorum cadavera projecta jaceant."

An epigram upon the subject of Francois de Bassompierre being released from the Bastille upon the death of Richlieu, is a strange mixture of lofty thought and puerile conceit.

*Enfin dans l'arrière salon
La fortune d'Armand s'accorde avec la mienne :
France, Je sors de ma prison
Quand son ame sort de la sienne.*

The line, "France, Je sors de ma prison," is the anagram of Francois de Bassompierre.

The epigrams of the Greek Anthology are characterized more by *néveté* than point. They are for the most part insipid.

Longinus calls pompous and inflated thoughts, "rev-eries of Jupiter"—insomnia Jovis.

A French writer of celebrity dedicated a book to Richelieu in terms of the most blasphemous flattery. But being disappointed in his expectations, he suppressed all his praises in a second edition, and re-dedicated his volume "à Jesus Christ."

The following inscription intended for the Louvre, possesses both simplicity and dignity :

*Pande fores populis, sublimis Lupara : non est
Terrarum imperio dignior ulla domus.*

Under a fine painting of St. Bruno in solitude, some Italian wrote these words, "Egli è vivo, e parlerebbe se non osservasse la rigola del silentio." Malherbe has taken the hint in his epigram upon a picture of Saint Catherine.

A fine sample of *galimatias* is to be found in an epigram of Miguel de Cervantes :

*Van muerte tan escondida,
Que no te sienta venir ;
Porque el plazer del morir
No me torne à dar la vida.*

Quintillian mentions a pedant who taught obscurity, and who was wont to say to his scholars, "This is excellent—I do not understand it myself."

An Italian metaphysician to disprove that greatness of mind is proportioned to the size of the skull, argues thus : "Non sano, che la mente è il centro del capo ; e il centro non cresce per la grandezza del circolo."

A horse is often seen on ancient sepulchral monuments. Caylus quotes a passage from Passeri, "de animæ transvectione," implying that the horse designates the passage of the soul to Elysium.

The Satyre Menippée of the French is, in prose, the exact counterpart of Hudibras in rhyme.

A remarkable instance of concord of sound and sense is to be seen in the following stanza by M. Anton. Flaminius :

*Asi amans charm thalamum puellas
Deserit flens, et tibi verba dicit
Aspera amplexu teneræ cupito a—
—vulsus amicæ.*

Voltaire's ignorance of antiquity is laughable. In his Essay on Tragedy, prefixed to Brutus, he actually boasts of having introduced the Roman senate on the stage in red mantles. "The Greeks," as he asserts, "font paraître ses acteurs (tragic) sur des especes d'échasses, le visage couvert d'un masque qui exprime la douleur d'un côté et la joye de l'autre!" The only circumstance upon which he could possibly have founded such an accusation is, that in the *new comedy* masks were worn with one eyebrow drawn up and the other down, to denote a busy-body or inquisitive medler.

Several ancient tragedies, viz : Eumenides, Philoctetes, and Ædipus et Colonos, besides many pieces of Euripides, have a happy and enlivening termination.

The only historical tragedies by Grecian authors

were The Capture of Miletus by Phrynicus and the Persians of Æschylus.

The foundation of all the erroneous opinions on the subject of the old Greek comedy (Voltaire's opinion particularly) may be found in the comparison between Aristophanes and Menander, in Plutarch.

Schlegel says justly, that Harlequin and Pulcinello descend in a direct line from the buffoons of the ancient Romans. On Greek vases are seen also dresses like theirs—long breeches and waistcoats with arms, articles worn by neither Greeks nor Romans except upon the stage. At present Zanni is one of the names of Harlequin, and Sannio in the Latin farces was a buffoon who had a shaven head, and a dress patched together of all colors.

In Racine's *Berenice* Antiochus says to the queen

— Je me suis tû cinq ans
Madame, et vais encore me taire plus long tems,

and to give a direct proof of his intention, recites immediately no less than fifty verses in a breath.

In Voltaire's scruples about unity of place he has committed a thousand blunders. In the *Mort de Cæsar* the scene is in the Capitol, but the people seem not to know their precise situation. On one occasion Cæsar exclaims, "Courons au Capitole!"

Denis de Sallo's "Journal des Sçavans," in 1665 may be considered as the origin of Literary Journals or Reviews.

—
Sous ce tombeau gît Le Sage abattu
Par le ciseau de la Parque importune,
S'il ne fut pas ami de la fortune
Il fut toujours ami de la vertu,

was Le Sage's epitaph.

These lines although extremely French are forcible,

—
Et comme un jeune cœur est bientôt enflammé
Il me vit, il m'aima, je le vis, je l'aimai.

On Cardinal Richelieu, Benserade made the following epitaph:

—
Cy gist—ouy gist par la mort bleu
Le Cardinal de Richelieu,
Et ce qui cause mon ennuy
Ma penson avec lui.

The Jesuits called Crebillon 'Puer ingeniosus, sed insignis nebulo.'

Dr. E. Young published "A true Estimate of Human Life, Part I," dedicated to Queen Anne, and describing the shades of existence. The second part, however, which should have contained the lights never appeared.

The "Batrachomyomachia," is nothing more than a burlesque poem, much in the manner of Aristophanes, and doubtfully attributed to Homer. Philip Melancthon however, wrote a commentary to prove the poet's object was to excite a hatred for tumults and sedition. Pierre La Seine going a step farther, thinks the inten-

tion was to recommend to young men temperance in eating and drinking.

—
"Amare et sapere vix Deo conceditur," is not Seneca's as generally supposed.

—
The heathen poets are mentioned three times in the New Testament. Aratus in the seventeenth chapter of Acts—Menander in the fifteenth chapter of 1 Corinthians—also Epimenides.

—
"Semper sub Sextis perditæ Roma fuit,"

was a line written during the pontificate of Alexander VI. Sextus Tarquinius provoked by his tyranny the expulsion of the kings of Rome. Urban VI. began the great schism of the West. Alexander VI astonished the world by the enormity of his crimes, and Pius VI did not falsify the saying.

—
A letter was once addressed from Rome "Alla sua Eccellenza Seromfidevi," in London. It caused much perplexity at the Post-office and British Museum, and after foiling the acumen of a minister of state, was found to be intended for Sir Humphrey Davy.

—
The vulgar Christian era is the invention of Dionysius Exiguus.

—
The book of Judith was originally written in Chaldee, and thence translated into Latin by St. Jerom. There are several particulars in our English version which are not to be found in St. Jerom's, and which seem to be those readings which he professes to omit as vicious corruptions.

—
The proverb, "Evil communications corrupt good manners," which is found in Corinthians, is a quotation, intended as such, from Euripides.

—
Varro reckons three epochs: the first from the beginning of the world to the first flood, which he calls *uncertain*; the second from the flood to the first Olympiad, *fabulous*; the third from the first Olympiad to his own time, *historical*.

—
Politian, the poet and scholar, was an admirer of Alessandra Scala, and addressed to her this extempore:

—
To teach me that in hapless suit
I do but waste my hours,
Cold maid, whenever I ask for fruit,
Thou givest me naught but flowers.

—
In the Latin version of Herodotus, the lowest of the towers forming the temple of Belus, is said to be a furlong thick and a furlong high; and some writers concluding each of the eight to be as high, make the whole one mile in height. In the Greek text, however, the lowest tower is merely said to be a furlong *through*—nothing is said of its height. Strabo makes the temple a furlong altogether in altitude.

—
Jacobus Hugo was of opinion that by the Harpies Homer intended the Dutch; by Euenis, John Calvin; by Antinous, Martin Luther; and by the Lotophagi, Protestants in general.

"Impune quæ libet facere id est esse regem," is a definition of a king to be found in Sallust.

The first collection of the *Iliad* was by Pisistratus, or some of the Pisistratida. There were, after this, innumerable editions—but Aristarchus in the reign of Ptolemy Philometer, a. c. 180, published from a collection of all the copies then existing, a new edition, the text of which has finally prevailed.

Some one after the manner of Santeuil, composed the following quatrain for the gates of the market to be erected on the site of the famous Jacobin Club at Paris,

Impia tortorum longas hic turba furores
Sanguinis innocui, non satiata, aluit.
Scepote nunc patriâ, fracto nunc funeris antro,
Mors ubi dira fuit, vita salusque patent.

A version of the Psalms was published in 1642 by William Slatyer, of which this is a specimen :

The righteous shall his sorrow scan
And laugh at him, and say 'Behold !
What hath become of this here man
That on his riches was so bold.'

At the bottom of an obelisk which Pius VI was erecting at great expense near the entrance of the Quirinal Palace in 1783, while the people were suffering for bread, were found written these words,

Signore, di a questa pietra che divenga pane.
Lord, command that these stones be made bread.

Constantine Koliades wrote a book to prove that Homer and Ulysses were one and the same—but Joshua Barnes attributes the authorship of the *Iliad* to Solomon.

In *Æ. xviii. 192*, of the *Iliad*, Achilles says none of the armor of the chieftains will fit him except the shield of Ajax : how then did his own armor fit Patroclus ?

In the reign of Edward VI, Dr. Christopher Tye turned the Acts of the Apostles into rhyme. They begin thus,

In the former epistle to thee
Dear friend Theophilus
I have written the verities
Of the Lord Christ Jesus.

Empedocles professed the system of four elements, and added thereto two principles which he called 'principium amicitie and principium contentionis.' What are these but attraction and repulsion ?

The Count Bielfeld's definition of poetry is 'L'art d'exprimer les pensées par la fiction.' The German terms *Dichtkunst*, the art of fiction, and *Dichten* to feign, which are used for *Poetry*, and *to make verses*, are in full accordance with his definition.

The Germans have epic poems composed in metre of sixteen and seventeen syllables.

The following Vaudeville is one of the drollest of its kind :

Quand un bon vin meuble mon estomac
Je suis plus savant que Balzac—

Plus sage que Fibrac.
Mon bras seul faisant l'attaque
De la nation Cosaque
La mettroit au sac.
De Charon Je passerois le lac
En dormant dans son bac.
J'irois au fier Eac
Sans que mon cœur fit tic ni tac
Présenter du tabac.

On ancient monuments are often found the letters A. E. R. A. meaning *Annus erat Regni Augusti*. The ignorance of copyists may probably have formed of these letters the single word *ÆRA*. Would it not be a better derivation than the Latin *ÆS* ?

The work of John Albert Fabricius, the Hamburg professor, entitled *Bibliotheca Græca*, in which his sole object is to render an account of the Greek authors extant, occupies fourteen thick volumes in quarto.

The usual derivation of the word *Metaphysics* is not to be sustained. *Meta physicam* is tortured into meaning *super physicam*, and the science is supposed to take its name from its superiority to physics. The truth is, that Aristotle's treatise on *Morals* is next in succession to his *Book of Physics*, and this order he considers the rational order of study. His *Ethics* consequently commence with the words *Mera ra phusika*, &c. from which the word *Metaphysics*.

The commentators upon Mr. Beckford's *Vathek* say that the *locusts* derive their name from having been so called by the first English settlers in America. The word comes evidently from *loco vato*, the havoc they made wherever they passed leaving the appearance of a place desolated by fire.

M. Patru was convinced that in all his prose writings no sentence or part of a sentence could be found so cadenced as to form a verse. A friend, however immediately pointed out to him the words in his 'Plaidoyers'

Septième plaidoyer pour un jeune Allemand.

Despreaux speaking of the *cæsura* in French versification, asserts,

Que toujours dans nos vers—le sens coupant les mots,
Suspende l'hémistiche—en marquant le repos.

M. Despreaux seems to have forgotten that *hemistich* is a composite Greek word signifying a *semi-line*, and that consequently his own admired verses have no meaning at all.

Every one is acquainted with the excellent commencement of the *Annals* of Tacitus. From this, principally he has acquired his reputation for concision. It is singular that no notice has ever been taken of the extreme proximity of their conclusion.

There is a dissertation upon Hebrew, or Samaritan medals by Père Soucier, in which he proves the existence of Hebrew money struck by the Jews upon the model of the coins current before the captivity. All the Hebrew medals, however, bearing a head of Moses or of Christ, are manifestly forgeries.

There is a book by a Jesuit, Père Labbe, entitled *La Bibliothèque des Bibliothèques*. It is a catalogue of all authors in all nations who have written catalogues of books.

Lucretius, lib. v, 93, 96, has the words,

— terras—
Una dies dabit exitio.

Ovid the lines,

Carminē sublimis tunc sunt peritura Lucreti
Exitio terras cum dabit una dies.

Albert in his Hebrew Dictionary, pretends to discover in each word, in its root, in its letters, and in the manner of pronouncing them, the reason of its signification. Loescher in his treatise *De causis Linguae Hebraeae*, carries the matter even farther.

In Judges is this expression, 'And he smote them hip and thigh with a great slaughter.' The phrase 'to smite hip and thigh' arises from these words. No meaning, however, can be attached to them as they stand—but the original will admit of a different signification, viz: 'He smote them with his leg on the thigh,' and alludes to the wrestling matches which were common in the east. In this sense the phrase exactly answers to the 'crus femori impingere,' and the *σκαλίζειν* or *σπασκαλίζειν* of the ancients.

It is a remarkable fact, that during the whole period of the middle ages, the Germans lived in utter ignorance of the art of writing.

The silver shekel of the Hebrews has on its face the rod of Aaron with the inscription, *Jeruschalaim Hakkedoucha*, Jerusalem the Holy, and on the reverse a cup with the words *Chekel Ischrael*, money of Israel.

The Masoretical punctuation is a kind of critique upon the Hebrew text invented by the Jewish teachers to prevent its alteration. The first original being lost, recourse was had to the Masore as an infallible method of fixing the text. The verses, words, and even letters are there counted, and all their variations recorded.

Among the Hebrew text of the Old Testament are mingled a few passages of Chaldaic. *All the characters* as we have them now, are properly speaking Chaldaic.

A version of the Psalms in 1564, by Archbishop Parker, has the following—

Who sticketh to God in stable trust
As Zion's mount he stands full just
Which moveth no whit, nor yet can reel,
But standeth for ever as stiff as steel.

A part of the 137th Psalm runs thus: 'If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, may my right hand forget her cunning, and may my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth,' which has been thus paraphrased in a version of the Psalms,

If I forget thee ever
Then let me prosper never,
But let it cause
My tongue and jaws
To cling and cleave together.

CRITICAL NOTICES.

THE OLD WORLD AND THE NEW.

The Old World and the New; or, a Journal of Reflections and Observations made on a Tour in Europe. By the Reverend Orville Dewey. New York: Harper & Brothers.

Mr. Dewey assures us, in the beginning of his *Preface*, that his volumes are not offered to the public as an itinerary—but it is difficult to say in what other light they should be regarded. To us they appear as strictly entitled to the appellation as any book of travels we have perused. They are indeed an itinerary of the most inartificial character—a journal in which unconnected remarks follow one upon another—object upon object—day upon day—and all with a scrupulous accuracy in regard to dates. Not that we have much objection to this methodical procedure, but that we cannot understand Mr. Dewey in declaring his book not to be what it most certainly is, if it is any thing at all. His subsequent remark, that every American traveller to the old world enjoys a vantage ground for surveying the institutions, customs, and character of his own country is what we can readily appreciate. We think, also, that in many respects our author has made excellent use of this advantage. But we would be doing our conscience a great wrong in recommending the work before us *as a whole*. Here is some amusement—great liberality—much excellent sense—a high spirit of sound morality and genuine philanthropy; but indeed very little, so we think, of either novelty or profundity. These two latter qualities are, however, of a nature so strictly relative, and liable to so many modifications from the acquirements or character of the reader, that we feel some hesitation in what we say—and would prefer leaving a decision where it must finally be left—to the voice of the public opinion.

One remarkable feature in the *Old World and the New*, is its amusing *naïveté* of manner—a feature which will immediately arrest the attention of every reader. We cannot do better than give a few specimens.

What a pity it is [says Mr. D., and so it is undoubtedly] that cities, or at least streets in cities, could not, like single edifices, be built upon some regular and well considered plan! Not that the result should be such regularity as is seen in Philadelphia or Dublin; the plan indeed would embrace irregularity. But there might be an arrangement, by which a block of buildings, a street, or indeed a whole city, might stand before us as one grand piece of architecture. If single specimens of architecture have the effect to improve, humanize, and elevate the ideas of a people; if they are a language, and answer a purpose kindred to that of literature, poetry and painting, why may not a whole city have this effect? To secure this result, there must, I am afraid, be a power like that of the autocrat of Russia, who, I am told, when a house is built in his royal city of St. Petersburg which does not conform to his general plan, sends word to the owner that he must remove that building and put up another of a certain description.

And again, speaking of the Menai bridge—

A celebrated lady (since dead) in speaking of this stupendous work, said that she first saw it from the Isle of Anglesea, so that it was relieved against the lofty mountains of North Wales; and she added in a strain

of eloquent and poetical comparison familiar to her, that Snowdon seemed to her a fit back ground for the Menai Bridge.

All this may be very true, but then only think of the *eloquent and poetical comparison* of Snowdon being a back ground for the Menai Bridge!

Mrs. Hemans and our author go to church together.

She spoke (says he) of the various accompaniments of the service, and when she came to the banners she said 'they seemed to wave as the music of the anthem rose to the lofty arches!' I ventured here to throw in a little dash of prose—saying that *I was afraid that they did not wave, that I wished they might, and looked up to see if they did, but could not see it.*

Mr. Dewey does not like oatmeal cake.

In good truth I should never desire to have any thing to do with it save as a specimen; for of all the stuff that ever I tasted, it was the most inedible, impracticable, insufferable, dry, hard, coarse, rasping, gritty, chaffy: I could not eat it, and it seemed to me that if I could, it would be no more nourishing than gravel kneaded into mud, and baked in a lime-kiln. As to drink—whiskey! whiskey! the boatman said was the only thing, and the thing indispensable. I tasted of it—and truly it had not the usual odious taste of our American whiskey!

We quote these passages merely as specimens of the singular simplicity—more properly *naïveté*—which is the prevailing feature of the book.

Mr. Dewey left New York for England on the 8th June 1833, and arrived in St. George's channel on the 24th of the same month, having a fair wind and smooth sea during the entire passage. Leaving England, he visited Wales, Ireland, Scotland, France, Belgium, Prussia, Switzerland, and Italy. Returning by way of Liverpool, he reached home on the 22d of May, 1834.

RICHARDSON'S DICTIONARY.

A New Dictionary of the English Language: By Charles Richardson. London: William Pickering—New York: William Jackson.

The periodical nature of this publication absolves us from what would otherwise be a just charge of neglect in not speaking of it sooner. Five numbers have been issued, and twenty-five more are to be added, at intervals of a fortnight. These numbers are of quarto form, and contain eighty pages in triple columns. The paper is excellent, and the matter beautifully stereotyped. The whole will form, when the publication is completed, two very large quarto volumes, of which the entire cost will have been fifteen dollars. We say when the publication is completed—the work itself is already so—a consideration of great importance, and sure to be appreciated by the thousands of subscribers to the many costly periodicals which have failed in completing their issue, and thus thrown a number of odd volumes upon the hands of the public. In what farther we have to say of this Dictionary, we shall do little more than paraphrase the very satisfactory prospectus of Mr. Richardson himself.

When Dr. Johnson, in 1747, announced his intention of writing a Dictionary of the English language, he communicated the plan of his undertaking in a letter to Lord Chesterfield. The plan was as follows. He would give, first—the natural and primitive meaning of

words; secondly, the consequential—and thirdly the metaphorical, arranging the quotations chronologically. The book, however, was published in 1755, *without the plan*, and strange to say, in utter disregard of the principles avowed in the letter to the Earl of Chesterfield. That these principles were well-conceived, and that if followed out, they would have rendered important service to English lexicography, was not doubted at the time, and cannot be doubted now. Moreover, the necessity for something of the kind which was felt then, is more strongly felt now, for no person has as yet attempted to construct a work upon the plan proposed, and the difficulties which were to have been remedied, are greatly aggravated by time. Eighty years have passed, and not only has no new work been written upon the plan of Dr. Johnson—but no systematic work of reform upon the old basis.

The present Dictionary of Mr. Richardson is, distinctly, a *new work*, upon a system never attempted before—upon the principles of Horne Tooke, the greatest of philosophical grammarians, and whose developments of an entirely novel theory of language have excited the most profound interest and respect in the minds of all who think.

In the *Diversions of Purley*, it is positively demonstrated that a word has one meaning and one only, and that from this one meaning all the *usages* of the word must spring. "To discover this meaning," says Mr. Richardson, "etymological research was indispensable, and I have stated the results of such research with conciseness, it is true, yet with a fullness that will enable the more learned reader to form a judgment for himself, and the path of deeper investigation is disclosed to the pursuit of the curious inquirer." In tracing the *usages* of words, Mr. R. has availed himself of the materials collected by Johnson and his editors, "the various supplements and provincial vocabularies, the notes of editors and commentators upon our older poets, and of abundant treasures amassed for his own peculiar use." The quotations are arranged chronologically, and embrace extracts from the earliest to the latest writers of English. The etymology is placed distinctly by itself for the convenience of hasty reference. As an example of the arrangement of the work, we will give the word *Calefy*.

CA'LEFY	} Lat. <i>Caleferi</i> , to be or become hot.
CALEFA'CTION	
CAL'DITY	
CA'LIDYCT	

To heat, to be, become, or cause to be hot.

But crystal will *calefy* into electricity; that is, a power to attract straws or light bodies and convert the needle freely placed.—*Brown. Vulgar Errors*, b. ii. c. 1.

As [if] the remembrance of *calefaction* can warm a man in a cold frosty night.—*More. Philos. Poems*, c. 2, *Pref.*

But ice will dissolve in any way of heat; for it will dissolve with fire; it will colligate in water, or warm oil; nor doth it only submit unto an actual heat, but not endure the potential *calidity* of many waters.—*Brown. Vulgar Errors*, b. ii. c. 1.

Since the subterranean *caliducts* have been introduced. *Evelyn*.

In his prospectus, Mr. Richardson has had occasion to speak in no measured terms of the Dictionary of Dr. Webster. We here repeat his observations because we think them entirely just.

The author is conscious that he should be chargeable with great want of courtesy if he passed unnoticed the American Dictionary of Dr. Webster. His *censure* however must be short. Dr. Webster disarmed and stripped himself for the field, and advanced unaided and unshielded to the combat. He abjured the assistance of Skinner and Vossius, and the learned elders of lexicography; and of Tooke he quaintly says, 'I have made no use of his writings.' There is a display of oriental reading in his Preliminary Essays, which as introductory to a Dictionary of the English Language, seems as appropriate and useful as a reference to the code of Gentoo laws to decide a question of English inheritance. Dr. Webster was entirely unacquainted with our old authors.

We believe the North American Review has remarked of the work before us, that its definitions are in some measure too scanty, and not sufficiently compact. This defect, which cannot altogether be denied, and which is, to say the truth, of more importance to the mass of readers than to the philologist, will be found, upon examination, a defect inseparable from the plan originally proposed, and which insists upon an arrangement of derivatives under primitives. We are not tempted, however, to wish any modification of the principal design, for the sake of a partial, and not very important amendment.

We conclude in heartily recommending the work of Mr. Richardson to the attention of our readers. It embraces we think, every desideratum in an English Dictionary, and has moreover a thousand negative virtues. Messrs. Mayo and Davis are the agents in Richmond.

BOOK OF GEMS.

The Book of Gems. The Poets and Artists of Great Britain. Edited by S. C. Hall. London and New York: Saunders and Olley.

This work combines the rich embellishments of the very best of the race of Annuals, with a far higher claim to notice than any of them in its strictly literary department. If we regard this volume as the only one to appear, the title will convey no idea of the design—but we are promised a continuation. The whole, if we comprehend, will contain specimens of all the principal poets and artists of Great Britain. In the present instance we have the poets as far as Prior, including a period of about four hundred years, with extracts from Chaucer, Lydgate, James I, Hawes, Carew, Quarles, Shirley, Habington, Lovelace, Wyatt, Surrey, Sackville, Vere, Gascoigne, Raleigh, Spenser, Sidney, Brooke, Southwell, Daniel, Drayton, Shakspeare, Walton, Davies, Donne, Jonson, Corbet, Phineas Fletcher, Giles Fletcher, Drummond, Wither, Carew, Browne, Herrick, Quarles, Herbert, Davenant, Waller, Milton, Suckling, Butler, Crashaw, Denham, Cowley, Marvell, Dryden, Roscommon, Dorset, Sedley, Rochester, Sheffield, and Prior. Of these, all the autographs have been obtained and are published collectively at the end of the book, with the exception of the nine first mentioned. The work is illustrated by fifty-three engravings, each by different artists. A sea-side group by Harding, and *L'Allegro* and *Il Penseroso* by Parria, are particularly good—but all are excellent.

We had prepared some observations in regard to the book itself, (over which we have been poring for many

days with intense delight) and in regard more especially to the character and justice of that deep feeling with which most men, having claim to taste, are wont to look, even through a veil of exceedingly troublesome obscurity and antiquity, upon the writings of the elder poets and dramatists of Great Britain. But we have been so nearly anticipated in our design by a paper in the American Monthly Magazine for July, that what we should now say, and say *con amore*, would be looked upon as little better than a *refacimento* of the article we mention. At the same time it would be an ill deed to remodel our thoughts, and proceed to think falsely, for the mere purpose of proving that we can think originally. In this dilemma then, we will merely express our general accordance in the opinions of the Northern Magazine, copy, of its *critique*, a portion which seems to embody, in little compass, much of what we have said less forcibly and more diffusely, and add some few additional observations which have lately suggested themselves.

"Among the early English poets, so called," says the American Monthly, "there is combined with marked individuality, a sort of general resemblance, not easily defined, but readily perceived by a discriminating reader. They lived in an age of invention, and wrote from a pleasurable impulse which they could not resist. They did not borrow from one another, or from those who had gone before them, nor pass their time in pouring from one vessel into another. Thus, however different their styles, however various their subjects, whether the flight of their genius be high or low, there is the same aspect of truth and naturalness in the poetry of them all; as we can trace a common likeness in all faces which have an open, ingenuous expression, however little resemblance there may be in the several features. Most of them were well acquainted with books, and many of them were deeply learned; and an air of ripe scholarship sometimes degenerating into pedantry, pervades every thing they wrote. As a class too, they are remarkable for a healthy, intellectual tone, defaced neither by moody misanthropy, nor mawkish sentimentality. The manly Saxon character beams out from every line; and that vigorous good sense, so characteristic of the English stock, every where leaves its impress. Another trait which, with a few exceptions, honorably distinguishes them, is the purity of their sentiments, and their high moral feeling, especially in all that touches the relation of the sexes. We shall find many coarse expressions, such as a man would not read aloud to his family; but very rarely any thing bordering upon heartless profligacy, or studied licentiousness, or any intimation of a want of respect for the great principles of the moral law. Due reverence is always shown for those high personal qualities which constitute the best security for the greatness and prosperity of a people. Homage is always paid to honor in man, and chastity in woman. The passion of love, in its multitudinous forms and aspects, supplies a large proportion of their themes, and it is treated with equal delicacy and beauty. In the amatory strains of the old English poets, we perceive a romantic self-forgetfulness, an idealization of the beloved object, a tenderness and respectfulness of feeling, in which the passion is almost wholly swallowed up in the sentiment, and a wooing with the best treasures of the intellect as well

as the heart, such as can be found in no other class of poets."

Notwithstanding the direct truth of what has been here so well advanced, it cannot, we think, be a matter of doubt with any reflecting mind, that at least one-third of the *reverence*, or of the *affection*, with which we regard the elder poets of Great Britain, should be credited to what is, in itself, a thing apart from poetry—we mean to the simple love of the antique—and that again a third of even the proper *poetic sentiment* inspired by these writings should be ascribed to a fact which, while it has a strict connection with poetry in the abstract, and also with the particular poems in question, must not be looked upon as a merit appertaining to the writers of the poems. Almost every devout reader of the old English bards, if demanded his opinion of their productions, would mention vaguely, yet with perfect sincerity, a sense of dreamy, wild, indefinite, and he would perhaps say, undefinable delight. Upon being required to point out the source of this so shadowy pleasure, he would be apt to speak of the quaint in phraseology and of the grotesque in rhythm. And this quaintness and grotesqueness are, as we have elsewhere endeavored to show, very powerful, and if well managed, very admissible adjuncts to Ideality. But in the present instance they arise independently of the author's will, and are matters altogether apart from his intention. The *American Monthly* has forcibly painted the general character of the old English Muse. She was a maid, frank, guileless, and perfectly sincere, and although very learned at times, still very learned without art. No general error evinces a more thorough confusion of ideas than the error of supposing Donne and Cowley metaphysical in the sense wherein Wordsworth and Coleridge are so. With the two former ethics were the end—with the two latter the means. The poet of the *Creation* wished, by highly artificial verse, to inculcate what he considered moral truth—he of the *Ancient Mariner* to infuse the *Poetic Sentiment* through channels suggested by mental analysis. The one finished by complete failure what he commenced in the grossest misconception—the other, by a path which could not possibly lead him astray, arrived at a certainty and intensity of triumph which is not the less brilliant and glorious because concentrated among the very few who have the power to perceive it. It will now be seen that even the "metaphysical verse" of Cowley is no more than evidence of the straight-forward simplicity and single-heartedness of the man. And he was in all this but a type of his *school*—for we may as well designate in this way the entire class of writers whose poems are bound up in the volume before us, and throughout all of whom runs a very perceptible general character. They used but little art in composition. Their writings sprang immediately from the soul—and partook intensely of the nature of that soul. It is not difficult to perceive the tendency of this glorious *abandon*. To elevate immeasurably all the energies of mind—but again—so to mingle the greatest possible fire, force, delicacy, and all good things, with the lowest possible bathos, baldness, and utter imbecility, as to render it not a matter of doubt, but of certainty, that the average results of mind in such a *school*, will be found inferior to those results in one (*ceteris paribus*) more artificial. Such, we think, is the view of the older English Poetry,

in which a very calm examination will bear us out. The quaintness in manner of which we were just speaking, is an adventitious advantage. It formed no portion of the poet's intention. Words and their rhythm have varied. Verses which affect us to day with a vivid delight, and which delight in some instances, may be traced to this one source of grotesqueness and to none other, must have worn in the days of their construction an air of a very common-place nature. This is no argument, it will be said, against the poems *now*. Certainly not—we mean it for the poets *then*. The notion of *power*, of excessive *power*, in the English antique writers should be put in its proper light. This is all we desire to see done.

We cannot bring ourselves to believe that the selections made use of in the *Book of Gems*, are such as will impart to a poetical reader the highest possible idea of the beauty of the *school*. Better extracts might be made. Yet if the intention were merely to show the *character* of the school the attempt is entirely successful. There are long passages now before us of the most utterly despicable trash, with no merit whatever beyond their simple antiquity. And it is almost needless to say that there are many passages too of a glorious strength—a radiant loveliness, making the blood tingle in our veins as we peruse them. The criticisms of the Editor do not please us in a great degree. He seems to have fallen into the common cant in such cases. In one instance the *American Monthly* accords with him in an unjust opinion touching some verses by Sir Henry Wotton, on the Queen of Bohemia, daughter of James I, and about which it is said that "there are few finer things in our language." Our readers will agree with us, we believe, that this praise is exaggerated. We quote the lines in full.

You meaner beauties of the night
That poorly satisfy our eyes,
More by your number than your light,
You common people of the skies
What are you when the sun shall rise?

You curious chaunters of the wood
That warble forth dame Nature's lays,
Thinking your passions understood
By your weak accents; what's your praise
When Philomel her voice shall raise?

You violets, that first appear
By your pure purple mantles known,
Like the proud virgins of the year
As if the spring were all your own,
What are you when the rose is blown?

So, when my mistress shall be seen
In sweetness of her looks and mind,
By virtue first, then choice a queen,
Tell me if she were not designed
Th' eclipse and glory of her kind?

In such lines we can perceive *not one* of those higher attributes of the Muse which belong to her under all circumstances and throughout all time. Here every thing is art—naked or but awkwardly concealed. No prepossession for the mere antique (for in this case we can imagine no other prepossession) should induce us to dignify with the sacred name of Poesy, a series such as this, of elaborate and threadbare compliments, (threadbare even at the time of their composition) stitched apparently together, without fancy, without

plausibility, without adaptation of parts—and it is needless to add, without a jot of imagination.

We have been much delighted with the *Shepherd's Hunting*, by Wither—a poem partaking, in a strange degree, of the peculiarities of the *Penseroso*. Speaking of Poesy he says—

By the murmur of a spring
Or the least boughs rusteling,
By a daisy whose leaves spread
Shut when Tytan goes to bed,
Or a shady bush or tree
She could more infuse in me
Than all Nature's beauties can
In some other wiser man.
By her help I also now
Make this churlish place allow
Something that may sweeten gladness
In the very gall of sadness—
The dull liveness, the black shade
That these hanging vaults have made,
The strange music of the waves
Beating on these hollow caves,
This black den which rocks emboss
Overgrown with eldest moss,
The rude portals that give light
More to terror than delight,
This my chamber of neglect
Walled about with disrespect—
From all these and this dull air
A fit object for despair,
She hath taught me by her might
To draw comfort and delight.

But these verses, however good, do not bear with them much of the general character of the English antique. Something more of this will be found in the following lines by Corbet—besides a rich vein of humor and sarcasm.

Farewell rewards and fairies!
Good housewives now you may say,
For now foul sluts in dairies
Do fare as well as they:
And though they sweep their hearths no less
Than maids were wont to do,
Yet who of late for cleanliness
Finds sixpence in her shoe?

Lament, lament, old Abbies,
The fairies' lost command,
They did but change priests' babies,
But some have changed your land;
And all your children stolen from thence
Are now grown Puritanes,
Who live as changelings ever since
For love of your demaines.

At morning and at evening both
You merry were and glad,
So little care of sleep and sloth
These pretty ladies had:
When Tom came home from labor
Or Ciss to milking rose,
Then merrily went their tabor
And nimbly went their toes.

Witness those rings and roundelays
Of theirs which yet remain,
Were footed in Queen Mary's days
On many a grassy plain;
But since of late Elizabeth
And later James came in,
They never danced on any heath
As when the time hath bin.

By which we note the fairies
Were of the old profession,

Their songs were Ave Marys,
Their dances were procession;
But now alas they all are dead
Or gone beyond the seas,
Or farther for religion fled—
Or else they take their ease.

A tell-tale in their company
They never could endure,
And whoso kept not secretly
Their mirth was punished sure;
It was a just and christian deed
To pinch such black and blue—
O how the commonwealth doth need
Such justices as you!

Now they have left our quarters
A register they have,
Who can preserve their charters—
A man both wise and grave.
An hundred of their merry pranks
By one that I could name
Are kept in store; con twenty thanks
To William for the same.

To William Churne of Staffordshire
Give land and praises due,
Who every meal can mend your cheer
With tales both old and true.
To William all give audience
And pray you for his noddle,
For all the fairies evidence
Were lost if it were addle.

The *Maiden lamenting for her Fawn*, by Marvell, is, we are pleased to see, a favorite with our friends of the *American Monthly*. Such portion of it as we now copy, we prefer not only as a specimen of the elder poets, but, in itself, as a beautiful poem, abounding in the sweetest pathos, in soft and gentle images, in the most exquisitely delicate imagination, and in *truth*—to any thing of its species.

It is a wondrous thing how fleet
'Twas on those little silver feet,
With what a pretty skipping grace
It oft would challenge me the race,
And when 't had left me far away
'Twould stay and run again and stay;
For it was nimbler much than hinds,
And trod as if on the four winds.
I have a garden of my own,
But so with roses overgrown,
And lilies that you would it guess
To be a little wilderness,
And all the spring-time of the year
It only loved to be there.
Among the beds of lilies I
Have sought it oft where it should lie,
Yet could not till itself would rise
Find it although before mine eyes.
For in the flaxen lilies shade,
It like a bank of lilies laid,
Upon the roses it would feed
Until its lips even seemed to bleed,
And then to me 'twould boldly trip,
And print those roses on my lip,
But all its chief delight was still
On roses thus itself to fill,
And its pure virgin limbs to fold
In whitest sheets of lilies cold.
Had it lived long it would have been
Lilies without, roses within.

How truthful an air of deep lamentation hangs here upon every gentle syllable! It pervades all. It comes over the sweet melody of the words, over the gentleness and grace which we fancy in the little maiden herself,

even over the half-playful, half-petulant air with which she lingers on the beauties and good qualities of her favorite—like the cool shadow of a summer cloud over a bed of lilies and violets, and “all sweet flowers.”

The whole thing is redolent with poetry of the *very loftiest order*. It is positively crowded with *nature* and with *pathos*. Every line is an idea—conveying either the beauty and playfulness of the fawn, or the artlessness of the maiden, or the love of the maiden, or her admiration, or her grief, or the fragrance and sweet warmth, and perfect *appropriateness* of the little nest-like bed of lilies and roses, which the fawn devoured as it lay upon them, and could scarcely be distinguished from them by the once happy little damsel who went to seek her pet with an arch and rosy smile upon her face. Consider the great variety of *truth* and delicate thought in the few lines we have quoted—the *wonder* of the maiden at the fleetness of her favorite—the “*little silver feet*”—the fawn challenging his mistress to the race, “with a pretty skipping grace,” running on before, and then, with head turned back, awaiting her approach only to fly from it again—can we not distinctly perceive all these things? The exceeding vigor, too, and beauty of the line

And trod as if on the four winds,

which are vividly apparent when we regard the artless nature of the speaker, and the *four feet* of the favorite—one for each wind. Then the garden of “*my own*,” so overgrown—entangled—with lilies and roses as to be “a little wilderness”—the fawn loving to be there and there “*only*”—the maiden seeking it “where it *should* lie,” and not being able to distinguish it from the flowers until “itself would rise”—the lying among the lilies “like a bank of lilies”—the loving to “*fill*” itself with roses,

And its pure virgin limbs to fold
In whitest sheets of lilies cold,

and these things being its “*chief*” delights—and then the pre-eminent beauty and naturalness of the concluding lines—whose very outrageous hyperbole and absurdity only render them the more true to nature and to propriety, when we consider the innocence, the artlessness, the enthusiasm, the passionate grief, and more passionate admiration of the bereaved child.

*Had it lived long it would have been
Lilies without—roses within.*

SOUTH-SEA EXPEDITION.

Report of the Committee on Naval Affairs, to whom was referred memorials from sundry citizens of Connecticut interested in the whale fishing, praying that an exploring expedition be fitted out to the Pacific Ocean and South Seas. March 21, 1836.

That a more accurate, defined, and available knowledge than we at present possess, of the waters, islands, and continental coasts of the great Pacific and Southern Oceans, has long been desirable, no unprejudiced individual conversant with the subject, is likely to deny. A portion of the community unrivalled in activity, enterprise and perseverance, and of paramount importance both in a political and commercial point of view, has long been reaping a rich harvest of individual wealth and national honor in these vast regions. The Pacific

may be termed the training ground, the gymnasium of our national navy. The hardihood and daring of that branch of our commercial marines employed in its trade and fisheries, have almost become a proverb. It is in this class we meet with the largest aggregate of that cool self-possession, courage, and enduring fortitude, which have won for us our enviable position among the great maritime powers; and it is from this class we may expect to recruit a considerable proportion of the physical strength and moral intelligence necessary to maintain and improve it. The documentary evidence upon which the report before us is based, forms an appendix to it, and is highly interesting in its character. It awakens our admiration at the energy and industry which have sustained a body of daring men, while pursuing a dangerous and arduous occupation, amid the perils and casualties of an intricate navigation, in seas imperfectly known. It enlists our sympathies in the hardships and difficulties they have combated, places in strong relief the justice of their claims upon the nation for aid and protection, and shows the expediency of the measure which has at last resulted from their representations. The report itself is clear, manly, decided—the energetic language of men who, having examined the data submitted to them with the consideration the interests it involved seemed to require, are anxious to express their sentiments with a force and earnestness suited to their views of the urgent occasion and of the course they recommend.

It is a glorious study to contemplate the progress made by human industry, from stage to stage, when engaged in the prosecution of a laudable object. Little more than a century ago, only the crews of a few miserable open boats, too frail to venture far from land, waged a precarious warfare with the great leviathans of the deep, along the shores of Cape Cod and Nantucket—then occupied, at distant intervals, by a few inconsiderable fishing stations. The returns even of these first efforts were lucrative, and more appropriate vessels for the service were fitted out. These extended their cruises northward to Labrador, and southward to the West Indies. At length the adventurers, in vessels of yet greater capacity, strength and durability, crossed the Equator and followed their hardy calling along the Eastern Shore of the Southern Peninsula and on the Western and North Western coast of Africa. The Revolution of course operated as a temporary check to their prosperity, but shortly thereafter these dauntless mariners doubled Cape Horn, and launched their daring keels into the comparatively unknown waste beyond, in search of their gigantic prey. Since that fortunate advent, the increase in the shipping, extent, and profits of the fishery, has been unprecedented, and new sources of wealth the importance of which it is at present impossible to estimate, have been opened to us in the same quarter. The trade in skins of the sea-otter and seal, in the fur of land animals on the North West coast, &c. has been extensive in extent and avails. The last mentioned animal, besides the valuable ivory it affords, yields a coarse oil which, in the event of the whale becoming extinct before the perpetual warfare of man, would prove a valuable article of consumption. Of the magnitude of the commercial interest involved in different ways in the Pacific trade, an idea may be gathered in the following extract from the main subject of our review. Let it be

borne in mind, that many of the branches of this trade are as yet in their infancy, that the natural resources to which they refer are apparently almost inexhaustible; and we shall become aware that all which is now in operation, is but as a dim shadow to the mighty results which may be looked for, when this vast field for national enterprise is better known and appreciated.

"No part of the commerce of this country is more important than that carried on in the Pacific Ocean. It is large in amount. Not less than \$12,000,000 are invested in and actively employed by one branch of the whale fishery alone; in the whole trade there is directly and indirectly involved not less than fifty to seventy millions of property. In like manner from 170 to 200,000 tons of our shipping, and from 9 to 12000 of our seamen are employed, amounting to about one-tenth of the whole navigation of the Union. Its results are profitable. It is to a great extent not a mere exchange of commodities, but the creation of wealth by labor from the ocean. The fisheries alone produce at this time an annual income of from five to six millions of dollars; and it is not possible to look at Nantucket, New Bedford, New London, Sag Harbor and a large number of other districts upon our Northern coasts, without the deep conviction that it is an employment alike beneficial to the moral, political, and commercial interests of our fellow-citizens."

In a letter from Commodore Downes to the Honorable John Reed, which forms part of the supplement to the report, that experienced officer observes—

"During the circumnavigation of the globe, in which I crossed the equator six times, and varied my course from 40 deg. North to 67 deg. South latitude, I have never found myself beyond the limits of our commercial marine. The accounts given of the dangers and losses to which our ships are exposed by the extension of our trade into seas but little known, so far, in my opinion from being exaggerated, would admit of being placed in bolder relief, and the protection of government employed in stronger terms. I speak from practical knowledge, having myself seen the dangers and painfully felt the want of the very kind of information which our commercial interests so much need, and which, I suppose, would be the object of such an expedition as is now under consideration before the committee of Congress to give. * * * * *

The commerce of our country has extended itself to remote parts of the world, is carried on around islands and reefs not laid down in the charts, among even groups of islands from ten to sixty in number, abounding in objects valuable in commerce, but of which nothing is known accurately; no not even the sketch of a harbor has been made, while of such as are inhabited our knowledge is still more imperfect."

In reading this evidence (derived from the personal observation of a judicious and experienced commander) of the vast range of our commerce in the regions alluded to, and of the imminent risks and perils to which those engaged in it are subjected, it cannot but create a feeling of surprise, that a matter of such vital importance as the adoption of means for their relief, should so long have been held in abeyance. A tabular view of the discoveries of our whaling captains in the Pacific and Southern seas, which forms part of another document, seems still further to prove the inaccuracy and almost utter worthlessness of the charts of these waters, now in use.

Enlightened liberality is the truest economy. It would not be difficult to show, that even as a matter of pecuniary policy the efficient measures at length in progress to remedy the evils complained of by this portion of our civil marine, are wise and expedient. But let us take

higher ground. They were called for—*Firstly*: as a matter of public justice. Mr. Reynolds, in his comprehensive and able letter to the chairman of the committee on Naval Affairs, dated 1823, which, with many other conclusive arguments and facts furnished by that gentleman, forms the main evidence on which the late committee founded their report—observes, with reference to the Pacific;

"To look after our merchant there—to offer him every possible facility—to open new channels for his enterprise, and to keep up a respectable naval force to protect him—is only paying a debt we owe to the commerce of the country: for millions have flowed into the treasury from this source, before one cent was expended for its protection."

So far, then, we have done little as a nation to facilitate, or increase, the operations of our commerce in the quarter indicated; we have left the adventurous merchant and the hardy fisherman, to fight their way among reefs of dangerous rocks, and through the channels of undescribed Archipelagos, almost without any other guides than their own prudence and sagacity; but we have not hesitated to partake of the fruits of their unassisted toils, to appropriate to ourselves the credit, respect and consideration their enterprise has commanded, and to look to their class as the strongest support of that main prop of our national power,—a hardy, effective, and well disciplined national navy.

Secondly. Our pride as a vigorous commercial empire, should stimulate us to become our own pioneers in that vast island-studded ocean, destined, it may be, to become, not only the chief theatre of our traffic, but the arena of our future naval conflicts. Who can say, viewing the present rapid growth of our population, that the Rocky Mountains shall forever constitute the western boundary of our republic, or that it shall not stretch its dominion from sea to sea. This may not be desirable, but signs of the times render it an event by no means without the pale of possibility.

The intercourse carried on between the Pacific islands and the coast of China, is highly profitable, the immense returns of the whale fishery in the ocean which surrounds those islands, and along the continental coasts, have been already shown. Our whalers have traversed the wide expanse from Peru and Chili on the west, to the isles of Japan on the east, gathering national reverence, as well as individual emolument, in their course; and yet until the late appropriation, Congress has never yielded them any pecuniary assistance, leaving their very security to the scientific labors of countries far more distant, and infinitely less interested, than our own.

Thirdly. It is our duty, holding as we do a high rank in the scale of nations, to contribute a large share to that aggregate of useful knowledge, which is the common property of all. We have astronomers, mathematicians, geologists, botanists, eminent professors in every branch of physical science—we are unincumbered by the oppression of a national debt, and are free from many other drawbacks which fetter and control the measures of the trans-Atlantic governments. We possess, as a people, the mental elasticity which liberal institutions inspire, and a treasury which can afford to remunerate scientific research. Ought we not, therefore, to be foremost in the race of philanthropic discovery, in every

department embraced by this comprehensive term? Our national honor and glory which, be it remembered, are to be "transmitted as well as enjoyed," are involved. In building up the fabric of our commercial prosperity, let us not flinch the corner stone. Let it not be said of us, in future ages, that we ingloriously availed ourselves of a stock of scientific knowledge, to which we had not contributed our quota—that we shunned as a people to put our shoulder to the wheel—that we reaped where we had never sown. It is not to be controverted that such has been hitherto the case. We have followed in the rear of discovery, when a sense of our moral and political responsibility should have impelled us in its van. Mr. Reynolds, in a letter to which we have already referred, deprecates this servile dependence upon foreign research in the following nervous and emphatic language.

The commercial nations of the earth have done much, and much remains to be accomplished. We stand a solitary instance among those who are considered commercial, as never having put forth a particle of strength or expended a dollar of our money, to add to the accumulated stock of commercial and geographical knowledge, except in partially exploring our own territory.

When our naval commanders and hardy tars have achieved a victory on the deep, they have to seek our harbors, and conduct their prizes into port by tables and charts furnished perhaps by the very people whom they have vanquished.

Is it honorable in the United States to use, forever, the knowledge furnished by others, to teach us how to shun a rock, escape a shoal, or find a harbor; and add nothing to the great mass of information that previous ages and other nations have brought to our hands. * *

The exports, and, more emphatically, the imports of the United States, her receipts and expenditures, are written on every pillar erected by commerce on every sea and in every clime; but the amount of her subscription stock to erect those pillars and for the advancement of knowledge is no where to be found.

Have we not then reached a degree of mental strength, which will enable us to find our way about the globe without leading-strings? Are we forever to take the highway others have laid out for us, and fixed with mile-stones and guide boards? No: a time of enterprise and adventure must be at hand, it is already here; and its march is onward, as certain as a star approaches its zenith.

It is delightful to find that such independent statements and opinions as the above, have been approved, and acted upon by Congress, and that our President with a wisdom and promptitude which do him honor, is superintending and facilitating the execution of legislative design. We extract the following announcement from the Washington Globe.

Surveying and Exploring Expedition to the Pacific Ocean and South Seas.—We learn that the President has given orders to have the exploring vessels fitted out, with the least possible delay. The appropriation made by Congress was ample to ensure all the great objects contemplated by the expedition, and the Executive is determined that nothing shall be wanting to render the expedition in every respect worthy the character and great commercial resources of the country.

The frigate *Macedonian*, now undergoing thorough repairs at Norfolk, two brigs of two hundred tons each, one or more tenders, and a store ship of competent dimensions, is, we understand, the force agreed upon, and to be put in a state of immediate preparation.

Captain Thomas A. C. Jones, an officer possessing many high qualities for such a service, has been appoint-

ed to the command; and officers for the other vessels will be immediately selected.

The *Macedonian* has been chosen instead of a sloop of war, on account of the increased accommodations she will afford the scientific corps; a department the President has determined shall be complete in its organization, including the ablest men that can be procured, so that nothing within the whole range of every department of natural history and philosophy shall be omitted. Not only on this account has the frigate been selected, but also for the purpose of a more extended protection of our whalers and traders; and to impress on the minds of the natives a just conception of our character, power, and policy. The frequent disturbances and massacres committed on our seamen by the natives inhabiting the islands in those distant seas, make this measure the dictate of humanity.

We understand also, that to J. N. Reynolds, Esq. the President has given the appointment of Corresponding Secretary to the expedition. Between this gentleman and Captain Jones there is the most friendly feeling and harmony of action. The cordiality they entertain for each other, we trust will be felt by all, whether citizen or officer, who shall be so fortunate as to be connected with the expedition.

Thus it will be seen, steps are being taken to remove the reproach of our country alluded to by Mr. Reynolds, and that that gentleman has been appointed to the highest civil situation in the expedition; a station which we know him to be exceedingly well qualified to fill. The liberality of the appropriation for the enterprise, the strong interest taken by our energetic chief magistrate in its organization, the experience and intelligence of the distinguished commander at its head, all promise well for its successful termination. Our most cordial good wishes will accompany the adventure, and we trust that it will prove the germ of a spirit of scientific ambition, which, fostered by legislative patronage and protection, shall build up for us a name in nautical discovery commensurate with our moral, political, and commercial position among the nations of the earth.

ELKSWATAWA.

Elkswatawa; or the Prophet of the West. A Tale of the Frontier. New York: Harper and Brothers.

This novel is written by Mr. James S. French, of Jerusalem, Virginia—the author, we believe, of "*Eccentricities of David Crockett*," a book of which we know nothing beyond the fact of its publication. The plot of *Elkswatawa* is nearly as follows. About the period when rumors were abroad in our frontier settlements, and elsewhere, of contemplated hostilities by the Indians under Tecumseh, one Mr. Richard Rolfe, "a high-toned and chivalrous Virginian," is a resident of Petersburg. He is left an orphan in early life—is educated under the guidance of an uncle, completes a course of studies at William and Mary, and finally practises law. His uncle now dying, he is left penniless; and his want of perseverance precludes any hope of professional advancement. In this dilemma he falls in love. The young lady is "a gentle, quiet, little creature," has hazel eyes, auburn air, and "the loveliest face my eyes ever beheld." Moreover, she is "intellectual without being too much book-learned, kind without seeming to intend it, and artless without affectation." "Not a dog" says Mr. French, "but read her countenance aright, and would follow her until he obtained his dinner." Besides all this, she has some little pro-

party, a penchant for Mr. Richard Rolfe, and a very pretty appellation, which is Gay Foreman. But that the course of true love may not run altogether smooth, the young lady's father "knows a thing or two," and will have nothing to do with our hero. The damsel too refuses to run away with him, and so he is forced to run away by himself. In a word, he resolves "to leave the scene of his unhappiness and seek a home in the western wilds." "Oh poverty! poverty!" says Mr. Richard Rolfe, in throwing his leg over the saddle, "how often hast thou been sketched in some humble sphere, as fascinating in the extreme—and indeed lovely art thou—in the abstract!"—a very neat and very comfortable little piece of positive fact, or as Ben D'Israeli would call it—of æsthetical psychology.

Our hero is next seen in Kentucky, where we find him, on the night of the 10th of August 1809, in the woods, on the banks of the Ohio, in company with one Mr. Earthquake, a hunter. A cry is suddenly heard proceeding from the river. Stealthily approaching the banks, Mr. R. and his friend look abroad and discover—nothing. Earthquake, however, (whom our hero calls Earth for brevity) is of opinion that the Indians have been murdering some emigrant family. While deliberating, a light is discovered on the Illinois bank of the river, and presently a band of Indian warriors become visible. They are dancing a war-dance, with a parcel of bloody scalps in their hands, and (credat Judeus!) with Mr. Rolfe's very identical little sweetheart in their abominable clutches! "Is there a human bosom callous to the appeals of pity?" here says Mr. Richard Rolfe, attorney at law, placing his hand upon his heart. Mr. Earthquake, unfortunately, says nothing, but there can be no doubt in any reasonable mind, that had he opened his mouth at all, "Humph! here's a pretty kettle of fish!" would have come out of it.

It appears that Mr. Rolfe having decamped from Petersburg, old Mr. Foreman, as a necessary consequence, becomes unfortunate in business, fails, and goes off to Pittsburg—or perhaps goes to Pittsburg first and then fails—at all events it is incumbent upon him to emigrate and go down the Ohio in a flat-boat with all his family, and so down he goes. He arrives, of course, before any accident can possibly happen to him, exactly opposite the spot where that ill-treated young attorney, Mr. Rolfe, is sitting as aforesaid, with a very long face, in the woods. But having got so far, it follows that he can get no farther. The Indians now catch him—(what business had he to reject Mr. Rolfe?) they give him a yell—(oh, the old villain!) they kill him—(quite right!) scalp him, and throw him overboard, him and all his family, with the exception of the young lady. Her they think it better to carry across to the Illinois side of the river, and set her up on the top of a rock just opposite our hero, with a view, no doubt, of letting that interesting young gentleman behold her to the greatest possible advantage.

But the glaring improbability of this *rencontre* (an incident upon which the whole narrative depends) is perhaps the worst feature in Mr. French's novel. Matters now proceed in a more rational manner. The Indians, eight in number, having finished their war-dance, make off with their prey. The two hunters (for Mr. R. has turned hunter) swim the river and proceed to follow in pursuit, with the view of seizing

any favorable opportunity for rescuing the young lady. There are now some points of interest. At one time, our friends, hiding in the trunk of a tree, are near being discovered by the red men, when these latter are turned from the path by the rattling of a snake. This is a manoeuvre on the part of Earthquake, who carries the rattles about his person. Something of the same kind, however, is narrated by Cooper. At another period, one of the eight becoming separated from the party, is way-laid and dexterously slain. Mr. Rolfe too, manages to obtain a glimpse of the face of the captive, and is convinced of her being his inamorata. The pursuit, however, is unsuccessful, and the maiden is carried to the camp of Tecumseh.

We have now a description of this warrior—of his brother Elkswatawa, the Prophet—of Net-nok-wa, the female chief of the Ottawas—and of Mis-kwa-bun-o-kwa her daughter. The two latter are on a visit to Tecumseh, who refuses, for state reasons, the proffered hand of Mis-kwa-bun-o-kwa. This princess, becoming interested in the fate of our heroine, begs her of the Prophet as a slave. The Prophet yields, and Miss Foreman is carried by Mis-kwa-bun-o-kwa to visit some of the latter's friends on the Wabash, before setting off for the more distant regions of her tribe. In the meantime, our hunters, arriving at the camp, and having reconnoitred it in vain for any traces of the captive, boldly enter the camp itself, and demand the maiden at the hands of the Prophet. His hostile intentions not being yet sufficiently ripe, Elkswatawa receives them with kindness, and gives them fair words, but disclaims any knowledge of Miss Foreman. Being desired, however, to aid the search by means of his power as a Prophet, the Indian finally points out the true route of Mis-kwa-bun-o-kwa's party, and our hunters taking leave, determine, as nothing better can be done, to return home for assistance. On their way they come across the body of the Indian, who, it will be remembered, was separated from his party and killed by our friends. Upon his person they find, among other articles, a handkerchief marked with the letters *R. Rolfe*, in the hand-writing of our hero. He remembers having exchanged handkerchiefs with Miss F. on the day of his leaving Petersburg, and his doubts are now, consequently, resolved into certainty. This incident determines Rolfe to proceed immediately up the Wabash. Here, too, he fails in the object of his search, and the hunters commence their return. On the route an Indian woman is discovered, bearing a torch, and looking for her son whom she supposes to have been murdered by the whites. Touched with pity, our friends aid her in the search, and the son is found, grievously wounded, but not dead. In her lamentations, the mother drops some few words about a white maiden who has taken shelter in her wigwam, and the hopes of Rolfe are rekindled. They bear the wounded man to the hut, and the white maiden, who is found dead, proves not to be Gay Foreman. But the kindness of Rolfe and his companion have excited a deep gratitude in the breasts of the Indian mother and son—the latter is called Oloompa. They pledge their aid in recovering the lady—and, Rolfe having entrusted Oloompa with a letter for his mistress, the hunters resume their journey. Reaching Indiana, they find that, owing to the unsettled state of Indian affairs, no assistance can be rendered them in regard

to the rescue of Miss Foreman. They proceed to Kentucky. Earthquake is made sheriff. Rolfe practices law, and having written to Petersburg in relation to Miss F. receives an answer inducing him to believe himself mistaken in regard to the identity of the captive. In the meantime Netnokwa, Mis-kwa-bun-o-kwa and Miss Foreman are living on the banks of the Red River. The lady is, in some measure, reconciled to her fate by the kind attentions of her Indian friends—who are only prevented from restoring her to the settlements, through dread of the Prophet's resentment. Elkswatawa and Tecumseh are busied in uniting the Indian tribes with the view of a general attack upon the whites. An emissary is thus sent to the wigwam of Netnokwa. Influenced by Miss Foreman the princesses treat the messenger with contempt and laugh at the pretensions of the Prophet. He returns home vowing vengeance, and Elkswatawa is induced to send a party of six warriors for the purpose of bringing all the inmates of Netnokwa's cabin to his camp.

The friendly Indian, Oloompas, determines, in the meantime, to redeem his promise made to the two hunters, finds out the wigwam of Netnokwa, delivers the letter of Rolfe, receives an answer from Miss Foreman, proceeds with it to Kentucky, searches out our hero, and returns with him as a guide to the dwelling of the Indian princess. Earth accompanies them. The cabin is found deserted—the inmates having been carried off the day before in the direction of the Prophet's camp. But the ingenuity of Mis-kwa-bun-o-kwa has contrived to leave, on a shelf of the cabin, a letter for the perusal of Oloompas—whose return was, of course, expected. This letter consists of a parcel of little clay figures, representing Netnokwa, Mis-kwa-bun-o-kwa, and Miss Foreman, driven by six Indians in the direction of the camp of the Prophet. Upon this hint our hero starts with his two companions in pursuit. They fail, however, in overtaking the Indians in time to accomplish a rescue. The captive with her friends is carried to Tippecanoe, where the Prophet (Tecumseh having gone to the South) is expecting an attack from the American army under General Harrison. Entering the camp, Oloompas mingles with the Indians and finally discovers the tent in which are the princesses and Miss Foreman. Learning that the Prophet has granted to Mis-kwa-bun-o-kwa the privilege of passing in and out of the tent at pleasure, restricting her only to the limits of the camp, he obtains an interview with her, and prevails upon her to disguise Miss Foreman to represent herself, (the princess) and thus enable the captive to pass out. The scheme succeeds, and our heroine is restored to the arms of Mr. Rolfe, who is awaiting her beyond the lines. In the meantime, the impatient Indians urge the Prophet to a night attack upon Gen. Harrison. They are repulsed, and at the conclusion of the battle, our friends make their way into the American army. All difficulties now vanish. The lovers are married, and the narrative is brought to a conclusion.

The dry compendium we have given will of course do little more than afford some idea of the *plan* of the novel. Its chief interest depends upon matters which we have avoided altogether, as being independent of this plan, and as forming a portion of our Indian history. Here Mr. French has been very successful. The characters of Tecumseh and of Elkswatawa appear to us

well drawn, and the manœuvres skilfully detailed by means of which the vast power of the Prophet was attained. It is possible however, that the bear, tiger, Indian, and snake stories of our friend Earthquake, (with which the volumes are plentifully interlarded,) will be considered as forming the better portions of *Elkswatawa*. We have already adverted to the gross improbability of the main incident upon which the narrative is hinged. In the entire construction of the tale Mr. French has fallen too obviously, we think, into some mannerisms of Sir Walter Scott.

In him (Sir Walter) these *mannerisms*, until the frequency of their repetition entitled them to such appellation, being well managed and not over-done, were commendable. They added great force and precision to the development of his stories. They should now be avoided—as a little too much of a good thing. And to a man of genius the world of invention is *never* shut. There is always something new under the sun—a fact susceptible of positive demonstration, in spite of a thousand dogmas to the contrary. The mannerisms we particularly allude to in Mr. French, are involved in what he so frequently calls the “*bringing up*” of his narrative. Fixing in his mind, every now and then, some particular epoch of his tale, he deems it of essential importance (when it is by no means so) that the action of his various characters should be “*brought up*,” with entire regularity, to this epoch. The attention is no sooner engaged in one train of adventure, than a chapter closes with some such sentence as the following. “*Leaving him to prosecute his journey, and the hunters with a perfect knowledge of the route he had taken, we return to the camp of the Prophet,*” see chapter 21—or with “*Leaving the hunters to hover about the temporary camp of the Indians, we must bring forward other parts of our story,*” see chapter 3—or with “*Thus amusing themselves, they continued their journey, to perform which we must leave them, while we bring forward other parts of our story,*” see chapter 8—or “*And now having brought up the history of the Prophet to the period of which we are writing we will proceed with our narrative,*” see chapter 14—or “*Leaving Rolfe to attend to his profession, and Earthquake to discharge the duties of the office which had just been conferred on him, let us proceed with other parts of our story,*” see chapter 15. Many of the chapters commence in a similar strain, and even in the middle of some of them the same interruptions occur. And this adjustment of the date is so frequently repeated that Mr. French's readers are kept in a constant state of chronological hornpipe.

There are some *inadvertences* to which the author's attention should be called. When Rolfe, and his companion Earthquake, are in the woods on the banks of the Ohio, at the time of the murder of Mr. Foreman's family, they are represented (see page 33, vol. i.) as hearing a sudden cry—upon which, proceeding to the river bank, they look around and see—nothing. The boat containing the family had sunk before their appearance and no traces remained. Yet on page 113 of the same volume, we find the hunters giving to the Prophet a detailed account of the massacre and burning—things of which they could know nothing whatsoever.

When Mis-kwa-bun-o-kwa (that acute young lady) is about leaving her wigwam on the Red River—forced

away by the six Indians of the Prophet, she goes to much trouble in making little dirt babies as a means of informing Rolfe and Oloompa, when they shall arrive, of the disaster which has befallen her. The six Indians, it is possible, would have taken notice of the dirt babies and destroyed them before their departure—for we are told they were set upon a shelf in the wigwam. At all events, the young princess should have had a less opinion of her own ingenuity, and have requested Miss Foreman to write a *bonâ fide* epistle to her lover. In this manner she would have saved herself no little dabbling in the mud.

In his *dialogues*, our author will observe that he makes a far too frequent use of the *names* of the speakers. Earthquake, for example, cannot say a word to Rolfe, without calling him *Rolfe*, to commence with—and Rolfe does nothing but *Earth* Mr. Earthquake to the end of the chapter. This has the most ludicrous effect imaginable. The colloquy might as well proceed, too, without so excessive an use of the word "said." The "said Earths" and "said Rolfes" have put us in a positive fever. The general style of Mr. French is intrinsically good—but has a certain air of *rawness* which only time and self-discipline will enable him to mellow down. In depicting *character*, the novelist is unequal. Earth is natural, and although drawn with force, still free from the usual exaggerations. We have already spoken of Elkswatawa and Tecumseh. Oloompa is a bold and chivalrous Indian, with a fine ideal elevation of manner. Miss Foreman we dislike, because we cannot comprehend her. In vain we endeavor to form of her, from the portrait before us, any definite image. She is a young lady—and we are told a very pretty one—but Mr. F. must pardon us for saying that she has—no character whatsoever.

Upon the whole we think highly of "*Elkswatawa*," as evincing a capacity for better things. But if the question were demanded—What has Mr. French here done for his reputation?—we would reply possibly, upon the spur of the moment—"very little." Upon second thoughts we should say—"just nothing at all."

THE VIRGINIA SPRINGS.

Letters Descriptive of the Virginia Springs—the Roads leading thereto and the Doings thereat. Collected, Corrected, Annotated and Edited by Peregrine Protix. With a Map of Virginia. Philadelphia: Published by H. S. Tanner.

In our late notice of a *Pleasant Peregrination through the Prettiest Parts of Pennsylvania*, we had occasion to mention in high terms of commendation these *Letters Descriptive of the Virginia Springs*. Seeing them now advertised (very opportunely) as for sale in the city of Richmond, we take the liberty of calling attention more particularly to their merits. Every person about to pay a visit to our Springs, should read the book of course—and every person not about to pay them a visit, should most especially read it that he may have the pleasure of changing his mind. The volume is a very small one—a duodecimo of about 100 pages—but is replete with information of the most useful and the most enticing nature to the tourist. It is moreover, as the title implies, increased in value by the addition of a *Tanner's Map of Virginia*, in which the usual routes

to the Springs are marked in colored lines. The volume has already been so freely quoted by all parties, that we can do no more than just copy a few words in relation to the Red Sulphur Springs of our old and highly esteemed friend, Mr. Burke, and to the Grey Sulphur of Mr. Legare.

The distance to the Red Sulphur (from the Salt Sulphur) is eighteen miles over a mountainous and woody region, which grows wilder and more romantic as you proceed. You pass two or three little valleys, into which the sun's rays penetrate between the branches and trunks of the gigantic trees, which have been robbed of their leafy honors by the process of girdling: the ground below being occupied by Indian corn. After ascending several successive elevations, the road reaches the top of a narrow mountain ridge, along which it runs for several miles, and affords a prospect into the deep and precipitous valley on either side. After descending from this ridge the road follows for several miles the bank of a beautiful creek, and brings you to the Red Sulphur Spring. This is one of the most beautiful and interesting objects in the Virginia Mountains. It flows from the rock into a quadrangular reservoir, composed of four slabs of white marble, the lower edges of which rest on the rock from which the water gushes. The reservoir is about six feet long, five wide, and four and a half deep; and a beautiful red and mysterious substance covers the bottom, which extending some distance up the sides, sheds through the transparency of the water its own lovely hue. The water is clear and cool, (its temperature being fifty-four of Fahrenheit,) is very strongly charged with sulphurietted hydrogen gas, and contains portions of several neutral salts. It possesses in a high degree the valuable property of lowering an exalted pulse, and is generally diuretic and aperient. To a Philadelphian palate its coolness is very gratifying. The spring is situated near one side of a little triangular plain, almost buried in mountains, and therefore cut short of its fair proportion of sunshine. The buildings, consisting of two large and commodious hotels, and three rows of cabins, are conveniently arranged upon the plain. The best row of cabins is called Philadelphia row, and is built of brick, each cabin containing two good rooms, in one of which is a fire-place. The table and other accommodations are very good, and Mr. Burke, the proprietor, is making every effort by new and expensive improvements to increase the comforts of his future guests.

We have only to add, that Mr. B. has since been successful in making the *Red Sulphur* every thing which the tourist or the valetudinarian could desire.

At 10 A. M. on the 10th September, [says Mr. Protix] we left the Red Sulphur Spring in a private carriage, to pay a visit to the Gray Sulphur, situated at the distance of nine miles in a south-west direction, just within the border of Giles county.

This is a new establishment, grown up by magic since the first of June last. It belongs to John D. Legare, Esq. of South Carolina, a gentleman of established literary talent, who by his great enterprise and good taste, has made this lovely wilderness blossom like the rose, and bring forth the fruits of civilization and comfort. There is a comfortable new brick house standing near the middle of a gently sloping plain of about twenty acres, nearly cleared of trees, and entirely surrounded by forest-covered mountains, between whose base and the house are several beautiful conical hills, rendering the view from the portico exceedingly pleasing. Every thing here is conducted after the polished and agreeable manner of South Carolina. All is redolent of the Palmetto, and a little pleasant circle from that state, may generally be found here.

There are two springs under the same cover, within ten feet of each other; one containing, *inter alia*, bicarbonate of soda, which is an excellent anti-dyspeptic,

and is well taken an hour after dinner, which is always so good here that every body eats too much. The other contains some sulphuretted hydrogen and several neutral salts, rendering it aperient and diuretic. It should be taken an hour before breakfast. The breakfasts and suppers are capital, furnished forth with various cakes, in form and color new to the northern eye, of rice, of corn and wheat; and in discussing these interesting subjects, a quiet deliberation reigns, affording the epicure the double opportunity of curing hunger and gratifying taste. The wine is so good, that he who drinks it, falsifies the old adage, that *omnes errorem bibunt*,—there is no mistake about it.

A YEAR IN SPAIN.

A year in Spain. By a Young American. Third Edition, enlarged. New-York. Harper and Brothers.

We have more than once recorded in the Messenger the high pleasure afforded us by the pages of Lieutenant Sidell. The "*Year in Spain*" with the exception of its third volume, is no novelty, we are sure. Its well-limned natural scenery—its exceedingly happy groups of banditti, and boleros, and mouse-colored asses, and muleteers, and modern Sancho Panzas, and Sangrados, and primitive Alcaldes, and pallazzos, and plazas, and posadas, are still passing before the eyes of a great majority of our readers in a Kaleidoscopical freshness and variety, unimpaired, and unimpaired. It would hardly be worth our while then to tell the public what the public know quite as well as ourselves—that the book has a vigorous interest—has received a great deal of commendation—and deserves it. The third volume in the present edition is superadded to the English *imprimatur*, and embodies what we consider the most effective portion of the narrative—an account of the author's visit to Grenada. The mechanical execution of the book is honorable to the Messieurs Harpers. The vignettes in each of the volumes, are particularly good. We would sincerely recommend our friends to procure a copy of the work forthwith—to give it a niche in their libraries—and to remember that it may safely be referred to upon occasion, as a most creditable specimen of American talent.

ADVENTURES IN SEARCH OF A HORSE.

The Adventures of a Gentleman in Search of a Horse. By Caveat Emptor, Gent. One, Etc. Philadelphia: Republished by Carey, Lea and Blanchard.

This book, to say nothing of its peculiar excellence and general usefulness, is remarkable as being an anomaly in the literary way. The first 180 pages are occupied with what the title implies, the adventures of a gentleman in search of a horse—the remaining 100 embrace, in all its details, difficulties, and intricacies, a profound treatise on the English *law of horse-dealing warranty*!—and this too, strange as it may seem, appears to be the first and only treatise upon a subject so interesting to a great portion of the English gentry. Think of *law*, serviceable law too, intended as a matter of reference, compiled by a well known attorney, and dedicated to Sir John Gurney, one of the Barons of his Majesty's Court of Exchequer—think of all this done up in a green muslin cover, and illustrated by very laughable wood-cuts. Only imagine the stare of old Coke, and of the other big wigged tribe in white calf

and red-letter binding, as our friend in the green habit shall take his station by their side upon the book shelf!

The *adventurous* portion of the book is all to which we have attended, and so far we have found much fine humor, good advice, and useful information in all matters touching the nature, the management, and especially the purchase of a horse. We would advise all amateurs to look well, and look quickly into the pages of *Caveat Emptor*.

LAFITTE.

Lafitte: the Pirate of the Gulf. By the author of the South-West. New York: Harper and Brothers.

The "author of the *South-West*" is Professor Ingraham. We had occasion to speak favorably of that work in our Messenger for January last. "*Lafitte*," the book now before us, may be called an historical novel. It is based, in a great degree, upon a sketch in Mr. Flint's "*Valley of the Mississippi*," of the great Baratarian outlaw; and many of the leading incidents narrated may be found in the "*Louisiana*" of Marbois, and the "*Memoirs*" of Latour. We are not, however, to decide upon the merits of the story—which runs nearly thus—by any reference to historical truth.

An expatriated Frenchman resides upon the banks of the Kennebeck. He has two sons—twins—their mother having died in their infancy. Their names are Achille and Henri—the former proud, impetuous and ambitious—the latter of a more gentle nature. We are introduced to this little family when the boys are in their fifteenth year. At this epoch a jealousy of his brother, never felt before, and founded on the obvious preference of the father for Henri, arises in the bosom of Achille. Gertrude, now, a niece and ward of the old gentleman, becomes an inmate of the house. She is beautiful, is beloved by both the sons, but returns only the affection of Henri. Jealousy thus deepens into hatred on the part of Achille. This hatred is still farther embittered by an accident. Henri saves the life of his mistress, and, in so doing, rejects the proffered assistance of Achille. The lovers meet too by moonlight, and are overheard by the discarded brother, who in a moment of phrensy, plunges a knife in the bosom of Henri, hurries to the sea-coast, and, seizing the boat of a fisherman, pushes out immediately to sea. Upon the eve of being lost, he is picked up by a merchant vessel, and proceeds with her on a voyage to the Mediterranean. The vessel is captured by the Algerines—our hero is imprisoned—escapes by the aid of a Moorish maiden, whom he dishonors and abandons—is recaptured—escapes again in an open boat for Ceuti—is again captured by Algerines—unites with them, and subsequently commands them—is taken by the Turks—is promoted in their navy—turns Mussulman—becomes the chief of an armed horde—combats in the Egyptian ranks—becomes again a pirate—is taken by the Spaniards—is liberated and becomes a corsair again, and again. His adventures so far, however, from the period of his attack upon Henri—adventures occupying a period of fifteen years—are related by the novelist in language very little more diffuse than our own. We are now introduced, at full length to Achille, in the character of Lafitte. The scene is Jamaica, and we find the freebooter planning a descent upon the house of a

wealthy Mexican exile, Velasquez. He has a daughter, Constanza, very beautiful, and a nephew, very much of a rascal. The nephew is in league with the robbers, and admits them to the house for the sake of sharing the booty. The adventure ends in the death of the traitor by a pistol-shot from the hands of Velasquez—the death of the old man himself through agitation—and the carrying off of the maiden, and much booty, by Lafitte. The lady however, is treated with great deference by that noble-spirited and fine-looking young man the cut-throat, who wears a grey cloak with a velvet collar, folds his arms, gnashes his teeth, and has, we must admit it, a more handsomely furnished cabin than even the Red Rover himself. We are assured that his only object in carrying the damsel off at all, was to shield his person by means of her own, from the shots of his pursuers. Accordingly, a merchantman, bound for Kingston, heaving in sight, Constanza is set at liberty and put on board of it, with an old negro wench Juana (all lips) and a young pirate boy Theodore, (all sentiment) to attend upon her orders and convoy her safely into port. We now have a storm (in the usual manner) a wreck, and a capture. The dismasted vessel is taken by one of the galleys of Lafitte, and the lady again falls into the clutches of the buccaneers, who carry her to one of their rendezvous, a very romantic cavern, at the head of the bay of Gonzales, in the island of St. Domingo.

In the meantime the lover of the fair Constanza, one Count D'Oyley, commander of the French frigate, *Le Sultan*, going to visit his mistress at her paternal residence, is made aware of her disaster, follows immediately with his frigate's tender in pursuit of Lafitte, and fails in meeting him, but has the satisfaction of being taken prisoner by one of the freebooter's small vessels, and carried to the identical rendezvous in which lies the object of his search. The lovers repose in different caverns, and are totally unsuspecting of the so near presence of each other. But the maiden, of course, sings a song, made on purpose improvise, and all about love and the moon, and the lover, hearing every word of it, breaks through the wall (also of course) and—clasps her in his arms! But we are growing scurrilous. Lafitte arrives, and promises the two captives their freedom and a passage to Port-au-Prince in the morning. Count D'Oyley, however, having dreamed in succession four very ugly dreams, thinks it better to put no faith in the freebooter, and getting up in the middle of the night, makes his escape from the rendezvous with his mistress and Juana. In so doing he has only to dress his mistress as a man, and himself as a woman, to descend a precipice, to make a sentinel at the mouth of the cave drunk, and so walk over him—make another drunk in Lafitte's schooner, and so walk over him—walk over some forty or fifty of the crew on deck—and finally to walk off with the long-boat. These things are trifles with a man of genius—and an author should never let slip an opportunity of displaying his invention. D'Oyley's frigate happens just precisely at the right moment to be in the offing, and has no difficulty whatever in picking up all hands.

We are now brought to Barataria—and some scenes follow of historical interest. An offer on the part of the British is made to Lafitte. He demands time for reflection, and proceeds to lay the packet of proposals

before the Governor of Louisiana, demanding a free pardon for himself and associates as the reward of his information, and the price of his adherence to the States. After some trouble he succeeds in his application. He is present, and fights valiantly, at the battle of New Orleans. In the heat of the contest he is attacked pointedly and with vehemence by an individual in the uniform of a British naval officer—is wounded, and carried to the hospital. Here he discovers, as a nun, his cousin Gertrude, who after the attack by Achilles upon Henri, has taken the veil, by way of atonement for her share in the disaster. Henri, she informs Lafitte, is not killed, but gone to France with his father. Our hero now, having recovered of his wound, vows to devote to penitence, among the monks of St. Bernard, the remainder of his life. His first object, however, being to restore, as far as possible, his ill-gotten wealth to the proper owners, he finds it necessary to purchase a vessel with the view of collecting his treasures. He does so, and proceeds to accomplish his purpose.

The naval officer who attacked him so fiercely on the ramparts at Orleans is now discovered to be D'Oyley, although it does seem a little singular that Lafitte, who knew D'Oyley well, should not have discovered this matter before. The Frenchman, it appears, having rescued his mistress from the cavern, as before shown, and having reached his frigate in safety, can think of no more commendable course than that of returning for the purpose of dispersing the pirates, and hanging the preserver of his own life, and of the life and honor of his mistress. With this laudable design, he drops anchor at the mouth of the cavern. In the night time, however, the poor tossed-about lady is carried off through a port-hole, by Cudjo, an old negro, for some wise purposes of his own. Upon learning this occurrence the Count is very angry, and just then perceiving a schooner making her way out of the harbor, jumps at once to the conclusion that his lady is on board, and that Lafitte is the person who put her there. It is really distressing to see what a passion the Count is in upon this occasion. "Lafitte," says he, "thou seared and branded outlaw!—cursed of God and loathed of men!—fit compeer of hell's dark spirits!—blaster of human happiness!—destroyer of innocence! Guilty thyself, thou would'st make all like thee! Scornor of purity, thou would'st unmake and make it guilt! Like Satan, thou sowest tares of sorrow among the seeds of peace!—thou seekest good to make it evil! Renegade of mankind!—thou art a blot among thy race—the living presence of that moral pestilence which men and holy writ term *sin*!" The beauty and vigor of all this are not at all diminished by the fact that the "scornor of purity" and "renegade of mankind" was necessarily deprived of the pleasure of hearing a word of it, being otherwise busily engaged in the State of Louisiana.

The Count, having overtaken the schooner, and found out his mistake, goes to Barataria, and thence, proceeding to New Orleans, arrives on the day of the battle. Lafitte is there discovered upon the ramparts, and the combat ensues as heretofore described. D'Oyley imagines that Lafitte is mortally wounded. In a few days, however, the newly-purchased vessel of the corsair, with the corsair on board, is pointed out to him as it is leaving the harbor, and he again starts with his frigate in pursuit. Lafitte meanwhile has proceeded to the

rendezvous at which we left Constanza in the clutches of Cudjo, rescues her, and placing her safely in his vessel, determines to put her forthwith in the hands of her lover. He is met, unfortunately, by the frigate of the enraged D'Oyley. The vessels are thrown together, and the Count springs with his boarders on the deck of the schooner—turning a deaf ear to explanation. The corsair is mortally wounded by the Count. The cap of the latter falling off in the tumult, he is discovered to be Henri—the brother of Achille, or Lafitte. An old man on board, called Lafon, is at the same moment opportunely discovered to be the father. Explanations ensue. Lafitte dies—the lovers are happy—and the story terminates.

It must not be supposed that the absurdities we have here pointed out, are as obtrusive in the novel of Professor Ingraham as they appear in our naked digest. Still they are sufficiently so. "*Lafitte*," like the "*Elk-watawa*" of Mr. French, is most successful, we think, in its historical details. Commodore Patterson and General Andrew Jackson are among the personages who form a portion of the story. The portrait of the President seems to us forcibly sketched. But our author is more happy in any respect than in delineations of character. Some descriptive pieces are well-drawn, and admirably colored. We may instance the several haunts of the pirates, the residence of Velasquez, the house of the council at New Orleans, and the private cabin allotted by the corsair to Constanza. The whole book possesses vigor, and a certain species of interest—and there can be little doubt of its attaining popularity. The chronological mannerism noticed in "*Elk-watawa*" is also observable in "*Lafitte*." Some other mannerisms referrible to the same sin of imitation are also to be observed. As a general rule it may be safely assumed, that the most simple, is the best, method of narration. Our author cannot be induced to think so, and is at unnecessary pains to bring about artificialities of construction—not so much in regard to particular sentences, as to the introduction of his incidents. To these he always approaches with the gait of a crab. We have, for example, been keeping company with the buccaneers for a few pages—but now they are to make an attack upon some old family mansion. In an instant the buccaneers are dropped for the mansion, and the definite for the indefinite article. In place of the robbers proceeding in the course wherein we have been bearing them company, and advancing in proper order to the dwelling, they are suddenly abandoned for a house. A family mansion is depicted. A man is sitting within it. A maiden is sitting by his side, and a quantity of ingots are reposing in the cellar. We are then, and not till then, informed, that the family mansion, the man, the maiden and the ingots, are the identical mansion, man, maiden and ingots, of which we have already heard the buccaneers planning the attack.—Thus, at the conclusion of book the 4th, Count D'Oyley has rescued his mistress from the cavern, and arrived with her, in safety, upon the deck of his frigate. He has, moreover, decided upon returning with the frigate to the cavern for the laudable purpose, as aforesaid, of hanging his deliverer. We naturally expect still to keep company with the ship in this adventure; and turn over the page with a certainty of finding ourselves upon her decks. But not so. She is now merely a frigate which

we behold at a distance—a stately ship arrayed in the apparel of war, and which "sails with majestic motion into the bay of Gonzales." Of course we are strongly tempted to throw the book, ship and all, out of the window.

The novelist is too minutely, and by far too frequently *descriptive*. We are surfeited with unnecessary detail. Every little figure in the picture is invested with all the dignities of light and shadow, and *chiaro 'scuro*. Of mere outlines there are none. Not a dog yelps, unsung. Not a shovel-footed negro waddles across the stage, whether to any ostensible purpose or not, without eliciting from the author a *vos plaudite*, with an extended explanation of the character of his personal appearance—of his length, depth, and breadth,—and, more particularly, of the length, depth, and breadth of his shirt-collar, shoe-buckles and hat-band.

The English of Professor Ingraham is generally good. It possesses vigor and is very copious. Sometimes, however, we meet with a sentence without end, involving a nominative without a verb. For example,

"As the men plied their oars, and moved swiftly down the bayou, the Indian, who was the last of his name and race, with whom would expire the proud appellation, centuries before recognized among other tribes, as the synonyme for intelligence, civilization, and courage—THE NATCHEZ!—the injured, persecuted, slaughtered and unavenged Natchez—the Grecians of the aboriginal nations of North America!" See p. 125. Vol. 2.

Many odd words, too, and expressions, such as "revenge you," in place of "avenge you"—"*Praxitiles*," instead of "*Praxiteles*"—"assayed" in lieu of "essay-ed," and "denouément" for "dénouement"—together with such things as "frissieur," "closelier," "self-powered," "folden," and "rhodomantine" are here to be found, and, perhaps, may as well be placed at once to the account of typographical errors.

Our principal objection is to the tendency of the tale. The pirate-captain, from the author's own showing, is a weak, a vacillating villain, a fratricide, a cowardly cut-throat, who strikes an unoffending boy under his protection, and makes nothing of hurling a man over a precipice for merely falling asleep, or shooting him down without any imaginable reason whatsoever. Yet he is never mentioned but with evident respect, or in some such sentence as the following. "I could hardly believe I was looking upon the celebrated Lafitte, when I gazed upon his elegant, even noble person and fine features, in which, in spite of their resolute expression, there is an air of frankness which assures me that he would never be guilty of a mean action," &c. &c. &c. In this manner, and by these means, the total result of his portraiture as depicted, leaves upon the mind of the reader no proper degree of abhorrence. The epithet "impulsive," applied so very frequently to the character of this scoundrel, as to induce a smile at every repetition of the word, seems to be regarded by the author as an all-sufficient excuse for the unnumbered legion of his iniquities. We object too—decidedly—to such expressions on the lips of a hero, as "If I cannot be the last in Heaven, I will be the first in Hell!"—"Now favor me, Hell or Heaven, and I will have my revenge!"—"Back hounds, or, by the holy God, I will send one of you to breakfast in Hell," &c. &c. &c.—expressions with which the volumes before us are too plentifully besprinkled.

Upon the whole, we could wish that men possessing the weight of talents and character belonging to Professor Ingraham, would either think it necessary to bestow a somewhat greater degree of labor and attention upon the composition of their novels, or otherwise, would *not* think it necessary to compose them at all.

DRAPER'S LECTURE.

Introductory Lecture to a Course of Chemistry and Natural Philosophy. Delivered in Hampden Sidney College. By John W. Draper, M. D. Richmond: T. W. White.

Mr. Draper's peculiar reputation is well known—and deservedly acquired. In this Introductory Lecture he has given direct evidence of scientific attainment—of comprehensiveness of mind, and of a thorough acquaintance with the philosophy of instruction. He has inspired us, and we have no doubt that he has succeeded in inspiring all his hearers, with an earnest desire to hear what farther he shall say in the lectures which are to come. We take the liberty of copying a passage of unusual interest and beauty from the pages now before us.

Knowledge, like wealth hoarded up, has its compound interest, increasing in an almost geometrical ratio. A single discovery in one science sheds a light on all kindred knowledge, which is reflected back again. It is thus that modern discovery proceeds with such rapid steps. A first investigator, groping his way in the dark, cannot form a just idea of the nature and position of objects he may encounter, until time and circumstances make them more familiar. Change of opinion is often produced by more extensive information, and the possession of one new fact at variance with received theories, often leads to an entire reformation of scientific faith. But though our theories alter, our facts remain unchanged; and hence we ought not to be discouraged, remembering that theory is only useful so far as it enables us to collate and reason upon fact.

How many are the triumphs which the world of science can boast of, even in our recollection! How much increased is the amount of all knowledge within the present century! We have a new chemistry, a new science of light, that has almost furnished us with one sense more than nature intended we should have. Astronomy has had its Laplace. Mechanics has produced its steam boats and rail roads. Many of the most interesting geographical problems have received their solution—the Niger has been navigated—and the British standard planted on the magnetic pole. The magnet, that riddle of antiquity, has been made to tell its secret in characters of fire. Electricity has furnished its galvanic battery. Physiology has developed more of the nervous structure of man than all the dreams of metaphysicians could have painted. Geology has sprung from the dust and given us animals and plants, the earliest tenants of this earth. New planets have been found, and the periods and orbits of new comets determined. The laws of the elementary constitution of bodies have been fixed, and the relative weight of their *ultimate* atoms assigned. Botany, mineralogy, and indeed every science, has advanced with rapid steps, and the last half century has added more to human acquirements than the preceding thousand years.

On every hand philosophy still continues to push her conquests, and discoveries crowd upon us. EHRENBERG has opened to us a new world in his use of the microscope; those little insects, thousands of which might stand on a needle's point, show to us how multiplied and how minute the mechanism of the parts of living things may be. By feeding these creatures on the purest carmine, and then bathing them in distilled

water, he has seen through their transparent bodies parts which might rival for complexity the organs of the largest animals. In another branch, FARADAY has explained all the phenomena of voltaic electricity, in a series of experimental researches, unrivalled since the time when Davy demonstrated that the alkalis and earths were metallic oxides. In France, DUBROUXT has built up the doctrine of Endosmose and capillary attraction, which has been extended in this country, and furnished some remarkable results. The newly detected facts of esomorphism and plescomorphism, are shaking chemistry and mineralogy to their very foundation. The discovery of the mode of polarising light—a subject upon which I propose to dwell at some length, if time permits—has given us, to use the words of an eloquent writer, new and infinitely refined perceptions of touch. We are enabled, with mathematical precision, and demonstrative certainty, to assign the exact form of atoms, millions of times beyond microscopic power. We tremble upon the brink of discovering the elementary constitution of the material world. We can feel as it were the molecules of light itself, that most subtle of all fluids. We can almost perceive their sides and their ends, and can actually control, regulate and arrange the constituent parts of a *substance*!

LIEBER'S MEMORIAL.

Memorial of Francis Lieber, Professor of History and Political Economy in the South Carolina College, relative to Proposals for a Work on the Statistics of the United States.

This is a Congressional Document of about seventeen pages, and should be read by all who feel an interest in the welfare of America. Professor Lieber has herein laid before the Federal Legislature, with remarkable clearness of thought, and force of lucid arrangement, the plan of a proposed work on the Statistics of the Union—the word Statistics to be understood in its truest and most expanded acceptance, as a view of the *actual state* of the country. In the pages before us, a most comprehensive exhibition is afforded of all the *points of interest* to the student of political philosophy. Should Congress do nothing in the matter, the author of the Memorial (of which twice the usual number of copies have been printed,) will still have rendered his adopted country a service of no common value, in diffusing among our citizens, by means of the document itself, a vast amount of needful and accurate knowledge on a subject of pre-eminent interest. Should, however, the proposals so ably presented for consideration, be finally adopted, a consummation to be expected as well as desired, America will have the honor of taking the most important step ever yet taken in aid of the most important of sciences. There can be no doubt of this, we think, in the mind of any person at all conversant with the subject, who will examine the well-arranged and extensive plan of the work in contemplation.

Professor Lieber is well known as a writer of untiring industry, great mental activity, and extensive attainments. His first work, we believe, was entitled "*Journal of my Residence in Greece*," written at the instigation of the historian Niebuhr, and issued at Leipzig in 1823. Since then he has published "*The Stranger in America*," a piquantly written work, abounding in various information relative to the States—and a volume on the subject of *Education*, which was submitted to the Trustees of the College of Girard, and which evinces a well-grounded and philosophical knowledge of the

science of instruction. We had nearly forgotten the interesting "*Reminiscences of Ntebuhr*," lately published. Dr. Lieber, however, is still more widely and more favorably known as Editor of the *Encyclopædia Americana*, a monument, which will not readily decay, of great enterprize, industry, and erudition.

HISTORY OF TEXAS.

The History of Texas: or the Emigrant's, Farmer's, and Politician's Guide to the Character, Climate, Soil, and Productions of that Country; Geographically Arranged from Personal Observation and Experience. By David B. Edward, formerly Principal of the Academy, Alexandria, Louisiana; Late Preceptor of Gonzales Seminary, Texas. Cincinnati: J. A. James & Co.

This should be classed among useful oddities. Its style is somewhat *over-abundant*—but we believe the book a valuable addition to our very small amount of accurate knowledge in regard to Texas. The author, who is one of the Society of Friends, assures us that he has no lands in Texas to sell, although he has lived three years in the country, and that, too, on the frontiers—that he made one of a party of four who explored the province in 1830, from side to side, and from settlement to settlement, during the space of six months,—and that, in 1835, he had the curiosity to spend six months more in examining the improvements made throughout every locality, "in order that none should be able to detect a falsehood, or prove a material error which could either mislead, or seriously injure those who may put confidence in this work." For ourselves we are inclined to place great faith in the statements of Mr. Edward, and regard his book with a most favorable eye. It is an octavo of 336 pages, embracing, in detail, highly interesting accounts of the People, the Geographical Features, the Climate, the Savages, the Timber, the Water, &c. of Texas. Much information in regard to Mexico, is included in the body of the work, and, in an Appendix, we have a copy of the Mexican Constitution. We give, by way of extract, a flattering little picture of Texian comfort and abundance.

The people *en masse* can have a living, and that plentifully too, of animal food, both of beef and pork, of venison and bear meat, besides a variety of fish and fowl, upon easier terms at present, especially the wild game, than any other people, in any other district of North America; which must continue to be the case, for one of the best reasons in the world—at least in Texas: as the wild animals decrease, the domesticated ones will increase!

And, as they have not commenced, except in a few cases (comparatively speaking) upon the border lands of the Gulf, to export corn, they have by just dropping the seed and afterwards stowing away the increase, more bread stuff than they well know sometimes what to do with, it being out of the question to feed their hogs on it, except they were to raise them on such food altogether, which would be a pity, while they have so much mast in the woods, and so many roots in the prairies.

And, as their milch cattle increase in numbers, and that very frequently too faster than they can attend to their milking, they have more, as to family use, much more milk, than they know how to dispose of, except they are well stocked with farrow sows, or have around them pet mustang colts.

With these three main stays of a farmer's life, come, by very little more exertion than just the picking and gathering in, those condiments and relishes, which not

only garnish the table, but replenish the appetite, from a source of such plentiful variegation, as the gardens and the fields, the woods and the waters, of a Texas country!

INKLINGS OF ADVENTURE.

Inklings of Adventure. By the Author of Pencillings by the Way. New York: Saunders and Otley.

These volumes are inscribed "to the distinguished American orator and statesman, Edward Everett," and are introduced by a Preface over the signature of N. P. Willis, in which "the papers which are to follow," are said to record some passages in the life of a certain Philip Slingsby. Mr. W. assures us that although his name stands in the title-page of the book as its author, (which, upon reference, we find not to be the case) he can only take to himself that share of the praise or blame which may attach [be attached] to it as a literary composition. Most assuredly (setting all this *badinage* aside, which may possibly have a fuller meaning than lies upon its surface) we can see no reason for praising or blaming Mr. Willis *except* in his character of literateur, for any thing to be found in the volumes before us. We cannot sufficiently express our disgust at that unscrupulous indelicacy which is in the habit of deciding upon the literary merits of this gentleman by a reference to his private character and manners, and feel, indeed, a species of indignation in the thought, that when we propose to say a few words, without any such reference, about the present "*Inklings of Adventure*," we are proposing a course of indisputable originality.

Subjoined is the Table of Contents. Pedlar Karl—Niagara; Lake Ontario; The St. Lawrence—The Cherokee's Threat—F. Smith—Edith Linsey (including Frost and Flirtation; Love and Speculation; A Digression; and Scenery and a Scene)—Scenes of Fear (containing the Disturbed Vigil; the Mad Senior; and the Lunatic's Skate)—Incidents on the Hudson—The Gipsy of Sardis—Tom Fane and I—Larks in Vacation (embracing Driving Stanhope *pro. tem.*; Saratoga Springs; and Mrs. Captain Thompson)—A Log in the Archipelago—and Miscellaneous Papers (being the Revenge of the Signor Basil; Love and Diplomacy; Minute Philosophies; and the Mad-house of Palermo.)

It will be seen that a great many of these papers (we believe all of them) have been published before. It is not our design, therefore, to speak of them in detail. Perhaps an outline of some individual sketch, with an occasional reference to others, will be found to impart a sufficient idea of the general character of the whole. We open the book at random, and here are six or seven pages with the running title of *Niagara*. It will be a matter of some interest to see how a poet (one whom we *know* to be such) will think it proper to handle a subject so momentous.

Mr. Willis—Mr. Slingsby we mean—commences by *dating* his visit to the Falls, with reference not to any positive or acknowledged æra, but, relatively, to an æra in his personal experience. He does not say I went in 1810—or in 1820. "It was in my senior vacation," says he, "and I was bound to Niagara for the first time." We are thus slyly made acquainted with a trio of items, which, when duly considered, are to give weight and character to the subsequent details. We are informed, firstly—that Mr. Slingsby has been to college—secondly, and presumptively, that he gradu-

ated, (it is his senior vacation) and thirdly, that he has since paid other visits to Niagara, (he is on his way thither for the first time.) But in the narration of a trip to the great waterfall, some wit, some repartee, has been thought indispensable, and wit cannot so effectively be displayed, as by means of a foil. Our author, therefore, has a companion, and describes him. He is an ugly fellow, of course—seven feet high, ill-dressed, solemn, and sensible. We now see the advantage of all this—and are prepared for the Rembrandtities of contrast. To enjoy them in perfection we must imagine Mr. Slingsby (whom we never saw) as a delicate little gentleman, with a pretty face and figure—fair, funny, fanciful, fashionable, and frisky.

The friends leaving Buffalo cross the outlet of Lake Erie at the ferry, and take horses on the northern bank of the Niagara for the Falls. Mr. Slingsby during the ride, is now lost in admiration of the "noble stream hurrying on headlong to its fearful leap, as broad as the Hellespont, and as blue as the sky," and now excessively merry at the expense of his ally and foil, "who rides along," we are told, "like the man of rags you see paraded on an ass in the carnival." Thus the narrative proceeds in a vein of mingled sentiment and *very-good-joke*. Let us give another example of this. "The river," says Mr. Slingsby, "now broke into rapids foaming furiously, and the subterranean thunder increased like a succession of earthquakes, each louder than the last. [A bull.] I had never heard a sound so broad and universal. It was impossible not to suspend the breath, and feel absorbed, to the exclusion of all other thoughts, in the great phenomenon with which the earth seemed trembling to its centre. A tall misty cloud, changing its shape continually, as it felt the shocks of the air, rose up before us, and with our eyes fixed upon it, and our horses at a hard gallop, we found ourselves unexpectedly in front of a large white—hotel!"

Having eaten dinner at the large white hotel, Job Smith, the foil, is made to utter some of his solemn drolleries, forcing Mr. Slingsby [oh the quiz!] to leave the table and walk with a smile towards the window. A belle, Miss —, is thus discovered, and introduced. Of her, "every soul of the fifteen millions of inhabitants between us and the Gulf of Mexico have heard." She is, moreover, "one of those miracles of nature that occur, perhaps, once in the rise and fall of an empire." Besides all this, she is "kind, playful, unaffected, and radiantly, gloriously beautiful." Mr. Slingsby, therefore, adopts her as foil No. 2, for a species of sentimental gallantry—Job Smith being only foil No. 1, for light wit. It must now be seen at a glance that our author can hardly fail to make a decided hit of his visit to Niagara.

Having made an appointment with Miss — to accompany her in the morning behind the sheet of the Fall, Mr. Slingsby goes to bed. Getting up at day-break, however, he determines upon paying a solitary visit to the cataract. But Job (that droll fellow!) has anticipated him in this manœuvre, and "the angular outline of his tall gaunt figure, stretching up from Table Rock in strong relief against the white body of the spray," is the first object that meets Mr. Slingsby's eye as he descends. We have now his first impressions of Niagara. These are, in general terms, awe, and in-

tense admiration, mingled with a little disappointment. We cut short the impressions (herein following the author's example) for the sake of some witticisms at the expense of Mr. Smith. It may be best to copy a page or two with a view of showing the pervading air with which the narrative is conducted.

"A nice fall, as an Englishman would say, my dear Job."

"Awful!"

Halleck the American poet (a better one never "strung pearls") has written some admirable verses on Niagara, describing its effect on the different individuals of a mixed party, among whom was a tailor. The sea of incident that has broken over me in years of travel, has washed out of my memory all but the two lines descriptive of its impression upon Snip:

"The tailor made one single note—
Gods! what a place to sponge a coat!"

"Shall we go to breakfast, Job?"

"How slowly and solemnly they drop into the abyss!"

It was not an original remark of Mr. Smith's. Nothing is so surprising to the observer as the extraordinary deliberateness with which the waters of Niagara take their tremendous plunge. All hurry and foam and fret, till they reach the smooth limit of the curve,—and then the laws of gravitation seem suspended, and, like Cæsar, they pause and determine, since it is inevitable, to take the death leap with becoming dignity.

"Shall we go to breakfast, Job?" I was obliged to raise my voice to be heard, to a pitch rather exhausting for a empty stomach.

His eyes remained fixed upon the shifting rainbows bending and vanishing in the spray. There was no moving him, and I gave in for another five minutes.

"Do you think it probable, Job, that the waters of Niagara strike on the axis of the world?"

No answer.

"Job!"

"What?"

"Do you think his Majesty's half of the cataract is finer than ours?"

"Much."

"For water, merely, perhaps. But look at the delicious verdure on the American shore, the glorious trees, the massed foliage, the luxuriant growth even to the very rim of the ravine! By Jove! it seems to me things grow better in a republic. Did you ever see a more barren and scraggy shore than the one you stand upon?"

"How exquisitely!" said Job, soliloquizing "that small green island divides the fall! What a rock it must be founded on, not to have been washed away in the ages that these waters have split against it!"

"I'll lay you a bet it is washed away before the year two thousand—payable in any currency with which we may then be conversant."

"Don't trifle!"

"With time or geology do you mean? Isn't it perfectly clear, from the looks of that ravine, that Niagara has backed up all the way from Lake Ontario? These rocks are not adamant, and the very precipice you stand on has cracked, and looks ready for the plunge. It must gradually wear back to Lake Erie, and then there will be a sweep I should like to live long enough to see. The instantaneous junction of two seas, with a difference of two hundred feet in their levels will be a spectacle—eh, Job?"

"Tremendous!"

"Do you intend to wait and see it, or will you come to breakfast?"

He was immovable. I left him on the rock, went up to the hotel and ordered mutton-chops and coffee, and when they were on the table, gave two of the waiters a dollar each to bring him up *volens-volens*. He arrived in a great rage, but with a good appetite, and we finished our breakfast just in time to meet Miss —, as she stepped like Aurora from her chamber."

The adventure beneath the sheet is now detailed. The party descend to the bottom of the precipice at the side of the Fall—equip themselves in dresses of coarse linen—and proceed. The guide going first, takes the right hand of Miss —, Mr. Slingsby is honored with the left, and Job brings up the rear. The usual difficulties of wind and water are encountered and surmounted, and the chamber behind the sheet finally attained in safety. The same medley of tone, however, still prevails. For example—"Whatever sister of Arethusa inhabits there," says Mr. Slingsby, "we could but congratulate her on the beauty of her abode. A lofty and well lighted hall, shaped like a long pavilion, extended as far as we could see through the spray, and with the two objections, that you could not have heard a pistol at your ear for the noise, and that the floor was somewhat precipitous, one could scarce imagine a more agreeable retreat for a gentleman who was disgusted with the world, and subject to dryness of the skin. In one respect it resembled the enchanted dwelling of the Witch of Atlas, where Shelley tells us,

Th' invisible rain did ever sing
A silver music on the mossy lawn.

It is lucky for Witches and Naiads that they are not subject to rheumatism."

It will not be difficult to foretell, from the general air of the narration (as observed up to this date) in what manner Mr. Slingsby will think it incumbent upon him to wind it up. He will give it a melo-dramatic finale? Most assuredly. The lady is adventurous, and has walked over a narrow ledge, which has broken with her weight. The guide seizes Mr. Slingsby by the shoulder. He turns—and "what is his horror" at beholding Miss — standing far in behind the sheet, upon the last visible point of rock, with the water pouring over her in torrents, and a "gulf of foam" between the lady and the gentleman, which the gentleman "can in no way understand how she has passed over." This gulf is six feet across, and, of course, says Mr. Slingsby, "it was impossible to jump it." [We have jumped one and twenty feet six inches ourselves, but then we are no Mr. Slingsby, and never could make a joke about Niagara.] That gentleman does not jump, but he does something nevertheless. He "fixes his eyes upon the lovely form standing like a spirit in the misty shroud of the spray," and endeavors "to sustain her upon her dangerous foot-hold—by the intensity of his gaze." He may possibly, however, with this end in view, have made use of an eye-glass.

There being nothing better to be done, the guide having absconded, and the lady being upon the eve of destruction, our friend Job, and his legs, are brought into requisition. He stands upon one edge of "the foaming gulf," and stretches himself across to the other. Miss — is so kind as to make use of him as a bridge. The guide returns with a rope, pulls up the bridge by means of a running-noose around one of its legs—and the "Visit to Niagara" terminates with an Io Pean in honor of the "foaming gulf," the "supernatural strength" of Mr. Smith, and the "intensity of the gaze" of the devoted Mr. Slingsby.

The paper of which we have just given an outline will afford a very fair conception of the usual merits and demerits of the sketches of Mr. Willis. Here are many comparatively long passages of a force, or deli-

cacy, or beauty—shall we say unsurpassed by any similar passages in any writer of English? We shall not say too much if we do. The bantering humor interspersed is of the best order. Who can read the endeavor (quoted above) of Mr. Slingsby to get Mr. Smith to his breakfast, without feeling at once impressed with a keen sense of the mingled wit, broad drollery, dramatic effect, and gentlemanly *insouciance* of the whole affair? The final question of Mr. S. (after amusing his friend with the idea of a junction, some hundred years hence, between Ontario and Erie)—"Do you intend to wait and see it, or will you come to breakfast?"—is inimitably brought about—very quiet, and very quizzical. The catastrophe of the two waiters, and the arrival in a great rage, but with a good appetite, of Mr. Smith, is a palpable hit not to be attained, and not to be appreciated by the rabble. Of force, we have abundant specimens in such sentences, as "Job flounced up, like a snake touched with a torpedo, and sprang to the window"—"I can imagine the surprise of the gentle element, after sleeping away a se'nnight of moonlight in the peaceful bosom of Lake Erie, at finding itself of a sudden in such a coil"—or "As far down towards Lake Ontario as the eye can reach, the immense volumes of water rise like huge monsters to the light, boiling and flashing out in rings of foam, with an appearance of vexation and rage that I have seen in no other cataract of the world." The little sentence, "Whatever sister of Arethusa inhabits there, we could but congratulate her upon the beauty of her abode," is, among many other similar things, sufficient evidence of a rare delicacy of expression—and we feel at once that writer to be a poet—an Idealist—who tells us "that Miss — in her uncouth habiliments, looked like a fairy in disguise," and that the sheet of Niagara is "what a child might imagine the arch of the sky to be where it bends over the edge of the horizon."

The minor defects are few. Among these few it is sufficient to specify a too frequent allusion to the "axis of the world," and the absurdities, gravely narrated, which go to make up the catastrophe of the sketch, in the rescue of the young lady. Upon the whole, we may speak of the mere wording as in every respect worthy of a man of taste and a scholar. With the exception of "*soubriquet*," written for *sobriquet*, (a very common error) it would be difficult to find any verbal fault, in the present instance, to which a critic would be pardoned for alluding.

But the whole narrative is disfigured, and indeed utterly ruined, by the grievous sin of affectation. It is this sin, and not, we are convinced, any imbecility in the conceptions of Mr. Willis, (with our readers' leave we will drop Mr. Slingsby) which has beguiled him into the egregious folly of writing a long article, in a jocular manner, about the cataract of Niagara. He may say, a pleasant sketch is intended, no more—and that the intention is fulfilled. But the utter want of keeping, consequent upon handling such subject in such manner, is sufficient to convince us at a glance, that his intention, even such as it is, is *not*, in any due degree, fulfilled. The question is not whether the thing pleases, (one who writes as well as Mr. Willis will please *in spite* of a thousand faults,) but whether, if otherwise handled, it might not have pleased the more. While laughing at the mystification of our friend Job, we are in no proper

frame of mind for the grandeur of the fall—and while absorbed in the majesty of the monarch of cataracts, we are aware of an oppressive revulsion of feeling if disturbed for the absurd fripperies and frivolities, or the still more absurd melo-dramatic adventures, of the fop and the woman of fashion. This matter is too obvious for denial. A writer, then, who, in despite of common sense, shall be continually endeavoring to reconcile these obstinate oils and waters of the soul, will be continually laboring at a disadvantage—and this latter point, neglected by gentlemen who should know better, is a point to which the most dun-headed artisan would not forget to give a proper attention in the making of a pair of breeches, or the building of a pig-stye. If all ethics be not at fault, those mental impressions, however vivid, will be necessarily evanescent, which are deficient in unity. In a word, it may safely be asserted, that a writer neglectful of the *totality of effect*, will fall short of his end, if that end be a remembrance in the "language of his land." Compositions grossly failing in this essential, have been habitually discharged from the memory of man. And in this essential Mr. Willis invariably fails—we should rather say, this essential Mr. Willis invariably disregards. He seems especially to have fallen into that heresy (now common in literary, although deduced from mere fashionable life) which would brand as a species of Rosa-Matilda-ism any sustained and unmingled severity of sentiment. Never, surely, in whatever light we regard it, was a heresy more untenable. When applied to the brief essay, or short tale, it is ridiculous—and Mr. Willis should remember that he is an essayist, or nothing.

In the particular here pointed out, we have accused our author of affectation. It is a sin of which the public loudly accuse him, and in general terms. When we say the accusation is just, we wish to be understood as speaking positively. In a relative view, the case is different. Mr. Willis is not a jot more entitled to be called "affected," than nine-tenths of the gentlemen who are in the habit of so calling him—than nine-tenths of the most popular writers in our land. But his affectation, differing from the tone of their own, is in some measure more readily perceptible. It is, however, a positive folly, no doubt, which induces so clever a writer so frequently to disclaim all knowledge of geography and "figures"—to speak bad French in preference to good English—to talk about Niagara being "as fine a thing as I have seen in my travels," and about having "pic-nic'd from the Simplegades westward"—to think "gave upon the bay" a forcible phrase, merely because it is a Gallicism—to begin a quotation with "Saith well an American poet," &c. &c.—to delight in such inversions as "She looked loveliest when driving, did Blanche Carroll"—to inform us that "he never looks back in composition," and to make use of such pretty little expressions on his title-pages as *Pencillings by the Way*, and *Indings of Adventure*.

Niagara is by no means the best of the sketches before us—it may, very possibly, be the worst. None of them are entitled to the merit of *plot*. And indeed it appears an idiosyncrasy in Mr. Willis that he has little feeling for *incident*. In an exceedingly delicate vein of sentiment he is peculiarly at home. *Edith Linsey* is thus, we think, the happiest effort of his pen. Here is

indeed some very beautiful writing. The imitation of Elia is not only an exquisite imitation, but evinces a close affinity of intellect between the imitator and the imitated. We are quite sure no man in America can, more fully than Mr. Willis, enter into the soul of Charles Lamb. In a graceful *badinage* our author pre-eminently excels. To originality he has little claim—his *manner*—the touchstone of the essayist—is not peculiarly his own. His scholarship is sufficient and available—his command of language very great. In a vigorous figurative expression—a quality seldom allowed him—he has indeed few equals. As this point is disputed, we will adduce from the volumes before us one or two instances, more to show what we mean by vigor of expression, than to prove our position by a number of quotations.

"You ask, in England, who has the privilege of this water?—or you say of an oak, that it stood in such a man's time; but with us water is an element unclaimed and unrented, and a tree dabbles in the clouds as they go over, and is like a great idiot, without soul or responsibility."

"As you walk in the long porticoes of the hotel, the dark forest mounts up before you like a leafy wall, and the clouds seem just to clear the pine-tops, and the eagles sail across from horizon to horizon, without lifting their wings as if you saw them from the bottom of a well."

"As far down towards Lake Ontario as the eye can reach, the immense volumes of water rise like huge monsters to the light, boiling and flashing out in rings of foam, with an appearance of vexation and rage that I have seen in no other cataract of the world."

"He who has soiled his bright honor with the tools of ambition—he who has leant his soul upon the charity of a sect in religion—he who has loved, hoped, and trusted in the greater arena of life and manhood—must look back on days like these, as the broken-winged eagle to the sky—as the Indian's subdued horse to the prairie."

"The chain of the Green Mountains, after a gallop of some hundred miles from Canada to Connecticut, suddenly pulls up on the shore of Long Island Sound, and stands rearing with a bristling mane of pine trees, three hundred feet in air, as if checked in mid career by the sea."

"Next to their own loves ladies like nothing on earth like mending or marring the loves of others; and while the violets and already-drooping wild flowers were coquettishly chosen or rejected by those slender fingers, the sun might have swung back to the east like a pendulum, and those seven and twenty Misses would have watched their lovely school-fellow the same."

An autumn forest—"It is as if a myriad of rainbows were laced through the tree-tops—as if the sunsets of a summer—gold, purple and crimson—had been fused in the alembic of the west, and poured back in a new deluge of light and color over the wilderness."

"The gold of the sunset had glided up the dark pine-tops, and disappeared, like a ring taken slowly from an Ethiop's finger."

"Just above, there is a sudden turn in the glen, which sends the water like a catapult against the opposite angle of the rock, and, in the action of years, it has worn out a cavern of unknown depth, into which the whole mass of the river plunges with the abandonment of a flying fiend into hell, and, re-appearing like the angel that has pursued him, glides swiftly, but with divine serenity, on his way."

We believe that the high powers of Mr. Willis are properly estimated by the judicious among his countrymen. His foibles, his faults, and his deficiencies—let us not forget to say, his merits—are quite as well known to himself as to us. His intellect, if not of the loftiest order, very closely approaches it—and he has stepped upon the threshold of nearly every species of literary excellence.

AUTOGRAPHY.*

Our friend, Joseph A. B. C. D. &c. Miller, has called upon us again, in a great passion. He says we quizzed him in our last article—which we deny positively. He maintains, moreover, that the greater part of our observations on mental qualities, as deduced from the character of a MS., are not to be sustained. The man is in error. However, to gratify him, we have suffered

him, in the present instance, to play the critic himself. He has brought us another batch of autographs, and will let us have them upon no other terms. To say the truth, we are rather glad of his proposal than otherwise. We shall look over his shoulder, however, occasionally. Here follow the letters.



LETTER XXV.

Dear Sir,—Will you oblige me by not writing me any more silly letters? I really have no time to attend to them.

Your most obedient servant,

JOSEPH A. MILLER, Esq.

Jared Sparks

Mr. Sparks' MS. has an odd appearance. The characters are large, round, black, irregular and perpendicular. The lines are close together, and the whole letter wears at first sight an air of confusion—of chaos. Still it is not very illegible upon close inspection, and would by no means puzzle a regular bred devil. We

can form no guess in regard to any mental peculiarities from this MS. From its tout-ensemble, however, we might imagine it written by a man who was very busy among a great pile of books and papers huddled up in confusion around him. Paper blueish and fine—sealed, with the initials J. S.

LETTER XXVI.

My Dear Sir,—It gives me great pleasure to receive a letter from you. Let me see, I think I have seen you once or twice in——where was it? However, your remarks upon "Melanie and other Poems" prove you to be a man of sound discrimination, and I shall be happy to hear from you as often as possible.

Yours truly,

JOSEPH B. MILLER, Esq.

Willis

Mr. Willis writes a very good hand. What was said about the MS. of Halleck, in the February number, will apply very nearly to this. It has the same grace, with more of the picturesque, however, and, consequently, more force. These qualities will be found in

his writings—which are greatly underrated. Mem. Mr. Messenger should do him justice. [Mem. by Mr. Messenger. I have.] Cream colored paper—green and gold seal—with the initials N. P. W.

LETTER XXVII.

Dear Sir,—I have to inform you that "the pretty little poem" to which you allude in your letter is not, as you suppose, of my composition. The author is unknown to me. The poem is very pretty.

Yours, &c.

JOSEPH C. MILLER.

H. F. Goulds.

The writing of Miss Gould resembles that of Miss Leslie very nearly. It is rather more *petite*—but has the same neatness, picturesqueness and finish without over-effeminacy. The literary style of one who writes

thus is sure to be forcibly epigrammatic—either in detached sentences—or in the *tout ensemble* of the composition. Paper very fine—wafered.

* See Messenger for February last.

LETTER XXVIII.

Dear Sir,—Herewith I have the honor of sending you what you desire. If the Essay shall be found to give you any new information, I shall not regret the trouble of having written it.

Respectfully,



JOSEPH D. MILLER, Esq.

The MS. of Professor Dew is large, bold, very heavy, abrupt, and illegible. It is possible that he never thinks of mending a pen. There can be no doubt that his chirography has been modified, like that of Paulding, by strong adventitious circumstances—for it appears to retain but few of his literary peculiarities. Among the few retained, are *boldness* and *weight*. The abruptness we do not find in his composition—which is indeed somewhat diffuse. Neither is the illegibility of the MS. to be paralleled by any confusion of thought or expression. He is remarkably lucid. We must look for the two last mentioned qualities of his MS. in the supposition that he has been in the habit of writing a great deal, in a desperate hurry, and with a stump of a pen. Paper good—but only a half sheet of it—wafered.

LETTER XXIX.

Dear Sir,—In reply to your query touching the "authenticity of a singular incident," related in one of my poems, I have to inform you that the incident in question is purely a fiction.

With respect, your obedient servant,



JOSEPH E. F. MILLER, Esq.

The hand-writing of Mr. Mellen is somewhat peculiar, and partakes largely of the character of the signature annexed. It would require no great stretch of fancy to imagine the writer (from what we see of his MS.) a man of excessive sensibility, amounting nearly to disease—of unbounded ambition, greatly interfered with by frequent moods of doubt and depression, and by unsettled ideas of the beautiful. The formation of the G in his signature alone, might warrant us in supposing his composition to have great force, frequently impaired by an undue straining after effect. Paper excellent—red seal.

LETTER XXX.

Dear Sir,—I have not the pleasure of your acquaintance, but thank you for the great interest you seem to take in my welfare. I have no relations by the name of Miller, and think you must be in error about the family connection.

Respectfully,



JOSEPH G. H. MILLER, Esq.

The MS. of Mr. Simms resembles, very nearly, that of Mr. Kennedy. It has more slope, however, and less of the picturesque—although still much. We spoke of Mr. K.'s MS. (in our February number) as indicating "the eye of a painter." In our critique on the *Partisan* we spoke of Mr. Simms also as possessing "the eye of a painter," and we had not then seen his hand-writing. The two MSS. are strikingly similar. The paper here is very fine and wafered.

LETTER XXXI.

Dear Sir,—I have received your favor of the — inst. and shall be very happy in doing you the little service you mention. In a few days I will write you more fully. Very respectfully,
Your most obedient servant,

JOSEPH L. K. MILLER, Esq.

Alexander Liddell

Lieutenant Liddell's MS. is peculiar—very neat, very even, and tolerably legible, but somewhat too diminutive. *Black lines* have been, apparently, used. Few tokens of literary manner or character are to be found in this writing. The *petiteness*, however, is most strikingly indicative of a mental habit, which we have more

than once pointedly noticed in the works of this author—we mean that of close observation in detail—a habit which, when well regulated, as in the case of Lieut. Liddell, tends greatly to vigor of style. Paper excellent—wafered.

LETTER XXXII.

Dear Sir,—I find upon reference to some MS. notes now lying by me, that the article to which you have allusion, appeared originally in the "*Journal des Savans*." Very respectfully,

JOSEPH L. M. MILLER, Esq.

Wm. Anthon

The writing of Professor Anthon is remarkably neat and beautiful—in the formation of particular letters as well as in the tout-ensemble. The perfect regularity of the MS. gives it, to a casual glance, the appearance of print. The lines are quite straight and at even distances—yet they are evidently written without any artificial aid. We may at once recognise in this chi-

rography the scrupulous precision and finish—the love of elegance—together with the scorn of all superfluous embellishment, which so greatly distinguish the compilations of the writer. The paper is yellow, very fine, and sealed with green wax, bearing the impression of a head of Cæsar.

LETTER XXXIII.

Dear Sir,—I have looked with great care over several different editions of Plato, among which I may mention the Bipont edition, 1781—8, 12 vols. oct.; that of Ast, and that of Bekker, reprinted in London, 11 vols. oct. I cannot, however, discover the passage about which you ask me—"is it not very ridiculous?" You must have mistaken the author. Please write again. Respectfully yours,

JOSEPH N. O. MILLER, Esq.

Francis Lieber

The MS. of Professor Lieber has nearly all the characteristics which we noticed in that of Professor Dew—besides the peculiarity of a wide margin left at the top of the paper. The whole air of the writing seems to indicate vivacity and energy of thought—but altogether,

the letter puts us at fault—for we have never before known a man of minute erudition (and such is Professor Lieber,) who did not write a very different hand from this. We should have imagined a petite and careful chirography. Paper tolerable and wafered.

LETTER XXXIV.

Dear Sir,—I beg leave to assure you that I have never received, for my Magazine, any copy of verses with so ludicrous a title as "The nine and twenty Magpies." Moreover, if I had, I should certainly have thrown it into the fire. I wish you would not worry me any farther about this matter. The verses, I dare say, are somewhere among your papers. You had better look them up—they may do for the Mirror.

Mr. JOSEPH P. Q. MILLER.

Sarah J. Hale

Mrs. Hale writes a larger and bolder hand than her sex generally. It resembles, in a great degree, that of Professor Lieber—and is not easily decyphered. The

whole MS. is indicative of a masculine understanding. Paper very good, and wafered.

LETTER XXXV.

Dear Sir,—I am not to be quizzed. You suppose, eh? that I can't understand your fine letter all about "things in general." You want my autograph, you dog—and you sha'n't have it.

Yours respectfully,

JOSEPH R. S. MILLER, Esq.



Mr. Noah writes a very good running hand. The lines, however, are not straight, and the letters have too much tapering to please the eye of an artist. The long letters and capitals extend very little beyond the others—either up or down. The epistle has the appearance of being written very fast. Some of the characters have now and then a little twirl, like the tail of a pig—which gives the MS. an air of the quizzical, and devil-me-care. Paper pretty good—and wafered.

LETTER XXXVI.

Mister—I say—It's not worth while trying to come possum over the Major. Your letter's no go. I'm up to a thing or two—or else my name isn't

Mr. JOSEPH T. V. MILLER.



The Major writes a very excellent hand indeed. It has so striking a resemblance to that of Mr. Brooks, that we shall say nothing farther about it.

LETTER XXXVII.

Dear Sir,—I am exceedingly and excessively sorry that it is out of my power to comply with your rational and reasonable request. The subject you mention is one with which I am utterly unacquainted—moreover, it is one about which I know very little.

Respectfully,

JOSEPH W. X. MILLER, Esq.

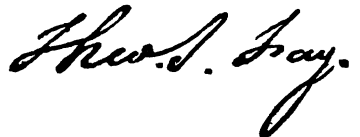


Mr. Stone's MS. has some very good points about it—among which is a certain degree of the picturesque. In general it is heavy and sprawling—the short letters running too much together. From the chirography no precise opinion can be had of Mr. Stone's literary style. [Mr. Messenger says no opinion can be had of it in any way.] Paper very good and wafered.

LETTER XXXVIII.

My Good Fellow,—I am not disposed to find fault with your having addressed me, although personally unknown. Your favor (of the — ultimo) finds me upon the eve of directing my course towards the renowned shores of Italia. I shall land (primitively) on the territories of the ancient Brutii, of whom you may find an account in Lemprière. You will observe (therefore) that, being engrossed by the consequent, necessary, and important preparations for my departure, I can have no time to attend to your little concerns.

Believe me, my dear sir, very faithfully your



JOSEPH Y. Z. MILLER, Esq.

Mr. Fay writes a passable hand. There is a good deal of spirit—and some force. His paper has a clean appearance, and he is scrupulously attentive to his margin. The MS. however, has an air of *swagger* about it. There are too many dashes—and the tails of the long letters are too long. [Mr. Messenger thinks I am right—that Mr. F. shouldn't try to cut a dash—and that *all* his tales are too long. The *swagger* he says is respectable, and indicates a superfluity of thought.]

SOUTHERN LITERARY MESSENGER.

VOL. II.

RICHMOND, SEPTEMBER, 1836.

No. X.

T. W. WHITE, PROPRIETOR.

FIVE DOLLARS PER ANNUM.

CROMWELL.

BY EDWARD LYTTON BULWER.*

ACT I.

SCENE I.—A Room in Whitehall. At the back, folding doors hung with black crepe. Henry Martin—Harrison—Ireton.

IRETON. Does the crowd gather still?

HARRISON. Ay! Round the door
The godless idle cluster; nor with ease
Can our good guards—the tried men of the Lord—
Ward off the gapers, that, with thirsty mouths,
Would drink, as something sacred, the mute air
Circling the dust of him that was a king.

MARTIN. Ev'n as I passed the porch, a goodly cit,
Round and tun-bellied, plucked me by the robe:
'Sir, can I see the king?' quoth he. I frowned:—
'There is no king!' said I. 'The man called Charles
Is the same clay as yours and mine. Lo! yonder
Lies, yet unburied, a brave draper's corpse;
Go ye and gaze on that!' And so I passed.
Still the crowd murmured—'We would see the king!'

IRETON. Ay, round the vulgar forms of royalty,
Or dead or quick, the unthinking millions press;
They love the very mummary of their chains,
And graceless walks unscathed Liberty
To their coarse gaze. 'Twas a bold deed, that death!

HARRISON. A deed we ne'er had had the souls to do,
But for the audible mandates of the Lord.
I did not sleep seven nights before my hand
Signed that red warrant; and e'en now, methinks
Midnight seems darker and more sternly still
Than it was wont to do!

IRETON. A truce with this.
When saw ye last the General?

MARTIN. Scarce an hour
Hath joined the Past, since I did leave him praying.

IRETON. The pious Cromwell!—'Tis a blessed thing
To have a lodge above, and, when the air
Grows dim and rank on earth, to change the scene,
And brace the soul in thoughts that breathe of Heaven.
He bears him bravely then, that virtuous man?

MARTIN. Bravely; but with a graver, soberer mien
Than when we counselled on the deed now done.

IRETON. Yea, when he signed the warrant, dost
thou mind

How, with the pen yet wet, he crossed thy face,
My honest Harry! ('twas a scurvy trick!)
And laughed till merry tears coursed down his cheek,
To see thy ruddy hues so streaked with black?
Ha! Ha!—and yet it was a scurvy trick!
And thou didst give him back the boon again,
And both laughed loud, like mad-caps at a school,

* This Tragedy is now in the press of Messieurs Saunders and Otley, (with whom Mr. Bulwer has made an exclusive arrangement for the issuing of his works here simultaneously with their appearance in England,) and will be published forthwith. We are indebted to the attention of these gentlemen for Act I., in anticipation, copied from the original MS.

When the grim master is not by. I was
The man who, next to Cromwell, planned the act
Which sealed old England's freedom; yet that laugh
Made me look back—and start—and shudder!

MARTIN. Tush!
Thou know'st thy kinsman's merry vein what time
The humor's on him. I'll be sworn, nor he
Nor I thought lightlier of the solemn deed
For that unseemly moment;—'twas the vent
Of an excited pulse; and if our own,
The scaffold we were dooming to the Stuart,
We should have toyed the same.

HARRISON. Why prate ye thus—
Lukewarm and chill of heart? When Barak broke
The hosts of Sisera, after twice ten years
Of bondage, did the sons of Israel weep?
Or did they seek excuses for just mirth?
No; they sang out in honest joy—"Awake!
Captivity is captive! and the stars
Fought from their courses against Sisera."
Our Sisera is no more—we will rejoice!

IRETON. (*aside to Martin*) Humor him Harry, or we
scape not so

This saintly porcupine of homilies
Bristling with all the missiles of quotation:
Provoke him,—and he pricks you with a text.
(*aloud*) Right, holy comrade, thou hast well rebuked us.
But to return to earth. The General feels,
My Harry, how the eyes of the dumb world
Are fixed on us—how all of England's weal
Weighs on our shoulders, and with serious thought
Inclines him to the study of the hour:

For every moment now should womb designs,
And in the air we breathe the thundercloud
Hangs mute:—may Heaven disperse it on our foes!

MARTIN. Ireton, his soul foresees, and is prepared.
He will not patch new fortune with old fears,
Nor halt 'twixt doubt and daring. We have done
That which continued boldness can but bless;
And on the awful head we have discrowned
Must found our Capitol of Liberty!

HARRISON. (*who has been walking to and fro, muttering
to himself, suddenly turns round*)
Who comes? thou hast ill omen on thy brow.
Art thou—nay, pardon!—soldier of the Lord!

SCENE II.—To them Sir Hubert Cecil.

CECIL. Where is the General? Where the lofty
Cromwell?

IRETON. Young Cecil! Welcome, comrade! Just
from Spain?

What news I pray? The dust upon thy garb
Betokens weary speed.

CECIL. False heart, away!
Where is thy master, bloodhound?

IRETON. Art thou mad?
Is it to me these words?—Or that my sword
Were vowed to holier fields, this hand—

Cecil. (*fiercely*) That hand!
Look on it well. What stain hath marred its white
Since last we met? And you, most learned Martin,
And you, text-mouthing Harrison—what saws
Plucked from the rotten tombs of buried coxes,
What devilish garblings from the holy writ,
Gave ye one shade of sanction for that deed
Which murdered England's honor in her king?

Harrison. (*interrupting Martin and Ireton, as they are about to reply*)

Peace! peace, my brethren! Leave to me the word:
Lo, my soul longs to wrestle with the youth.
I will expound to him. Thus saith the Lord——

Cecil. Blaspheme not! keep thy dark hypocrisies
To shroud thee from thyself! But peace, my heart!
I will not waste my wrath on such as these.
Most honest Ireton, did they tell me false,
Or is thy leader here? thy kinsman, Ireton?—
Oh God! hath stout-armed Cromwell come to this!—
The master deathsmen of your gory crew?

Ireton. I would he were, young madman, to requite
Thy courteous quoting of his reverent name.
Go seek our England's David at his hearth,
And hide the arm that struck Goliath down.

Harrison. I will wend with thee, rash idolator!
So newly turned to the false gods of Horeb;
My soul shall wrestle with thee by the way.

Cecil. (*to Harrison, who is about to follow him*)
Butcher, fall back!—there is a ghost behind thee,
That, with a hueless cheek and lifeless eye,
Forbids thee henceforth and for aye to herd
With men who murder not. And so farewell!

(*exit Cecil*)

Harrison. (*looking fearfully around*)
A ghost! said he, a ghost?

Martin. Ay, General, ay;
And he who stands upon the deadly brink
Of Cromwell's ire, may well behold the ghosts
He goes so soon to join.

(*Enter a Puritan Soldier*)

Soldier. Worshipful Sirs,
The council of the faithful is assembled,
And the Lord President entreats your presence.

Ireton. Come, Martin; come, bold-hearted Harrison,
Bradshaw awaits.

Harrison. Get thee behind me, Satan!
I fear thee not! thou canst not harm the righteous.
Ghost, quoth he! ghost! Seest thou a ghost, good Ireton?

Ireton. What, in broad day? Fie, General!

Harrison. Satan walks
Daily and nightly tempting; but no more!
We'll to the council. Verily, my soul
Darkens at times the noon! The fiend is strong.

(*exit*)

SCENE III.—A Room in Cromwell's House. The Lady Claypole. Edith.

Lady Claypole. So leave we, then, the Past! The
angry sky

Is cleared by that same thunderstroke which cleaves
The roof of kings; the dark time's crowning evil
Is o'er; the solemn deed, that stern men call
Necessity, is done;—now let us hope
A brighter day for England!

Edith. Who knows Cromwell,

Knows him as one inflexibly austere
In what his head deems justice; but his heart
Is mild, and shrinks from the uncalled-for shedding
Ev'n of the meanest blood: yet would to Heaven,
For his own peace, that he had been less great,
Nor sate as judge in that most fearful court,
Where either voice was peril. What the world
Will deem his choice, lies doubtful in the clouds
That shade the time. Thank God that we are women!

Lady Claypole. Yea! in these hours of civil strife,
when men

Know not which way lies conscience, and the night
Scares the soft slumbers from their haggard eyes
By schemes of what the morrow shall bring forth,
'Tis sweet to feel our weakness, and to glide
Adown the stream of our inactive thought!—
While, on the bank, towers crash and temples fall,
We sail unscath'd; and watch the unwe'd life
Mirror that peaceful heaven, earth cannot mar!

(*after a pause, with a smile*)

Yet scarce indeed unwe'd, while one wild power
Can rouse the tide at will, and wake the heart
To tempest with a sigh;—nay, blush not, Edith.

Edith. I have no cause for blushes; and my cheek
Did wrong my thought, if it did speak of shame.
To love!—ah! 'tis a proud, a boastful joy,
If he we love is worthy of our love!

Lady Claypole. And that, in truth, is Cecil: with
his name

Honor walks spotless, and this stormy world
Grows fair before his presence; in his tongue
Lurks no deceit; his smile conceals no frown:
Ev'n in his very faults, his lofty pride
And the hot frankness of his hasty mood,
There seems a heavenly virtue, by the side
Of men who stalk around, and, if they win
Truth to the soul, wear falsehood on the brow.

Edith. Speak thus forever, dearest! for his praise
Makes thy voice music. Yes, he is all this;
And I, whose soul is but one thought of him,
Feel thought itself can compass not the girth
Of his wide merit. Was I not right to say
I could not blush to love him? Yet, methinks,
Well might I blush to feel that one like Cecil
Has love for Edith!

Lady Claypole. If, sweet coz, I cease
To praise him, it shall be for sweeter words
Ev'n than his praise!

Edith. Impossible!

Lady Claypole. And yet,
Were I a maid that loved as Edith loves,
Tidings of him I loved were sweeter words
Ev'n than his praise.

Edith. Tidings!—Oh, pardon, coz!—
Tidings from Spain?

Lady Claypole. No, Edith, not from Spain;
Tidings from London. Cecil is returned.
Just ere we met, his courier's jaded steed
Halted below. Sir Hubert had arrived,
And, on the instant, sought my father.

Edith. Come!
And I to hear it from another's lips!

Lady Claypole. Nay, coz, be just: with matters
of great weight—
Matters that crave at once my father's ear—

Be sure that he is laden.

(Enter a Servant)

SERVANT. Pardon, Madam!
Methought the General here!

LADY CLAYPOLE. Who asks my father?

SERVANT. Sir Hubert Cecil, just arrived from Spain,
Craves audience with his honor.

LADY CLAYPOLE. Pray his entrance.
Myself will seek the General. (exit servant)

Thank me, Edith!

If now I quit thee, wilt thou thank me less?

EDITH. I prithee stay!

LADY CLAYPOLE. Nay, Friendship is a star
Fading before the presence of Love's sun.

Farewell! Again, those blushes!—Edith, fie!
(exit Lady Claypole)

SCENE IV.—Cecil and Edith.

CECIL. Where is the General?—Where—Oh, Heaven!
my Edith?

EDITH. Is there no welcome in that word? Am I
Unlooked for at thy coming?

CECIL. Pardon, Madam!
I—I—(aside) Oh, God! how bitter is this trial!
Why do I love her less? Why fall I not
At her dear feet? Why stand I thus amazed?
Is this not Edith? No! 'tis Cromwell's niece;
And Cromwell is the murderer of my king!

EDITH. 'Pardon' and 'madam!'—do I hear aright?
Art thou so cold? Do I offend thine eyes?
Thou turn'st away thy face! Well, Sir, 'tis well!
Hubert! still silent! (In a softer voice) Hubert!

CECIL. Oh, for grace!
For heaven's dear grace! speak not in that sweet tone!
Be not so like that shape that was my Edith!

EDITH. (Gazing upon him with surprise and anger,
turns as if to quit the stage, and then aside)
Sure he is ill! Keen travail and the cares
Of these unhappy times have touched the string
Of the o'erlabored brain. And shall I chide him?
I who should soothe? (Approaches and aloud) Art
thou not well, dear Hubert?

CECIL. Well! well! the leaping and exultant health
Which makes wild youth unconscious of its clay,
Deeming itself all soul; the golden chain
Which link'd that earth, our passions—with that heaven,
Our hopes—why *this* was to be well! But now
One black thought from the fountain of the heart
Gushes eternally, till all the streams
Of all the world are poisoned,—and the Past
Hath grown one death, whose grim and giant shadow
Makes that chill darkness which we call '*the Future*!'
Where are my dreams of glory? Where the fame
Unsullied by one stain of factious crime?
And where—oh where!—the ever dulcet voice
That murmured, in the star-lit nights of war,
When the loud camp lay hushed, thy holy name?
Edith is mine no more! (taking her hand) Yet let me
gaze

Again upon thee! No! thou art not changed
Ah! would thou wert! In that translucent cheek
The roses tremble, stirr'd as by an air,
With the pure impulse of thy summer soul—
On thy white brow chaste conscience sits serene—

There is no mark of blood on this fair hand—
Yet Cromwell is thy kinsman!

EDITH. By the vows
That we have plighted, look not on me thus!
Speak not so wildly! Hubert, I am Edith!
Edith!—thine own! oh! am I not thine own?

CECIL. My own!—my Edith! Yes, the evil deeds
Of that bold man cast forth no shade on thee,
Albeit they gloom the world as an eclipse
Whose darkness is the prophecy of doom!

EDITH. Hush! hush! What! know'st thou not these
walls have ears?

Speak'st thou of Cromwell thus, upon whose nod
Hang life and death?

CECIL. But not the *fear* of death!

EDITH. What change hath chanc'd, since last we
met, to blot

Thy champion and thy captain from thy grace?
Why, when we parted, was not thy last word
In praise of Cromwell? Was he not the star
By which thy course was lighted? Nay, so glow'd
His name upon thy lips, that I—ev'n I—
Was vexed to think thou'dst so much love to spare!

CECIL. Ah, there's the thought—the bitter, biting
thought!

Boy that I was, I pinned my faith to Cromwell;
For him forsook my kin; renounced my home,
My father's blessing, and my mother's love;
Gave up my heart to him, my thoughts, my deeds,—
Reduced the fire and freedom of my youth
Into a mere machine—a thing to act
Or to be passive as its master wills;
On his broad banner I affixed my name—
My heritage of honor; blindly bound
My mark and station in the world's sharp eye
To the unequal chances of his sword!
But then methought it was a freeman's blade,
Drawn, but with sorrow, for a nation's weal!

EDITH. And was it *not* so, Hubert?

CECIL. Was it? What!
When (with no precedent, from all the Past—
That solemn armory for decorous Murder!)
Some two score men assumed a people's voice,
And sullied all the labors of long years,
The laurels of a war for equal laws,
By one most tragic outrage of all law!
Oh, in that stroke 'twas not the foe that fell!
'Twas we who fought!—the pillar of our cause;
The white unsullied honor of our arms;
The temperate justice that disdains revenge;
The rock of law, from which war's standard waved;—
The certainty of right;—'twas these that fell!

EDITH. Alas! I half foreboded this, and yet
Would listen not to fear. But, Hubert, I—
If there be sin in that most doubtful deed—
I have not shared the sin.

CECIL. No, Edith, no!
But the sin severs us! Will Cromwell give
The hand of Edith to his foe?

EDITH. His foe!
What madness, Hubert! In the gloomy past
Bury the wrong thy wrath cannot undo;
Think but in what the future can repair it.

CECIL. I do so, Edith; and, upon that thought,
I built the wall 'twixt Cromwell and my soul.

The king is dead—but not the race of kings ;
 There is a second Charles ! Oh, Edith, yet—
 Yet may our fates be joined ! Beyond the seas
 Lives my lost honor—lie my only means
 To prove me guiltless of this last bad deed !
 Beyond the seas, oh, let our vows be plighted !
 Fly with thy Cecil !—quit these gloomy walls,
 These whited sepulchres, these hangman saints !
 Beyond the seas, oh ! let me find my bride,
 Regain my honor, and record my love !

EDITH. Alas ! thou know'st not what thou say'st.

The land

Is lined with Cromwell's favorers. Not a step
 But his eye reads the whereabouts. From hence
 Thou couldst not 'scape with life, nor I with honor !

CECIL. Ah, Edith, rob not Heaven of every star !
 From home, and England, and ambition banished—
 Banish me not from thee !

EDITH. What shall I say ?
 How act—where turn ? Thy lightest word hath been
 My law—my code of right ; and now thou askest
 That which can never be.

CECIL. Recall the word !
 There's but one 'never' for the tongue of Love,
 And that should be for parting—*never part*.
 Oh, learn no other 'never.'

EDITH. Must thou leave me ?
 Must thou leave England—thy old friends in arms—
 The cause of Freedom—thy brave spirit's hope ?
 Must thou leave these ? Is there no softer choice ?

CECIL. None other—none !

EDITH. So honor bids thee act ;
 No honor conquers love ! And is there, then,
 No honor but for man ? Beshink thee, Hubert,
 Could I, unblushing, leave my kinsman's home,
 The guardian of my childhood—the kind roof
 Where no harsh thought e'er entered ? For whate'er
 Cromwell to others, he to me hath been
 A more than parent. In his rudest hour
 For me he wore no frown ; no chilling word
 Bade me remember that I had no father !
 Shall I repay him thus :—desert his hearth
 In his most imminent hour ; betroth my faith
 To one henceforth his foe ; make my false home
 With those who call him traitor ; plight my hand
 To him who wields a sword against his heart ?—
 That heart which sheltered me !—oh, never, Hubert !
 If thou lov'st honor, love it then in Edith,
 And plead no more.

(*enter Servant*)

SERVANT. The General hath sent word
 That, just released from council, he awaits
 Sir Hubert Cecil at Whitehall.

CECIL. I come !

(*exit Servant*)

So fare thee well !

EDITH. (*passionately*) Farewell !—and is that all ?
 And part we thus forever ? Not unkindly ?
 Thou dost not love me less ? Oh, say so, Hubert !
 Turn not away ; give me once more thine hand.
 We loved each other from our childhood, Hubert ;
 We grew together ; thou wert as my brother,
 Till that name grew a dearer. I should seem
 More cold—more distant ; but I cannot. All
 Pride, strength, reserve, desert me at this hour !

My heart will break ! Tell me thou lov'st me still !

CECIL. Still, Edith, still !

EDITH. I'm answered—bless thee, Hubert !

One word ! one parting word ! For my sake, dearest,
 Rein thy swift temper when thou speakest to Cromwell.
 A word may chafe him from his steady mood
 In these wild moments ; and behind his wrath
 There gleams the headsman's axe. Vex him not, Hu-
 bert !

CECIL. Fear not ! This meeting hath unmanned my
 soul,

Swallowed up all the fierceness of my nature

As in a gulf ! and he—this man of blood—

He hath been kind to thee ! Nay fear not, Edith !

(*exit Cecil*)

EDITH. He's gone ! O God support me ! I have done
 That which became thy creature. Give me strength !
 A mountain crushes down this feeble heart ;
 Oh, give me strength to bear it, gentle Heaven !

(*exit*)

SCENE V.—A Room at Whitehall ; (the same as in Scene I)
 Enter Cromwell, Ireton, and Martin.

CROMWELL. So be it, then ! At Windsor, in the
 vaults

Of his long line, let Charles's ashes sleep.
 To Hubert and to Mildmay we consign
 The funeral cares ; be they with reverence paid.
 Whoever of the mourners of the dead,
 The friends and whilom followers would assist
 In the grave rite, to them be licence given
 To grace the funeral with their faithful wo.
 We spurn not the dead lion.

MARTIN. Nobly said.

Wouldst thou I have these orders straight conveyed
 To the king's friends ?

CROMWELL. Forthwith good Martin.

(*exit Martin*)

So

With those sad ashes rest our country's griefs.
 Henry, no phoenix from them must spring forth ;
 No second Charles ! Within the self-same vault
 That shrouds that harmless dust we must inter
 Kingly ambition ; and upon that day
 Proclaim it treason to declare a king
 In the King's son ! The crown hath passed away
 From Saul, and from the godless house of Saul.

IRETON. The Parliament is fearful, and contains
 In its scant remnant many who would halt
 Betwixt the deed and that for which 'twas done.

CROMWELL. They must be seen to, Henry ! Seek
 me out

This eve at eight ; we must confer alone.

Strong meat is not for babes ! But of this youth,
 This haughty Cecil ! Thou hast seen him then ?
 Is he, in truth, so hot ?

IRETON. By my sword, yea !

That which I told thee of his speech fell short
 Of its rash madness.

CROMWELL. 'Tis a goodly youth ;

Brave and sound hearted, but of little faith,
 Nor suited to the hunger of these times,
 Which feeds on no half acts ! And for that cause,
 And in that knowledge, when we had designed
 To bring the King to London, I dismissed him

With letters into Spain. We must not lose him!
He is of noble birth; his house hath wealth;
His name is spotless:—he must not be lost!

IRETON. And will not be retained!

CROMWELL. Methinks not so.
He hath the folly of the eyes of flesh,
And loves my niece; by that lure shall we cage him.
IRETON. Yet he is of a race that, in these times,
Have fallen from the righteous.

CROMWELL. Ay, and so
The more his honest courage. In the day
When the king's power o'erflowed, and all true men
Joined in a dyke against the lawless flood,
His sire and I were co-mates—sate with Pym;
On the same benches—gave the self-same votes;
But when we drew God's sword against the king,
And threw away the sheath, his fearful heart
Recoiled before the act it had provoked;
And, halting neuter in the wide extremes,
Forbade his son to join us.

IRETON. But the youth—

CROMWELL. More bravely bent, forsook the inglorious sire,

And made a sire of Cromwell. 'In my host
There was not one that loved me more than Cecil!
Better in field than prayer, and more at home
Upon his charger than his knee, 'tis true;
But to all men their way to please the Lord!
To heaven are many paths!

IRETON. So near to thee,
And knew not of the end for which we fought?
Dreamt he it was against the man called king,
And not against the thing called kingly?

CROMWELL. So
The young man dreamed; and oft-times he hath said
When after battle he hath wiped his sword,
Oft hath he sighing said, 'These sinful wars—
Brother with brother, father against son,
Strife with her country, victory o'er her children—
How shall they end? If to the hollow word
Of this unhappy king no truth is bound,
Shall the day come when he, worn out with blood,
Will yield his crown to his yet guiltless son,
And we made sure of freedom by firm laws,
Chain the calm'd lion to a peaceful throne?'

IRETON. The father's leaven still! most foolish hope
To plaster with cool prudence jarring atoms,
And reconcile the irreconcilable—

The rushing present with the mouldering past!

CROMWELL. Thou say'st it, Ireton! But the boy
was young

And fond of heart; the times that harden us,
Make soft less thoughtful natures.

(*enter a Puritan Soldier*)

SOLDIER. Lo! your worship,
The youth hight Hubert Cecil waits thy pleasure!

CROMWELL. Friend, let him enter. Henry, leave us
now!

At eight, remember!

(*exit Ireton*)

It hath lamely chanced
That Cecil should return upon the heat
And newness of these fierce events; a month
Had robbed him of their horror! While we breathe
Passion glides on to Memory:—and dread things,

That scared our thoughts but yesterday, take hues,
That smooth their sternness, from the silent morrow.

(*Enter Cecil—Cromwell leaning on his sword at the farther end of the stage, regards him with a steadfast look and majestic mien*)

Well, sir, good day! What messages from Spain?

(*Cecil presents him despatches—Cromwell glances over them, looking, from time to time, at Cecil*)

CECIL. (*aside*) What is there in this man that I
should fear him?

Hath he some spell to witch us from ourselves,
And make our natures minion to his own?

CROMWELL. Plead they so warm for Stuart? 'tis
too late!

CECIL. It is too late!

CROMWELL. Since last we parted, Hubert,
He, the high author of our civil wars,
Hath been their victim. 'Twas an evil, Hubert;
But so is justice ever when it falls
Upon a human life!

CECIL. God's mercy!—justice!

Why justice is a consequence of law—
Founded on law—begotten but by law!

By what law, Cromwell, fell the King?

CROMWELL. By all
The laws he left us! Prithee silence, Cecil!
Sir, I might threaten, but I will not:—hold!

And let us, with a calm and sober eye,
Look on the spectre of this ghastly deed.
Who spills man's blood, his blood by man be shed!
'Tis Heaven's first law—to that law we had come—
None other left us. Who, then, caused the strife,
That crimsoned Naseby's field, and Marston's moor?
It was the Stuart:—so the Stuart fell!

A victim, in the pit himself had digged!
He died not, Sir, as hated kings have died,
In secret and in shade—no eye to trace
The one step from their prison to their pall;
He died i' the eyes of Europe—in the face
Of the broad Heaven—amidst the sons of England,
Whom he had outraged—by a solemn sentence,
Passed by a solemn court. Does this seem guilt?

(It might be error—mortal men will err!)
But *Guilt* not thus unrobes it to the day;
Its deeds are secret, as *our* act was public.
You pity Charles! 'tis well; but pity young
The tens of thousand honest humble men,
Who, by the tyranny of Charles compelled
To draw the sword, fell butchered in the field!
Good Lord—when one man dies who wears a crown,
How the earth trembles—how the nations gape,
Amazed and awed!—but when that one man's victims,
Poor worms unclot'd in purple, daily die,
In the grim cell, or on the groaning gibbet,
Or on the civil field, ye pitying souls
Drop not one tear from your indifferent eyes:
Ye weep the ravening vulture when he bleeds,

And coldly gaze upon the countless prey
He gorged at one fell meal. Be still young man;
Your time for speech will come. So much for justice;
Now for yet larger duties: to our hands
The peace and weal of England were consigned;
These our first thought and duty. Should we loose
Charles on the world again, 'twere to unleash
Once more the Fiend of Carnage: should we guard

His person in our prison, still his name
Would float, a wizard's standard, in the air,
Rallying fresh war on Freedom; a fit theme
To wake bad pity in the breasts of men;
A focus for all faction here at home,
And in the lewd courts of his brother kings.
So but one choice remained: it was that choice
Which (you are skilled methinks in classic lore,
And prize such precedent,) the elder Brutus
Made when he judged his children: such the choice
Of his descendant—when, within the senate
He sought to crush, the crafty Cæsar fell.

CÆCIL. Cæsar may find his type amidst the living;
And by that name our sons may christen Cromwell.

CROMWELL. Men's deeds are fair enigmas—let man
solve them!

But men's dark motives are i' the Books of God.

(In a milder tone)

Cecil! thou wert as my adopted son.
Hast thou not still fought by my proper person—
Eat'n at my board—slept in my tent—conceived
From me thy rudiments and lore of war—
Hath not my soul yearned to thee—have I not
Brought thee, yet beardless, into mark and fame—
Given thee trust and honor—nay, to bind
Still closer to my sheltering heart thine own—
Have I not smiled upon thy love for Edith,
(For I, too, once was young,) and bid thee find
Thy plighted bride in my familiar kin—
And wilt thou, in this crisis of my fate,
When my good name stands trembling in the balance,
And one friend wanting may abase the scale,
Wilt thou thus judge me harshly—take no count
Of the swift eddies of the whirlpool time,
Which urge us on to any port for peace,
And set the brand of thy austere rebuke
Upon the heart that loved thee so? Fie! fie!

CÆCIL. Arouse thine anger, Cromwell! rate me, vent
Thy threats on this bare front—thy kindness kills me!

CROMWELL. Bear with me, son, as I would bear with
thee!

Add not to these grim cares that press upon me.
Eke thou not out the evils of the time;
They are enow to grind my weary soul.
Restrain the harsher thoughts, that would reprove,
Until a calmer season, when 'tis given
To talk of what hath been with tempered minds;
And part we now in charity.

CÆCIL. O Cromwell,

If now we part, it is forever. Here
I do resign my office in thy hands;
Lay down my trust and charge,—

CROMWELL. [hastily] I'll not receive them;
Another time for this.

CÆCIL. There is no other.

I came to chide thee, Cromwell; ay, to chide,
Girt as thou art with power: but thou hast ta'en
The sternness from my soul, and made the voice
Of duty sound so grating to my ear,
That, for mine honor, I, who fear thee not,
Do fear my frailty, and will trust no more
My conscience to our meeting.

CROMWELL. Wouldst thou say
That thou wilt leave me?

CÆCIL. Yes.

CROMWELL. And whither bound?

CÆCIL. The king's no more; and in his ashes sleep
His faults. His son as yet hath wronged us not:
That son is now our king!

CROMWELL. Do I hear right?

Know'st thou, rash boy, those words are deadly?
Know'st thou,

It is proclaimed "whoever names a king
In any man, by Parliament unsanctioned,
Is criminal of treason?"

CÆCIL. So 'tis said;

And those who said it, were themselves the traitors.

CROMWELL. This, and to me!—beware; on that
way lies

My limit of forbearance.

CÆCIL. Call thy guards;

Ordain the prison; bring me to the bar;
Prepare the scaffold. This, great Cromwell, were
A milder doom than that which I adjudge
Unto myself. 'Tis worse than death to leave
The flag which waved above our dreams of freedom—
The Chief our reverence honored as a god—
The bride whose love rose-colored all the world—
But worse than many deaths—than hell itself,
To sin against what we believe the right.

CROMWELL. [moved and aside] And this bold soul
I am about to lose!

[Aloud] If me thou canst forget, and all my love,
Remember Edith! Is she thy betrothed,
And wilt thou leave her too? Thou hid'st thy face.
Stay, Hubert, stay; I, who could order, stoop
And pray thee stay.

CÆCIL. No—no!

CROMWELL. [with coldness and dignity] Then have
thy will.

Desert the cause of freedom at her need,—
False to thy chief, and perjured to thy love.

I do repent me that I have abased
Myself thus humbly. Go, Sir, you have leave;
I would not have one man in honest Israel
Whose soul hath hunger for the flesh of Egypt.

CÆCIL. [approaching Cromwell slowly] Canst thou
yet make the doubtful past appear
Done but in sorrowing justice?—canst thou yet
Cement these jarring factions—join in peace
The friends alike of royalty and freedom,
And give the state, secured by such good laws
As now we may demand, once more a king?

CROMWELL. A king! Why name that word? A
head—a chief,

Perchance, the Commonwealth may yet decree!
Speak on!

CÆCIL. I care not, Cromwell, for the name;
But he who bears the orb and sway of power
Must, if for peace we seek, be chosen from
The Stuarts' lineage. Charles the First is dead:
Wilt thou proclaim his son?

CROMWELL. [laughing bitterly] An Exile, yes!
A Monarch, never!

CÆCIL. Cromwell, fare thee well!
As friends we meet no more. May God so judge
As I now judge, believing thee as one
Whom a bold heart, and the dim hope of power,
And the blind wrath of faction, and the spur
Of an o'ermastering Fate, impel to what

The Past foretells already to the Future.
Dread man, farewell.

[*exit Cecil*]

CROMWELL. [*after a pause*] So from my side hath gone

An upright heart; and in that single loss,
Methinks more honesty hath said farewell,
Than if a thousand had abjured my banners.
Charles sleeps, and feels no more the grinding cares,
The perils and the doubts that wait on power.
For him, no more the uneasy day,—the night
At war with sleep,—for him are hushed, at last,
Loud Hate and hollow Love. Reverse thy Law,
O blind compassion of the human heart!
And let not death which feels not, sins not—weeps not—
Rob Life of all that Suffering asks from Pity.

[*He paces to and fro the scene, and pauses at last opposite the doors at the back of the stage*]

Lo! what a slender barrier parts in twain
The presence of the breathing and the dead—
The vanquisher and victim—the firm foot
Of lusty strength, and the unmoving mass
Of what all strength must come to. Yet once more,
Ere the grave closes on that solemn dust,
Will I survey what men have feared to look on.
[*He opens the doors—the coffin of the king on the back ground lighted by tapers—Cromwell approaches it slowly, lifts the pall, and gazes, as if on the corpse within*]

'Tis a firm frame; the sinews strongly knit;
The chest deep set and broad; save some grey hairs
Saddening those locks of love, no sign of age.
Had nature been his executioner
He would have outlived me! and to this end—
This narrow empire—this unpeopled kingdom—
This six feet realm—the overlust of a way
Hath been the guide! He would have stretched his will
O'er that unlimited world which men's souls are!
Fettered the earth's pure air—for freedom is
That air to honest lips;—and here he lies,
In dust most eloquent—to after time
A never silent oracle for kings!
Was this the hand that strained within its grasp
So haught a sceptre? this the shape that wore
Majesty like a garment? Spurn that clay—
It can resent not; speak of royal crimes,
And it can frown not: schemeless lies the brain
Whose thoughts were sources of such fearful deeds.
What things are we, O Lord, when at thy will
A worm like this could shake the mighty world!
A few years since, and in the port was moored
A bark to far Columbia's forests bound;
And I was one of those indignant hearts
Panting for exile in the thirst for freedom;
Then, that pale clay (poor clay that was a king!)
Forbade my parting, in the wanton pride
Of vain command, and with a fated sceptre
Waved back the shadow of the death to come.
Here stands that baffled and forbidden wanderer,
Loftiest amid the wrecks of ruined empire,
Beside the coffin of a headless king!
He thrall'd my fate—I have prepared his doom:
He made me captive—lo! his narrow cell!
[*Advancing to the front of the stage*]
So hands unseen do fashion forth the earth

Of our frail schemes into our funeral urns;
So, walking dream-led in life's sleep, our steps
Move blindfold to the scaffold or the throne!—
Ay, to the Throne! From that dark thought I strike
The light which cheers me onward to my goal.
Wild though the night, and angry though the winds,
High o'er the billows of the battling sea
My Spirit, like a bark, sweeps on to Fortune!

MEMOIRS OF MRS. HEMANS.*

It will be yet more clearly seen, from further portions of Mrs. Hemans' correspondence, with what devotion and gratitude she regarded German literature; she spoke of its language as "rich and affectionate, in which I take much delight:"—how she gratefully referred to its study as having expanded her mind and opened to her new sources of intellectual delight and exercise. For a while, too, she may have been said to have written under the shadow of its mysticism; but this secondary influence had passed away some time before her death. It is not the lot of high minds, though they may pass through and linger in regions where thought loses itself in obscurity, to terminate their career there. The "Lays of many Lands," most of which appeared in the New Monthly Magazine, then edited by Mr. Campbell, were, we are told by herself, suggested by Herder's "*Stimmen der Völker in Liedern*." Her next volume was formed of a collection of these, preceded by "The Forest Sanctuary."

Mrs. Hemans considered this poem as almost, if not altogether, the best of her works. She would sometimes say, that in proportion to the praise which had been bestowed upon others of her less carefully meditated and shorter compositions, she thought it had hardly met with its fair share of success: for it was the first continuous effort in which she dared to write from the fullness of her own heart—to listen to the promptings of her genius freely and fearlessly. The subject was suggested by a passage in one of the letters of Don Leucadio Doblado, and was wrought upon by her with that eagerness and fervor which almost command corresponding results. I have heard Mrs. Hemans say, that the greater part of this poem was written in no more picturesque a retreat than a laundry, to which, as being detached from the house, she resorted for undisturbed quiet and leisure. When she read it, while in progress, to her mother and sister, they were surprised to tears at the increased power displayed in it. She was not prone to speak with self-contentment of her own works; but, perhaps, the one favorite descriptive passage was that picture of a sea burial in the second canto.

. . . . She lay a thing for earth's embrace,
To cover with spring-wreaths. For earth's!—the wave
That gives the bier no flowers, makes moan above her grave!
On the mid-sea a knell!—for man was there,—
Anguish and love, the mourner with his dead!
A long, low, tolling knell—a voice of prayer—
Dark glassy waters, like a desert spread,—
And the pale shining Southern Cross on high,

* From the Memoirs of Mrs. Hemans, by Chorley—now in the press of Messieurs Saunders and Otley, to whom we are indebted for some of the sheets.

Its faint stars fading from a solemn sky,
Where mighty clouds before the dawn grew red:—
Were these things round me? Such o'er memory sweep
Wildly when aught brings back that burial of the deep.

Then the broad lonely sunrise, and the plash
Into the sounding waves!—around her head
They parted, with a glancing moment's flash,
Then shut—and all was still. . . .

The whole poem, whether in its scenes of superstition—the Auto da Fe—the dungeon—the flight, or in its delineation of the mental conflicts of its hero—or in its forest pictures of the free west, which offer such a delicious repose to the mind, is full of happy thoughts and turns of expression. Four lines of peculiar delicacy and beauty recur to me as I write, too strongly to be passed by. They are from a character of one of the martyr sisters.

And if she mingled with the festive train,
It was but as some melancholy star
Beholds the dance of shepherds on the plain,
In its bright stillness present, though afar.

But the entire episode of "Queen-like Teresa—radiant Inez"—is wrought up with a nerve and an impulse, which men of renown have failed to reach. The death of the latter, if, perhaps, it be a little too *romantic* for the stern realities of the scene, is so beautifully told, that it cannot be read without strong feeling, nor carelessly remembered. And most beautiful, too, are the sudden out-bursts of thankfulness—of the quick, happy consciousness of liberty with which the narrator of this ghastly sacrifice, interrupts the tale, to reassure himself—

Sport on, my happy child! for thou art free!

The character of the convert's wife, Leonor,—devotedly clinging to his fortunes, without a reproach or a murmur, while her heart trembles before him, as though she were in the presence of a lost spirit,—is one of those, in which Mrs. Hemans' individual mode of thought and manner of expression are most happily impersonated. As a whole, she was hardly wrong in her own estimate of this poem: and on recently returning to it, I have been surprised to find, how well it bears the tests and trials with which it is only either fit or rational to examine works of the highest order of mind. But here, also, would criticism be impertinent.

The next work of Mrs. Hemans, and the one by which she is most universally known, was the "Records of Woman," published in 1828. In this, to use her own words, "there is more of herself to be found" than in any preceding composition. But even the slightest analysis of these beautiful legends would be superfluous; suffice it to say, that they were not things of meditation, but imagined and uttered in the same breath; like every line that she wrote, as far as possible from being a studied exercise. It is true, that in some lyrics more than others, her individual feelings are eagerly put forth—in those, for instance, wherein aspirations after another world are expressed, or which breathe the weary pining language of home sickness, or in which she utters her abiding sense of the insufficiency of fame to satisfy a woman's heart, however its possession may gratify her vanity—or wherein she speaks with a passionate self-distrust of her own art, of the impossibility of performance to keep pace with desire. The fervor with which these were poured forth seriously endangered a

frame already undermined by too ardent a spirit, whose consuming work had been aided by a personal self-neglect, childish to wilfulness. So perilously, indeed, was she excited by the composition of Mozart's Requiem, that she was prohibited by her physician from any further exercise of her art, for some weeks after it was written. Few more genuine out-bursts of feeling have been ever poured forth than the three following verses of that poem.

"Yet I have known it long:
Too restless and too strong
Within this clay hath been the o'ermastering flame;
Swift thought that came and went,
Like torrents o'er me sent
Have shaken as a reed, my thrilling frame.

Like perfumes on the wind,
Which none may stay or bind,
The beautiful comes floating through my soul;
I strive with yearning vain,
The spirit to detain
Of the deep harmonies that past me roll!

Therefore disturbing dreams
Trouble the secret streams,
And founts of music that o'erflow my breast;
Something far more divine
Than may on earth be mine,
Haunts my worn heart, and will not let it rest."

Most of the poems above referred to, were written at Rhyllon; the last and most favorite of Mrs. Hemans' residence at Wales. Some of them will be found colored by a shadow which had recently passed over her lot—the death of her mother. To this, which she always felt as an irreparable loss, will be found not a few touching allusions in many following letters.

A small woodland dingle, near Rhyllon, was her favorite retreat: here she would spend long summer mornings to read, and project, and compose, while her children played about her. "Whenever one of us brought her a new flower," writes one of them, "she was sure to introduce it into her next poem." She has unconsciously described this haunt over and over again with affectionate distinctness; it is the scene referred to in the "Hour of Romance," and in the sonnet which is printed among her "Poetical Remains."

"Still are the cowslips from thy bosom springing,
O far off grassy dell?—And dost thou see,
When southern winds first wake the vernal singing,
The star-gleam of the wood anemone?
Doth the shy ring-dove haunt thee yet—the bee
Hang on thy flowers, as when I breathed farewell
To their wild blooms? and round the beechen tree
Still in green softness, doth the moss bank swell?"

Many of the imaginations which floated through her brain in this retirement, were lost in the more interrupted and responsible life, which followed Mrs. Hemans' departure from Wales; when the breaking up of her household, on the marriage of one of her family, and the removal of another into Ireland, threw her exclusively upon her own resources, and compelled her to make acquaintance with an "eating, drinking, buying, bargaining" world with which, from her disposition and habits, she was ill-fitted to cope. One of these unfinished works was the "Portrait Gallery," of which one episode, "The lady of the Castle," is introduced in the "Records."

CONCLUDING LECTURE

Of the Course on the Obstacles and Hindrances to Education, arising from the peculiar faults of Parents, Teachers and Scholars, and that portion of the Public immediately concerned in directing and controlling our Literary Institutions.

BY JAMES M. GARNETT.

Since the first lecture of the course on the obstacles to all correct education was delivered, so much time has elapsed, and so many of you, probably, have not heard the whole, that some farther recapitulation than was given when I last addressed you, seems necessary fully to understand what I still wish to say in conclusion.

It will be recollected, I hope, that I have endeavored to fix upon parents themselves much the greater portion of the guilt, as well as the folly of creating these obstacles; since *they*, and the *nurses* whom they choose, are unquestionably the first moral and intellectual instructors of their children. I tried to prove that the deadly mischief was accomplished by a process commencing almost with their birth—a process which consists in checking or misdirecting the first dawns of intellect and feeling in these helpless little beings; in teaching their heads, and neglecting their hearts; in cultivating sensual rather than intellectual appetites; in the irregularity of their moral discipline, which encourages or silently permits, at one time, the outbreaking of certain juvenile propensities, which, at another, they will severely punish; in performing this painful duty much oftener from caprice and wrath than sound judgment; in transferring their authority and their duties to others with far too little consideration; in their frequent changes of schools and teachers; in their reckless attacks upon the characters of both; in suffering their children often to choose for themselves—not only *where*, but *what* and *how* they shall be taught; in confounding the mere going to school and confinement in a school-room, with profitable study; in frequently disgusting their children with books in general, and all scholastic learning in particular, by making application to their lessons a punishment, rather than a pleasurable occupation; in preparing them for insubordination, by treating and speaking of the class of teachers as much inferior to themselves, and by taking part against the former, upon almost every occasion where complaints are made by either party; in making holidays seasons for feasting, idleness, and dissipation, rather than of rational recreation and agreeable diversity in the mode of intellectual and moral improvement; in educating their offspring for situations which they will probably never fill, and giving them tastes and desires never likely to be gratified, thereby disqualifying them at one and the same time, for attaining any of the real enjoyments of the present life within their reach, or for gaining the promised blessings of the life to come; but what is worse than all, in presenting a continual variance between their own precepts and practice, and substituting worldly motives as inducements to acquire knowledge, rather than the love and practice of wisdom and virtue, as absolutely essential to happiness, both in our present and future state of existence.

In speaking of the obstacles created by teachers as a class, I charged them with deficiency of moral courage in pursuing the course essential to the maintenance of

that high station in society to which all well qualified teachers who faithfully discharge their duties are justly entitled. I accused them of making the business of teaching a mere stepping-stone to some other pursuit, rather than a regular profession for life; and, of course, neglecting the necessary means to give it that respectability and influence in society which it ought to have, and certainly would possess, if they took the same care to prepare themselves to become good teachers, that other men take to distinguish themselves in the particular professions which they have finally determined to pursue. Another charge against them was, that instead of always aiding each other as members of the same fraternity, their insane jealousy often operated in such a way, as to bring their whole class into disgrace and contempt; that their grand panacea for stimulating to study, is *emulation*—a nostrum, which may perhaps cure the disease of idleness, but will leave in its place those diabolical passions—jealousy, envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness; that their favorite punishments generally are corporal ones, which can never do more than effect some temporary amendment of their pupil's conduct, without producing any in their bad principles; that the application of these punishments—these skin-deep remedies—is much oftener a process to work off the teacher's own angry passions, than to cure the pupil's faults—these last being considered rather as school annoyances, to be put out of the instructor's way with the least possible trouble and delay, than as deep-rooted diseases of the heart, requiring the utmost tenderness and skill in the methods of cure—diseases too, which must utterly destroy the sufferer's happiness, unless radically conquered. I also endeavored to show, that in their modes of teaching as well as in the books taught, they either obstinately follow the course in which they themselves have been taught, thereby precluding themselves from adopting any real improvements which the progress of society may produce; or they run wild in pursuit of every new project which the reckless spirit of innovation is so constantly obtruding on the public. It was likewise alleged against them, that their efforts, even when most zealously made, were too generally directed, solely to stocking the minds of their pupils with words, instead of being applied with still greater assiduity to fortifying their hearts with just principles of thought and action; that they made education to consist simply in what is called school learning, instead of rendering it a development as perfect as possible, of all our faculties, both intellectual and physical; hence the ascendancy given to mere scholastic and scientific acquirements, over those great moral and religious principles, without a thorough knowledge and practice of which, man, although educated, is little better than a beast of prey, furnished with increased powers of doing mischief. But the worst perhaps of all the faults ascribed to teachers, is, that they rarely manifest any particular interest in the moral and religious improvement of their pupils—any strong anxiety for their future happiness—any great solicitude for the correctness of their conduct, farther than the teacher's own ease and reputation are concerned; in a word, any of those kind, affectionate feelings towards them, which will almost invariably secure their warmest attachment, and at the same time establish an influence over them immeasurably more

powerful that can possibly be created by any other means.

In illustrating the obstacles to education created by pupils, I endeavored to show, that they too generally look upon learning as physic, rather than food; that they mistake both the nature and extent of their teacher's authority over them, and consequently, of their own obligations to obedience; that they view all holidays or hours stolen from school as positive gains, rather than losses—at least of time, if nothing else; that to thwart their teachers is a proof of independence—to cheat them, an evidence of genius; that their own tastes and judgments are very soon deemed better guides for them, than their teachers'; that going to school at all, is a business, rather to please their parents than to benefit themselves—a most irksome restraint upon their natural liberty—a bondage which they may break as often as they can; and consequently, that their teachers are jailors, hired to confine, to tease, and to punish, rather than good friends, ever ready to show them the best paths to knowledge, virtue, and happiness. I charged them generally with mistaking, while at school, the mere mechanical process, called "going through their books," for thoroughly understanding and mastering their contents; hence such pupils always measure their scholarship, solely by the length of time they spend at school, and the number of pages which they there read, instead of estimating it by the amount of really useful acquirement. I likewise attempted to show that pupilage is viewed by vast multitudes of youth, as the period for idleness—for reckless enjoyment, rather than earnest and assiduous preparation for fulfilling faithfully all the important duties of adult life; that the great moral laws made for the government of mankind in general, were not, as they believe, made for boys and girls at school—or that they may break almost any of them with impunity, provided their teachers do not detect them; that no thought nor care for forming their future characters need molest them, until after they leave school, which will be quite soon enough to undertake so troublesome a business; and, of course, that they may offend as often as inclination prompts them—not only against good manners—but truth, justice, and honor, without the least hazard to their reputations. To crown the obstacles to correct education, created by the faults and errors of youth, I will state one omitted in its proper place, which prevails to a most deplorable extent; it is the belief, that the matters usually taught in schools, such as will enable the pupils to get a college diploma, comprehend the whole of what is called *education*; and that these requisites to collegiate honors are to be obtained, if at all, merely for worldly purposes, not as auxiliary means only, towards perfecting, as far as practicable, all those admirable faculties bestowed on us by God himself for the noblest of all uses—that of promoting human happiness, both in time and eternity.

Superadded to all these formidable obstructions to education as it should be, many more arise from other classes of society than parents, teachers, and scholars. The chief of these are, the want of persevering zeal in this vital cause, and the general neglect of all whose business it should be to inquire minutely and thoroughly into that part of the management of schools, which, very rarely, if ever, is made the subject of newspaper

publication or individual scrutiny. Yet is this, beyond all comparison, the most important; I mean the particular methods of instruction, and the conduct of the teachers towards their pupils both *in* and *out* of school.

It is really not enough for the public to be told that at such and such schools, all arts, sciences, languages and accomplishments are taught *dirt cheap*, and in the *shortest imaginable time*—admitting the possibility of any such incredible promises being fulfilled. The main points—the great, essential groundwork of all right education, are the *moral discipline*—the *punishments and rewards*—but above all, the *motives and inducements to study*, which the teachers inculcate; for *if this part of the process be essentially wrong, no other part can well work rightly*. Into all these particulars, continual, earnest, and diligent inquiries should be made by competent judges—not to expose nor to injure individuals, but to supply what is deficient, and to correct what is wrong in all schools. Teachers themselves would not be long in setting about the work with due diligence, when they found public sentiment opposed to any part of their practice; and the community in general more disposed minutely and judiciously to investigate all such particulars relative to the management of schools, as it is always important, should be thoroughly known and understood. Most persons judge of schools by what they hear—not by what they see, or certainly know; and so little concern is usually felt about them, by any but those who have children there, that none else scarcely ever ask any questions on the subject. The consequence is, that although many will occasionally *talk*, as they do about various other matters which they do not understand, yet they rarely ever *judge* correctly. Idle gossip—the spirit of detraction—ignorance, and malice—will do infinitely more harm to these establishments, than the partiality of friendship, which is often equally blind, can ever do good; for the work of *pulling down* is always an easier, and frequently, to many, a much more agreeable task, than *building up*. Another great benefit which would result from so close and accurate a scrutiny as the one recommended, would be, that the investigators, and through them the public, would learn to make somewhat more charitable estimates of the difficulties which all teachers, especially of large schools, have always to encounter from the faults and vices of their scholars, aggravated by the interference of ignorant, injudicious, and immoral parents. All who would open the eyes of their understanding would certainly discover, that not a few of these difficulties infest even female schools, wherein the common opinion seems to be, at least with most parents in regard to their own daughters, that "nothing can in any wise enter that defileth;" or, in other words, that "the bean ideal" of woman—all innocence, purity and loveliness—is the real character of all her female children, and inseparably attaches to them, wherever found, whether at home or abroad. Such a discovery, possibly, might also lead such all-confiding parents to the painful, but salutary suspicion, that *they themselves* may have been, by early neglect on their part, the real cause of these sore evils. Notwithstanding these parental hallucinations in regard to daughters, all experience proves that girls differ from boys in their faults and vices, only according to the degree of their exposure in early life, to the contraction of bad principles and bad habits. What, in reality, are

schools, either of boys or girls, but the world in miniature, annoyed and distracted by nearly all the same faults and vices—in a mitigated form, it is true, yet still operating to the extent of their respective spheres, and in proportion to the power of the peculiar temptations by which the pupils are assailed, as well as of the good and bad principles which they carry with them from home? This is true as the Gospel itself—yet where are the parents who could bear to have any of these follies and vices ascribed by this rule to their own children, especially if they were daughters, or would believe the accusation, if made? What would become of the luckless teachers who would have candor and hardihood enough to venture on such revolting disclosures? In all probability the loss of employment would be the consequence, if nothing worse befel them. Yet, that disclosures of this kind might very frequently and most justly be made in regard to many individuals in all large schools, none can possibly doubt, who will deliberately reflect on the composition of very many of these institutions. What would be the result of such reflection? Why, that many of the scholars have traits of character nearly as bad as could well be expected at so early a period of life, and habits such as inevitably lead to moral degradation and destruction, if not radically cured during the period of pupilage. Children of all grades of capacity, from the highest to the lowest—of all degrees of moral and literary acquirement, from a considerable portion of culture and improvement, to a very deplorable state of ignorance, idleness, and vice, and of all imaginable varieties of dispositions and tempers, are often found huddled together in these institutions. The unavoidable consequence is, that innumerable obstacles of almost invincible power to obstruct the progress of education, are continually presenting themselves—that numerous acts are committed to deplore, and a thousand things practised for which there can be no cure, unless both parental authority and public sentiment will steadily and most actively co-operate with the teachers, both in devising and applying the proper remedies. But how can this co-operation possibly be made, while the necessity for it is undiscerned—while the obstacles created by each party remain uncorrected, and the current coin between parents and teachers continues to be flattery and deception, instead of full and confidential disclosures by the last, of the children's faults and misdeeds, met by efficient support from the first, in every measure of salutary discipline? A reformation however, in these momentous particulars, is among the last things thought of, in regard to schools, where, in countless instances, the limbs and bodies of the pupils appear to be deemed much better worth training than their hearts and souls. If the first and last lesson taught a child, before it quits its home to be placed under other teachers, be, that the admiration and applause of the world must be the chief objects of pursuit, what success can the subsequent instructors possibly expect, who venture to inculcate a different lesson? What hope can they rationally entertain of substituting the love of wisdom and virtue—the fear of sin, and the holy desire of pleasing our Maker in all things, for the passions of pride, vanity, and ambition, sucked in almost with the mother's milk? Would it do to acquiesce so far in this primary instruction, as to tell the pupils that they must cherish these passions, but

beware how they direct them? Would not such prescription be quite on a par in folly with granting a child inclined to drunkenness, liberty to drink every day to the point of intoxication, or with exposing one who had any other vicious propensity, to opportunities of indulging it? The truth is, that if children are turned over immediately from the parent's to the teacher's hands, with passions rarely or never restrained—vicious inclinations and wills unsubdued—stubbornness, idleness, and insubordination habitually indulged, the tutor who attempts their correction has scarcely a possible chance of success. The very first serious effort would probably soon cause the removal of such pupils, who would be almost sure to complain, and would as surely be believed; for parents who spoil their children, are, most unfortunately, often found to confide in their veracity just in proportion as they should distrust it. But should the teacher's efforts to reform, fail to produce misrepresentations to the parents, they would usually be met by some such remonstrance as the following:—My father and mother never used to care about such things, and why should you? What right have you to condemn and forbid that which *they* suffered to pass unnoticed, and therefore, probably approved? Is the prospect any better, when there is no chance of appeal from the tutor's authority, nor of improper interference from such parents or guardians as have neither sense nor experience to know what is best for the children? It certainly *ought to be*, provided the instructors were well qualified for their offices. But alas! *they too* are often equally unfit, either from temper, ignorance, or subservience to the prevalent follies, prejudices, or culpable practices of the time present. If those whom it seems their interest to please, happen to be wrong-headed—unsettled in *their* principles, and vicious in *their* conduct, these suppliant teachers permit all *their* abstract notions of right to vanish into thin air, and will frequently abandon, not only their modes of teaching, but the matters to be taught, although confident of their great importance, that they may keep in favor with such really worthless patrons. It may be urged, at least, in mitigation of this, as well as several other faults of teachers, that they have to act both a difficult and most arduous part; for they have many wills, opinions, and principles besides their own to consult; many pernicious whims and wayward caprices to encounter; numerous prejudices to overcome; and not a few practices to oppose, which have either the parental sanction openly avowed in their favor, or that silent acquiescence in them, on which most children rely with equal confidence. Possessing little more than a mere nominal authority, and having always much work expected from them—such, for example, as making models of good conduct and literary acquirement out of all kinds of children—not only the well trained, but those who have been immeasurably petted and indulged—not only the talented, but the stupid—teachers are driven to the expedient of taking what generally appears to them “the shortest cut.” This is, if possible, to produce among their pupils, that anxious struggle for pre-eminence and victory over each other in scholarship, which can neither be excited nor kept alive without calling into action some of the worst passions of the human heart. But such struggle being recommended by the imposing misnomer of “noble, generous

emulation," passes without examination into its moral tendencies, and is almost every where resorted to, as the only effectual means to secure diligence, ardor, and perseverance in the pursuit of scholastic knowledge. To fulfil, therefore, the unreasonable expectation of such persons as seem to calculate on a child's education being finished with almost as great despatch as a dexterous cooper sets up and turns off his flour barrels—as well as to save themselves trouble, seems to be the chief, if not the only reason why teachers have so generally cultivated the principle of emulation in their schools, as a species of "king-cure-all." It is a poor excuse however, for instilling into the youthful mind a poison which rarely fails to baffle all the future efforts of moralists and divines who attempt its extirpation. That it is entirely unnecessary, has been again and again demonstrated by some of the most eminent writers, and most successful teachers who have ever lived. All who are concerned in the business of education should make common cause against this fell destroyer of the soundest principles of instruction; and he or they who could succeed in its utter extinction, would deserve the united blessings of every parent and child in the United States.

The following very striking remarks, from "A practical view of Christian Education in its earliest stages," by T. Babington, member of the British Parliament, are so apposite to my present purpose, that I cannot forbear to quote them. In speaking of the father's duty, this admirable writer says—"He must hold out examples to his child in such a way as *not to excite emulation*. To imitate an example is one thing: to rival any person, and endeavor to obtain a superiority over him, is another. It is very true, as is maintained by the defenders of emulation, that it is impossible to make progress towards excellence without outstripping others. But surely there is a great difference between the attainment of a superiority over others, being a mere consequence of exertions arising from other motives, and a zeal to attain this object, being itself a motive for exertion. Every one must see that the effects produced on the mind in the two cases will be extremely dissimilar. Emulation is a desire of surpassing others, for the sake of superiority, and is a very powerful motive to exertion. As such, it is employed in most public schools; but in none, I believe, ancient or modern, has it been so fully and systematically brought into action, as in the schools of Dr. Bell and Mr. Lancaster. Whatever may be the merits of the schools of either of these gentlemen in other respects, (a question which it is unnecessary to enter,) in *this* they appear to me to commit such an offence against christian morals, that no merits could atone for it. I cannot but think emulation an unhallowed principle of action, as scarcely, if at all, to be disjoined from jealousy and envy, from pride and contention—incompatible with loving our neighbor as ourselves—and a principle of such potency, as to be likely to engross the mind, and turn it habitually and violently from the motives which it should be the great business of education to cherish and render predominant—namely, a sense of duty, and gratitude, and love to God." Instead of enlarging on this subject, I beg leave to refer to Mr. Gisborne's remarks upon it, in his "Duties of Women." "If emulation (says he) is an unhallowed motive, it cannot innocently be employed,

whatever good effects may be expected from it. *We must not do evil that good may come.* But if any christian should deem it not absolutely unblamed, few will deny, I think, that it is questionable and dangerous. Even then, in this more favorable view of emulation, ought it to be used, unless it can be shown to be necessary for the infusion of vigor into the youthful mind, and for securing a respectable progress in literature? I can say, from experience, that it is *not necessary* for the attainment of those ends. In a numerous family with which I am well acquainted, emulation has been carefully and successfully excluded; and yet the acquirements of the different children have been very satisfactory. I can bear the same testimony with respect to a large Sunday School with which I have been connected for many years. I have often heard of *virtuous emulation*—but can emulation ever be so characterized in a christian sense? Whether it may in that loose sense of virtue which those adopt who take the worldly principle of honor for their rule, I will not stop to inquire.

"*But it is not sufficient not to excite and employ emulation on plan and system, as a stimulus in education—great care ought to be taken to exclude it.* And great care will be necessary, for it will be continually ready to show itself; and if not checked, it will soon attain strength, strike its roots deep in the heart, and produce bitter fruits, which, in the eyes of a christian, will be ill-compensated by the extraordinary vigor and energy it will give to scholastic studies. When examples are held out for imitation, (a very different thing, be it remembered, from emulation,) or as *warnings*, the child must be made sensible that its state in the sight of God is rendered neither better nor worse by the virtues or the faults of others, except so far as they may have influenced, or may have failed to influence, its own conduct—that it ought to love its neighbor as itself, and to rejoice in every advance made by another in what is good, and to lament over all his faults and defects, without one selfish thought being suffered to check the joy or the concern—that it ought therefore to wish all its companions all success in their common studies, with the same sincerity with which it wishes its own success—and to be affected by their faults and failures in the same manner it would be by its own. It should be made sensible, in proportion as it may give way to feelings the reverse of these, that its 'eye will be evil because others are good'—and it will act in opposition to the injunction, 'mind not every one his own things, but every one also the things of others,' and to a whole host of Scriptural precepts and examples. These things must be inculcated, not by lectures in general terms, but by applying such views to all the little incidents which call for them as they successively arise. The child must also be made sensible, how much better it is for himself that his companions should be eminent for laudable attainments and good qualities; for that, in proportion to their excellences in these respects, they will be useful and estimable companions, and ought to be objects of his affection. All little boasts of having done better than this or that brother or sister, and every disposition to disappointment when they succeed best, should be most carefully checked, and the lesson of 'rejoicing with them that do rejoice, and of weeping with them that weep,' must be very diligently inculcated."

To these authorities of Babington and Gisborne, I believe might be added that of every writer of any eminence on the subject of education, from the first who denounced emulation as an unchristian and most pernicious principle of action, to the most distinguished of our own times. Yet, strange to say, it continues to be made the master-wheel of the whole machinery of instruction in almost all the schools of the United States. Very few exceptions can any where be found. The deleterious nostrum is administered far more extensively than any quack medicine ever yet invented—nay, than all of them put together; and common sense and christian morality interpose their warning cries in vain. Parents, teachers, and scholars are all playing into each others hands, (if I may so express myself,) to perpetuate this fatal quackery; but the sin lies principally at the doors of the first. *They* influence and direct, mediately or immediately, the whole system of education; and if *they* will not commence the Herculean work of reformation, it must remain an utterly hopeless undertaking, since none else have either the authority or the power to make it. Self-amendment therefore in *them*, must necessarily precede amendment in others. But how is *this* to be brought about, when the leaders themselves, or rather those who should be so, in this vital work, are just as blind generally to their own faults, as so many insane persons; while the few who can see them, have not enough moral courage even to attempt their extirpation. The great popularity of emulation is easily explained: it saves parents the difficulty and trouble of explaining and enforcing the duty, demonstrating the advantages, and portraying the pleasures of literary, scientific, and moral acquirements; for teachers also, it is the same labor-saving process; while it imparts to the pupils themselves a stimulus to mental effort, similar to that which alcohol produces on bodily exertion—a stimulus that excites feeling, while it deadens judgment, and irresistibly transforms benevolence into the most unqualified selfishness. And thus it is, that instead of genuine christian morality and true religion being made the only basis of all education, a spurious principle of most pernicious tendency, fatal alike to both, is substituted for them. *Such a principle is emulation*, however sophistry may disguise, or our own bad passions recommend it. The victory for which it constantly goads us to struggle, *must be obtained*, cost what it may to the peace, the fame, or the happiness of others.

It may perhaps be objected, that if the moral and religious instruction of children were as much and as closely attended to as I seem to require, no time would be left for any thing else; and consequently, that on the principles here recommended, the mind would soon be miserably contracted by bigotry and fanaticism. Very far should I be, even if I had the privilege, from restraining the powers of the understanding, or limiting their exercise only to moral and religious subjects; although these, if prosecuted to their full extent, embrace quite enough for man's happiness in both worlds. No, God forbid; let these powers be carried to their highest point of attainable perfection—let them be most assiduously, most unceasingly cultivated to the latest period of human life, for such is the divine will of Him who bestowed them all. But I would invariably have it done in perfect accordance with *His will*, and solely

for the promotion of human happiness—our own, of course, as well as that of others. *It never should be done*, for the wretchedly selfish, contemptible purpose of surpassing each other, and obtaining the applause of beings equally frail, imperfect, and sinful with ourselves.—Shall I be asked, if I would exclude the love of praise from human motives? Assuredly I would, if it cannot be used without being made a paramount principle. For however pure it may appear, at first, there is always so much impurity mixed with it, especially when it results in active emulation, that almost all who are nurtured upon such diet, soon learn to feed upon the garbage of indiscriminate applause, when they cannot procure the nicer dishes of this species of mental aliment. The taste for it is perpetually becoming more and more depraved by indulgence—whereas the love of God, and of wisdom and virtue as *his* requirements, can never run to excess, nor can ever operate in any other way than to enrich, improve, and exalt the soul for all the great purposes, both temporal and eternal, to which it was originally destined. Shall we be told that the first motive is so much easier to inculcate than the last, as to produce a necessity for resorting to it? I shall continue to deny the fact until the experiment can fairly be made. This has never yet been done in a sufficient number either of families or schools, to furnish the necessary proof, to say nothing of the utter incompatibility of the two kinds of motive as controlling principles of conduct. Let us endeavor to illustrate this by numbers. If a hundred children under the process of education, are constantly urged on in their course by the stimulants of emulation and ambition, for one who is taught that these are not proper motives of action, (and I believe the proportion is still greater,) ought we to wonder that ninety-nine should be found *both emulous and ambitious*—should be found preferring the *lesser* to the *greater* good? Ought we to feel any surprise if human praise, present, palpable, and certain—held up too as the most desirable thing *in this world*, should be much more highly esteemed, than the remote, and with very many, the doubtful prospect of gaining something, they know not what, in a world to come—by acting as if human praise, however delightful, should *not be* the mainspring of our conduct in the present life? Yet where shall we turn our eyes or ears, and not find it so? Where shall we search without finding this cancer shooting its fatal roots into the very centre even of the youngest hearts? The process begins with the nursery slang of—“dear, sweet, precious little darling!—ar’n’t you the most beautifullest, the best, the smartest little child in the whole world? and sha’n’t you be far before them all?” This inordinate, immeasurable excitation is continued in all possible forms and modifications, until the well grown son or daughter is transferred to some distant school with the valedictory dose of—“Farewell, my dearest child—be sure never to let any of your schoolmates get before you in your studies; you must outdo them all, or you will disgrace yourself and family.” With such food, thus seasoned by nurses, parents, teachers, companions and all, from the first dawns of intellect to its maturity, when the youth of our country issue forth from their schools, academies, and colleges, “with all their blushing honors thick upon them,” where will the young brain be found that will not be turned with pride, vanity, and ambition? Where will

be the young lady whose heart will not sicken at the thought of a rival in beauty or accomplishments?—where the young gentleman who would not be ready, should he deem it necessary, to assert his imaginary supremacy with sword and pistol, against all who might appear likely to cross his path, or mount the ladder of worldly honors and distinctions faster than he could? The driest tinder will not sooner blaze from contact with a lighted match, than will the passions of all young men, thus educated, take fire, and consume both others and themselves, if their selfish views of any kind are likely to be disappointed by conflicting claims to selfish gratifications. Can any persons, in their senses, believe it will be enough to save their sons and daughters from pride, vanity, and ambition, occasionally to tell them, “take care, my good children, you must not be either proud, vain, or ambitious,” although they themselves are continually sowing the seed of these vices, and using all suitable means to make them vegetate and ripen. Would it not be stark madness in parents to expect that their sons should obey their injunctions to sobriety, if they placed them under continual temptations to get drunk; or, that their daughters could long remain innocent, if exposed constantly to all the allurements of vice in its most seductive forms? Yet equally mad are all parents who first subject their children to all the corrupting influences of merely worldly morals, and then expect from them such uniform examples of virtuous conduct as can flow from no other imaginable source but the morality and religion of the Gospel of Christ Jesus himself. For the immoral propensities and vices of children, there is no other radical cure under heaven than christianity; but alas! in many, even of the most popular schools in the United States, both christian morals and the christian religion, if not actually a species of contraband, are yet *untaught* as an essential part of the regular scholastic course.

Human happiness being acknowledged on all hands to be the only legitimate object of all education—happiness both here and hereafter—it has always seemed to me passing strange, that we should act in regard to the vegetable kingdom, where mere abundant fructification is the only object, on much more rational principles than we do in relation to that to which we ourselves belong. For example, from the *tops* of such plants as man has subjected to his culture, we never expect even *leaves*, still less *fruit*, until we have first taken good care to give *their roots* all the appliances which we believe necessary and proper. But a course nearly opposite is generally pursued with the human subject. We go to work most laboriously upon the *head*, before we so much as think of the *heart*, which may well be called the root of all our actions. Teachers themselves too frequently take it for granted, that every thing which ought to be done in this behalf has already been done at home, and is therefore no part of *their* business. But the deplorable fact is, that in very many cases, nothing, or worse than nothing, has there been done. In every such instance, the all-essential duty, however often neglected, of teachers, is to exert every faculty they possess for remedying so deadly an evil, since no great and permanent good can ever be imparted to the pupil without it. But *is this done generally*, or even in many instances? To prove that *it has not been done*, an appeal

has been made to the experience of all who have well examined this subject, and I challenge a denial. It has been affirmed that our schools in general, from the lowest to the highest, do not sufficiently attend to the inculcation of moral and religious principles—do not make them, as it were, the foundation, cement, and finishing of all the various materials which contribute to form the superstructure called *Education*. The charge is certainly a very serious one; but fortunately, if it be unjust, the difficulty of disproving it will not be very great. It may be done, first, by the various public notices of what the conductors of our schools generally promise to do for those confided to their care; and second, by an exposition, fully and faithfully made, how far and in what manner these promises are fulfilled. Shall we find, in a majority of these notices, any thing more than a brief, general declaration, “to attend strictly to the manners and morals of the pupils?” If we can, then are they acquitted so far as *public pledges* can go. Have we yet been informed, that in a majority of these schools a regular and constant course of moral instruction is given, and that religious principle, not only in the abstract, but in practice, is earnestly and most assiduously inculcated by every means in the power of the teachers? Then ought they to be acquitted also, on the score of *performance*. But let the appeal be made to these two tests when it may, and the melancholy truth of my assertion will flash conviction on the most incredulous minds. We shall find very many schools where languages, sciences, arts and accomplishments are well taught; while few, very few will be discovered, in which *that alone* which makes all these things of any permanent value, is taught *at all*, or taught in such a manner as to enable young people correctly to discriminate between the various species of knowledge, and to assign to each its just measure of real, intrinsic worth. For proof of this assertion, I would ask what body of trustees or visitors (call them what you please,) of our schools, do we ever hear of, making inquiries into any thing more than the literary qualifications and decent characters of those who either have, or offer to take charge of them? Would this be the case?—could it possibly happen, if religious and moral instruction held the rank which it ought to do, in their estimates of the comparative value of the matters to be taught? If the christian code of morals, the christian system of faith, have any advantage whatever over the faith and practice of those who think that they can do very well *without* christianity, or at least with a mere nominal belief in it, *ought such inquiries ever to be neglected?*—nay, should it not be considered an imperative duty always to make them? How many of our schools of any kind do we hear of, wherein even the formality of daily prayers, and regular attendance at places of public worship, are either insisted upon or recommended? Is this done in a majority of them? If not, how can the neglect be explained, but on the ground of disbelief in the duty and utility of these practices? And yet we are said to live in a *christian community*! and much offence, I presume, would be taken, were any person to address the public as if the contrary were the fact. But as trees must be judged by their *fruit*—not by their *names*, so must communities as well as individuals be characterized, rather by their practices than their professions.

There is still another and far stronger proof of our

assertion, that moral and religious instruction is much and very generally neglected in our schools. Let any one who chooses to make the experiment, take, indiscriminately, any number of young persons, of both sexes, who have just left school, and ask them—"are you members of any particular christian church? If you are not, have you formed any distinct, settled religious opinions in consequence of the course of religious instruction received from your teachers? Has any regular, earnest, unremitting effort been made to instil into your minds the general principles of christianity?" I verily believe that the multitude answering in the negative would shock any one who had the least particle of true religion in him. To this opinion I have been led, not by vague conjecture, but by much inquiry and observation.

It may perhaps be urged, that even theological schools—schools exclusively devoted to moral and religious instruction, sometimes turn out infidels, hypocrites, and profligates upon society. I admit the fact, but deny that any inference can fairly be drawn from it which could, in the slightest degree, invalidate the assertion that moral and religious instruction should ever be made the basis of all education. But one method indeed, occurs to me, by which this vital truth (as I firmly believe it to be) could be rendered even doubtful. It would be fairly to compare, if practicable, the numbers of worthless young persons from all our schools of every kind. Then, if the proportion from theological institutions was greater than from any other, or even should it prove as great, the peculiar kind of instruction there given might well be deemed worthless. But if this proportion really be smaller, almost beyond calculation smaller, as I verily believe it will be found, it must be as clear as a cloudless sun that the religious and moral principles taught in theological schools, are infinitely more available in making good and virtuous men, than all the other principles put together which are taught in other schools, and are consequently greatly superior to them, even for *this world's use*. Shall I be asked by the scoffers at religion, if I would educate all our boys for parsons? I will reply by another question—will not the scoffers themselves be willing to educate their children for heaven, if there *be such a place*? If there *be not*, what could they possibly lose, even in the present life, by having them taught to believe that truth, justice, mercy, and charity in its broadest sense, with all other good qualities that exalt man to his highest state of moral and intellectual excellence, have no other sure foundation, no other permanent sanction, but christianity? As a mere matter of worldly calculation, and upon the supposition that there is error, or at least *the risk of it* on both sides, any rational man would think that the point should be settled forever, even by so simple an argument as the one used by Cramb  with his master Martinus Scriblerus, when invited to join a society of free-thinkers. Cramb 's advice was, "by no means to enter into their society unless they would give him sufficient security to bear him harmless from any thing that might happen after this life." This is a kind of calculation which must always have some weight even with the most reckless, hardened sinner. As here presented in the identical words of Dean Swift, it may possibly have the appearance to some, of unbecoming levity on so momentous a

subject. But I trust not, as nothing is more remote from my own intentions. No matter which can possibly engage our attention, can bear the smallest comparison with this in importance; and in this respect, the reformation of our schools throughout the country, is a subject of the deepest—the most vital interest. In many, very many of them, no religious instruction whatever is given; nor indeed, is there any regular, systematic course of moral study pursued as the most essential of the whole course; but (as I have before remarked) languages and sciences—sciences and languages, alternated in all imaginable modes and forms, constitute nearly the whole process of education for our sons; while our daughters, to compensate for their not being allowed to go quite so deep into such matters, have their feet and fingers taught to execute many truly marvellous tricks—and moreover, are instructed in the grand art of getting husbands by "dress and address," as the quintessence of female education.

The sum and substance of all my remarks on this, as on former occasions, will prove, I hope, that many great and radical obstacles exist to the adoption and practice of a correct system of education, which are far from being necessary evils, although the various mischiefs done by them may be considered as working most fatally on the very vitals of society. Many of these obstacles have been, most justly, as I believe, ascribed to parents—many to teachers, numerous others to scholars, and not a few to the public in general. Whether these last will find any parents willing to acknowledge them, is more than I can tell. But believing that their existence cannot be denied—for they are seen and deeply felt every where—the conclusions to be drawn from such facts remain in their full force.

These are, that the teaching of *the heart* must always precede that of *the head*; that *right motives* must be inspired before *good conduct* can be expected, and that the Logadrian plan of building houses from the tops downwards, must not be so closely imitated in rearing our edifices of education, if we wish them to answer any other than a very temporary and comparatively contemptible purpose. In other words, we must take care always to commence with *the foundations*, and have them exactly as they should be, or the superstructures can never be either useful or durable to the extent they might be made. These foundations are—not *the alphabet*, nor *the arithmetical characters*, nor *grammars*, nor *dictionaries*, nor *foreign languages*, nor *sciences*—but *the love of God and man to be displayed in overt acts rather than by empty professions, and to govern, in fact, the whole life*. To make our entire work indestructible hereafter, as well as estimable in the highest degree here, the main pillars, as well as the corner stones and whole groundwork must be—aye, *must necessarily, absolutely, unconditionally be*, such as will pass inspection in the next life, as well as in the present. This brings us back to what has heretofore been so much and so earnestly insisted upon—the unqualified, the sacred obligation of all who have any thing to do, from first to last, with educating the youth of our country, to make, as far as practicable, not only *their motives*, but *the ultimate ends* of their whole course of study, such as may bear examination at the last great and awful day of our final account before the Almighty Judge of heaven and earth. This most momentous truth of a final judgment in

another state of existence, for all "our deeds done in the body," instead of being the first thing taught to our children as soon as their minds are capable of receiving truth at all, is generally left to find its way into them as it may—to be forced upon them in after life, as it rarely fails to be, by the terrors, the remorse of a guilty conscience, reproaching them for the commission of deeds against which early moral and religious instruction might effectually have guarded them. Yes, my friends, if there be any truth in God's word, such instruction *would guard—would save them* from these terrors and this remorse. What awful responsibility then attaches to all those who neglect to give it! What an appalling consideration should it be, that thousands upon thousands of our youth are taught—so far as parental example *can teach*, to smother all thoughts of a final judgment in feasting; to drown them in intoxication; to forget them in the long and deadly sleep of a bestial debauch; or to banish them from the heart by the various pursuits of vanity, pride, avarice and ambition! Yet most of these very parents themselves well know, that all such sensualities and indulgences together are utterly unavailing always, to ward off the dark, solemn hour of serious reflection and agonizing remorse, which *will* come, soon or late, to all offenders against the laws of God. Then rushes on the startling remembrance of all their misspent hours—their vicious pursuits—their criminal deeds, to haunt their guilty imaginations with ceaseless terrors, and to leave them no rest but in the temporary oblivion procured by a repetition of some long practised debauchery or other. Such must inevitably be the fate, in a greater or less degree, of all who act as if no future accountability attached to them for present conduct; unless indeed, their profligacy has been so great, so incessant, as to have silenced entirely "the still, small voice of conscience;" and then, the sooner death sweeps them from the face of the earth the better—certainly for society, and none the worse probably for themselves. But what, my dear friends, does all this prove? Is it not demonstration strong as proof from holy writ, that religious and moral principle should invariably be made the basis of *all education*, and that nothing which is called education should be suffered to be carried on, unless in close connection with, and subordination to this all-absorbing truth of final and eternal punishment for sin—of final and eternal happiness for a life of holiness and virtue in the present world?

If this reasoning be just, why is it that a course of moral and religious instruction is either entirely omitted, or so little regarded in nearly all our schools, except such as are theological? Could it possibly be the case, if religious and moral principles were deemed just as essential among all orders of men, as in the clerical order? Yet if these principles be equally necessary to all, why is a matter so highly important—so indispensable to the well being and happiness of society—left in a great measure, to chance? Why are young persons at school, suffered to infer from the silence of their instructors, that no particular attention to this subject need be given, unless by those who design to become professional teachers of religion? Is it denied, even by infidels, that the principles and motives of conduct, so far as they can possibly be imparted by human means, are matters of infinitely more importance among the

things to be taught, than any others which can be imagined under the name of knowledge? So far then, both believers and unbelievers agree. Both concur in the necessity of first instructing every child in that system of ethics which is to serve them through life as a rule of action; because all other information without this must be stock that they know not how to apply. Yet, neither infidels nor christians generally, if at all, give this vital instruction in any such manner, as to prove to their children, that they estimate it very far above all other, in the scale of real value. The necessity of imparting it being equally admitted by the adherents of the worldly system of morals, and by the believers in that system left to us by our blessed Saviour himself, as the only sure guide to happiness, either here or hereafter, neither party can find any justification for their most shameful neglect. By this, they leave those whom it is their sacred duty to guide, without either chart or compass to steer their course through all the difficulties and dangers of life. Some religious parents and teachers there are, who express such a mortal dread of what they please to call *sectarianism*, that they will not venture to teach even the great fundamental truths of religion, in which all christians, at least, entirely agree; and thus, religious instruction of every kind is excluded from the course of these marvellously scrupulous persons. Others again, who, without believing one word of the Holy Scriptures, are yet willing, as a matter of prudence, to treat both them and their doctrines with external respect—say, that *they* teach nothing which is *contrary* to christian morality and religion. Although it would be easy to prove that silence in such a cause is little, if any better than open hostility, I will meet the assertion in a more direct way, by denying its truth. The fact is, that in every school in the United States, wherein moral and religious instruction is neglected, many things are taught which *are contrary* to the principles of christianity. To prove this, look at the direction given to the conduct of the pupils—the motives by which they are actuated, and the objects at which they are taught to aim. Are not these *all worldly*? Are not many of them *absolutely forbid* by the plainest precepts of christianity? And what more need be asked to demonstrate the truth of my accusation? Numerous exemplifications have already been given of the false morality, and consequently false religion imbibed, if not actually taught, both under the parental roof, and in our schools. In fact, the instances are so abundant, that I have scarcely ever attempted to trace the immoral and irreligious opinions of any persons whatever to their primitive source, without discovering that these opinions were derived chiefly from the precepts and examples of their early instructors. Motives being the source of all actions, and principles their regulators, both *must be made* what they *ought to be*, or the actions themselves can never be morally good: yet most teachers appear to think that the principles and motives of their pupils are matters with which they have little or no concern. If their heads be filled with what is called scholastic learning—if they can be made punctually to obey scholastic rules, the instructors generally deem *their* part of the business of teaching accomplished, and the hearts of their scholars are left to form themselves. But what, in reality, can avail all the scholastic learning in the world, unless the possessors are first inspired

with the only true and proper motive for acquiring it, at the same time that they are taught its only justifiable use? This motive is social, philanthropic, heavenly; it is the love of God and his creatures. It impels to unceasing beneficence on earth, and leads us to look to heaven for our final reward. But the motives encouraged at least, if not openly taught in a great majority of schools, as well as by most parents, are essentially selfish and exclusive: for their objects are personal fame and personal aggrandizement, to be gained at any expense whatever, of mortification and suffering to others, which successful rivalry can inflict, or eager, insatiate competition can procure. Such motives and such morality interpose no effectual bar to the indulgence of any strong passion which happens to seize upon the individual governed by them, provided only such indulgence be openly tolerated by fashion, or silently permitted. For example, they never prevent our sons from drunkenness, gambling, or blowing out each other's brains for the most trivial causes imaginable, while they almost encourage, by failing to mark with utter reprobation, a species of profligacy too revolting to be mentioned. In regard to our daughters, the prevalent system of instruction cherishes a passion for dress—for public amusements of all kinds in which females are permitted to join—for company keeping—for general admiration—which unfits them for domestic life, and leaves their hearts a prey to all the tormenting distractions of envy, jealousy, and disappointed pride and vanity. Against these vices so destructive to the happiness of both sexes, I know of no regular course whatever of religious and moral instruction in our schools generally, especially of the preparatory kind. Recitations in languages, and elementary books of science, with a little writing and cyphering, comprise the sum total of the matters taught; and whether the children are Mohammedans, heathens, infidels or christians, is an affair which seems to be thought not properly cognizable by teachers at all. Here let me once more repeat, that I never would make, even had I the power, any alteration whatever in our systems of instruction, which would tend, in the slightest degree, to prevent the youth of our country from reaching the highest attainable excellence in all the justifiable pursuits of life. But I would have it thoroughly and deeply impressed on their hearts, under all circumstances—at every period of their pupilage, and at all times, *that truly moral conduct resulting from genuine religious principles, is "the one thing needful," first and far above all, both for time and eternity.* Nothing should ever be taught in any school, high or low, great or small, but in complete subordination to this most momentous, most vital truth: nor should any teacher whatever be suffered to neglect making *this* the chief object of pursuit for every scholar under his or her care.

This plan alone, with God's blessing to aid it, can ever achieve the so much needed scholastic reforms and amendments in the modes and general scope of parental instruction. This alone can ever materially diminish that enormous mass of vice and crime, with all their soul-sickening consequences, which renders this world a scene of such constant, indescribable wretchedness in so many of its aspects. And who are *they*, my friends, that make it so? Who are the poor, forlorn, outcast wretches, that have brought disgrace upon their sex,

shame on their families, and endless woe upon themselves? Are they not, in almost every case, the miserable victims of infidel opinions imbibed in early youth, under parents and teachers who have incurred the deep and deadly guilt of neglecting to take care of their precious souls, until the critical hours for correcting their evil propensities had forever passed away? Who compose that motley, most pitiable group of both sexes, and of almost all ages, with which our jails and penitentiaries are filled? Who are the shedders of their brother's blood? Who the robbers and murderers for gold, for revenge, for lust? Who the hellish destroyers of female honor, purity and peace—the perpetrators of crimes that carry ruin, misery and death into the peaceful abodes of domestic life, tearing asunder the nearest and dearest ties of our existence, and outraging alike all laws, both human and divine? Are they persons who have been morally and religiously educated from infancy, or such as have been most shamefully, most guiltily neglected in these all important respects—such as have hardly so much as heard of any other bonds—any other fetters to restrain their criminal passions—to prevent their atrocious deeds, than the gossamer filaments of a mere worldly morality? Alas! my friends, the bare contemplation of such heart-rending results, from the neglect or perversion of education, is enough to make every mother of an infant yet guiltless of actual sin, press the little, innocent still closer to her bosom than she would do from the ordinary impulse of maternal love, in shuddering apprehension of what may be its future fate. It is enough to make every father tremble in considering the future destiny of his child, lest some neglect of duty, some false instruction, some vicious example on his part, should bring this child of his heart to misery and destruction. Will you then, my dear hearers, do nothing to prevent such consummation, either as regards your own offspring or that of others? Can you, who have so much power—so deep an interest too in this momentous matter—can you deliberately and seriously contemplate these crying evils, this enormous aggregate of human guilt and woe, without ascribing it principally to our defective systems of education, and without some secret dread lest *you yourselves individually* may have, in some way or other, either directly or indirectly, contributed to augment it? Will you not add to your power of establishing, patronizing and regulating schools, the still more effectual influence of *your example* in the early instruction of your children, to make education what it should be, in all its branches? Can there be any thing that concerns us in the present life—is there any thing in the whole compass of thought, which should excite half such deep, heart-felt, all absorbing anxiety, as to remove this deadly curse of ignorance and vice from our land and nation? That it *is* removable—at least in a degree beyond all calculation, greater than we can judge from beholding its present widely spread mischief, none can doubt who believe in the scripture assurance, that if we train up our children in the way they shall go, they will not depart from it; or who confide in the extent to which, by the blessing of God, all human beings may be improved, both in knowledge and virtue, by means of education. Not only our own happiness, but that of our children and children's children, to the latest generation, are at stake; and it depends upon you, my friends, you, who, in full

proportion to your numbers, can direct and control the education of the present race, whether this happiness shall be increased or destroyed to a degree which it has never yet reached. Upon your precepts and examples, while your children are under your own care, and upon your choice of preceptors, when you confide them to the care of others, it depends—whether these children shall prove curses or blessings to themselves, to their parents, and to their country. Let all our resources then, both mental and physical—all our available means, both of talent and wealth, be applied to the requisite extent, for the attainment of so glorious a purpose. The individuals who achieve it—if it ever is to be achieved, will merit the highest honors—the richest rewards that this world can bestow, and will enjoy all the happiness promised in the next, to the greatest benefactors of the human race.

And now, my friends, in bidding you farewell, permit me freely, but respectfully, to address my few concluding remarks still more personally to yourselves. *Ye parents*, who are conscious of faults that obstruct the education of your own offspring and are anxious to mend them—*ye* who still have children to be instructed, and cherish that deep solicitude for their continual improvement in knowledge and virtue, which it is your most sacred duty to cherish—*ye teachers*, who justly estimate the nature and extent of the momentous trusts confided to your honor, and the fatal consequences of neglecting to fulfil them—*ye young men and maidens*, who are still under pupilage—behold, I beseech you, the moral mirror which I have held up to your view. Search it again and again, and if you discern therein any similitude to your own defects, let it not be seen in vain. Oh! suffer it not to pass away “like the morning cloud or the early dew,” but set *instantly, earnestly, perseveringly*, about the vital work of extirpation, as your only hope for happiness either here or hereafter. Learn to consider—nay, *never for a moment to forget*, that nothing called education can have a shadow of pretence to be pronounced complete, but that which has for its basis the Gospel of Christ as well as its divine morality—that to act on every occasion as *this* directs, is true wisdom—and that to gain the power of doing so, you must cherish in your hearts, through all the vicissitudes of life, the same heavenly dispositions and sentiments which the pious Cowper has so feelingly expressed in the following admirable lines.

*Thou art the source and centre of all minds,
Their only point of rest, Eternal Word!
From thee departing they are lost, and rove
At random, without honor, hope, or peace.
From thee is all that soothes the life of man,
His high endeavor and his glad success,
His strength to suffer, and his will to serve.
But oh! thou bounteous giver of all good,
Thou art of all thy gifts—thyself the crown.
Give what thou canst, without thee we are poor,
And with thee rich, take what thou wilt away.*

THE RAINBOW.

“The Rainbow,” by Campbell, “Triumphal Arch,” &c. is indeed a glorious piece, and worthy at once of the subject and the poet. Nor does it derogate much from his genius, though it does a little perhaps from his honesty, that he has borrowed (without acknowledg-

ment) two or three of the finest thoughts and phrases in it from an older bard, a certain Henry Vaughan, who flourished about two centuries ago, and whose poems, says Montgomery, “amidst much harshness and obscurity, show gleams of rare excellence.” Thus these lines of Vaughan,

How bright wert thou when Shem's admiring eye,
Thy burning, flaming arch did first descry;
When Zerah, Nahor, Haram, Abram, Lot,
The youthful world's gray fathers, in one knot,
Did, with intentive looks, watch every hour
For thy new light, and trembled at each shower:
evidently suggested that fine stanza of Campbell—

When o'er the green undeluged earth
Heaven's covenant thou didst shine,
How came the world's gray fathers forth
To watch thy sacred sign.

But the verse which follows is an admirable addition of his own.

And when its yellow lustre smiled,
O'er mountains yet untrod,
Each mother held aloft her child,
To bless the bow of God.

This finishes the picture, and makes it perfect. And Vaughan's two first lines,

Still young and fine, but what is still in view,
We slight as old and soil'd, though fresh and new,
together with his two last,

Who looks upon thee from his glorious throne,
And minds the covenant betwixt ALL and ONE,
obviously kindled Campbell's two closing stanzas—

As fresh in yon horizon dark,
As young thy beauties seem,
As when the eagle from the ark
First sported in thy beam.

For faithful to its sacred page,
Heaven still rebuilds thy span,
Nor lets the type grow pale with age
That first spoke peace to man.

A splendid improvement indeed! In short, Campbell's Rainbow (or the best part of it, from the fifth verse to the end,) is but a sort of *secondary* of Vaughan's, though it is not in this case, as in nature, fainter, but *triumphantly* brighter and more beautiful than the first.*

* Perhaps the reader may like to see Vaughan's piece entire. Here it is.

THE RAINBOW.—By Henry Vaughan.

Still young and fine! but what is still in view
We alight as old and soil'd, though fresh and new;
How bright wert thou when Shem's admiring eye,
Thy burning, flaming arch did first descry;
When Zerah, Nahor, Haram, Abram, Lot,
The youthful world's gray fathers, in one knot,
Did, with intentive looks, watch every hour
For thy new light, and trembled at each shower.

When thou dost shine, darkness looks white and fair;
Storms turn to music, clouds to smiles and air;
Rain gently spends his honey-drops, and pours
Balm on the cleft earth, milk on grass and flowers.

Bright pledge of peace and sunshine! the sure tie
Of thy Lord's hand, the object of his eye!
When I behold thee, though my light be dim,
Distant and low, I can in *time* see Him,
Who looks upon thee from his glorious throne,
And minds the covenant betwixt ALL and ONE.

RIGHT OF INSTRUCTION.

Quare quoniam de re publica querimus, hoc primum videamus quid sit id ipsum quod querimus.

Est igitur, inquit Africanus, res publica *res populi*; populus autem non omnis hominum coetus quoquo modo congregatus, sed coetus multitudinis juris consensu et utilitatis communione sociatus.

Quare cum penes unum est omnium summa rerum, *regem* illum unum vocamus, et *regnum* eius rei publicae statum.

haque si Cyrus ille Persas *iustissimus fuit sapientissimusque rex*, tamen mihi populi res; ea enim est, ut dixi antea, publica; non maxime expectanda fuisse illa videtur, cum regeretur *unus rex*. Ac modo si Massilienses nostri clientes per delectos et principes *cives summa iusticia reguntur*, inest tamen in ea conditione populi *similitudo quadam servitutis*.

Cur enim regem appellem Jovis optimi nomine hominem dominandi cupidum aut *imperii singularis*, populo oppresso dominantem, non *tyrannum* potius?

De Re Publica.

For the Literary Messenger to contain temperate articles upon general politics, and political economy, is in the humble opinion of the individual now writing, as manifestly proper, as it would be obviously the reverse for it to embark in the slightest degree in party strife. He was therefore decidedly pleased with the appearance of an article of the temper and tone of the letter in the last number upon the Right of Instruction. That article has so universally been attributed to the pen of the amiable and learned JUDGE HOPKINSON, that it would be affectation not to consider him as its author. This avowal, whilst it renders the boldness of an attempt at reply the more fearfully conspicuous, also renders more glaringly manifest the impropriety of suffering the gauntlet so gallantly thrown by so able and courteous a champion into the teeth of all Virginia's chivalry, to remain unaccepted. The fear that business, or inertia, or a belief that the question is settled, should prevent our distinguished men from entering the lists, and thus leave the impression that the cause of the Honorable Judge was deemed too righteous for our knights to risk the fate of the combat, has induced one little fitted for the controversy, with no little trepidation, to enter the lists. To drop a stale metaphor, I will venture to suggest a few plain reasons for thinking the argument of the Judge not entirely conclusive.

The Virginia doctrine of instructions is thus laid down by the Judge. "I understand that doctrine to be, that the instructions of a State Legislature to a Senator of the United States, are an authoritative lawful *command*, which he is bound implicitly to obey, and which he cannot disobey without a violation of his official duty as a Senator, imposing upon him the obligation to resign his place if he cannot, or will not, conform to the will of his Legislature." There is but one fault to be found with this definition, which is the insertion of the word "*official*" instead of the word "*moral*." We hold the obligation to obey instructions or resign to be a moral duty of the man, incident to the acceptance of the office, rather than the *official* duty of the Senator. The latter duties are prescribed by the constitution, the former are established by general principles of political ethics. This distinction may seem to be rather nice than important, since the establishment of either would lead to the same

practical result. But as we are now discussing the propriety of that result, it is important to know precisely upon what principles the right is based, lest we lose our cause by a mistake in terms. If we contended for the official duty of the Senator, we could look *only* to the constitution for the establishment of the right, but contending for the moral duty as an honorable man and an honest politician, we may look to any source not incompatible with the provisions of that instrument. The learned Judge proceeds, after laying down his definition to state his objections. The doctrine appears to him "to be absolutely incompatible with the cardinal principles of our constitution, as a representative government; to break up the foundations which were intended to give it strength and stability, and to impart to it a consistent, uniform, and harmonious action; and virtually, to bring us back to a simple, turbulent democracy, the worst of all governments—or rather, no government at all." We Virginians must be permitted to join issue with the Judge upon each of these conclusions, and I for one must confess that my mind is not satisfied either by the ingenuity or learning displayed by him. But as his reasons for his conclusions are developed in the progress of his argument, perhaps it will be better to unfold our objections to his conclusions whilst following his reasoning.

The Judge sustains his views in the first place, by combatting the arguments of some writer in the Richmond Enquirer, who had endeavored, it appears, to sustain the republican doctrine by the federal authority of MESSRS. KING, JAY and HAMILTON, and for this purpose quotes their speeches in the New York Convention, which adopted the federal constitution. The Judge also sustains his opinions upon general principles. He labored under the disadvantage of not having the debates of the New York Convention before him, and was therefore compelled to reason upon the isolated extracts quoted in the Enquirer, without examining the context of the speeches for modifications or explanations of the particular expressions quoted. The present writer having neither the debates in the New York Convention or the Enquirer before him, cannot enter into this branch of the subject. This he regrets, because, although the question is one which must be decided upon its merits, and not upon authority, yet to prove that the federal doctrines of the present day are contrary to those entertained by the founders of their own party, who were eminent and patriotic men, and largely concerned in the foundation of our government, would divest their doctrine of all the respect and sanctity which great names and great antiquity will sometimes give even to principles intrinsically wrong. The Judge then wisely endeavored to defend the federal patriarchs from our republican heresies, and made an effort to carry the war into Africa by showing, that even some of our republican fathers had repudiated our cherished doctrine. But has he succeeded in either? Without entering into that branch of the subject, we may be permitted to glance at his reasoning.

"Let us see. Mr. King is represented to have said, that 'the Senators will have a *powerful check* in those *who wish for their seats*.' This is most true—and in fact it is to this struggle for place that we owe much of the zeal for doctrines calculated to create vacancies. Mr. King proceeds—'And the State Legislatures, if they find their delegates erring, can and will *instruct them*.' Will this be no check?" The two checks proposed, in the same

sentence, and put upon the same footing, are the vigilance of those who want the places of the Senators, and the instructions which the State Legislatures can and will give to them. They are said to be, as they truly are, *powerful checks*, operating with a strong influence on the will and discretion of the Senator, but not as subjecting him, *as a matter of duty*, either to the reproaches of his rivals or the opinions of the Legislature. To do this, a check must be something more than powerful; it must be irresistible, or, at least, attended by some means of carrying it out to submission—some penalty or remedy for disobedience. I consider the term *instruct*, as here used, to mean no more than counsel, advise, recommend—because Mr. King does not intimate that any right or power is vested in the Legislature to compel obedience to their instructions, or to punish a refractory Senator as an official delinquent. It is left to his option to obey or not, which is altogether inconsistent with every idea of a *right to command*. Such a right is at once met and nullified by a right to refuse. They are equal and contrary rights."

Here were two checks proposed by Mr. King to prevent misconduct in a Senator. The first was a continuing check, and would always operate upon his conduct, unless he was willing to give his rivals a great advantage, and would control him if he wished a reelection. The other was a check in the hands of the Legislature, ready to be applied to the *prevention* of any specific act of mischievous tendency by the Senator, and seems to have no connection in Mr. King's mind with the first check mentioned. The question put by him seems to imply that his mind considered this check as positively and inevitably effectual in any case in which it might be applied. We must remember that he was arguing in favor of adopting the constitution, and offered a second check by which honor and duty would control the Senators, upon whom the fear suggested in the other check would have no effect. But let us consider them with Judge H. in connection, and suppose that Mr. King meant to consider the two checks as parts of one whole, and that the instructions would be a check *because* others wished for the seat. This construction would make it very clear that Mr. K. thought the Senator would be obliged to obey or *resign*, because unless such was his duty, his competitors for the seat could not possibly accomplish their wishes by means of instructions. Mr. K. only called the first a *powerful check*, and not both, as the Judge inadvertently says. With regard to the last, Mr. K. triumphantly asks, "*will this be no check?*"—as if he considered that as conclusive, and this check certainly operative in cases to which the first would not extend. It is true Mr. K. says nothing about the power of the Legislature to enforce obedience, because they have no such power, but he puts an interrogatory, which he clearly thinks cannot be answered in the negative, and leaves the question as if the duty of obedience was too clear for dispute. If this was not his idea, whence his triumphant manner? Did any body ever doubt the power of a Legislature to advise or petition their Senators? Then why parade so paltry and worthless a right with so much pomp, and as a valuable security to the States? What good was this right to do those who wished for the seats?

What if the State Legislatures do not have power to punish? They have no power to punish any official delinquencies in the Senator, however gross and palpable, or any other violation of moral duty. They have no right, if they enjoyed the gift of divination, to prescribe the course of the Senator by law, providing for all contingencies, nor can they order punishment by an *ex post facto* law, or cause punishments to be inflicted without a

regular judicial trial, for any offence except an immediate violation of their own order. Even if a Senator violates his positive pledge, the Legislature cannot punish him. They appear to be in this respect like all other constituencies, at the mercy of their representatives. Whether he acts morally or officially wrong, they cannot as constituents punish him. Impeachment seems to be the only remedy provided by any constitution, for any delinquency of any Legislator acting in his official capacity; and this being in the hands of the body to which he belongs, is generally inefficient. It seems to be a sufficient answer to all arguments founded upon the incapacity of the Legislature to punish for a violation of this particular duty, to say that it cannot punish for a violation of any duty. Can it be hence inferred that the Senator has no duties? Unless it can, our adversary's argument is defective. Suppose it had the power to punish generally for what it deemed offences? Can any one doubt that it would punish this as one of the highest? But the power of *subsequent* punishment, or its absence, can neither create or extinguish a *previous* moral or official duty.

The Judge, in my humble judgment, begs the question, when he says, "it is left to his *option* to obey or not"—"a right to command is at once met and nullified by a right to refuse." Our doctrine contends that he has no right to refuse, but we grant that he has the physical power to disobey, without the moral right. The only option which we allow him is that of resigning or obeying. If he resigns, of course, in ceasing to be our representative or servant, our commands cease to be of any force with regard to him.

The verbal criticisms entered into by the Judge, do not appear to me to sustain his case. To instruct is doubtless in its primitive meaning to *teach*, but the question is, when applied to the Senator,—teach what? Not certainly to give general information. Is it to impart superior knowledge upon the specific question to the Senator? This militates against the federal doctrine of the superior wisdom of the Senator; it supposes the legislative wisdom to be greater than his, and of course, as such, it ought to prevail. For what purpose would they enlighten him, if he was not bound to pursue the proper course thus pointed out? It must be remembered that *teach* does not mean to advise or request. If this legislative teaching, is not to give general information, or impart superior wisdom in particular cases, or request, or advise a particular course, only one thing remains to which the word *teach* can be applied, and that is the *will* or *wishes* of the Legislature; and the fact of teaching would seem to imply that he was to do their will if he knew what it was. They never teach unless they believe he intends to act contrary to their wishes, and their instructions are to inform him that he the servant has mistaken the will of his principal, and thus instruction given in cases of misapprehension or mistake of the will of the constituent, becomes the polite term for a command in other cases. This signification of command, is also one of the regular meanings of the word. Johnson gives "*Authoritative mandate*" as one of its significations. To give less force than this to the word, would make the Legislatures mere petitioners, and their instructions to Senators have precisely the force of their requests to the members of the House of Representatives. But none of our writers, old or modern, ever

considered these requests as any sort of check upon the House of Representatives; but all look to the Senate as a check upon that body, and to check the Senate they say the State Legislatures may instruct. If requests will be of any avail as a check, why go around Robin Hood's barn, to bring them to bear?—why not have said at once, the State Legislatures may instruct their members in the House of Representatives? "Will this be no check?" Since an example has been set by such high authority, of investigating valuable rights by the light of the verbal critic's lamp, let us see if Dr. Johnson will not extend a hand to save the people as well as to prop their masters. He defines a representative to be "One exercising the vicarious power given by another"—and vicarious is "*Deputed,—Delegated,—Acting in place of another.*" We can find no authority here for one who acts in a representative capacity, to act according to his own will, and in direct opposition to the will of those in whose place he acts.

The idea advanced by JUDGE HOPKINSON, of the impropriety of the Senator's acting upon the dictation of others, and his own responsibility, seems a little disingenuous. The agent must be considered as released from all responsibility, when he is ordered by his principal to do a particular act. If he thinks that act illegal, or dishonorable, he need not do it, but he ought to resign. And all the responsibility rests upon the instructing Legislature. He has no right to set up his opinion or conscience as supreme law for any one but himself, and he is bound to presume that his constituents honestly differed in opinion with him. If he disobeys, he will find that the people will think it quite as probable that one man was wrong from corruption, as that a majority of their immediate representatives were corrupt. We do not maintain that "it is the official duty of the Senator to obey in all cases," but it is his moral duty in all cases in which he is instructed to do a possible act, to obey or resign. But says, Judge H., he may by his resignation defeat his constituents. Be it so—the responsibility is upon them; but they cannot be defeated in as great a degree, by having no representative, as by being misrepresented. No vote is better than a vote against ourselves. Admit the reverse to be true, and can an involuntary, accidental defeat of the people's wishes, by a conformity to principle, be any excuse for a wilful and predetermined defeat of their will? Can the Senator say, if I had resigned, my successor might not have arrived in time to vote for you, and so I held to my place, and voted against you? When Judge H. contends that the will of the people may be defeated by the resignation of the Senator, and that he ought therefore not to resign, he admits that the will of the constituent ought to prevail, and of course that instructions ought to be obeyed.

The argument which contends that a Senator should not resign when he receives instructions which he cannot conscientiously obey, because his successor may obey, and thus perhaps violate the constitution, seems the most fallacious of all. It seems that because he has sworn as Senator to support the constitution, he must not resign. This oath surely only applies to his Senatorial career, and when his place is resigned his oath is expunged. If construed with the strictness required by the Judge, it would prevent his ever leaving his seat, or resigning, or declining a re-election. He would

be bound always to be a Senator, if he possibly could, for fear his successor should violate the constitution. He has no more right to believe that his successor of the next month will violate the constitution, than his successor ten years hence. And if his oath requires him to hold on to defeat the one, it is equally obligatory with regard to the other, as far as any exertions on his part can effect the object. Thus Senators would be bound by their oaths to continue in office for life, if they could.

I have been a little surprised at seeing such language as the following from the pen of JUDGE HOPKINSON. "The people may instruct and the Legislatures may enjoin, and both will always, doubtless, be attended to with a deep respect and a powerful influence; but if with all this respect and under this influence, the representative or the Senator cannot, in his honest and conscientious judgment, submit himself to them, does he violate his official duty, and is he bound to relinquish his office? This is the question, and no affirmative answer to it, or any thing that implies it, can be found in any of the writings or speeches of any of the distinguished men at that time. The doctrine is of a later date; it is not coeval with the constitution, nor with the men who formed it."

The Judge seems to me here to shift his ground in some degree. He evidently considers the instructions as doing something more than giving information, for the Senator could not be convinced either by respect or influence. To instruct a representative, generally supposes a difference of opinion between the agent and principal. If this difference does not exist, the instructions will of course be obeyed, and no question arises. If it does exist, the Senator is bound to obey or resign, or he is not. If the latter is the correct doctrine, he must disobey, because his conscientious conviction requires him not to obey. Instructions then must either convince his reason, or be entirely inoperative. It is mockery to talk of respect and influence. It would be criminal in a Senator to be swerved from the conscientious conviction of his mind as to his duty, by respect for any men or their influence, however exalted they might be. To say that a Senator is not bound to obey or resign, because his conscience requires him to retain his seat and disobey—but that he will in fact sometimes obey from respect or influence, is reasoning about as correctly as it would be to say, "That he ought not to be held responsible because he is honest, but that he may be trusted because he is corrupt, or will at least stretch his conscience from respect to us."

But it was not for the purpose of noticing this little discrepancy that the passage was quoted. It was for the purpose of noticing the charge, that our "doctrine is of a later date; not coeval with the constitution or the men who formed it," which is indeed a startling opinion to come from a gentleman of the acknowledged candor and learning of JUDGE HOPKINSON. The opinion was expressed in the haste of private correspondence, and upon investigation will not be adhered to. The doctrine was not only existing and well understood prior to our constitution, but was coeval with representation. That the agent should conform to the express will of his principal, is so natural, that we cannot doubt its establishment at once, wherever the valuable representative principle has been introduced into government. It is one of its chief recommendations. We

have recorded evidence of the exercise of this power many times, and from remote periods, in the British Parliament. Many of these instances of command and obedience are collected by Mr. LEIGH in his Report to the Virginia Legislature in 1812. The British Parliament was the great model upon which our statesmen framed our constitutions, and with its principles and history they always evinced an astonishing familiarity. We cannot suppose them ignorant of this great and obvious principle—a principle, beyond all question, of much more doubtful propriety in England then, and even now, than it can ever be in this country; because in England a few places elect representatives for the whole body of the people. But even there the true theory prevails, and the wisdom to which the constitution looks as governing the whole country, is that of the electors, and not the delegates. However small, ignorant, or obscure the place may be which sends a member, in that place the constitution supposes the wisdom to reside which is necessary to give one vote in Parliament, and not in the *individual* through whom the vote is given. If the constitution is in error, reform that, but do not usurp powers for the representatives. Hence the fate of the eloquent Burke before the electors of Bristol. In distributing more equally the elective power, our ancestors evinced both their justice and their wisdom. They saw no reason for supposing one portion of the country possessed of much more wisdom than another, whilst all alike required protection. The power of instructions and short terms they supposed a sufficient check to enable the people to protect themselves. Abundant evidence may be adduced to show that those great men were familiar with the importance, and obligation, and frequent exercise of this right. To prove this, we need go no farther than the Debates of the Virginia Convention which adopted the federal constitution. "That constitution was no where more thoroughly discussed, or more warmly opposed, or opposed by men of more ability, than in that convention. Yet in their debates we find the right asserted both by opponents and advocates of the constitution; the one party contending that the right was not sufficiently secured by power to enforce its obligation—the other that the nature of the office, and the character of the men, would be a sufficient guarantee of their obedience. Instructions are frequently mentioned as a regular, legitimate, unquestionable mode of *controlling* the will of the representative. And the idea of disobedience is never suggested except in connection with other possible gross moral and official misconduct. Disobedience seemed to be considered as treachery to the constituent. As my authority is not accessible to all of your readers, you must allow me to quote liberally to sustain my opinions, at the hazard of encumbering your pages.

At page 69, Mr. JOHN MARSHALL, so happily characterized by JUDGE HOPKINSON as "that great and pure man, that true and fearless patriot," in answer to an argument of PATRICK HENRY, founded on the asserted rejection of the constitution by certain states, says, "New Hampshire and Rhode Island have rejected it, he tells us. New Hampshire, if my information be right, will certainly adopt it. The report spread in this country, of which I have heard, is that the representatives of that state having, on meeting, found they were INSTRUCTED TO VOTE AGAINST IT, RETURNED TO

THEIR CONSTITUENTS, without determining the question, to convince them of their being mistaken, and of the propriety of adopting it." This was a matter of overwhelming importance to the people of New Hampshire, in which their representatives were convinced that they ought to decide in a particular way, but being instructed differently, they would not carry out their own views, though in fact correct; but the whole convention resigned, to endeavor to convince them of their error. MR. MARSHALL quotes this instance of a whole body being prevented by instructions from doing the only work which they assembled to do, as a matter by no means astonishing or culpable, though he himself was of the same opinion with the representatives of New Hampshire. It was an example of good principle worthy of all imitation.

There are a few more remarks in the same speech which we cannot forbear from quoting. PATRICK HENRY was afraid to trust the power over both the sword and the purse to Congress, and was very jealous of the clause allowing Congress the power to keep secret certain matters, supposing that under the mantle of public necessity they would conceal their votes, and would violate the rights and instructions of their constituents without being detected. To this MR. MARSHALL says, "The honorable gentleman has asked, if there be any safety or freedom when we give away the sword and the purse? Shall the people at large hold the sword and the purse, without the *interposition* of their representatives? I apprehend that every gentleman will see the impossibility of this. Must they then not trust them to others? To whom are they to trust them but to representatives who are *accountable* for their conduct?" He then shows that secrecy is allowed in the British government, and proceeds thus. "We are threatened with the loss of our liberties by the possible abuse of power, notwithstanding the maxim, that *those who give may take away*. It is the people who give power and can take it back. What shall restrain them? They are the *masters* who gave it, and of whom their *servants* hold it." We cannot doubt that one holding these sound republican principles, then at least, approved the noble example of resignation on account of instructions, which he had just before quoted.

PATRICK HENRY was the great champion of the opposition in that convention, and so decidedly federal in his construction of its terms after its adoption, that he was afterwards elected to oppose Mr. MADISON's celebrated resolutions of '98. Yet we find him admitting the right of instruction in its fullest extent throughout the state and federal governments, and never seeming to suppose that the obligation would be doubted, but at the same time contending with a wonderful forecast that the responsibility of our representatives would be no protection to us, because though instructed, they would be out-voted by other delegates who could not be instructed by us. He says at page 230, "He tells us responsibility is secured by direct taxation. *Responsibility*, instead of being increased, *will be lost forever* by it. *In our state governments our representatives may be severally instructed by their constituents*. There are no persons to counteract their operations. *They can have no excuse for deviating from our instructions*. In the general government other men have power over the business. When oppressions may take place, our repre-

representatives may tell us we contended for your interest, but we could not carry our point, because the representatives from Massachusetts, New Hampshire, Connecticut, &c. were against us. Thus, sir, you may see there is no real responsibility." Here are instructions referred to as a complete security in the state government against any legislation objected to by the people, and as completely obligatory upon our representatives from the state in Congress, and only failing to be a complete protection there too, because *we cannot instruct* the representatives of New Hampshire, &c. He places the representative in the attitude of apologizing, not for disobedience, but failure in accomplishing the wishes of the people. Disobedience did not seem to enter his imagination, much less the right to disobey.

In another place we find the same great orator plainly referring to the exercise of this right, as one of the greatest bulwarks of freedom; and inveighing against the constitution because it gives the Senators the *power* (not the *right*) to disobey with impunity. He would have the legislature to possess the power to *recall* in cases of disobedience. Look to his remarks at pages 252 and 253. He says, speaking of the project to barter away the navigation of the Mississippi to Spain, and the right of the United States to that navigation—"American interest was fully understood—New Jersey *called* her delegates for having voted against this right. Delegates may be called and *instructed* under the present system, but not by the new constitution. The measure of the Jersey delegates was averse to the interest of the state, and they were recalled for their conduct." In this paragraph he did not mean to say that instructions would not be given, or ought not to be obligatory, but that had men would have it in their *power* to disobey without fear, *because* they could not be *recalled*. This at least is the only construction which will make his language consistent with that previously quoted, and that which now follows, from the same speech and the same page. "At present you may appeal to the voice of the people, and send men to Congress *positively instructed* to obey your direction. You can recall them if their system of policy be ruinous. But can you, in this government, recall your Senators? or can you *instruct* them? You *MAY INSTRUCT THEM*, and offer your opinions; but if they think them improper, *they may disregard* them." Here he thinks it would be a breach of duty to disregard them, and he objects to leave the *power* of disobedience in the hands of Senators, without the power to recall them, which he thinks made the control over them complete under the confederation, and would make it so under the constitution. But surely the power of subsequent punishment, or of providing against future mischief, from the hands of the same individual, does not create an antecedent duty either moral or official. The suggestion of punishment or prevention, implies the previous or possible violation of an existing duty. And the absence of a power to punish or prevent, cannot diminish the obligation of such duty, if admitted to exist. HENRY considered the force of instructions complete, by the mere power to recall, which certainly could not undo or invalidate the act done in violation of instructions; he therefore considered this recalling power necessary to make bad men perform the duty of obedience. He was satisfied with the articles of con-

federation, yet those articles do not mention a power to instruct, or a punishment for disobedience, any more than the present constitution. The subsequent power to punish by recall is the only difference. If we continue the same sentence, we shall find that he has coupled disobedience with bribery, and complains equally of absence of power to punish either. "If they give away, or sacrifice your most valuable rights, can you *impeach* or *punish* them? If you should see the Spanish ambassador bribing one of your Senators with gold, can you punish him? Yes—you can *impeach* him before the Senate. A majority of the Senate may be sharers in the bribe—will they pronounce him guilty who is in the same predicament with themselves? Where, then, is the security? I ask not this out of triumph, but anxiously to know if there be any real security." It would seem from this that the old patriarch was not thoroughly convinced of the incorruptibility of Senators, and wished to provide some mode of punishment for their offences, from the high moral crime of disobedience, to the petit larceny business of taking a bribe—and he even supposed a majority of the Senate might be guilty of the latter offence!

The views of this illustrious man, and zealous champion of freedom, are still further developed at page 283. He is there again expressing his fears that the transactions in the Houses of Congress will be kept secret, and clearly thinks there would be no danger, if our representatives were all good men and would obey instructions, except that of being overruled by a majority. "But it will be told that I am suspicious. I am answered to every question, that they will be *good men*. In England they see daily what is going on in Parliament. They will hear from their Parliament in one thirty-ninth part of the time that we will hear from Congress in this scattered country. Let it be proposed in England to lay a poll tax, or enter into any measure that will *injure one part and produce emoluments to another*; intelligence will fly quickly as the rays of light to the people. They will *instruct* their representatives to oppose it, and will petition against it, and get it prevented or redressed instantly. *Impeachment* follows quickly a violation of *duty*. Will it be so here? You must *detect* the offence and punish the *defaulter*. How will this be done when you know not the *offender*, even though he had a previous design to commit the *misdeemeanor*? Your Parliament will consist of sixty-five. Your share will be ten out of the sixty-five. Will they not *take shelter* by saying they were in the *minority*—that the men from New Hampshire and Kentucky *out-voted* them? Thus will *responsibility*, that great pillar of free government, be taken away." He thus thinks the clause of secrecy will be used as a shield to conceal the *offenders* who violate instructions, or otherwise betray their constituents.

MR. NICHOLAS, in reply to some of these remarks by HENRY, says at page 257, "But we are not to calculate any thing on New Jersey. You are told she gave *instruction* to her delegates to vote against the cession of that right (the navigation of the Mississippi.) Will not the *same principles* continue to operate upon the minds of the people of that state?"

"We cannot recall our Senators. *We can give them instructions*, and if they manifestly neglect *our* interest, we have sufficient security against them. The dread

of being *recalled* would impair their independence and firmness."

MR. NICHOLAS thinks the *dread* of being *recalled* would impair independence and firmness; not the dread of being instructed, as contended for at the present day. He considers instructions as an efficient mode of insuring the desired course upon any specific question, on which it might be necessary to resort to them, but that a power of recall would produce a vacillation and weakness in the course of the Senator, which might be highly mischievous. He clearly thinks the Senator *must* follow the wishes of his constituents, when specially instructed as to their will; but when not instructed, that he ought firmly and independently to act as he thinks best, and not as if he was in perpetual dread of losing his seat. He wishes a preventive remedy and not a punishment. No Senator ought to *fear* instructions, because they do not punish or injure him; on the contrary, they remove a fearful responsibility from his shoulders—a responsibility so great as to make the power of *recall* a constant source of terror: because a recall would disgrace him as far as the Legislature could produce that effect by its displeasure. But if a Senator either obeys instructions or resigns from conscientious scruples, he reaps honor instead of disgrace. A Legislature might recall, from caprice, or faction, or the envy of influential men, and the stigma could not be avoided by any good conduct on the part of the Senator; but if he is instructed, whether from any improper cause, or from the best, he cannot be injured or disgraced unless he wilfully disobeys. If the instructions are bad, and he either obeys or resigns, all the odium must fall upon the instructing Legislature, and not upon him. He will be sustained by their common ultimate masters, the people, and the Legislature will not.

Can it now be said that this doctrine is a new one, conjured up long since the formation of the constitution? When we find that instrument sustained in the convention by one party, on the ground that this very right existed in sufficient force in the State Legislatures, and would be regarded by men of sufficiently high standing and integrity to be elected Senators—and opposed by the other party, at one time, because the Legislature had no power to punish a violation of the right admitted to exist, and at another, because though complied with, it would not afford adequate protection, because our instructed delegates might be defeated and overruled by a majority coming from other States. In these debates MR. MADISON had so many objections of a graver import to answer, that he never seems to have thought it worth while to answer, specially, arguments based upon the mere possibility of the violation of an admitted duty by representatives of as high character as the Senators were likely to be—because all such arguments were answered specially by his coadjutors, (as in the instance of Mr. Nicholas) and generally by himself, in frequent asseverations that objections of that character, founded on the frailty of human nature, struck at the root of representation, and sapped the foundation of republican government. If his silence upon this particular subject was not a direct sanction of the arguments of his coadjutors, it certainly cannot be construed into disapprobation of their doctrine.

Since we cannot find this illustrious statesman op-

posed to us in the debates of the Virginia Convention, let us follow him to the pages of "The Federalist," so triumphantly quoted by JUDGE HOPKINSON, and see if he is there opposed to this sacred principle.

A right so important, so often asserted in his presence as existing, so frequently exercised in those times, if disapproved, should have been directly denounced in the letters of Publius. That great work left little to conjecture in the thorough examination which it gave of the rights reserved or the powers conferred by the constitution. Every objection which the talent of its opposers, or the ingenuity of its friends could imagine, was ably discussed. This right is no where denied or objected to. The passages on which Judge H. relies, do not in my opinion sustain him. Nothing can be found in the numbers 62 and 63, specially quoted, unfavorable to the exercise of this right, or the force of the obligation of instructions. In those numbers, Mr. Madison is meeting two objections, of a similar character, to the constitution of the Senate. The one founded on the impossibility of recall, and the other the protracted duration of the term. The objections to the power of recall, we have already partially considered, and shown the wide difference which exists between that power and the right to instruct, as they affect the course of the Senator—the one being a power which may benefit a Senator, and cannot injure him, the other placing him and his character in a great measure at the mercy of jealous rivals, or the caprice of the factious. To have a very short term, would manifestly have an effect upon the Senator analogous to that produced by the power to recall. The fear of being turned out would operate as injuriously upon his firmness and independence as the fear of being recalled. Indeed it would be a source of greater terror, as the Legislatures could be more easily induced not to reelect an officer whose term had expired, than to resort to the harsh measure of recalling one in the midst of his career. Both these objections were then of a similar character. Either of the powers demanded, would diminish the firmness and impair the independence of the Senator—prevent a sufficient continuation in office to ensure an adequate amount of information in public affairs to enable him to regulate foreign matters with skill, or pursue any uniform course of enlightened policy—and either would at the same time deprive the Senate of one of its principal badges of usefulness, as a check to the House of Representatives, with which it would have been too similar in its character and term of office to resist effectually its impulses to yield to popular opinion, or, as the Judge perhaps more properly expresses it, popular feeling. But none of these objections apply to instructions. They do not eject the Senator from office, unless he differs with his constituents upon some important question of constitutional law which is about to be practically acted upon; or unless he has in some manner committed his honor in opposition to his constituents. In either of these cases, the mischiefs of ejection sink to insignificance compared with the mischiefs of continuance. Upon the constitutional point he ought to presume the united wisdom of the two branches of his Legislature to be more capable of judging than his own; and if he has committed his honor, he ought to suffer, and not his constituents. In either case, the resignation is the privilege

of the Senator, to enable him to remove himself from a delicate situation. It is not produced by the Legislature—it is no punishment—it is not a legal or official ejectment from office—it carries no stigma with it—it is an obedience to the requisitions of delicacy, and lofty honor, and not a compliance with the mandates of the Legislature. We instruct, and propriety, reason, and authority say *he* must obey; but justice says he may resign, if he cannot obey with honor. As well might it be objected to us, that we do not compel a Senator never to resign. Resignations for instructions no more shorten the term than other resignations; and as long as any are allowed, we must allow those made to save the conscience or honor. This is the only refuge; for duty requires obedience, and it would be dishonorable to disobey. The Senator, who is called a representative, has no right to save his conscience at the expense of his constituents, and throw their whole political weight in a direction precisely opposite to their express wishes. Instructions then neither vary or shorten the term of office. If they are obeyed, what harm is done? The will of the constituent has prevailed, as it ought to do, by the theory of our government. What if he resigns? The State is without a Senator, by his voluntary act to save his honor, and his successor perhaps carries into effect the will of his constituents. Where is the breach in the constitution? The same result might happen, because the Senator did not like his colleagues, or was in ill health, or embarrassed in circumstances, or accepted a federal office, or wished to travel, or engage in agriculture. If it is unconstitutional for a Senator to resign because his conscience or honor require him not to obey instructions, then is it equally unconstitutional for him to resign for any of these reasons, or any others which might occur to him. His failure to resign, or the want of power to compel resignation, cannot absolve him from the duty of obedience.

Instructions to Senators are always given by a solemn, deliberate, recorded act, passed by an organized body of representatives, responsible themselves to the people. Every delegate must account for the principles involved in his vote; but this responsibility is not generally held over him so rigidly when he votes for a Senator, unless he votes under express instructions, or the candidates represent opposite political principles. Many excuses may be given for voting for A in preference to B, though the latter may be most popular with the immediate constituents of the delegate; but the principles in the instructions must be fairly met and fully justified, to satisfy the people. Hence a greater responsibility is secured by instructions than by frequent elections.

A Senator who loves his country more than his place, can never *fear* instructions. They cannot, of course, then impair his independence or his firmness. The most which the fear of them ever could effect, would be to make him do the will of his constituents, which could surely do him no special harm. It was never supposed that the duration of office was to make a Senator firm against his constituents, and independent of their expressed will. But he was to be firm against his own fears, and independent of the House of Representatives or popular commotion. He is surely sufficiently far removed from the latter, when it can only affect *him* through the deliberate voice of two separate houses of the State Legislature. And then in truth it

cannot affect *him*—he has nothing to dread: it only affects *the vote* of which he is the depository, and cannot remove him from his place. Is there no difference between a disposition to cater to every temporary whim or caprice which may sweep over the multitude, for *fear* of not being re-elected at the end of a short term, and a voluntary obedience to their deliberate will, expressed through two branches of their representatives? The House of Representatives will be sensitive at once to any commotion among the people. A temporary and dangerous excitement might lead them into improper acts, for *fear* of being turned out at the end of their short term. This house was expected to be thus sensitive, but the Senator's tenure of six years was given as a check to prevent this tendency from carrying the other house too far. That cannot be called a popular commotion which reaches him by the deliberate voice of two separate legislative bodies, acting under responsibility; but must be assumed by the Senator to be the deliberate judgment of all the people: it is, at all events, the deliberate judgment of all to whom he has a right to look. The Legislature has power by the constitution to elect him, and this carries with it the right to instruct him. But they exercise both these powers vicariously, and if they mistake the will of the people, they are responsible for their instructions, not the Senator for his obedience. His responsibility is removed by obedience or resignation. If he is "the anchor against popular fluctuations," it is proper that like all other anchors, he should be hauled up when a favorable and permanent breeze enables the ship to proceed; and of this—not the anchor, but—those above it must judge. And if he hooks his fluke too deeply in the moorings, it is clear that unless there is a "capstan and cable" somewhere, he transcends the sphere of his utility, and does more harm than good by making a temporary stay a permanent fixture. PATRICK HENRY wanted to give the Legislature power in such cases to cut the cable; and I think it would be well if such a power could be lodged with the *people* in cases of disobedience, or other flagitious offences on the part of Senators.

But to meet the argument of the Judge fully, it is only fair to quote it:

"Mr. Madison's second reason for having a Senate, or second branch of the Legislative Assembly, is thus stated: 'The necessity of a Senate is not less indicated by the propensity of all single and numerous assemblies to yield to the impulse of sudden and violent passions, and to be seduced by factious leaders into intemperate and pernicious resolutions.' If this is true of the House of Representatives of the United States; if their intemperate and pernicious resolutions are to be guarded against and controlled by the more sedate and permanent power of the Senate, how much stronger is the reason when applied to the Legislatures of the States? Having their narrow views of national questions, and their local designs and interests as the first objects of their attention, it seems to me to be a strange absurdity to put the Senate as a guard and control over the House of Representatives, and then to have that Senate under the direction and control of the Legislatures of the States—or it may be, on a vital question, under the direction of the Legislature of the smallest State in the Union. Are there no local impulses and passions to agitate these Legislatures? no factious leaders to seduce them into intemperate and pernicious resolutions—and to induce them to prefer some little, local advantage, to 'the general welfare?' To give to the Senate the power, the will, and the courage to oppose and control these sudden and violent passions in the more popular branch of our national legislature, Mr. Madison says, 'It ought moreover to possess great firmness,

and consequently ought to hold *its authority* by a tenure of considerable duration.' But what can that firmness avail, how will it be shaken, of what possible use will it be, if the Senator is bound to follow the dictates of a changing body, subject, emphatically to sudden impulses and seductions, at a distance from the scene of his deliberations, and deprived of the sources of information which he possesses, and acting in a *different sphere of duty* from that he moves in? Firmness in an agent who has no will of his own, no right to act but on the dictation of another, would not only be superfluous, but a positive evil and disqualification. It would produce struggles and perhaps refusal, where his duty was to submit. The more pliable the instrument in such a case, the better would it answer the purposes it was designed for. To be firm, says Mr. Madison, the Senator must hold his authority by a tenure of considerable duration. But how can this be, if he is to hold it from year to year as the Legislature of his State may change its opinion on the same subject, and require him to follow these changes or to resign his place? The tenure of the Constitution, as Mr. Madison understood it, is essentially changed by this doctrine. These changes of opinions and measures are, in the opinion of Mr. Madison, a great and dangerous evil in any government, and show 'the necessity of some stable institution' such as our Senate was intended to be—but such as it cannot be on this doctrine of instructions."

I must admit my inability to perceive the propriety of the Judge's conclusions from Mr. Madison's premises. He is afraid of instructions, because *single* and numerous bodies are apt to yield to passion and faction, and he hence thinks it absurd to place the Senate as a check upon the House of Representatives, if the State Legislatures are to remain as a check upon the Senate. There seems to be a double fallacy in this. Does the Senate possess an exclusive patent of exemption from faction and passion, and the other frailties of human nature, to which the House of Representatives and *both* branches of the State Legislature, are to be held peculiarly liable? The Senate, as a body, would not be *checked* by the State Legislatures, unless a *majority* was instructed; and if this was the case, we must suppose instructions sanctioned by so many bodies to be the dictates of true wisdom, and not the offspring of faction and passion. If only a few Senators are instructed, we must suppose the object to be deemed important by the instructing States; and so far from the likelihood of sudden or violent passion, or the seductions of factious leaders thus affecting Legislation, we find the securities proposed by Mr. Madison quadrupled in numbers, increased by the distance of the bodies, and doubled by the difference in their constitution. If two federal legislative bodies are likely to ensure the defeat of faction and passion, when both belong to the same government—the members of both are members of the same political parties, and both meet at the same place, how much less likely is passion or faction to succeed *by means of instructions*, when it has first to encounter the federal House of Representatives, and then in succession a State House of Delegates, and a State Senate, and lastly the chance of an uninstructed, or differently instructed majority in the federal Senate. Surely Judge H. forgot the dignity and candor of the philosophical inquirer, and in vindication of a favorite theory, assumed the armor of a partizan, when he contended, that the faction and passion intended to be defeated by the constitution of the Senate, would be promoted by adding additional checks—checks, too, which we cannot doubt were contemplated as one of the principal means of rendering the check afforded by the Senate effective. So far from promoting hasty, passionate, or factious

legislation, do not these numerous checks present almost too many difficulties to the execution of the deliberate will of the people, which the Judge admits ought to govern? In doubtful questions, when parties are nicely balanced, a few recreant representatives, in either of the *four* bodies, can easily defeat any measure, however necessary, or earnestly desired by their constituents. If we suppose with the Judge, that the Senate is to be entirely controlled by the State Legislatures, then we should have *fifty-three* different deliberative bodies, representing the people in different capacities, and by different ratios, acting upon *one subject*. No measure could be carried through this ordeal by faction or passion, and instead of bringing us "back to a simple turbulent democracy," we should have the best and the greatest quantity of checks upon turbulent legislation, of which any country could boast. If measures thus passed were not wise, it must be because the intelligence of the country is defective, and not because it is blinded by passion. The same reasoning applies to the instructions of any less number than the whole, because the uninstructed Senators must be presumed to act in accordance with the opinions of their constituents, and thus whether the instructed members carry their point, or are overruled by a majority, the deliberate sense of the community governs. But upon the theory of Judge H., not the sense of the community, whether deliberate or vacillating, but the arbitrary and adverse will of the *individuals* who happen to be Senators, disposes of every thing which we hold dear—not only the lives and fortunes of our people, but the very constitution of our country. If a *State* may have "narrow views," so may an *individual*. If a State may not wish to be taxed to cut a little inland canal, two thousand miles off, a Senator may wish an embassy, or a department, or a bank accommodation, or a federal judgeship. But if the States do have local views and interests, are they not bound to protect them, and have they not *equal votes* in the Senate for this very purpose? Mr. Jay says, "enlightened policy will soon teach that the interests of the whole can only be promoted by a proper regard for the interests of the parts." If the States wish to oppress others, or advance themselves at the expense of all, they will be certainly overruled by the majority. If they wish to protect themselves from oppression, they ought to have weight, and no human being should have power to throw their own weight against them.

The people of the states would be peculiarly destitute of protection, if they could not instruct their Senators, because from the size of the districts and number of the constituents, it would be extremely difficult, if not impossible, to instruct a member of the House of Representatives, and hence PATRICK HENRY'S uneasiness for fear the Senator should disobey. What if the Senate should be "on a vital question under the control of the smallest state in the Union?"—Are the two houses of the Legislature of the smallest state less honest or less intelligent, than the individual Senator, who by supposition is about to oppose his own constituents and at least half of his co-Senators? Where is the evil? The will of the Legislature, which is responsible, prevails over that of the Senator, who is not responsible, unless he is for disobedience. Which adjustment of the question ought, by the theory of our government, to be

most satisfactory? We cannot hold instructions to be an evidence of *passion* or *faction* in the Legislature, but disobedience we must hold to be a ground for suspecting the Senate. If neither of these operated, I can conceive no reason for not resigning, when obedience would be wicked or disgraceful. If Mr. Madison required firmness and independence in the Senator, against the instructions of his own constituents, as well as against the acts of the House of Representatives, as Judge H. supposes, then it is clear that he knew and understood the right, and its obligation, and *feared it*, and wished to provide against it, by protecting the Senator from its force. If such was his purpose, how egregiously has he failed—how bungling has been his work—how disingenuous his course—how unlike in all respects, is this to the other works of that great man? The length of term did not protect from instructions, because a Senator of one year may be instructed as well as one of six years. Where is the protection against this awful right? Mr. M. knew that it existed under the articles of confederation, and was exercised, yet he did not prohibit it in the constitution. He feared the power to recall, and he took away that; but it seems he feared this right, and left it. It is true that he provided no punishment for disobedience, but none existed under the confederation, and none had ever been found necessary in the British Parliament, the Convention of New Hampshire, the Congress, or the State Legislatures. If he feared the right, he must have wished it uprooted, yet he left it precisely as he found it. He was particularly cautious in concealing his antipathy in the Virginia Convention and the Federalist. In the latter he speaks of firmness necessary to resist the House of Representatives, and transient popular commotions which might affect that body, and I doubt not he meant to require firmness in obedience to instructions against the wishes of the House of Representatives as much as in any thing else. In the Virginia Convention he heard loud calls for the protection of the right, yet never denied its existence.

Suppose a question arises in the House of Representatives dangerous to a state. It is carried in that body by passion or faction against such manifestations of popular will as can be given. It is believed the Senators will go the same way. The people have no resource left, but instructions through their State Legislature. If this has no effect, our servants are our masters, and we are ruled by an oligarchy the more odious, because it presents us with a mockery of representation.

But it seems that Mr. Madison thinks the Senate "may be sometimes necessary as a defence to the people against their own temporary errors and delusions; he justly applauds the salutary interference in critical moments, of some respectable and temperate body of citizens, to check the misguided career, and to suspend the blow mediated by the people against themselves, until reason, justice, and truth can regain their authority over the public mind." This is correct reasoning, but it cannot apply to the States or their Legislatures, but must allude to the people of the Union and the House of Representatives. The Senate cannot defend the people of any state from their own temporary delusions, or afford a salutary interference with the proceedings of a State Legislature. The latter body is supposed competent to act for itself, and not to require the protection of the

United States Senate, and still less of an individual Senator. This argument might be urged in favor of a Senator instructing a State Legislature, with more propriety than against the reverse operation, because under the present system the State Legislatures have no connection with the United States Senators unless they instruct them, and thus if they choose to be wilful and refuse to instruct them, which by this new construction would be to ask his advice, they may ruin the people by their temporary errors and delusions, without ever giving their Senator the power to save them by the salutary interference of his "respectable and temperate" mandate.

But it is admitted that a temporary delusion may possibly exist among the people, which may induce the House of Representatives to pass acts so dangerous that it may be necessary for the Senate to "suspend" them. "But the deliberate sense of the community, ought and ultimately will prevail." And yet a Senator has power to defeat this deliberate sense, as well as the temporary errors and delusions. He may suspend a good act, or he may fail to suspend a bad act. He may not only not concur with the House of Representatives when he ought, but he may concur with it when he ought not. Shall we have no "capstan and cable" to draw up our anchor in the one case, and no power to throw it out in the other? Must the temporary delusion prevail over the people's rights for six years, or the deliberate sense be delayed its healthy action for six years? Either question may be of vital and immediate importance. The single vote may saddle us with an enormous bank, with a controlling capital and an unlimited charter, or an oppressive tariff, which could not be repealed without ruin to many, or continued without ruin to ourselves. The temporary delusion may be a spirit of fanaticism, which may annihilate at a single blow, and forever, political peace and domestic happiness in half the Union, and yet the Senator may be infected with the contagion. A judgeship for life, or boundless wealth, may warp honest opinions, or buy up bankrupt profligacy. In short, a Senator may be sometimes wrong as well as the House of Representatives and the two branches of a State Legislature, and if he is a despot for the time of his election, he may do infinite mischief:—if he can be controlled by his State Legislature in particular votes by special instructions, he cannot do much harm, and may do as much good as the wisdom of his state, which is wiser than he is, will permit. Mr. Madison, when he spoke of the interference of the Senate, never could have meant to characterize the solemn and deliberate acts of a State Legislature, as the temporary errors and delusions of the people. Besides being too accurate in his language for this construction, he could not but believe that instructions would convey at least the best judgment of a majority of the Legislature. And he could not suppose it necessary for the United States Senator to protect the people against the best judgment of their own Legislature. The State Legislatures, in practice, possess the sovereign authority of the State; they make laws, and dispose of our persons and property; shall we appeal from them to their creature, the Senator, for protection?

If Mr. Madison had meant this he would certainly not only have prohibited State instructions to the Senator, but enforced Senatorial instructions to the Legisla-

ture. Why were we left without this protection from our temporary errors and delusions in so many important cases, and only provided with it in those cases in which we venture to instruct Senators? This doctrine proves too much. Why was Mr. Madison silent in our Convention, when his coadjutors asserted this right? When HENRY so often objected a want of power to enforce it, why did Mr. M. not say at once it did not exist, and end the objection? If he had said so, and contended for the correctness of his position on the ground that the Senator must be firm against his own masters, and independent of his own constituents, to protect the people of the States from themselves, would this constitution have been ratified by Virginia? Never. One blast of HENRY's soul-stirring bugle would have called all his kindred spirits around him—he whose keen scent could snuff tyranny in the tainted gale, would have spurned an elective as haughtily as he had an hereditary tyrant—the debates would have ended there—the friends of the constitution and of Madison would have deserted him—the deceptive parchment would have been trodden under foot, and its noble champion left its only advocate. No one can read HENRY's anxious searching after the responsibility of Senators, and his earnest calls for the power of enforcing obedience, and believe it would have been otherwise. He laughs to scorn the argument that they will be good men, from which Mr. MADISON wishes him to infer that they would obey. With what withering contempt then would he have received a proposition to make them *constitutionally* independent, as he feared they would be actually? And to have told him that this was necessary to make them *firm against us*, would have been only an aggravation of the insult.

It is surprising to hear JUDGE HOPKINSON say, that the hundreds of individuals who compose the State Legislatures, from all parts of their respective states, "have no means of knowing the public sentiments which are not equally open to the Senators; nor are their inducements to conform to them more persuasive and strong." If this was not an error, it would be perhaps best for the legislatures to delegate their powers to several individuals, and go home. Those wise men, whose judgment is capable of protecting the state from its own errors, and at the same time, know so well public sentiment, and have every inducement to conform to it, would constitute the best legislature. But so much of an error is the first part of the proposition deemed, that the usual and most accurate method of examining into popular sentiment, is by the sentiments of the representatives. Each is supposed best to know and to represent the opinions of his own county or district, and their united will is thought to be as accurate an approximation to the will of the people as human ingenuity can make. There is nothing else which affords us even data for estimating that will. The individual Senator has not probably a better knowledge of the wishes of the people than many of the single individuals who compose the legislature, especially if he is sent from a remote state, and has been long absent.

The inducements which the Senator may have to conform to the will of the people, may be as persuasive and strong as those of the members of the state legislature; and if they are, he will obey, unless his inducements to conform to the will of some one else are more persuasive and stronger. A Senator is a great man,

and may expect executive promotion if this or that man is President, or this or that measure carried. We must suppose the latter inducements to preponderate, when he frustrates the will of the people, expressed in the only form in which it can reach him.

The Judge again quotes Mr. MADISON. "Mr. MADISON goes so far as to say, that as our governments are entirely *representative*, there is a total exclusion of the people, in their collective capacity, *from any share* in them." This is true, and makes it the more iniquitous to deprive them of any share through their representatives. If they can neither act themselves, or act by their representatives, they only elect masters, and it is nonsense to say the will of the people prevails. Mr. M. could only have meant that no act of the people, in their collective capacity, was a governmental act; he did not mean to say that they were slaves, who periodically elected masters, but that they should never act in person, and only by their servants. The inference drawn from this remark, viz: that the Senator ought not to be bound by the will of all the people in his state, must be fallacious. If all the people of a state came to the Senate chamber, and wished to give a vote, they could not vote except through their Senator. It is so ordained in the constitution; but how can it be thence inferred that the Senator is not bound to obey them? This however is impracticable, and the Senator can only know the will of his state through the legislature. That body constitute his constituency. Whether it properly represents the people or not, is a question between its members and the people. No Senator would have thought of looking beyond his own constituents, but from the fact that they happen to act vicariously. If the same number of individuals, not being representatives, were selected by the constitution to elect Senators in the several states, it is clear that the Senators could not look to the public opinion of any persons except the electors. We must presume that the constitution meant to place the full power of instruction (if the right exists) exclusively in that body in which it had sufficient confidence to place the power of selection, and which only could practically exercise it. If the Senator does doubt, or is even sure that the legislature does not conform to the will of its own constituents, it will afford him no excuse for a similar violation. If a representative can look at all beyond the opinions of those who have a right to vote, then there is no limit. Where there are high freehold qualifications to suffrage, and instructions are given by every voter, a delegate may say, "The unqualified individuals outnumber you, and I will assume that they think differently"—nay, he may say, "the women, the children, the free blacks, paupers, Indians and slaves think differently, and they are a majority of my constituents." What then becomes of those guards and checks in the constitutions, which presume superior wisdom in a particular class of persons, or that certain rights require especial protection, if the delegate may thus, by creating a new and fancied constituency for himself, and one too which can never set upon him, and the opinions of which can never be known either by instructions or elections, set aside the sovereignty vested by the constitutions? This would establish a government of petty tyrants, under ideal responsibility to a fancied constituency. Why was the election of Senators not given at once to the

people of the states? I have no doubt one of the principal reasons was the impossibility of instructing. I do not believe Virginia would have adopted the constitution, with no means of instructing Senators. If the people of the states had elected, the legislature would then have only had power to request them, as it now has over the members of the House of Representatives. The legislature possessed the double advantage of facility of action, and a comparison and a discussion of views from all quarters, in selection and instruction, neither of which could be possessed by the people. The members of the legislature are Senatorial electors, chosen for that purpose by the federal government, and cannot strip themselves of the power and give it to the people of their state—nor could a state convention take it away from them. What right, then, has a federal Senator to say the people of Ohio do not sanction instructions given by her legislature, any more than to say the people of Maine or Louisiana do not sanction the same instructions. He has as much to do with the people of one state as of another.

Let us hear the Judge again.

"Instruction and resignation are not the means proposed by Mr. Madison to protect us from the corruption or tyranny of the Senate. He suggests no interference, in any way, on the part of the State Legislatures with their Senators, nor any control over them, during their continuance in office; but finds all the safety he thought necessary, and all that the constitution gives, in the 'periodical change of its members.' In addition to this, much reliance, no doubt, was placed, and ought to be so, on the expectation that the State Legislatures would appoint to this high and responsible office, only men of known and tried character and patriotism, having themselves a deep stake in the liberties of their country, and bound by all the ties of integrity and honor to a faithful discharge of their trust."

Mr. Madison is here again providing against a rottenness in the Senate, which would not only set instructions at defiance, but every moral and political duty. He says, in effect, "you are afraid of a six years tenure, but you need not fear that, because at any given period only one third can have that duration, one third will hold for four, and one only for two years. Fear of not being re-elected, or a decreasing interest in the usurped power, will prevent them from corruption, tyranny, disobedience, and other iniquities. If all were at the same time tyrants of six years duration, you would be in danger; but the shortening term of some, and the hope that others will stay honest, is your protection. The honest ones will obey you from principle, the corrupt from fear." This I conceive to be his opinion written out. For, says Mr. Nicholas in his presence, "we can instruct them"—and Patrick Henry says, in effect, "If they are bad men they will not obey—we ought to have a power of impeachment or recall, to make them obey; the rotation is not in my opinion sufficient surety of their obedience." In those days goodness was thought to ensure obedience, but now it is thought if they are good men, "bound by all the ties of integrity and honor to a faithful discharge of their duty," they will not obey, or need not, because so intelligent and so good—as if obedience was not the highest duty, or misrepresentation was the part of a faithful representative.

But let us look to the Federalist as we did to Dr. Johnson, in behalf of the other party. We find Mr. MASON, as well as his great coadjutors, HAMILTON

and JAY, speaking of the Senate, not as a little oligarchy, or Holy Alliance of absolute sovereigns for six years, but as an assembly of the States. Measures, says he, will have to be approved first by a majority of the people, and then by a majority of the States. The States will be interested in preventing this, or carrying that. Thus again indicating the necessity of giving the States an influence over the people of the Union. Among the reasons for giving the elections to the State Legislatures, he says it not only favored a select appointment, "but gives to the State governments such an agency in the formation of the federal government, as must secure the authority of the former, and may form a convenient link between the two systems." The link is formed by the election, but if the Senators then become independent and firm against their constituents, what secures the authority? The federal argument supposes the Senator at the moment of his election, to lose all connection with his State, and become entirely a federal officer, representing all the United States. If this is true, how is State authority secured by his election? Mr. Madison's argument in favor of the Senate, based upon the assertion that every resolution or law will have to pass first a majority of the people, and then a majority of States, is a gross fallacy, if the States have nothing to do with the matter. He says, this "complicated check on government may prove injurious," &c.; but how is it more complicated, if the Senators are independent, than the British Parliament is rendered by the House of Lords, or any State government by its Senate? He also speaks of the power of the larger States to defeat small States when unreasonable, by power over the supplies.

But there is yet better evidence of Mr. Madison's opinion upon this subject than all this. He has himself as a legislator, exercised the right. I have not the instructing resolutions before me, but I discover the fact from my copy of the resolutions of '98, '99, and the debate of 1800.*

We approach now the last ground taken by the Judge, and that on which we should have supposed ourselves most impregnable—I mean the Constitution. I should have said there is nothing in that instrument to forbid, or which is inconsistent with the right to instruct, and therefore it exists. And for this, with many other authorities, we might have quoted JOHN MARSHALL, (Virginia Debates, 297-8.) "Mr. JOHN MARSHALL asked if gentlemen were serious, when they asserted that if the State governments had power to interfere with the militia, it was by implication? If they were, he asked the committee whether the least attention would not show that they were mistaken? The State governments had not derived their powers

* House of Delegates, Monday, January 20, 1800.

"Resolved, That five thousand copies of the Report of the Select Committee, to whom were referred the answers of several States upon the Resolutions of the last Legislature, the said answers [and also the instructions to the Senators of this State in the Congress of the United States, together with the names of those who voted on each of these subjects,] be printed without delay; and that the Executive be requested, as soon as may be, to distribute them equally, in such manner as they shall think best, among the good people of this Commonwealth.

Attest,

WILLIAM WIRT, C. H. D.
H. BROOKE, C. S.

Note by the Publisher.—The part contained in brackets is not embraced in the present publication.

from the general government. But each government derived its powers from the people; and each was to act according to the powers given it. Would any gentleman deny this? He demanded if powers not given were retained by implication? Could any man say so? Could any man say that this power was not retained by the States, as they had not given it away? For, says he, does not a power remain till it is given away? The *State Legislatures had power to command and govern their militia before, and have it still, undoubtedly, unless there be something in this Constitution that takes it away.*"

This power, like that of regulating the militia, was claimed and exercised by the State Legislatures before this Constitution, and is not taken away; therefore, by the reasoning of Mr. MARSHALL, in whose presence this right was frequently asserted, it still exists, not by implication, but as an original power not given away. But JUDGE HOPKINSON pursues a reverse mode of reasoning, and thinks the right does not exist—first, because not expressly granted by the Constitution—and secondly, because no form of proceeding is prescribed by which a refractory Senator could be compelled to obey. We must answer to the first, that the power is not granted but reserved, and is always understood to exist where representation exists, unless expressly prohibited. For the second, we must say, that no human ingenuity could devise a mode of compelling a refractory Senator to obey, because he may keep his purpose concealed until he votes; and that a power of subsequent punishment has never been given to constituents over their delegates in any representative government, and would be more objectionable and dangerous in this case than any other, on account of the peculiar relative situation of the two governments. The power of disobedience, of giving bad votes, and voting from corruption instead of conviction, is in the hands of all representatives, without power of punishment in the hands of constituents—can it thence be inferred that they have the right thus to act? The Constitution requires, for wise purposes, an indefinite and absolute power of attorney irrevocable for six years, and any form of punishment, to be effective, must interfere with this requisition. There are legal powers, which it would be a gross violation of moral duty to execute, and we must hope for some principles of virtue to actuate our Senators as well as other fiduciaries, without keeping their limbs always bound in cords, and their necks under the axe. There was no power to punish for this offence under the confederation. The power to recall was distinct from it, and though it might punish offences, could not create duties. Our instructions are private. The Senate has nothing to do with them. Our Senator may burn them. The Senate cannot punish him, and we could not, if he took a bribe. Suppose a legislator is always intoxicated, or spends his nights in riot, or gaming, and is thus rendered stupid and inefficient, or careless. This will be admitted to be a violation of duty, but his constituents cannot prevent it, or punish him. Constituents have no power even to compel attendance, nor can they recall for non-attendance, whether produced by wickedness or misfortune; and yet Mr. JAY says—"All the States will have an equal influence in the Senate, especially while they continue to be careful in appointing proper persons, and insist on their punctual attendance." There is no such power

given in the Constitution. If they cannot instruct they cannot insist upon attendance. The word "*especially*" here shows that the writers of the Federalist did not consider the influence of the States and of their Senators as by any means synonymous, but looked to the former to control the latter, by appointing proper persons, or such as would obey.

The Judge thinks this power cannot flow, from the circumstance of the Senators receiving their appointment from the State Legislatures. He says, the President and Senate appoint Judges—"but are they to obey them?" Surely not. The Judges do not, either in fact or in theory, represent the President and Senate. Nor are they appointed to attend to their interests or legislate for them. The power does not flow from the faculty of appointing, but from the relation of constituent and representative. The Judge is elected for the soundness of his judgment, his knowledge of law, and his nice powers of discrimination in deciding controversies between the parties before him. He is the agent of nobody, and represents only the justice of the country, which requires him to be free from any extraneous influence. The Senator is elected for the skill and ability and faithfulness with which he will represent our interests and wishes. He is our attorney, not our judge. He is under our control, and we are not subject to his jurisdiction.

Let us suppose with the Judge, the case of a number of attorneys, with powers irrevocable for six years, and indefinite within certain limits—the acts of a majority of attorneys to be binding on all the principals, but the power of choosing any individual as attorney left open to the principals. Could they not be instructed? Could not the principals require a valid bond and security to obey or resign? If the attorneys could judge exclusively of the limitations, and could bind their principals, might they not be tyrants and absorb all the fortunes of their principals. If selected to attend to the foreign trade of a set of merchants, they might control their domestic trade and interfere in their household matters. What injustice is done to any principal when the same right is extended to all? Is there not reciprocity? Is the right not a necessary protection? If a minority instructs for bad purposes it is overruled; if a majority instructs, its will ought to prevail. The advocate of the opposite doctrine supposes a right of the co-principals in the will of the delegate in opposition to that of his master, to be violated by our doctrine. Is this a part of the bargain?—a legitimate advantage?—Is the association not for mutual advantage, but to enable the cunning man to overreach his copartner by the ignorance or treachery of his agent? What may be a gain to-day may be a source of ruin to-morrow. Unless this game of overreaching is played, where is the loss by instructions? They must be either out-voted, or accord with the will of a majority. Do not proxies in joint stock companies always vote as directed by their principals? Would it be thought honorable to hold a proxy and disobey the will of the principal? What have the co-principals to do with the reason for the agent's acts? Whether he obeys the will of his principal, or his own will, they are equally bound, and the question is between him and his employer. They have still less right to object to his resignation, because the agent is nothing in the contract, but the act is every thing. Whether the agent

is bound by oaths and bonds and security to obey, or is left free, he is equally a legal agent.

But is it fair to judge of rights which appertain to the structure of our government, and are necessary for its proper administration, and the safety of the people, by analogy to a private association of individuals, whose rights, if not regulated by express contract, are regulated by the arbitrary dictates of positive law? You may suppose a private association to be regulated by any principles which you may please to fancy, and hence may suppose the right of instruction to exist or not at your pleasure. But you cannot infer from what you suppose to exist in this fancied compact, that an analogous right does or does not exist in the great positive governmental compact. That must be tried by its positive terms, and not by fanciful analogies.

Wherever a Constitution rests the power to elect a *representative*, there lies the power to instruct. A Senator is responsible only for his own conduct, not that of his constituents; if their instructions are not approved by the people, they are responsible. Shifting responsibility destroys responsibility. If a Senator may defeat the will of his constituents in any case, he may in all, however unanimous the people and the legislature may be, and however important and permanent the consequences of his vote. If his firmness and independence may defeat his constituents, and he call solemn acts of the legislature temporary delusions, so may he under a delusion, defeat the deliberate wisdom of the people. Persons now living have seen Senators disobey and defeat the deliberate judgment of the people, expressed by several successive legislatures, sanctioned by repeated State elections, and sustained by the concurrent opinions of a majority of the States, the House of Representatives, and a vast majority of the American people. If this is right, then our government is under the control of a despicable and vexatious aristocracy.

The Judge contends that we must extend our doctrine to cases of impeachment, or give it up. It must embrace every thing or nothing. If the State Legislature has the power of exception, it may instruct in some cases of impeachment, and forbear in others. It may instruct to condemn or acquit. If the Senator can make the exceptions, then says the Judge, this power is an *empty name*. This is too true. The Senator can have no power to make exceptions, and yet under this assumed right nine-tenths of the disobedience which has ever been committed has been cloaked. The Judge has never heard whether impeachments were included in the doctrine, because he is the first person who ever broached that doctrine. When the Senate sits as a court of impeachment, or upon executive appointments, they cease to be our *representatives*, they become *ex officio* jurors or councillors of State, and in either capacity we have no more right to instruct them than we have to instruct the Chief Justice, or the President. They cease to be Legislators, and belong for the time to the Executive, or Judicial departments. In both cases private rights are concerned, character and opinion is involved, and evidence may be taken. Judgment is to be given and not a law passed. We can instruct to do an act, but not to form an opinion—to vote, but not to give judgment as to fitness for office, or the propriety of rejecting an officer. We do not see the force of the Judge's reasoning which forces our doctrine to apply to impeach-

ments. The Senator acts in two capacities, as distinct as if they were held by two individuals. They are held up in the Federalist as judicious exceptions to the maxims which require the legislative, executive, and judicial departments to be separate. The Senator takes a new oath in trying impeachments. We have no more right to instruct our Senators when made judges or councillors by the constitution, than when made permanent judges or ministers or heads of department by the President. And the inability to instruct in the latter cases, had as well be brought up against us as in the former, as a reason for not instructing them when acting as our *representatives*. We can *will* an act to be done, *but not* that the innocent are guilty, or the reverse. The Judge's definition ought to have exceptions for these cases, unless he holds them as all others do, as excluded of course by their nature from the controversy.

In fine, this is a right which the Legislatures can, will and ought to exercise. They can and ought to demand pledges, which no honorable man could disregard. Is there not always an implied pledge from the nature of the office and the understanding upon the subject? Nay, is there not in Virginia at least a tacit pledge given by all Senators elected since the adoption of Mr. LEIGH's report and resolutions in 1812?—The last of those resolutions is in these words—"Resolved, That after this solemn expression of the opinion of the General Assembly, on the right of instruction, and duty of obedience thereto, *no man ought henceforth to accept the appointment of a Senator of the United States from Virginia, who doth not hold himself bound to obey such instructions.*" Is not acceptance of office under this resolution a tacit pledge, as binding as express words could make it?

I must conclude, having already occupied too much space in your valuable magazine, but the subject was too interesting and important to justify one in attempting to vindicate our cherished doctrines from the attack of so able a champion as JUDGE HOPKINSON, in too cursory an examination of his views. In conclusion, I must remark, that although we have to lament the misfortune of differing with that able and learned gentleman, and the lamented and illustrious MARSHALL, we feel no doubt of the support of HENRY, JEFFERSON, and ROANE.*

DEATH OF THE PATRIOT.

BY W. GILMORE SIMMS.

Unembitter'd by hate, and untroubled by strife,
Shall the Patriot we loved, to the dark grave descend,
Whilst the foes of his well-spent, political life,
Have forgot each distinction in the wide term of friend.

Each doubt that had whisper'd against him before,
Each feeling of Envy, of Jealousy, Hate—
Now awed into silence and sorrow, deplore,
Nor seek to detract from the fame of the great!

* One word more. This article was written in great haste for the August number. Instead of this an addition to his letter was published by Judge Hopkinson, under his own name, in that number. It requires notice as imperiously as his letter. It must be noticed in the October Messenger. But *briefly*, very *briefly*. Subsequent investigation has satisfied the writer, that the Judge's

And great may we call *him*, whose mind in its scope,
No barrier could limit, no danger could tame;
Whose love for his country kept pace with the hope
That prompted her efforts and led her to fame—

Whose eye overlooking the clouds and the coil
That grow with the darkness and din of the hour,
Beheld from afar the reward of his toil,
And hailed the bright promise that told of her power—

Whose soul to its purpose and attributes true,
Sublimed far beyond mere humanity's scan,
Toiled fearlessly still for the glory in view,
The rights, and the triumph, and freedom of man!

No voice in that cause was more potent or free,—
No spirit more fearless, no feeling more strong,
And its eloquence bold, like a stream from the sea,
Bore down, all resistless, each bulwark of wrong.

Oppression grew humbled—the tyrant grew pale,—
Ancient Error, in fear for her temple and tower,
Arrayed her foul agents, and strove to assail,
But in vain—the brave spirit that grappled her power.

And down went her bulwarks, and snapp'd was her chain,
Her subtle pretences like webs, torn apart,
Left man, as creation first spake him,—again,
Unshackled by Error, by Power, by Art!

And this was his triumph! The first of that band,
The high, the unshaken, unselfish and true,
Who dared in the front of the danger to stand,
Defying its force, and defeating it too.

Make his grave in the rock which the pilgrim may see,
And seek, o'er the fathomless waves of the deep;
But his monument build in the hearts of the free,
The treasure most dear that a freeman can keep.

And shed not a tear when ye think on his name,
And mourn not his loss, who, in dying, has given,
A record of triumphs, the proudest in fame,
A charter of freedom as lovely as Heaven.

BRITISH PARLIAMENT IN 1835.

NO. III.

THE HOUSE OF LORDS.

Exalted as is the situation of the presiding officer of the House of Lords, particularly when he is at the same time high-chancellor of England, he has not, as speaker, the authority of the same officer in the lower House. The Peers address themselves to the House, and not to the presiding officer, when they rise to speak; this officer has not the power to decide to whom the floor belongs, or to call a member to his seat; the House itself regulates all its internal police.

The mode of their election is the evident cause of this difference in the power of the two speakers; the opinions, both as to the *novelty* and *weakness* of our doctrines, are much less supported, either by *authority* or *reason*, than he had supposed, when he was writing this article. He thinks even the Judge himself may be convinced that "politicians of a later date" than the adoption of the constitution, are not the "authors of the doctrine of instructions." B.

one is chosen by the Throne, a power unconnected with the Lords; while the House of Commons elects its own speaker.

At five o'clock the presiding officer of the House of Lords appears on the woolsack, escorted by the usher of the black-rod and the mace-bearer. If three Peers be present the speaker can open the session; so that three individuals may form a House of Lords. The votes of two of them may reject a bill that has been passed unanimously by the six hundred and fifty-four delegates of the people!

It is not very unusual to see the House of Lords reduced to this legislative trinity. But let us suppose some important question to be the order of the day—no matter what. The hall will then be full—the majority of the Peers will be in their seats.

Glancing over the numerous heads of the compact crowd below, your attention will be attracted by many even in the centre of the Hall, as it would be by the principal steeples of a great city, of which you caught a birds-eye-view from some neighboring eminence.

The three round wigs of the three clerks of the House, are among the first objects that will catch your eye, seated as they are, at their official table, with their backs turned towards you. Opposite to these, their faces turned to you, are the three uncovered heads of Lord Rolle, the Marquis of Wellesley and Lord Holland; farther on, the two long wigs of the masters in chancery; and beyond, under the golden hangings of the throne, the official and huge wig of the speaker, which raises itself up with all the dignity of the tower of a cathedral, among the belfries of a city.

Let this principal wig, then, be our point of departure; starting from it we will run over the different quarters of the chambers, as in exploring London, we would guide ourselves by the dome of St. Paul. At the present time, the weight of this huge presidential head-dress is not supported by a Chancellor. The great seal is in commission. The individual who sits with that air of noble ease on the woolsack is Lord Denman, the temporary speaker of the chamber, since the overthrow of the whig ministry preceding that of Sir Robert Peel. His manner would quickly inform you that the situation is not a novel one to him. In fact, he has been for many years Chief Justice of England. It was at the very bar of the House of Lords that he began to play an important political part; in 1820, he defended, with Lord Brougham, Caroline, the queen of George IV, against the heavy charges then brought against her by her royal husband. Could he have flattered himself at that period with the hope that he should one day become a Peer himself, and President of that chamber, before which he appeared as an humble advocate? It was not every ambitious lawyer who dared at that day to dream of the 400,000 of francs of salary that appertains to that lordly perrique.

Distinguished as he has been in his profession, it is neither the profound knowledge, nor the great eloquence of Lord Denman that has secured his extraordinary good fortune. It should rather be attributed to an indescribable but harmonious dignity of language, of person, and manner. You would think the senatorial throne had need of just such a man; M. Ravez himself was not more formed by nature for the presiding officer of a deliberative body. But this excellence, a little thea-

trical, of a majestic carriage and appearance, is not the chief merit of the noble Lord; his highest praise is that he remains the same man under the purple, that he was when dressed in the simple black gown of an advocate. A supreme magistrate, seated on the steps of the throne, he is still the affable and liberal counsellor of the court of chancery.

To the right of the speaker, and on your left, in a recess into which the glass of those folding doors permits but a doubtful light to enter, do you not see a confused mass of wax and ruddy faces, of white robes and black surplices? These are the three crowded benches of bishops and archbishops. Formerly they were not so eager to make use of their legislative privileges. At the present time every man is at his post; the church is supported by all its pillars. The Catholic emancipation has wakened up these *millionnaire* prebendaries from the lethargic sleep into which the gold with which they are stuffed, had plunged them. They keep strict watch around their heaps of wealth. It will not be their fault if some crumbs from their splendid banquet be thrown to starving Ireland.

If you have only seen these prelates in the House of Lords or in the pulpit in full dress, you have examined but half the picture. You must observe them in private, in their foppish and gallant city dress. Do you ask what dashing personage that is, in a frock of the finest black cloth, his head covered with a hat of the longest beaver fur, with broad brims fastened up by cords of silk, galloping along the pavements of Regent street? A singular cavalier, in fact; and one who will still more astonish you when he leaps from his horse, and enters his club-house, his riding whip in his hand, affording you a better opportunity for observing his masonic-like costume, his high black *guêtres* and black apron. Behold a very noble and very reverend Bishop of England.

And this other person dressed, after the same fashion, who is leaping from that open carriage, filled with young women, whose fair skins and rosy cheeks cannot fail to catch your eye, as we are crossing Westminster place? This, too, is a bishop, whose wife and daughters have just accompanied him to the parliament house.

But let us follow these noble Lords spiritual to their seats in the hall of legislation.

Figure to yourself an old woman with a face yellow and lank; let her bend under the weight of fourscore years; wrinkle her forehead with as many furrows as you can; let her voice be sharp and broken; let her eyes be uncertain, restless and suspicious: would this creature not be a faithful picture of his grace the Archbishop of Canterbury, the first prelate of England, now seated alone on the highest bench of the church? Is it not the very image of superstition itself? Decrepid, crouching, shivering!

This venerable Archbishop, superannuated and unfit for all service as he appears to you, has strength enough to speak the moment that any question in the least touches the revenues of the church. Upon such occasions his speeches invariably commence with many laudable reflections on the advantages of tolerance, and as certainly end by wishing damnation to popery both on earth and in heaven. This is at least the object of these discourses, for it is no very easy matter to seize their exact signification. His grace, who holds his

archbishopric of providence, has not however received from the same divine source, the gift of expressing his religious rancor with much ease or elegance. It always costs him a world of labor to put together his anti-Catholic homilies, incoherent and broken as they are. One would not say that gall flows from the lips of this mild prelate; he rather spits it out.

Do you not observe behind his grace, that little yellowish man with the eye of a caged tiger, constantly moving himself about, now leaning forward, now appearing so impatient, playing and jumping about on his bench: it is the bishop of Exeter, one of the sturdy pillars of the fanatic church militant. This man is the most cunning and dangerous foe to liberty; his evil nature clothes itself with all the seduction of the most amiable manners. No one among these noble and holy hypocrites has such exquisite politeness; or such gentle and insinuating address. Never did a cat better conceal its claws under the velvet of its feet.

The bishop of Exeter is not distinguished by the same quickness in replying to an adversary, that he is in attacking him; perhaps, I should rather say, that in his gentle warfare he never permits himself to act on the defensive. Listen to him, as he rises with the greatest humility, his little square black cap in his joined hands; his wallet is filled with denunciations—it must be emptied. Doubtless it grieves him, a man of peace, to have to war against temporal power! But why does temporal power presume to pare down the luxuriant dimensions of spiritual power? Oh! the charitable prelate, hear him! How his treachery smiles upon the lips! how ingenuously it scratches! Never had taunting so much *onction*—never was aggression so timid. Who is there that would have this trembling modesty in throwing discord in the midst of such an assembly? So soon as they are once struggling together, nothing remains for him to say. Whigs and tories tear yourselves to pieces, the good bishop will not interrupt you; he has discharged his duty as a protestant pastor. Tear yourselves to pieces. He sits down quietly, and contemplates the *melée*; tranquilly and at his ease, he laughs in his sleeve as he counts the blows that fall upon the minister. God forgive him! I believe his foot keeps time with the blows!

If I were to describe the thirty Protestant Bishops crowded together in this place, I would show you perhaps three or four almost whigs, and who rather more resemble christians, and among these particularly the brother of Lord Grey, the chief of this almost imperceptible spiritual minority; but enough of these specimens of the surplice. We will leave the bishops to our right. The first bench that we encounter after theirs, going towards the bar of the house, is that of the ministers. Here we will pause awhile.

Let us stop before this person in a gray hat, and dark brown riding-coat, carelessly supporting himself on his cane. The heat of the weather is extreme. To be more at his ease, he has, rather unceremoniously, taken off his cravat. If you were to meet him in St. James' Park, his favorite promenade, cantering on horseback, or walking on foot, his large nostrils snuffing the breeze, his head thrown back, his eyes sparkling and full of disdain, with his tall figure, and robust and soldierly appearance, you would take him for some old colonel on half pay, certainly not for the first Lord of the Treasury. Never-

theless this person is Lord Melbourne, the leader of the government.

But examine a little closer and more attentively this physiognomy; the expression of it is complex; it is a mixture of pride, indolence, and irritability. In this you have the whole secret of the talent and the fortune of this minister. It is almost a miracle that his natural indolence should have allowed him the ambition to aspire to the first office of the state; at least, I do not believe that he would have had the energy to have maintained himself long in that position, if it had not been disputed. It is because he had been once thrown out, that he is in office now. In throwing him down, they struck the mainspring of his strength; so he has rebounded, and in consequence has again raised himself to power, and re-established himself more solidly and more obstinately than ever. Such are those natures whose dormant energies require to be awakened by the lash of insult. In 1834, Lord Melbourne was but an inert and powerless whig; in 1835 he is a radical whig; he has made the throne capitulate, he has wounded the church, he threatens the peerage—why is this? Because you have offended him, because you have chased him from office. You alone can diminish his power. His eloquence has no other moving power than that which he derives from obstacles thrown in his way. Suffer him to go on, to speak as he pleases—his words will grow feeble, and his speech drag itself laboriously along; cross his path, throw any thing in his way, he rebels, he is hurried along, he grows heated, he drags you with him, he is eloquent! His whole person, his whole soul is wrapped in his discourse. There is nothing studied, nothing solemn; all is sudden, involuntary. He, who but a moment since, was so grave, so subdued, now clinches his hands, now throws his arms out with violence, now leaps almost from the very floor; his angry declamation, his accents of indignant contempt proceed from the bottom of his entrails. Now his passion suffocates him: he no longer breathes; his discourse is interrupted; a profound silence ensues. At this moment he exhibits the trembling and magnificently impassioned air of Casimir Perier.

Lord Melbourne is the most original speaker, and the most peculiar in either house of parliament; perhaps the most impassioned, if not the greatest and the most perfect. As a statesman I have great respect for his moderate character; he is a progressive, bold, and thorough whig; but he is not a whig—an improvident aristocrat, who never inquires to what extremities the principles which he has inscribed on his banner may lead.

The member on the left of Lord Melbourne, of smaller stature than the noble premier, fat, all his limbs well rounded, yet not over large, with a frank and open countenance, is the Marquis of Lansdowne, the president of the council. You know that in England this office does not entitle the person who fills it to any pre-eminence over his colleagues; he is their speaker, and only presides over their deliberations. Their true leader and chief is the first lord of the treasury. The Marquis of Lansdowne plays his part with honor to himself in the House of Lords, and usefully in the cabinet. In a discussion he generally follows Lord Melbourne; his language is masculine and studied, his voice firm and sonorous, but his utterance is heavy and monotonous;

he has evidently more words than ideas; he says trifling things, *les riens*, with too much solemnity; this regular and invariable emphasis destroys the effect of his best efforts. I could wish that he would spare a few of those thundering gesticulations, during which he strikes the clerks' table with such furious violence. It is a vulgar practice that should be left to Lord Londonderry, who sits before him across the table. This style of argument is much more becoming in a pugilist than an orator. I have been present, occasionally, when the noble Marquises replied to each other with the air of two people trying the strength of their arms, or hammering together on an anvil.

Those who recollect Mr. Pitt, observe a good deal of resemblance between the argument of that great statesman and the style of Lord Lansdowne's speeches. It is from Mr. Pitt that the President of the Council has acquired the habit of embodying a whole argument in one immense period, cut up into a thousand parts; but the supreme tact of Mr. Pitt always enabled him to lead his hearers, with infallible certainty, to the point he had in view, by cross and apparently opposite ways. The Marquis of Lansdowne is but too happy if he can extricate himself in safety from the labyrinths of his own parentheses.

That other angular figure, hipped, with a long stiff neck buried in a thick white cravat, not unlike a French provincial notary, is Lord Duncannon, the first Commissioner of Woods and Forests, and of the Privy Seal. He sits on the right of Lord Melbourne, and is one of the most useful members of the cabinet. Stammerer as he is, he speaks often, and always willingly; he wants words more than thoughts; his *long froid* often serves him in the stead of wit, though he occasionally strikes an adversary very happily, and gives double effect to his hits by the air—the most innocent and candid in the world—with which he administers them.

The other Ministers in the House of Lords hardly deserve any particular notice; if of any service in council, they certainly are not on the floor of the House. The long, dark, impassible figure of Lord Auckland is rarely drawn from its retreat; it is only when some question touches the affairs of the admiralty, of which he is the first Lord, that a few bashful words escape him. Lord Glenelg, recently elevated to the Peerage, as rarely suffers himself to be drawn into a debate, if the colonies have nothing at stake. Lord Glenelg has had his days of eloquence, and was much more distinguished in the Commons when simple Mr. Grant. Assuredly he is no longer a young man, for his head is covered with gray hairs, though he looks to be older than he really is. He is completely worn out, both in soul and body, and is one of those mystic sensualists who sacrifice real existence to the mysterious dreams of an opium-eater.

An enormous, round, pale bald head, with great black eyes, and huge white whiskers, resting on broad shoulders, is every thing that remains of Lord Holland, the nephew of Fox, and once an accomplished orator of his uncle's school, and a tolerable writer. Of the rest of his body nothing can be said; the gout has eat him up by little and little, and he ends, absolutely, like a fish. It is only after much time and exertion that his two crutches transport him to the end of the bench on

which he sits, opposite Lord Melbourne. Moreover, his chancellorship of the Duchy of Lancaster is not such a sinecure as people have said; he supports his colleagues at least with all the vigor of his lungs, if with no great strength of argument. He assumes the responsibility of applauding their speeches, and acquits himself conscientiously of the duty, for he makes more noise with his cheers and 'hears' alone, than all the rest of the Whig party put together. It is quite an amusing spectacle to see this stump of a man, bawling out his applauses, looking for all the world like one of those Chinese toys representing a great fat buffoon, which, loaded at the bottom, and without legs, constantly resumes its upright position, however often it may be thrown to one side or the other.

Literary history will remember Lord Holland, on account of his biography of Lope de Vega. I am reminded by this work of an anecdote of the noble lord, which does much more honor to his politeness than to his generosity. In 1832, a poor refugee Spaniard, whose only property in the world consisted of three unpublished manuscript comedies of the celebrated Castilian poet, determined to go to London for the purpose of selling them to the illustrious whig commentator, whom he thought would naturally give more for them than any other person. However, in the presence of so great a nobleman, the timid emigrant did not dare to speak of any price for them; he simply offered him his three valuable manuscripts. The visit and the present were very graciously received, and in exchange for the one and the other, the stranger received the next morning Lord Holland's card and a copy of the life of Lope de Vega. There are some occasions on which the English are magnificent; but their liberality never exercises itself to any great extent but in public. For example, they would glory in throwing a set of diamonds to an Italian *chanteur* in a crowded theatre.

Clearing the table of the ushers, at one leap, we find ourselves in the very head quarters of the tory opposition. Here are the ministers, belonging to the House of Lords, of the late conservative administration. All of them are past middle age, and (like the present whig ministers) are between fifty and seventy, the greater part being over sixty.

Let us proceed at once to the generalissimo, seated in the centre, on the second bench, his arms folded over his breast. He is asleep, I suppose; he breathes with difficulty, his body being pressed in by the black coat closely buttoned; but they wake him; he takes off his hat hurriedly, and exposes his white hair cut close to his head. Observe that thick chin which protrudes itself and works without ceasing, those retreating lips, that great crooked nose, those brilliant and steady blue eyes, that face yellow and bronzed; is it not the very countenance of Punch, only not quite so rubicund? Does not that lank and bony body resemble some wooden automaton, some old jointed doll?

Who would not be seized with surprise at the sight of this man? Behold the man of the most extraordinary good fortune of the age! Behold the man who conquered Napoleon, and who has lived twenty years on his laurels! It is not only in war that he has succeeded; peace has not been less profitable to him; he has ruled in the council as in the camp; his caprice has, for a long time,

governed an intelligent and free people. He is the king of the last aristocracy in the world. Happy man! what honors has he failed to obtain that he ever desired to possess? He finds himself suddenly a learned man, without having ever studied any thing. Law and theology have decreed him their honors—the universities have made him their chancellor. Even more, the exclusive circles of the West End themselves, have recognized his supremacy. He has seen generations of dandies decay and fall every autumn, while he, their patriarch, remains as firm as ever. The inconstant winds of fashion have not torn a single leaf from his crown; he has continued in fashion for the quarter of a century. If you follow him this evening to some *roué* in Grosvenor Square, you will see him throned on a couch. Around him a swarm of belles and grandams flutter, each one endeavoring to catch a word, or a smile, or a look from the hero. You will see, (for the hero is deaf, and there is no familiarity which is not permitted to him,) you will see the most favored among them in his arms, his black wrinkled hands resting on their white shoulders. Happy man! It is true that you may read on the buckle of the garter that surrounds the leg of the Septuagenarian, in letters of diamond—"Honi soit qui mal y pense," the motto of his order. Happy man! and by what mysterious power have you been thus enabled to succeed every where and with all persons? Oh! I know not! Perhaps to the small share of patient prudence and of inert common sense, that a narrow ball-proof forehead may contain, your success may be due. Perhaps to the beneficent rays and the partiality of that capricious star which so mysteriously lights the way of the predestined!

But look—who speaks—it is the Duke of Wellington! What labor! he tosses about his head! he grasps with his withered fingers the back of the bench that is before him! he seems as if he would drag from every place around him ideas which he cannot otherwise possess himself of. At last he draws from his brain some fragments of incoherent phrases and unconnected reasoning. All this, good and bad, ends in a sort of speech not very unreasonable; he enables you to guess for yourself what he wished to say, though he has not himself said it. He is an orator and a statesman, as he is a great coxcomb and a great general,—by destiny.

The tories of the House would be ungrateful if they forgot that it is the Duke of Wellington alone who has for a long time preserved them, by the vigorous and almost military discipline by which he has regulated their intemperate fury. He cannot be disobeyed with impunity. In the beginning of this very session Lord Londonderry was severely reprimanded for having engaged in a skirmish which the general had not authorized. At present, however, the evil spirits of the party seem to grow weary of the wise moderation of their chief. At least, if he does not quickly reduce them to obedience, they will, in spite of him, engage in a conflict with the people. But let his grace beware; should his soldiers induce him even to head his forces in this unequal combat, he will not find the same good luck that attended him at Waterloo.

An expression of silly and impotent ferocity characterizes the face on the left of the Duke of Wellington; not a hair upon his head, but on each side enormous whiskers perfectly white. One would say it was some

old Turk of the carnival or the theatre, who had lost his turban; but you should see this grotesque creature standing erect. It is so badly placed on its long legs, as to be unable to move without stumbling. You might upset it by your breath. Very constant in its attendance at the House, it is always busy when there. You are incessantly annoyed by the squeaking, scolding voice that proceeds from this great body: not that he often speaks, but excels all others in his applauses of tory speeches. He is the counterpart of Lord Holland, and it is his duty to counteract the 'hears' and 'hurrahs' of the latter. You would not have supposed that this was a very illustrious personage—illustrious at least by birth, as Lord Brougham once very irreverently remarked: nevertheless, it is a Royal Highness—it is the eldest brother of the king who plays the part of an impudent applauder of the incendiary speeches of an unpopular aristocracy. It is a prince of the blood who degrades his rank in this impotent farce. Truly, this Duke of Cumberland is badly advised; his military glory does not entitle him to play the tricks of a bully! and as his conscience must often recall to his memory certain private and public peccadilloes, he would be wise not to remind the world of them quite so often by his bravadoes. The public have not forgotten that strong suspicions of violent murder, of the basest seduction, and of incest, have stained an existence, which nothing but its adventitious rank has, perhaps, saved from the vengeance of the law. The Grand Master of the Orange Lodges is also sufficiently well known in Ireland. There is but little chance that he will ever have occasion to assert his rights to the throne. But would it not be wise to anticipate the possibility? In these times of popular sovereignty legitimacy does not always ensure a crown.

That fat Lord, with his chin graciously reposing on his well gloved hand, and a *bouquet* of red pinks in his button hole, is the father of Viscount Castlereagh, and was in his day a distinguished dandy. He retains all the elegance that is compatible with a large belly and sixty years. You can still admire his form in spite of his fatness, which threatens to burst at every point through his riding coat. The good taste which distinguishes his toilette, and contends even against the advances of old age, does not unfortunately characterize the legislative conduct of Lord Londonderry. He is the most indiscreet speaker in this House, in which all extravagance or violence is rare. The habit of interrogating ministers, and especially on all matters connected with Spain, in which country he formerly served as a colonel of huzzars, is almost a disease with him. Good a tory as he is, he has too much zeal; and I am entirely of the opinion of M. de Talleyrand, that nothing can be more unfortunate than too much of that quality. This rashness of the old huzzar brings down upon him, now and then, severe rebuffs from the generalissimo. O'Connell has perfectly described the old marquis, when he called him half-maniac—half-idiot. He is not a bad man; but nature has rather liberally endowed him with that sort of broken eloquence which supplies the want both of language and thought, by the profusion and vehemence of gesture. He is always too much pleased to display his cambric handkerchief in public. In my opinion, the whigs would have gained as much as the tories, by suffering him to have departed on his embassy to St. Petersburg.

We must pass by Lord Aberdeen, Lord Wharfedale and Lord Ellenborough, whom you see seated around the Duke of Wellington; they are his principal aides-de-camp, and were formerly ministers with him. They are prudent and cunning tories, if not moderate ones, and express themselves well; but we have not room to give full length portraits of them. An epic catalogue does not describe every soldier of the two armies, not even every officer; and our article is more modest than an Iliad. For the best reasons then, we must content ourselves with pointing out with the finger the chief heads of our assembly.

To complete the review, we must finish our tour of the Chamber, with the ranges of benches to our left. Do you observe up there on the third row of benches, with its back against the wall, that figure of a monkey dressed in a light colored wig, with its mouth awry, and looking as if it was employed in cracking nuts? Far as this noble Lord is seated from the head quarters of the tories, he is nevertheless one of their most important and redoubtable captains. He has been twice Lord High Chancellor, and held that office in the late cabinet of Sir Robert Peel; this person is Lord Lyndhurst. Like Lord Brougham, he passed from the bar, through the House of Commons, to the woolsack. His extreme ugliness has nothing about it that can be considered vulgar; on the contrary, he is the only lawyer I have ever seen who had the air of a man of the world, and the polished manner of one who had been a courtier. He is more than a lawyer; he is a most finished orator, always clear, pithy, skilful, well-disciplined, and never tedious, but concise and agreeable. His voice is full, grave, and generally calm, but always capable of raising itself to the occasion; he only grows warm when some personal but secret vexation disturbs him. He is not troubled with a conscience; the privilege of dispensing with which, he retains as a lawyer, though he has in other respects managed to throw off the peculiarities of his profession. Formerly he was an ultra whig. At heart he is still only an advocate, though interested with the aristocracy, and affecting their polished good breeding. He is a tory just now, because toryism has paid him liberally for his pleadings. To-day, if the reformers could offer him higher distinctions, he would discover, I am afraid, in his bag, an abundance of arguments for reform.

Before turning the corner of the extreme left, let us pause a moment to observe three personages, who centre in themselves all the ultra toryism of the House. They are seated by the side of each other, at the end of the last bench on this side.

The first, with a long, rough body, with a white cravat, dressed in tawdry clothes, coarsely built, and looking like a clown, is the Duke of Newcastle. Observe that dull, sottish eye—those long, erect ears. See with what interest he listens! what attentive stupidity! Nevertheless, you may rest assured that he does not understand a word of what he hears. The words of a speaker have to knock a long while at the door of his dull brain; he never fully comprehends an idea but after a week's mature deliberation. Generally, at the end of a session, he begins to understand the speech of the king, pronounced at its opening. A sort of brutal and furious hatred against every thing that he conceives to savor of reform, serves him in lieu of any other un-

derstanding. The rough lessons which the indignation of the people have beaten into him, have not been able to teach any prudence to his blind instincts. All his recriminations are impressed with the dullness of his slow mind. The peerage might be killed and buried this winter—it would not be sooner than the next spring that his Lordship would order his horses, and drive to the House of Lords to argue against Catholic emancipation.

The other two persons, are those of two noblemen in great credit with the church, even more of fanatics than Tories. Neither of them is deficient in a certain oratorical fury, which, however, savors much more of the pulpit than the Parliament.

In the first place, that fanatical looking figure which is watching you with a fiery black eye, playing with the ruffles of his shirt, with the knobs of his umbrella, is Lord Winchelsea; an honest man, probably, and a furious, but sincere protestant. There is an appearance of conviction in the intemperate homilies that he improvises for the House of Lords, or the columns of the Standard, which in some measure palliates their haughty intolerance. This noble zealot, even while he is preaching up the persecution of popery, persuades himself, I am confident, that his own apostleship will secure him martyrdom.

As to that other personage—that huge and deformed colossus, whom you would take for a chosen *cuirassier* discharged from service in consequence of excessive fatness—though his protestant mysticism may be of rather larger calibre, I should be inclined to put less faith in his relics. This Lord Roden—for it is Lord Roden—was in his youth a miscreant, who acknowledged neither God nor Devil, and worshipped only his dinners and his debaucheries. But in the middle of one of those nights of excess, he had a vision somewhat like that which cried out to Swedenbourg—*You eat too much*. From that moment, submissive to supreme advice, the Earl of Roden reformed his diet and his irregular habits, and he has become by degrees, the evangelical and political preacher that he is at the present time. In other respects this conversion has in no degree diminished his *embonpoint*; and his new piety does not prevent his being a most furious Orangist, ever ready, if permitted, to sacrifice to his monarch a magnificent hetacomb of Irish Catholics.

Let us, for the present, cross the chamber, in giving a *coup d'œil* to the benches ranged before the bar, and facing the throne. These are called the *independent* benches. The majority of the peers whom you observe seated there have been ministers. The greatest, both in personal appearance and public fame, is Lord Grey. Observe his tall person, how thin, frail, and bent it seems! After his seventieth year he was unable to give himself up any longer to public affairs; he wanted physical strength to continue the arduous labor of reform. He himself placed the load on shoulders which he had accustomed to bear it; and finally resigned both power and the active part he formerly took in parliamentary discussion. Let justice be rendered to him while still living; he has been a bold and loyal statesman; as soon as he found the helm entrusted to his hands, he steered the ship of state on principles that he had for thirty years recommended. He has not proved a miserable traitor to his promises and his past history,

as the perjured ministers of revolutionary origin in France, the worthless product of that gloriously useless revolution of July. He is the first whig who ever dared to carry into practice his own principles. Assuredly, it required something more than ordinary determination to open to reform that wide gate, which he knew could never again be closed.

In addition to this, he was no common speaker. The impression of his dignified, convincing and penetrating oratory, is still deeply impressed on the recollection of those who were accustomed to hear him; the air and manner of a great nobleman, which always distinguished him, gave additional force to his authority. The noble affability of his manners would remind you of the old Duke of Montmorency-Laval. There is this difference between them, that Lord Grey did not succeed in forming and supporting his ministry alone by the influence of his fine manners, as the *ci-devant* plenipotentiary of Charles X at Vienna, did in respect to his embassies.

The other nobleman of coarse appearance, still fresh and blonde, is the Earl of Ripon, politically better known by his second title of Viscount Goderich. He also was raised for a moment to the top of the ministerial ladder; but it does not appear that he has made up his mind to remain in private life, into which situation his incapacity made him so soon fall back. However, if he aspires to reascend, he has not taken the right road to accomplish his designs; it is no longer the period when one may balance between two opinions, or feed on two political parties. It would be a double mistake in him to persist in his attempts to re seize the reins of supreme authority. The confusion of his reasoning as well as of his ideas, when he attempts to speak, proves very clearly that he does not possess the clear and firm head necessary to manage the furious horses of the chariot of state.

The Duke of Richmond has never raised himself to the same sublime elevation; he is one of those poor nobles whose liberalism must be maintained by high and lucrative employments. He is one of those aristocratic worthies, always ready for any sort of military or civil work, and all sort of salaries. Lieutenant General and *aid-de-camp* of the king, his grace has not hesitated to stoop to manage the mails, and to become a member of a whig cabinet. At the present moment, he has the bearing of one who flatters himself with the chimerical hope of a *juste-milieu* administration, of which he would be a member. Louis XVIII would have placed him in his upper house. The noble duke, remarkable for a false air of Parisian elegance, which distinguishes his carriage from that of our great men, usually so full of stiffness and formality; yet I do not think that any of the modern great men of France have ever, as the Duke of Richmond often does, crossed their legs and raised their feet higher than the level of their heads, in full session, for the purpose of better viewing themselves in their polished boots.

Excepting the Duke of Wellington, we have not yet met a single nobleman who can call himself truly fashionable. Ah! but see here is Lord Alvanley. Yea, this little man, erect, bloated, swollen, breathless, careless, ill-dressed, with nothing *recherché* about him but his yellow gloves, and looking as if he had just come from a debauch to which he was anxious to return, is

one of the chief representatives of modern fashion in the House of Lords. Formerly he was a whig; now he is a tory, or rather he is a *bon convive*, and belongs to the party which gives the best dinners and suppers. As the tories are distinguished for their sumptuous entertainments—therefore he is a tory. He ought not to have waited until he was ruined to have become a conservative. No matter! having eaten up his own property, he now helps others to do the same thing; he pays with his company and his gaiety. He has, in fact, a rich vein of humor; one might make a large volume of his witticisms. He is always sober at the House. It was his evil genius which inspired him on one occasion to grapple with O'Connell; the contest was unequal; the agitator wields the most deadly *repatee*. Fashionable and witty as Lord Alvanley is, he will nevertheless retain, during his life, graven on his forehead, the title of *bloated buffoon*, inflicted on him by the rude adversary whom he so imprudently attacked.

This young man of a handsome form, gracious in his appearance, and of striking mien, going out of the House, is the Earl of Errol. He votes with the ministry, although he is almost a member of the royal family. He is, in fact, a son-in-law, *sous-officiel*, of William IV, having married one of the illegitimate daughters of his Majesty. I should be glad to show you his brother-in-law, the Earl of Munster, the illegitimate issue of the same illustrious parent; but he rarely attends the sittings of Parliament. High and profitable sinecures have been showered upon these noble Earls. You see that in this age of constitutional governments, calling themselves moral and economical, sovereigns still shower, after the manner of Louis XIV, wealth and honors on their bastards.

You would hardly ask the name of that old man, so withered by age, whose slender legs are pushed into those old fashioned boots, with his twisted queue leaping about on the shining and powdered collar of an old blue frock. You would say it was some old French emigrant, forgotten in 1814 by the Restoration, and left on this side of the water. Observe how he moves to and fro; it is his constant motion. The eighty years of the Earl of Westmoreland do not prevent his being the most stirring and active tory in the House. He has been a member of the cabinet; and occasionally, at distinct intervals, he will still raise his old voice in defence of his old cause. Immediately on the adjournment of the House, you may see him mount an old horse, as lank as himself, and gallop off. It is perhaps a mere fancy, but it seems to me that on the day the old Earl and his horse fail to return, toryism will be no more. In spite of myself I am accustomed to embody in this old man, all that remains of energy and strength in that dying party. He looks like the last living and moving form in the midst of the inanimate skeletons of this aristocracy, so fast crumbling into dust.

If you have observed that other old man, so nimble and busy, with his spectacles thrown back on his forehead, and looking in every direction around him with his large fish-like eyes, you have remarked that he runs incessantly from bench to bench, finding something to whisper in every one's ear; and have doubtless taken him for one of the ushers of the House, for he has on the same dress that they are accustomed to wear—a

black French coat, and a wig-bag of black *taffeta*. That is Lord Shaftesbury, a descendant of the celebrated earl of that name, one of the first essayists in the English language; a writer whose works are distinguished equally for the classical character of their style, and the wit and spirit that characterize them. The merits of the present Earl of Shaftesbury are not of the same exalted species; he is an active and industrious man. When toryism was in power (for he is a strong tory) he managed to secure the profitable office of president of the committees, and in that situation he exhibited all the patient and practical intelligence which the office demanded. He is also one of the vice-speakers of the House, and occasionally he exhibits his little black person on the red woolack; but as he is only allowed to figure in that situation in his ordinary, unimposing costume, the honor is a rare one; it is only in the last extremity that he enjoys it, when there is no other possible speaker. An English Chamber does not consider that it is presided over with sufficient dignity, or even legally, unless it be by a wig and gown.

Thanks to St. George, we are now beyond the crowd of tories, and have doubled the second angle of the bar; returning towards the throne, passing by the benches on the left, we find ourselves among the whigs, who will not delay very much our progress, for the ranks are not very close on this side. Alas! how many vacancies. A glance at some of these generous, solitary peers, and our tour will be ended: we shall then have finished our long voyage around the Chamber.

The Earl of Radnor is one of the small number of disinterested whigs, who advocate reform for itself, and not as a means of securing themselves a seat at the feast of power; he discharges his duties as a liberal peer, actively, conscientiously, and with that rectitude and firmness which you would anticipate from his erect, nervous, and inflexible bearing. He is not a very flowery speaker; but it is necessary to listen to him when he rises; he has the tone of hardy and vigorous honesty, which constrains the attention of an audience.

With more diffidence and timidity in his manner of speaking, the same virtues of sincere and free devotion to public liberty, distinguish the Marquis of Clanricarde. There is about this young nobleman a sort of mental grace, which veils the deformity of his features; his flat nose, sunken eyes, and cadaverous complexion, do not disgust you; you have never seen extreme ugliness so becoming; it is a death's head, smiling and perfectly agreeable. The Parisian world is sufficiently well acquainted with the Marquis of Clanricarde. Thanks to the caustic wit of his lady, the daughter of Canning, who amused herself the last year with so much cruelty, at the expense of its *bourgeois*, pedantic, and quasi-legitimate aristocracy.

We are now entering the head quarters of the little army of whigs. In the rear is Lord Plunket, a member of the administration, though without a seat in the cabinet. Truly, Ireland, of which he is Chancellor, has more than one cause of bitter complaint against her unnatural child. The ungrateful wretch! he betrayed his country to provide for himself and family; he preferred fortune to renown; and paid his own honor for the honors with which he has clothed himself! But Cobbett and the patriot Irish have chastised him rudely enough. Ireland is like all other mothers; she opens

her arms to all her misled children that are disposed to return to her bosom.

Then let there be full pardon for the wealthy old lawyer; let his faults be forgotten, since he recalls his honorable youth, and once more volunteers in the service of the holy cause. The assistance of such an intellect as that of Plunket is not to be despised; age has not obscured in the least the matchless clearness of his powerful reason; there is not a dark corner in the most obscure question that he does not exhibit as clear as noonday; and it is not only by this power of lucid argument that he is distinguished. Weak and good natured, and crippled by the gout, as he appears, forced, whenever he rises to speak, to support himself with one hand on his cane, he has that fierce and sturdy determination which enables him to throw in the face of toryism all its humiliating truths, and is never disconcerted by even the most violent interruptions: his irony wounds and overwhelms the more that it is always concealed under an air of the most country-like simplicity.

At the extremity of this bench, which touches that of the ministers, you have recognized Lord Brougham; he is the very living caricature of whom the printshops in the Strand have shown you so many portraits. Observe his long face, his long legs, his long arms, the whole incoherent mass of his person. The expression of his countenance has something ferocious about it; there is certainly in this brain a small grain of madness; his small piercing eyes sparkle from the bottom of their sockets; a convulsive motion opens and shuts incessantly his enormous mouth; you would be alarmed did not the good nature of that thick, cocked-up nose, reassure you.

Do not be alarmed that the learned lord starts and appears so violently agitated—he is on a gridiron; he is tortured, because others are speaking, and he is constrained to be silent. To speak is to do an injury to Lord Brougham.

But the speaker is now seated; Lord Brougham has leapt from his seat; he is on his feet; he has regained the floor; he retains it, and will not easily part with it; he has declared that he has but two words to say; if you have any business to attend to, go about it; at the end of two hours you may return, you will find him in the midst of his argument. It is much to be regretted that long experience of the bar and the parliament have not moderated a mind of this temper. He has just uttered a most cutting sarcasm—observe how he dulls its effect by reiterating and expanding it. He has perfectly established the impregnable strength of an argument; he proceeds to overthrow it himself, that he may build up others upon its ruins; it is thus his indiscretion injures the best cause and deforms his ablest discourses. Like an imprudent aeronaut, he bursts his balloon and falls with it to the earth, in consequence of having filled it too full. We who are hearers, like well enough to be convinced by an argument, or to smile at a piece of irony; but we can comprehend an allusion. We are mortified at having every thing explained so elaborately. The more you persist in it, the more weary we become. Your obstinacy in doubting our intelligence—wounds and vexes us.

This excess of pedantry is the principal defect in the oratory of Lord Brougham. He has been well called the school-master. I do not deny his extraordinary

gifts as a learned debater, always caustic and indefatigable; but these extravagant discourses are out of all proportion, above all in the House of Lords, which treats all questions in a summary way, and in some degree after the fashion of the drawing room. It is a great want of tact not to suit oneself to one's audience. The manner of Henry Brougham was much more suitable to the House of Commons, where discussions are more full, and where one is less prepared to come to an early conclusion; he still retains the lawyer. He has never been able to throw off the violent and comic gestures of the gown, storming and thundering, in reciting a date or a section of a law. Without doubt his harangues fatigue him as much as they do those who listen to him; he does not spare himself, bawling and gesticulating without any regard to his own person; he bends and twists himself like a posture master; he dances and leaps with his words; he perspires and grows heated, but he leaves the hearer cold; his is not the eloquence which inflames the blood.

I would censure Lord Brougham more severely as a writer than as a speaker; for Lord Brougham is also a writer, and a good deal too much of one. The melancholy activity which distinguishes him, pushes him on incessantly to fill the reviews with his economical, political, scientific, historical, and theological essays, and to heap up pamphlet on pamphlet; if his writings were characterized by a finished style or new ideas, the evil would not be half so great; there is, however, eternally the same excessive flood of words; and on paper, where they cannot evaporate, it becomes even more intolerable. Though on his own part it has not been an interested speculation, I cannot pardon him for having been the father of that leprous, cheap literature, which, pretending to diffuse useful knowledge, has only displayed false opinions, ignorance, and bad writing. In France, where this disastrous invention has been so quickly perfected, there is good cause to curse in all sincerity its author. It is not his fault, however, that the French have permitted their worthless laborers to infect, as they have done, all their literary field, with these tares which threaten to choke the promising harvest of their young poetry.

Let us examine Lord Brougham as a politician. Here we find him still more imperfect. I acquit him of the charge of having offered his support to the conservatives, on the condition of their securing him his chancellorship; this is a calumny of his enemies. I wish he had never had any thing to do with toryism. It is not his fault however, that he has not again become a whig officer. It is said that it is the whigs who object to his joining their ministry, and who have refused him the seals. Experience has proved that he is less dangerous as an enemy than as a friend. He is neither tory nor whig; nor is he a radical; he is however at present among the radicals. He is of no party, if it be not his own, the party of Lord Brougham.

The case of Lord Brougham ought to afford a salutary example to M. Dupin, his friend. There are many curious analogies between these two celebrated lawyers; they resemble each other strikingly in their countenances, in their fortune, in their inconsistencies, and in their extravagancies. M. Dupin does not preside more soberly over the Chamber of Deputies, than Lord Brougham did over that of the Lords. He is also a

lawyer who fills the speaker's chair, and speaks himself much more willingly than he accords the permission to another. I grant you that his eloquence is of better metal, more powerful, more solid, more triumphant; that his blows are heavier and more mortal; but should he ever succeed in reaching the power after which he aspires, I doubt if his temperament will allow him to sustain himself half the time that the petulance of our *ci-devant* chancellor remained seated on the woolsack.

I A N T H E.

BY MORNA.

Oh! if to die in life's young hours,
Ere childhood's buds are burst to flowers;
While Hope still soars on tireless wing,
Where skies are bright with changeless Spring;
Ere Sorrow's tear has dimm'd the eye,
That late with rapture's glance was swelling;
Or Grief has sent the bursting sigh
In silence to its lonely dwelling:
Oh! if to part with this world only,
Where all is cold, and bleak, and lonely—
To welcome in those happier spheres,
The loved and lost of parted years;
If this give pain, or waken sadness,
Oh! who can tell the more than madness
Circling thro' life the hearts that bear
The chains that wounded spirits wear—
To live, and yet to feel thro' life
The aching wish, the ceaseless strife—
The yearnings of a bleeding breast,
To sink within the grave to rest;
To smile, when every smile must wear
The hue and coldness of despair;
To weep, or only strive in vain
To waken tears, that ne'er again
Shall cool the fever of that eye,
Whose fountains are forever dry:
When joys are gone, and hope has fled,
And friends are changed, and love is dead,
And we are doomed alone to wait,
And struggle with a bitter fate—
Left like some lone and towering rock,
To brave the ocean's battling shock,
'Till broken by some mightier wave,
That bears it to a lonely grave.
My early years, how coldly bright
The memory of their parted light
Falls round the heart, whose cords are broken,
Or, only strung to suffering's power,
When struck in grief's o'erwhelming hour,
Give back to sorrow's touch a token.
My sire, alas! they say he died
When in the flower of manhood's pride:
I stood beside that parent's bier,
And wondered why the big bright tear
Was coursing down my mother's cheek;
She took my hand, but could not speak—
I kiss'd her then, and sadly smiled,
Nor felt I was an orphan child.
My Mother! how the thoughts of years,
With all their smiles, and all their tears,

Rush with the memory of her name
Upon me—and I seem the same
Bright, careless child she looked upon,
And joyed to call her fair-haired son:—
Oh, I remember well the time
She led me to our favorite bower;
It was in Spring's sweet, sunny prime,
And just at sunset's dying hour,
When woods, and hills, and waters seem
Wrapt in some soft, mysterious dream—
When birds are still, and folded flowers
Their dark green lids are peering through,
Waiting the coming evening hours,
Within each bright cup to renew
The wasted wealth of morning dew—
When spirit voices seem to sigh
In every breeze that wanders by—
And thoughts grow hushed in that calm hour,
Beneath its soft, subduing power.
She knelt, and breathed to heaven a prayer,
"That God would guard that orphan there"—
Then turned, and with a faltering tone,
She took my hand within her own,
And said, "I ne'er should find another
To love me as she loved me then"—
And I could only say, "my Mother!"
And fall upon her neck again,
And bathe it with my burning tears—
The bleeding heart's most precious rin—
That I had hoarded there for years,
And hoped to never shed again;
Nor knew, alas! how soon the heart,
When all its early ties are parted,
Will link it to some kindred heart—
That wounded bird and broken-hearted
Are soonest won, and cling the longest
To those who seek their ruined wealth.

* * * * *

She died, and then, alas! I thought
My cup of suffering was o'erfraught—
No voice to cheer, when sorrow's power
Assailed me in her darkest hour—
No lip to smile, when hope was bright,
No eye to glad me with its light—
No heart to meet my throbbing heart—
No prayer to lift my thoughts above,
When murmuring tears were forced to start—
No Father's care!—no Mother's love!

Ye, that have known in life's young spring,
The fondness of a Mother's love,
Oh guard it, 'tis an holy thing,
A priceless treasure from above!
And when, on life's tempestuous sea,
Thy shatter'd bark by storm is driven,
'Twill be a beacon-light to thee,
A guiding star, by memory given,
To lead thy wandering thoughts to Heaven.

The Spring renews the leafless tree,
And Time may check the bosom's grief—
And thus it wrought a change on me,
But oh! mine hour of Spring was brief.

They are who tell us, "love's a flower,

That only blooms in cloudless skies—
That gaily thrives in pleasure's bower,
But touched by sorrow, droops and dies."
Not so was ours! we never loved
Till suffering had our spirits proved,
And then there seemed a strange communion,
Sinking our souls in deathless union:
Such power hath love to render dear
The hearts that grief hath made so near,
That we had loved each other less,
Save for our very loneliness.

Her gentler spirit was not formed
To war with stern misfortune's storm,
And soon we felt, that day by day
She yielded to a slow decay,
Wearing unseen her life away.
And yet so sweet the smile that played
On lips that ne'er a sigh betrayed—
So calm the light that lingering slept
In eyes that ne'er for pain had wept,
We could not grieve, but only pray,
That when that light should pass away,
The faint, sad smile might linger yet,
And vainly teach us to forget.

She died! I know not when or where—
I never knew—for silent there
I stood, unconscious, strange and wild,
In all save thought and tears, a child;
For sorrow's channels then were sealed,
Or flowed too deep to be revealed.

I stood beside her grass-grown grave,
And saw the boughs above it wave;
And then I felt that I was changed—
That reason, late so far estranged,
Had won me from my spirit's madness,
To settled grief and silent sadness:
I placed bright flowers above her grave,
And nursed them with my warmest tears,
And for my grief a balm they gave,
The memory of departed years.

Ianthe! o'er thine early tomb
The Summer's winds are gently blowing,
And fair white flowers, the first to bloom,
Around thy narrow home are growing;
And o'er it twines the changeless myrtle,
Fit emblem of thy spirit's love!
And near it mourns the gentle turtle,
And I, how like to that lone dove!
While every leaf, and flower, and tree
Is fraught with memory of thee.

And oh! if true, who tell us death
Can never quench its purer fires—
That not with life's last faltering breath,
The soul's immortal love expires;
If heart meets kindred heart above,
Shall we not greet each other there?
Say, was not ours a deathless love?
Too deep, too strong for life to bear!
Then let us hope to meet again,
Ere long, in guiltless transport there,

With bliss for all the grief and pain
We here on earth were doomed to share,
And love on, through unending years,
Uncheck'd by time, unchang'd by tears.

A TOUR TO THE ISTHMUS:

Filled in from the Pencillings of an English Artist.

BY A YANKEE DAUBER.

Painting is welcome;—
The painting is almost the natural man;
For since dishonor traffics with man's nature,
He is but outside. These pencilled figures are
Even such as they give out.

Timon of Athens.

III.

Chagres—The Castle—Mine Host—No English and no Spanish
for two—Mule Riding—A Fit-out for Panama—Up in the
World—The Stone Ladder—A Yarn.

It is now some weeks since I opened my note book, and I confess the cause to be pure idleness alone. However, my pencil meanwhile has not lain dormant, as my portfolio will convince you. After all, *cui bono*? Why should a fellow be expected to write a journal on ship-board? The record of one day upon a voyage is the record of all others. This day we see "a booby," (an animal not rare, you will say, on shore) the next, perhaps, a turtle, and on the next we may be amused with a short skirmish between a whale and a sword-fish, or a more deadly one between contending shoals of hostile sharks: then we see "Cape Fly-away," and after that we see—nothing!

Our voyage to Chagres, instead of five days, was extended to fifteen. The pilots live on board, and make a point of lying out for a wind or a tide, until they have laid in sustenance enough to last them while another ship shall demand their services, and then convoy their patient victims into port. But we got in at last, and were thankful.

The scenery here is surpassingly lovely, rich beyond any description of which my pen or pencil is capable. I found great delight in being once more on land, after my tedious passage—for I profess, without a blush, to be a determined land-lubber, you are aware—and began to look about me with as much greenness as a country boy on his first visit to the Metropolis. With the exception of the old Gothic castles of my own country, that at Chagres is the finest I have ever seen. It occupies a great space of ground, and is remarkable for its strong and massive walls, reaching to a great height, and commanding the whole town as well as the river and coast. The prospect from this castle's walls is full of the richest and most varied beauty.

Finding that our vessel was likely to be detained for some days at Chagres, I determined to cross the Isthmus, and visit Panama. Owing to the want of industry, or rather to the most consummate laziness, which is a characteristic of the natives, I was three whole days endeavoring to engage any one to carry me up the river. The consequence was that, the river, in the mean time, having risen prodigiously, I was four days and a half, including of course the four nights, on a route of about forty or fifty miles! During this time I went on shore

at night, sleeping on the ground with a billet of wood for my pillow, and disturbed in my slumbers by droves of pigs, which as they rooted up the soil around me, paid no sort of attention to my convenience. Occasionally a horse would browse down to my couch, and reach his long neck over me as I lay, to nibble a corn-husk or a yam on the other side of my pillow—and as to the cows, they were perpetually snuffing at me. I say nothing, though I felt much, of the mosquitoes!

With what delight did I behold the landing place, which, after my rough journey, was pointed out to me by my conductor. They who are accustomed to travel in Europe and America, can have no idea of it. Here I hastened to present my letters to Signor P——, a gentleman who was to be my host while I staid. Our conversation was rather limited, as you may readily conceive, when I mention that he could not speak a word of my language, nor I a syllable of his, which was *Castillana*—(they never say '*Spanish*' there.) But the language of actions is often more eloquent than that of words—at least so thought I, when my host ordered a comfortable repast to be placed before me, consisting of fricasseed fowl, and *Vermicelli* soup, with a magnum of generous claret. This was certainly a delightful exchange for my five days fast upon half boiled rice and plantains, as were my soft pillow and quiet apartment a great improvement upon my nocturnal accommodations while on the route.

Early the next morning I found myself mounted on the back, or to be more exact, I should say something like a half mile *above* the back, of an animal which I had at first some difficulty in naming. In all my life, (albeit something of an equestrian, as you know,) I was never so put to it to take an advantage of my knowledge of horsemanship. Conceive me placed high above a tall raw-boned mule's back, (the saddle one of the old Saracenic or Moorish pattern, fastened by a multiplicity of strands, made of hairrope, to a ring tied to the saddle by a single loop of leather,) and at the mercy of this single string to guide not one of the gentlest of beasts, reminding the reader of Peter Pindar of the ass, "with retreating rump and wriggling tail," jumping alternately to each side of the street, and occasionally turning round and kicking sideways, like a cat in search of her tail, or a dog vainly attempting to rid himself of the *addendum* of a tin-kettle! What a merry figure I must have cut!

My mule was a picture in himself. I have already called him raw-boned,—and you may deduce his *coup d'œil* from this attribute. Add, however, the details of the beast, and you shall acknowledge that he was *sui generis*. His ears stuck straight out to the front, sure sign of wicked intentions, and the nose was curled into a thousand ill-natured wrinkles. The horse-cloth was made like a hearth-rug, heavy, matted, and thick, and on the top of that was placed a straw pad about four inches thick, to prevent the pressure of the saddle from hurting him. Surmounting this mountainous ridge was the saddle itself, and such a one! It was the real demipique of the middle ages, and was doubtless two hundred years old itself. The leather was originally a bright tan-color, but was now grown black and glossy by age and wear, and as hard as if made of iron. So hard was it that I turned the edge of my knife, in endeavoring to cut a strap which gave way during my ride. On this

pyramidal pinnacle, which I have described stone by stone, as it were, behold me seated. The reins are handed me by the groom, who undertakes the whole guidance and direction of the process of mounting, as any departure from his regulations in this respect would result in the total overthrow of the whole mass upon which the rider is doomed to sit. Being mounted, I discovered that the stirrups were thrown over the saddle, and the strap connecting them tied in a knot, beside which was another, formed by the tying of the girth in a similar manner; this last being improved by the strap of the crupper brought through a hole behind in the saddle and made fast to the pommel. All these knots (reminding me of Obdiah's in "*Tristram Shandy*,") stood up in front and rear, and as there was no pad above as there was below, to prevent the manifold injuries that were like to result to the rider upon such an establishment, you may judge of the consequences of riding a hard trotting mule, thus caparisoned, for twenty seven miles. I shall carry the scars I got, to my grave, if I survive to the age of Methusalem. The bridle was a rope of hair, as was the halter beneath, and the bit—oh ye gods! what a bit! It weighed at the very least ten pounds avoirdupois, and hung down full twelve inches below the jaws of the mule. Lo, there was I, in a coarse straw hat, and a queer cotton travelling toggery, with a pair of spurs, such as John of Gaunt might have used, being made of brass, with a shank six inches long, tied by a strap which first went round the foot, and then three or four times round the leg, each spike in the rowel being an inch and a half long, the whole forming a *tout ensemble*, worthy of the pencil of George Cruikshank or Horace Vernet. As neither of them are at hand, take the accompanying sketch, rudely done to the life by my own pencil.

You will see by the foregoing description, the sort of animal and equipments with which Signor P—— favored me. I assure you it is not in the least caricatured, either as the figure or accompaniments are concerned. The pencilling will give you an idea of the sort of road upon which I travelled from Cruces, the residence of my host, to Panama. About half way on, I stood upon a hill overlooking two oceans at once. I saw on the one side the bay of Panama, and the Caribbean sea on the other. As I proceeded, I came to a spot, where, for several yards, the ascent is up a kind of stone ladder. It is in a narrow pass, where, between two banks of twelve to eighteen feet in height, there is a continued face of black rock, worn so smooth by a constant run of water, as to afford the mules only the small holes made in the crevices by their predecessors, as the means of ascent. As they dragged themselves up in this manner by these rude steps, I could not but admire the sure footedness of the animals. While on the open ground, they are full of tricks, and are constantly trying to displace their rider, but so soon as they find themselves in a difficult pass like that I have described, they seem to say to themselves—"Come, come, no fooling now—let's be steady," and in a moment they are the steadiest and soberest of animals.

This pass is called the Governor's Fall, from this circumstance. A governor of the territory, in the times of the early Spaniards, was ascending it, on his way to Panama, when his mule, less sure footed than my own, fell backward with him, and killed him instantly. The

anecdote startled me a little, as may be easily imagined, related to me as it was on the very spot, and under circumstances precisely similar to those under which it occurred. However, vanity came to my aid, and prompted me to endeavor to perform what the governor had so fatally failed in accomplishing, and my attempt was successful.

IV.

Panama—A Scotsman—Architecture—A Gold Story—Tobago—A Beauty—The Sketcher in Love—The way to live on Pine Apples—Snakes—A Perilous Bath.

I arrived at Panama in eight hours, an astonishingly short time considering the roads, and as there are no boarding or lodging houses in the town, I made my way at once to the grand square, where I had a letter of introduction to a braw Scot, Mr. McK——, who received me like a brother Briton. His hospitality displayed itself in some novel ways. As my luggage was still on the road, I was stripped and bathed in brandy, to counteract the effects of a severe wetting I had received on my journey, and equipped *cap à pie* from the wardrobe of mine host. He was very tall, and his linen trowsers hung around me "as a purser's shirt upon a handspike," to use a nautical simile of more expressiveness than elegance. I was indebted to my new friend even for the loan of a hat, mine having been substituted at Cruces for a negro hat to ride in. This last article of my travelling equipments seemed to scandalize the good Panamians not a little.

It was a treat to me, living as I had been for six years in a new country, to find myself once more among such stately ruins and antique edifices, as the churches, monasteries, colleges and nunneries, which, erected upon the first introduction of christianity into Southern America, are still standing either in part, or entire. My portfolio will show you with what warmth and enthusiasm I greeted them. The ruins of the monastery of St. Francisco, and the college of the Jesuits, are as beautiful specimens of architecture as can be imagined. They were built with all that taste of design and gorgeousness of finish, which the founders of them derived from the Moors of Grenada. I spent much time in wandering among their massive columns and fallen entablatures, their heavy lofty walls and sculptured ruins.

The wealth of the town is not great at present, although I heard many Panamians speak of the abundance which existed ten or fifteen years ago, when sacks of gold were wont to lie like any other heavy merchandise, all night in the principal street, with no one near to watch them. No one thought of stealing, for no one wanted aught. It was, in truth, "the golden age." I, of course, as you will do, probably, received this legend with some few reserved doubts of its authenticity. As a *pendant* to it, I was also informed of a curious custom that at the same time prevailed in the Isthmus. In the dance, if a gentleman wished to make himself acceptable to a lady, he would take his hand full of small golden coin, and throw it among the circle of spectators, (every one is admitted to the dances,) so that it became a matter of fashionable boast among the fair ones, "I have had so many pieces thrown for me," etc. etc. But things are not now "as they used to was," and a Panamanian is now apt to consider the possession of a real regular immutated doubloon a god-send: the currency being in what they call *cut money*—that is, the large coin

cut or divided into bits of the denomination of dollars, reals, &c. &c.

While at Panama I made a trip to some of the Pacific Islands in the neighborhood: the principal one I visited was Tobago, one of the most curious and striking spots I have ever seen. The island is about eight miles in length, and four or five in breadth, rising into a high hill in the centre, thickly wooded, and yet there is not a tree upon the island, that does not bear a fruit. I was there during a church festival, and there was uninterrupted dancing the whole week. Some of the women are very beautiful, and among them there was one to whom I had nearly lost my heart during the short time I was at Tobago, so transcendent was her beauty. I do not call it loveliness—it was passion, (and so my fit was soon over.) She had no face—do you know what I mean? it was all *feature*. Excuse a dauber's smacking of "the shop." And then what a model was she for the sculptor! A fine though not a high forehead, upon which the jetty hair was most simply yet tastefully parted; eyes large and dark as the hair; but with *such* a fire in them! Her nose was beautifully chiselled, and her parted lips disclosed teeth more white than pearl. Her form, so youthful was she, was not developed, and figure, as such, she had none. But what passion was in that soul! She crossed my path in the dance, at church, on the island's beach, and every where it was the same—she was all soul. I saw her angry, and I thought I would not rouse her for the world; and then, *reverted* I, what must she be, if in love! The thought threw me into a brown study, out of which I awoke, and I soon began to feel completely in love—but it was with the *pine apples* of Tobago! Never ate I such delicious fruit before as this, the abundant product of the island I have described. For my own part I quite forgot my Katinka, and gave myself up to the fascinations of a cheaper and more easily accessible luxury. I used to consume, upon an average, eight pine apples *per diem*, without fear of cholera, dyspepsia, or any of the train of "ills that flesh is heir to." There was a place they called "The Bishop's Bath," formed in a rock by the constant running of a stream of pure water, and sufficiently deep for a bath. Here several of us were wont to meet every day and refresh ourselves with the delicious coolness of the water—our host always despatching a servant with a hamper of pines, as an accompaniment of our bath. Upon our return a profusion of fruits awaited us: melons, pines, cocoas, mangoes, &c. &c. These we would eat from the table, or as we lay upon our beds. All this was too luxurious for me, and I began to feel sure that if I were to give myself up unyieldingly to the fascinations around me, while at this island of Pomona, I should never be fit for any thing else again as long as I lived.

I enjoyed my rambles about the island very much at first, but soon began to learn the old lesson of the thorn under the rose, the bitter mingled with the sweet, the drop of poison in the cooling cup, &c. Throughout New Grenada, there are thousands of snakes, the bite of almost all of which is fatal. That of the black snake, the species so common and so innocent in the United States, is as poisonous here as the rattlesnake is there. So I soon began to confine myself to the coast, and gave up rambling. I remember one occasion, upon which I

got a deuse of a fright. I had been bathing, and had left the water but about five minutes, when a gentleman, who was undressing to go into the same bath, perceived and pointed out to me a small snake swimming about in it, very much at his ease. We took the reptile out and killed it on the margin of the basin. It was a small red snake, marked with black rings, and its bite is instant death. It is a common opinion that island snakes are harmless. It may be so—but I had rather take the theory for granted without a practical illustration of it in my own person.

We returned to Panama in time to witness the bull fights, which last three or four days, in August, the anniversary of the revolution which resulted in the independence of New Grenada. I must sharpen my pencil, and nib my pen afresh to tell you of my amusement during those three or four days.

* * * * *

SACRED SONG.

"Where are now the blooming bowers."

Where are now the blooming bowers
That I saw in early May?
Where are all those fairest flowers
That were soon to pass away?
And the Loves my bosom nourished,
And the Joys that still came on?
Like those flowers, once they flourished,
Like those flowers, they are gone.

Fancy now no more shall borrow
Beams of beauty from the skies;
Hope no more, to soothe my sorrow,
Whisper, "brighter suns shall rise."
Yet one thought my soul shall cherish,
For the word of God is sure,
And the heavens and earth shall perish,
But his mercy shall endure.

THE TWO SISTERS.

BY MADAME JULIE DELAPAYE-BRÉHIER.

[Translated from the French.]

.... On a peu de temps à l'être (belle),
Et de temps à ne l'être plus!

Madame Deshoulières.

In a parlor furnished with much taste, and from the half-opened windows of which were seen the winding walks, and "alleys green," of a park, filled with magnificent and shady trees, two young ladies were employing themselves in those delicate works, which have become the portion of our sex, and which, whilst they appear to occupy the fingers only, serve also to divert the mind in a pleasant manner, and even to give a greater facility to the current of thought. One of the females, either by chance or design, had placed herself opposite a mirror, where she could not lift her eyes from her work, without seeing herself reflected therein, adorned in all the brightness of a beauty of seventeen

years, who might have served as a model to the sculptor, as a study to the painter. A rich profusion of black hair, in the tasteful adjustment of which, Art had so nicely seconded the gift of Nature, that it was scarcely possible to say to which its elegance was owing, set off the snowy whiteness of the neck and face; and I would add, (if I may once more be permitted to avail myself of the superannuated comparison,) that the freshest rose could alone compare its beauty with the carnation of her cheek and lip; to these charms were added, a form of the most graceful proportions; and, all that the youthful may borrow, with discernment, from the art of the toilette, had been employed to increase, still farther, beauty already so attractive.

Half concealed beneath the draperies of the window, near which she had placed herself to obtain a more favorable light, the other female pursued her occupation with undistracted attention; a certain gravity appeared in her dress, in her countenance, and in her physiognomy altogether. Her eyes were beautiful, but calmness was their chief expression; her smile was obliging, but momentary; the brilliant hues of youth, now evidently fading on her cheeks, less rounded than once they were, appeared but as the lightest shadings of a picture; sometimes, indeed, deepened by sudden and as transient emotion, like the colors which meteors throw on the clouds of the heavens in the evening storms of summer. The gauzes, the rubies, the jewels, with which the young adorn themselves, were not by her employed merely as ornaments; she availed herself of them, to conceal with taste, the outrages of years; for the weight of more than thirty years was already upon her; and the ingenious head dress with which she had surmounted her hair, served to hide, at the same time, some silvery tell-tales, which had dared thus prematurely, to mingle with her long tresses of blond.

"There's broken again! look at that detestable silk!" said the younger female, throwing her work on to a sofa; "I will not do another stitch to day."

She rose, and approaching the mirror before her, amused herself by putting up afresh the curls of her hair.

"You want patience, Leopoldine," answered her sister, looking on her affectionately, "and without that will accomplish nothing. You will require patience as well to conduct you through the world, as to enable you to finish a purse."

"I know the rest, my sister," replied the younger, smiling. "Do you forget that a certain person has charged himself with the duty of teaching me the lesson? Ten purses, like that which I am embroidering, would not put me out of patience so much as this silence of M. de Berville. Can you conceive what detains him thus?" added she, seating herself near her sister, "for, in fact, he loves me, that is certain, and nothing remains but for him to avow the fact to my aunt Dorothea."

"This looks very like presumption," my dear Leopoldine, pursued the elder sister, "and that is not good; what can it signify to you what he *thinks*! I hope your happiness does not depend on him."

"My happiness? oh! doubtless not, but, in a word, Stephanie, he is a suitable person, and if he will explain himself——"

"It will then be time to think of him; until then, my sister, I beg of you to see in M. de Berville but an est-

mable friend of our family, an amiable man whose society we honor. A young person should never hasten to give up her heart—above all, to one who has not asked it.”

“Be easy on that subject, sister; I mean to keep a good watch over mine; the venture of your heroine of romance will never tempt me; but this is the fact, sister, I do not wish to remain an *old maid*.”

At these words, which Leopoldine spoke inconsiderately, the countenance of Stephanie was flushed with a sudden crimson, and for a moment shone with as beautiful a brightness as that of her young sister.

“There is a condition worse than that,” answered the former, with lively emotion; “it is, to have formed an ill-assorted union.”

“Indeed, my sister, I did not dream I should give you offence,” replied the young female, much embarrassed, “but the world is so strange! you know this yourself. Thus I cannot conceive how it is that you have remained single.”

“If no one has wished to espouse me,” added Stephanie, smiling.

“What! In reality? Can such a thing be possible?”

“Assuredly, although I believe it is a case which rarely happens, and I grant did not happen to me, for I found many opportunities of entering the married state, but not one which was suitable.”

“You were, perhaps, difficult to please?”

“I think not. Whilst yet young, about your age, my hand was sought by one who lacked nothing but a fortune, or at least, an estate, capable of supporting him in respectable society. Our parents, at that time, deprived of the rich heritage which they have recovered since your birth, refused him my hand, for a motive, which I have since, though by slow degrees, learnt to appreciate, but which then rent my heart. My thwarted inclination left me with an indifference as to marriage; it was the way in which my youth resented its injury. I would have none but a husband after my own heart; not finding such a one, I resigned myself to be no more than an *old maid*, finding it more easy to bear the unjust scorn and ridicule of frivolous people, than to drag on to my tomb under a yoke, troublesome and oppressively heavy.”

“Do you not sometimes feel regret?”

“No, Leopoldine; that condition, which appears to you so frightful, has its happinesses, as well as the other states of life. I have shaped my resolution with a regard to the wounds of self-love, which I have had to endure; I have called into my aid the arts and letters, which it is so difficult for married females to cultivate with constancy, without prejudice to their domestic duties; and lastly, when by the death of our dear parents, I found myself in charge of your childhood, in concert with our worthy aunt, my liberty became doubly dear to me. Had I been a wife and mother, I should not have been able to devote myself to you as I have done. Have I not had reason, then, to remain unmarried?”

“Well, if I should tell the truth, Stephanie, after all you have said, I should better like to be ill matched, than not matched at all.”

“This perverseness gives me pain, my child,” replied the elder sister, “but I will believe that it is for want of reflecting on the matter that you talk thus.”

An aged lady, the aunt of the two sisters, came in at

this moment, holding in her hand a closed parasol, which she used as a support. She seated herself in an arm chair, resting her feet on a footstool, which Leopoldine placed for her. After regarding for a while both her nieces, with a look of complacency, she thus addressed them.

“They tell me that M. de Berville is at the entrance of the avenue. For which of your sakes is it he honors us with so frequent visits? For my own part, I am quite at a loss to say. The more I observe him, the less I can divine his intentions.”

“You would be jocular with us, aunt,” answered Stephanie, “there can be no doubt as to his choice; it is as if any one could hesitate between a mother and her daughter.”

“But he has not explained his views,” rejoined the aunt, “and it is very fine for you to make out you are old, my niece; I find you still very young, compared with me.”

“You forget too, aunt,” added Leopoldine, in a lively tone, “that M. de Berville is, to the full, as old as my sister. If merit alone was sufficient, I should have reason to fear in her a dangerous rival; but my amiable sister is without pretensions; she knows that youth is an all-powerful advantage, although in reality a very frivolous one, perhaps——”

“Good heavens!” exclaimed the aunt, “take heed, my child; reckon not too much upon that youth, nor even on the beauty which accompanies it; I have seen strange things in my time; and a man capable of holding himself neutral so long, is not one of those who may be subjugated with a ruby, or caught by a well-disposed bouquet of flowers.”

A smile of incredulity passed upon the lips of Leopoldine, who was about to make an answer in accordance with that smile, when M. de Berville was announced. Although of an age somewhat too mature for a very young man, his dignified and elegant manners, his fine figure, his distinguished intellect, his reputation as a man of honor, together with his fortune, made him “a match” which no young lady could deem unworthy; and I have made the reader already acquainted with the favorable sentiments entertained towards him by the beautiful Leopoldine. Stephanie entertained, full as high an opinion of his merits as her younger sister; it may be even, that being best able to appreciate the estimable character of M. de Berville, she rendered to it the most justice; but she received him simply as a mother who believes she has met the future protector of her daughter, and endeavored, by innocent means, to bring to a successful issue the plan of happiness which she had secretly conceived. The aunt, piquing herself on her skill in finesse, sat observant of the actors in that scene, hoping to penetrate from their behavior, into their most secret thoughts. As to Leopoldine, the veil of modesty, beneath which she sought to conceal her real feeling, was not sufficient entirely to conceal the joy of the coquette, rejoicing in the triumph of her charms. Yet that joy and that triumph received some checks; for she did not appear, even during that visit, to occupy exclusively the attention of M. de Berville, as though she alone was the object he came to visit. The conversation took a serious and instructive turn—one little suited to the taste of the young and frivolous. They discoursed of the sciences, the arts, and of litera-

ture: I have said that Stephanie had made these things a source of comfort and recreation—that she had occupied her mind in such pursuits, not for the purpose of display, but as a charm to her leisure hours; such a companion as M. de Berville was well adapted to value rightly the mind and the knowledge of Stephanie. She suffered herself to be drawn into the current of the various topics of conversation with a pleasure very natural; and Madame Dorothée plainly perceived that de Berville was even more pleased than her amiable niece.

Proud of her youth and beauty, Leopoldine had disdained instruction—neglecting, for childish gaiety, the lessons of her masters and the recommendations of her sister; music and dancing were the only arts that she would consent to cultivate; those, because they might serve to make her shine in the world. Incapable of taking part in the interesting conversation which was going on before her, ennui began to show its effects on her charming figure—moodiness took possession of her spirits, and fits of yawning, ill suppressed, threatened each moment to betray her. M. de Berville, altogether occupied in the pleasure he was enjoying, perceived it not, but Stephanie, guessing the misery of her sister, contrived adroitly to introduce the subject of music; and, thereupon, begged of her sister to sit down to the piano. She knew that her sister's voice was considered remarkably fine by M. de Berville, and hoped by this means to recall his attention to her, but the old aunt thought she could perceive that M. de Berville found need to task all his politeness to hide the disagreement he felt to the proposition; and Stephanie herself discerned much of coldness in the compliments which he addressed to the pretty songstress.

Botany is a science peculiarly suitable to females who reside in the country; it is a source of ingenious discoveries, and of pleasures equally elevated and delightful. Under the shade of trees, or the fresh green-sward, on the banks of the river and the brook, and on the sides of the rock, are its charming lessons inscribed. M. de Berville loved the science, and offered to teach it to the two sisters; they accepted the offer, the elder from taste, the young Leopoldine from coquetry, seeing no more in it than an opportunity of displaying her lightness and her gracefulness, in running here and there over the grass, to gather the flowers. She insisted upon one condition, however, which was, that they should only go out in the mornings and evenings, so as not to expose their complexions to the heat of the sun. Stephanie approved of these precautions. The care taken by a female to preserve her personal advantages has in it nothing blameable, and Stephanie was the first in setting the example of this to her sister; but on more than one occasion, the desire to possess herself of some flower, rare or curious, carried her above the fear of darkening her skin a little; whilst Leopoldine, the miserable slave of her own beauty, could not enjoy any of the pleasure freely and without fear. One circumstance—and it is of a grave character—will show to what an extent she was capable of sacrificing every thing to her frivolous vanity.

A burning state of the atmosphere was scorching up all nature; the sun at its highest point of splendor, presented the image of that celestial glory, before which the angels themselves bow down and worship; the

withered plants bent beneath the solar ray; the birds were silent in the depth of the wood; the locust alone, interrupted by his shrill cry, the silence of creation. Bathed in sweat, the reaper slept extended on the sheaf, whilst the traveller, in a like repose by the side of some shaded fountain, awaited the hour when the sun, drawing nearer to the horizon, should permit him to continue his journey.

In an apartment, from which the light and heat were half excluded, surrounding a table covered with plants, Stephanie and Leopoldine were listening to M. de Berville, whilst he explained to them the ingenious system of Linnæus, or the more easy system, the “great families” of Tournefort, when a letter was brought in for Madame Dorothée, who was engaged in reading.

“Sad news! sad news!” she exclaimed, addressing her nieces. “Our excellent-neighbor, Madame Rével, has met with a horrible accident; it is feared that her leg is broken.”

“Good heavens! can such an accident have happened?” cried Leopoldine. “And yesterday she was so well! We will go to see her to-morrow morning. Shall we not, Stephanie?”

“To-day rather, Leopoldine, to-day. Let us not defer for an instant the consolation which it may depend on us to impart to her.”

“Well, then, this evening, after the sun has set.”

“No, no, let us set out immediately, and we will pass, beside her, the rest of the day; M. de Berville will, I know, excuse us.”

“Impossible!” answered Leopoldine, “go out, so hot as it is! it would be wilfully to seek a *corp de soleil*, which would make us perfect blacks for the rest of the summer.”

“We can shield ourselves with a veil—with our parasols——”

“I should not feel myself safe in a sack; and for nothing in this world would I leave this house till the day is over.”

“You forget, Leopoldine, with what courage Madame Rével came from her house alone, on foot, in the middle of a December night, in spite of the frost and the snow, to attend you when you had the measles, because they told her you had expressed a wish to see her instantly.”

“Well, sister, I would sooner confront a cold north wind than the sun.”

“The heat can no more be stopped than the cold, Leopoldine.”

“Nothing is so frightful as a black skin.”

“Sister, though I knew I should become as black as an African, I would not leave our friend without consolation at such a time; I will go with our servant girl; believe me, you will hereafter be sorry you did not follow my example.”

“Permit me to accompany you, Miss,” said M. de Berville, taking his hat.

“Really,” answered Stephanie, “I do not know that I ought to consent to it; an hour's walk beneath a burning sun——”

“I fear not the sun any more than yourself,” interrupted de Berville, “and perhaps the support of my arm may not be altogether unserviceable to you.”

Leopoldine permitted them to depart, in spite of the reproaches with which her conscience now addressed her. She remained at home, sad and humiliated, argu-

ing within herself, that M. de Berville ought to have joined her in endeavoring to prevent Stephanie from going, whom, for the first time, she secretly accused of wishing to appear virtuous at her expense. Madame Dorothee very shortly added to her discontent, by reflections which her niece was far from wishing to hear.

"Don't reckon, Leopoldine, upon having made any impression on M. de Berville," said she; "decidedly, the more I observe him, the more I am assured he does not dream of marrying you."

"With all the respect which I owe to your sagacity, aunt," responded Leopoldine, in a peevish tone, "permit me to be of a different opinion: it is impossible but that the assiduities of M. de Berville must have some object, and as to that object there cannot be any doubt. If he delays to make it known, it is because he wishes to study me, as my sister says. I do not think I have any cause for alarm on the subject."

"Suppose it should be of your sister he thinks——"

"She would be nearly the last he would think of," exclaimed the young maiden, breaking out into a fit of immoderate laughter. "What! a young damsel of thirty-two, who has gray hairs, wrinkles, (for she has wrinkles round the eyes—I have seen them plain enough;) a young lady in fact, whom people take to be my mother! what an idea! But I see what has suggested it; it is that promenade at noonday—a mere act of politeness, at which M. de Berville was, I doubt not, enraged at heart."

"Not so; that circumstance has only weight from that which preceded it. I grant, my dear niece, that there is between you and your sister a difference of fifteen years; and that certainly is a great difference; you dazzle at first sight; but only whilst they regard her not. M. de Berville was in the beginning charmed by your graces; but if I am not deceived, it is not those which retain him here. You have been to him as the flambeau which conducts into the well illuminated hall, which instantly makes pale, by outshining, the light of the flambeau. Pardon me for the comparison."

"That is to say, it is by me he has been drawn to my sister, and now she has eclipsed me."

"She cannot eclipse you in beauty, nor youthfulness; but her mind, her knowledge, the qualities of her heart, appear perhaps advantages sufficiently precious to cause to be forgotten those which she lacks; and I shall not be astonished to hear that M. de Berville had taken a liking to, and had actually espoused her, in spite of her thirty-two years."

"If he is fool enough to prefer my sister to me, I——Away with such an absurd thought; it is impossible," added Leopoldine, casting at the same time, a glance towards a mirror.

In spite, however, of the very flattering opinion which she entertained of herself, a jealous inquietude had crept into her heart, and she examined more attentively her sister and M. de Berville when they returned together. The accident which had befallen Madame Rével was found to be less serious than it was at first thought to be; the limb was not broken; but through the satisfaction which she felt on this account, Stephanie exhibited in her countenance an expression of uneasiness which was not usual with her. The two sisters were at length alone together, when Leopoldine questioned Stephanie as to the cause of her apparent agitation.

"I feel, I confess, a surprise, mixed with chagrin," she replied. "M. de Berville, whom I so sincerely desired to see you accept as a husband—who appeared to come here only on your account——"

"Well, sister!"

"He has offered me his hand."

"I don't see any thing that there is so very sad in all this," responded Leopoldine, dissimulating, (for she was choaking with rage) "if M. de Berville likes *old maids*, it is not me, certainly, that he should choose."

"This it is, which is to me a matter of sadness," continued Stephanie, "that rivalry, which was as little wished for as foreseen, will, I fear, alienate your affection from your sister, since you can already address me in words of such bitterness." And the tears suddenly inundated her face.

At sight of this, Leopoldine, more frivolous than insensible, convinced of her injustice, threw herself into the arms of Stephanie.

"Pardon me, my kind sister, I see well that it is not your fault, but you must also agree that this event is humiliating to me; for, in truth, I was the first object of his vows: that man is inconstant and deceitful."

"No, Leopoldine, that is unreasonable. Attracted by the advantages which you have received from Nature, he had hoped to have found in you, those also which you would have acquired, if my counsels could have had power to persuade you. Your want of information, your coquetry, the ridiculous importance you attach to your beauty, have convinced him that you could not be happy together. What do I say? You never can be happy with any one, unless you come to the resolution to count as nothing those charms so little durable, which sickness may destroy at once, and which time, in its default, is causing every instant to disappear. To adorn her mind, mature her reason, form her heart, are all things which the young female should not neglect to do, whether homely or handsome. That beauty, on which you have reckoned with so much confidence—to which you have sacrificed the sacred duties of friendship—in what way has it benefitted you? One who is neither young nor beautiful has carried away your conquest, although she, perhaps precisely, *because* she dreamed not of doing it. Profit by this lesson, so as, during the beautiful years which remain to you, to instruct and correct yourself. Another Berville will, I hope, present himself, who, won like the first, by your external graces, shall recognize, on viewing you more nearly, those good qualities, more surpassingly beautiful."

Leopoldine opened her soul to her sister's persuasions; she followed her counsels with docility, and soon reaped the benefits. Stephanie became Madame de Berville, and continued to act as a mother to her sister till she too was married. The sufferings and the fatigues of maternity were not slow, when they came, in effacing the remarkable beauty of Leopoldine; but there remained to her so many precious qualities, so much of solid virtue—of the graces of the mind, that the loss of personal charms were scarcely perceived, and the young wife was neither less cherished by her family, nor less courted by the world, than if her beauty had been an abiding charm.

THE BARD'S FAREWELL. *

BY JOHN C. McCABE.

Sweet Muse, I remember, when first to thy spell
My young heart submitted—how bright was the dream!
How I trembled with joy as thy murmurings fell
On my ear, like the flow of a star-litten stream!

This world is too cold for the spirit of song,
'Tis the child of a purer and holier sphere;
It should live where oppression, nor malice, nor wrong,
Dare wring from the dim eye of misery a tear.

It should dwell where 'twas born—in the deeply blue
skies,

When from chaos our world sprang to beauty and light;
When the "stars of the morning" in joyous surprise,
Struck their harp strings of fire so holy and bright.

It should dwell where the Cherubim strike their bold
lyres—

It should live where the Seraphim songs find their birth;
It should breathe where the presence of Godhead in-
spires,

But never, oh never, be dweller on earth.

For the heart where it lives is cold poverty's slave,
And those whom it blesses, are curst by the world;
And its votary unhonored is borne to that grave
At whose mound are the dark shafts of calumny hurl'd.

Then, farewell, dear soother of many an hour!
And, farewell sweet visions indulged in so long,
Like the banish'd bird quitting its favorite bower,
I leave yet lament thee, sweet spirit of song!

Richmond, Va. 1836.

MY BOOKS.

On the south side of my house, and communicating with my chamber, is a little room about twelve feet square. The two windows in its southern wall open a pleasant prospect to the eye. Immediately below lies my little garden; beyond are the grounds of my richer neighbors, presenting an agreeable medley of woods and meadows; about half a mile farther, a small river meanders through a fertile valley, beyond which a beautiful stretch of rich and thickly settled country is bounded at the distance of three or four miles by a range of low hills. This little apartment, which is one of the most cheerful in the house, is my favorite resort. Here are my books, and it passes by the various names of the Library, the Study, and the Book Room. The greater part of three sides of the room is hidden by the shelves containing my literary treasures; and perhaps I rather underrate their number when I say that I own two thousand volumes. This is a great number for a man of my limited means to possess, but upwards of forty years have been spent in their collection. About fifty or sixty of the most valuable I am indebted for to several departed friends, who have thus remembered me. These which I have placed upon three shelves in a corner, are amongst those I prize most highly. Many of them I have picked up at auctions at sundry times, for

sometimes not a tenth of their value, and the stalls which are to be found in the streets of some of our principal cities have supplied not a few. They are of all sizes, shapes, and ages, and a regiment of Fantastics has more pretensions to the title of an unformed body than they have. I have not attempted classifying them according to their subject matter, thinking their numbers too few to need it. They are rather grouped, as indeed the shelves require, according to their sizes. There are, however, few of them upon which I could not lay my hands as readily as if assisted by a formal arrangement. Sundry gaps here and there, which have existed for many long months, and some of them for years, show that my acquaintances (I will not call them my friends,) have been equally expert in laying their hands upon them. Who has the first volume of my Knox's Essays? Why does he not call for the second? I can assure him that I at least do not think, to borrow the auctioneer's phrase, that "each volume is complete in itself."

Whilst I am proud of calling myself master of many rare and curious tomes, on the other hand, I must confess, that many works of what are entitled the British Classic Authors are not to be found upon my shelves. I do not possess a single volume of Sterne's works, looking upon him as a disgrace to his cloth, and a hypocritical whiner concerning a sensibility which his life testified that he was far from really feeling; nor do I think that there is enough Attic salt in his writings to preserve his grossnesses from being offensive. For the same reason I have not a complete copy of Swift. Of those selections from the works of popular authors commonly styled their "Beauties," I have not, I think, half a dozen volumes; and I have very few of the works of the minor poets, being somewhat of Horace's opinion concerning middling poets. But such as it is, my little stock of books is dear to me, and I purpose in the present paper to say something of a few of the volumes.

That quarto standing in the corner of one of the lower shelves, which time has deprived of half its cover and the greater part of a frontispiece representing the Council of Trent, is a work published in the year 1692, and entitled the "*Young Student's Library*," containing extracts and abridgements of the most valuable books published in England, and in the foreign journals, from the year sixty-five to this time; to which is added, a new essay upon All Sorts of Learning, wherein the use of the Sciences is distinctly treated on—by the Athenian Society. Also, a large Alphabetical Table, comprehending the contents of this volume, and of all the Athenian Mercuries and Supplements, &c. Printed in the year 1692. London: printed for John Dunton, at the Raven in the Poultry." This may be looked upon as one of the oldest specimens of the periodical review. The essay upon All Sorts of Learning, is divided into sections treating of Divinity, History, Philosophy, Law, Physic and Surgery, Arithmetic, Poetry, Painting, Geometry, Astronomy, Navigation, &c. &c.—each section followed by a copious list of the most approved works upon the subject more particularly treated of. An arrangement somewhat similar to that of the subjects above enumerated, appears to have been followed in the *Young Student's Library*, which opens with reviews of the works of Dr. Lightfoot, Dr. Barrow, and Bishop Usher. Near the beginning of the volume, is a notice

of a work published in Rotterdam, and entitled "The Accomplishment of Prophecies, or the Deliverance of the Church Near at Hand," by a Mr. Jurieu, the first sentences of which will give us an idea of the paucity of readers one hundred and fifty years ago compared with their number at present. "*This work has made such a noise, that there are two thousand copies disposed of in four or five months.*" and yet there are but a very few gone into France, which would have taken off a great many if it were suffered that it might be disposed of there, this considerable part of Europe being almost nothing, by report, in respect of the bookseller's trade: *one would think that the first edition should have sufficed—* nevertheless, there was soon occasion for the second, and it is that which occasioned Mr. Jurieu to add to this work the additions which are to be marked." If we suppose that only one hundred copies went to France, there remain nineteen hundred copies for the readers of the rest of Europe, and the disposal of these in four or five months is evidently looked upon as a great sale, and one which was likely to suffice. How would the Athenian Society have stared, to learn that in a century and a half a book would not be considered popular if two thousand copies were not sold in a week in the city where it was published. There is an interesting paper near the close of the book, concerning a work entitled "The Education of Daughters, by Mr. Feuelon, Abbot, according to the copy printed at Paris. Md. by Peter Alouin, 1687, in twelve." The Abbot seems to have been a man of much good sense, as will appear from a few extracts from the review. "This is a matter of one of the most grave and important concerns of life. Mr. Abbot Feuelon concerned at the negligence wherewith virgins are educated, thought he could not better consecrate his cares than to the instruction of this fair sex. Fathers, in reference to public good, or by a blind inclination to young men, abandon their daughters almost without giving them any education—*notwithstanding, saith he, they are destined to fulfil the duties which are the foundations of human life, and which decide that which most nearly concerneth mankind.* There is then nothing more important than the precepts that are given us here. And indeed the source of men cannot be too pure. But the difficulty of succeeding is greater than is imagined. For if to give a good education to young women be to be removed entirely from the world, to apply them to what concerneth housewifery and house-government, it is to be feared that their restlessness and natural curiosity will push them upon other impertinent accomplishments. * * * Some pretend also that it is not less dangerous to let maids take pleasure in reading and frequent conversation, fearing they should fall into the extremities of the learned and knowing women, who never come down from heroism and refined wit." Blue-stocking ladies were not more popular formerly than now. Mr. Feuelon recommends the *suoiter in modo* as follows. "After that, coming to a more advanced age, he saith, that nothing backwards young women so much as the bad humors of those mothers who make perpetual lessons, and render virtue odious by too much preaching on't: Wisdom ought not to be shewn to this age but under a smiling countenance, and under a pleasant image. The most serious occupation ought to be seasoned with some honest pastimes; and a familiar and open conduct

makes more progress than a more severe education, and a dry and absolute authority. Notwithstanding it's the common injustice of mothers, who taking always an austere and imperious countenance, judge not of pleasures but by the sorrow and care of their age, instead of judging thereof by the joy and sportings they had in times past. It falleth out often, that they cry out against pleasures because they themselves cannot taste of them. Howbeit, we cannot be old as soon as we come into the world; and Mr. Abbot Feuelon condemneth these constraining formalities, and these dim ideas of virtue, which render it sad and tedious to young women. Notwithstanding, continueth our author, as they are destined to moderate exercises, it is good to give them a slight employ, for idleness is an unfathomable source of troublesomeness; and besides, the wandering imagination of a young woman turns itself easily towards dangerous objects. Therefore also he will not have them to accustom themselves so much to sleep, because that mollifies the body, and exposes the mind to the rebellion of the senses.

"Mr. Abbot Feuelon condemns utterly romances, because, according to him, young women fall into passions for chimerical intrigues and adventures. Being charmed with what they find tender and marvellous in them, what a distaste is it to them to abase themselves unto the lowest part of housewifery, and, to this ordinary life we lead? He is not yet altogether against their learning some languages, but he rejects the Italian, because its only proper to read dangerous books, and he prefers the Latin tongue by reason of the *DIVINE OFFICE*. But without mentioning other inconveniences, he forgot that Ovid and Martial are poisoners far more pernicious than Amintas and Pastor Fido; for besides the obscenity of Martial, there is in Ovid all that love can inspire most tender, most ingenious, and most delicate. In truth, it were a thing to be wished for, that the modesty of a young woman should make her ignorant of all things that concern love; but it is convenient enough to know it in order to prevent it as much as possible. At least it was the advice of Madame de Chartres, a grave authoress in these matters, and which well may be opposed to Mr. Abbot Feuelon. The greatest part of mothers imagine (saith the author of the Princess of Cleves) that it is sufficient not to speak of gallantry before young persons, to make them keep from it. On the contrary, Madame de Chartres often depainted love to her daughter. She would tell her what there was pleasing in it, the more easily to persuade her of the misfortunes whereinto engagements lead us.

"This conduct hath something in it very acute. For nothing is more dangerous than to expose a young woman to know love by an interested person's mouth, who far from making her observe the troubles that follow this passion, hath no greater care than to hide them from her. So that it is very hard that a young person should resist love, whilst never hearing mention made of it, she begins to know it by that which is taking in it: and how shall she defend herself from a passion which only promiseth sweetneses, and which offers such pleasing baits!"

It appears that there is a chapter devoted to the faults of young women. "Mr. Abbot Feuelon says that they must be corrected for those tears they shed

so cheap," and that "they have always been reproached with a marvellous talent of speaking;" but he endangers the cure of the first offence, by admitting that "a handsome woman, when she is in tears, is by the half more handsome." The reviewer states that the Abbot does not spare them for those "precipitate decisions of the curious ladies, which so much displease men of good judgment. A poor man of a Province, saith he, will be the ridicule of five or six *a-la-mode* ladies, because his peruke is not of the best make, or because he wants a good grace, though he hath an upright heart, and a mind just and solid: when a courtier is preferred, whose whole deserts consist in fashions and cooks, and who hideth a low heart and false mind under an exterior politeness.

"Finally, he inveighs mightily against the vanity of women, their violent desire of pleasing, and the passion of dressing themselves, which they make their most important business. He pretends that this haughtiness draws after it the ruin of families, and the corruption of manners; and he neatly decides that *Beauty is noisome, if it doth not advantageously serve, to marry a young woman*—which sentence the reviewer pronounces to be a little rigorous, and refutes at considerable length.

Farther on is a notice of a work entitled "A Treatise of the Excellency of Marriage; of its Necessity, and the Means of Living happily therein: where is an Apology made for Women against the Calumnies of Men. By James Chausse, Master of the Court Rolls. Printed at Paris—1635," a work which might be advantageously republished at the present day. Mr. Chausse appears to have had a very exalted opinion of the married state, as the following passage must testify. He says, that "the most favorable judgment of the wisest about a single life is, that 'tis a virtue neither good nor bad, and that being without action, it is a kind of vice. He maintains that God made two sexes in nature, to shew they cannot subsist without being joined together; he sends us to learn of the animals, amongst which the mutual love of males for females, and females for males, is common to every individual. After this he considers men as men in a state, in a family, and in a church, and he says that in all these regards they are obliged to marry—because, adds he, 'tis necessary to endeavor to preserve their own kind, as they are citizens to the republic, successors to their families, and servants to the church; he speaks very large upon these three duties, and considering the beauty and perfections of man, he is wrapped up in admiration, and says, can there be any thing more noble than the ambition of producing creatures so perfect? He asks, if it is possible that we should be so much moved with the glory of making a fine book, drawing a beautiful picture, or a handsome statue, and should not be sensible of the glory of making a man? This appears so noble and admirable, that all men that we read of in Scriptures have thought themselves very happy in it, as Ibsan and Abdan, of which the first had thirty sons and thirty daughters, and as many sons and daughters in law; and the second had forty sons, and thirty grandsons, whom he saw altogether on horseback. 'O God, (cries he out) can any thing be added more to the happiness of a father—can any thing be seen more memorable in the life of man?' In my opinion, it exceeds all the acts of Cæsar and Alexander—such an increase is more noble than any

act that can be found in history. Hence he supposes that Augustine had acquired more glory, if instead of leaving so many books, he had furnished the world with thirty children; and he would persuade us that the invention of Archimedes and Des Cartes are trifles in comparison of the exploits of a simple country fellow, who helps to people the world by lawful means; I say lawfully, for the author thinks no offspring good that is not from marriage. He fortifies his proofs as much as possible, and goes back to the ancient Jews, observing that marriage being one of these things that generally happen sooner or later, it is better to engage ourselves in happy time, than after a thousand declamations against it, whilst we are hurrying on to old age, when marriage can produce nothing but vexatious consequences."—Then follows a dissertation upon the second marriages of widows, too long for me to quote.

The work of Mr. Chausse was written to persuade a gentleman, for whom he had a high regard, to marry; and he takes up all the possible objections he could think of in the following order. First, all those founded upon the conduct of women; second, those upon the nature of marriage itself; and third, the objection that marriage is an unsupportable yoke. Under the last head, the author gives the following directions for making a good marriage. "First, after having recommended ourselves to God, who presides in a more particular manner over that state, we make a choice of such a person as pleases us, and who has an agreeable temper. It would not be unpleasant to have her handsome; but since 'tis not very common to find such a one, we ought to be contented if she please us, whether she does others or no; and that 'tis not always advantageous for the wife to please all the world: but 'tis not sufficient to be pleased with her beauty, except there be a sympathy in humors. The author advises us to study the genius of those we design to marry, that we may the better succeed, in spite of the address that some make use of to hide their weakness; he adds, for the better security, that we may choose one that is young, and resides near our own habitation. In the first place, he advises to a choice in a well ordered family, and to observe the equality of condition and fortune, and to take care that she has no such pre-engage ments as may make her marry him by constraint." (This latter matter the young ladies now take care of themselves.)

The following is the conclusion of the review. "'Tis a good observation that the author, who in his book exhorted men to marry, says not a word to persuade virgins to the same. He well foresaw that this silence would surprise some of his readers—therefore he has put them out of pain in the preface, by acquainting them that virgins are sufficiently convinced of the necessity of marriage, therefore want no exhortations thereto; 'tis certain, says he, that though a virgin never proposes marriage, because of her modesty, there is nothing she so passionately wishes for; her heart often gives her mouth the lie; she often says I will not, when sometimes she dies for desire."

My limits will not permit my quoting from any other reviews in the work, though much instructive and entertaining matter might be culled therefrom. I must, however, give a few specimens of the Alphabetical Table at the end of the work, which will give us some idea

of the questions which "the wisdom of our ancestors" was occupied with:

Adam and Eve, whether they had navels?
 Apprentice, whether loses his gentility?
 Angels, why painted in petticoats?
 Adam and Eve, where had they needles?
 Ark, what became of it after the flood?
 Babel Tower, &c. what was the height of it?
 Bugs, why bite one more than another?
 Born with Cawls, what signifies it?
 Brothers born two in one, had they two souls?
 Balaam a Moabite, how could he understand his Ass?
 Clergy's Wives and Children, why unhappy?
 Females, if went a courting more marriages than now?
 Hairs, an equal number on any two men's head?
 Husband, whether lawful to pray for one?
 Kings of England, can they cure the evil?
 Lion, whether it won't prey upon a virgin?
 Mermen and Mermaids, have they reason?
 Marriage of a young man and an old woman whole-
 some?

Marry, which best a good temper or a shrew?
 Negroes, shall they rise so at the last day?
 Phenix, why but one?
 Peter and Paul, did they use notes?
 Queen of Sheba, had she a child by Solomon?
 Queen of Sheba, if now alive, whither she?
 Salamander, whether it lives in the fire?
 Swoon, where is the soul then?
 Wife, whether she may beat her husband?
 Women, if mere machines?
 Women, whether not bantered into a belief of being
 angels?

Women, whether they have souls?
 Women, when bad, why worse than men?

Here is a volume of Almanacs—poor Richard's Almanacs, published by Dr. Franklin for so many years, and enriched with his moral and economical maxims. Many of the prefaces are amusing, and I shall give you three or four. Here is that to the Almanac for 1744.

"*Courteous Reader*—This is the twelfth year that I have in this way labored for the benefit—of whom?—of the public, if you'll be so good natured as to believe it; if not, e'en take the naked truth—'twas for the benefit of my own dear self—not forgetting in the meantime our gracious consort and dutchess, the peaceful, quiet, silent lady Bridget. But whether my labors have been of any service to the publick or not, the publick I acknowledge has been of service to me. I have lived comfortably by its benevolent encouragement, and I hope I shall always bear a grateful sense of its continued favor.

"My adversary, J—n J—n, has indeed made an attempt to *outshine* me by pretending to penetrate a year deeper into futurity, and giving his readers *gratis* in his Almanack for 1743, an eclipse of the year 1744, to be beforehand with me. His words are, "The first day of *April* next year, 1744, there will be a GREAT ECLIPSE of the sun; it begins about an hour before sunset. It being in the sign Aries, the House of Mars, and in the Seventh, shows heat, difference, and animosities between persons of the highest rank and quality," &c. I am very glad, for the sake of those persons of rank and quality, that there is no manner of *truth* in this prediction: they may, if they please, live in love and

peace; and I caution his readers (they are but few indeed, and so the matter's the less) not to give themselves any trouble about observing this imaginary great eclipse; for they may stare till they are blind without seeing the least sign of it. I might on this occasion return Mr. J—n the name of *Baal's false prophet* he gave me some years ago in his wrath, on account of my predicting his reconciliation with the *Church of Rome*, (though he seems now to have given up that point) but I think such language between old men and scholars unbecoming; and I leave him to settle the affair with the buyers of his Almanack as well as he can, who perhaps will not take it very kindly that he has done what in him lay, (by sending them out to gaze at an invisible eclipse on the first of April) to make *April fools* of them all. His old threadbare excuse, which he repeats year after year about the weather, "that no man can be infallible therein, by reason of the many contrary causes happening at or near the same time, and the unconstancy of the summer showers and gusts," &c. will hardly serve him in the affair of *eclipses*, and I know not where he'll get another.

"I have made no alteration in my usual method, except adding the rising and setting of the planets, and the lunar conjunctions. Those who are so disposed, may thereby very readily learn to know the planets and distinguish them from each other.

"I am, dear reader, thy obliged friend,

R. SAUNDERS."

The Almanack for 1746 opens with the following poetical preface.

Who is poor Richard? people oft inquire
 Where lives? what is he—never yet the higher.
 Somewhat to ease your curiosity
 Take these slight sketches of my dame and me.
 Thanks to kind readers and a careful wife,
 With plenty blessed I lead an easy life;
 My business writing; hers to drain the mead
 Or crown the barren hill with useful shade;
 In the smooth glebe to see the ploughshare worn
 And fill my granary with needful corn;
 Press nectarous cider from my loaded trees,
 Print the sweet butter, turn the drying cheese.
 Some books we read, though few there are that hit
 The happy point where wisdom joins with wit,
 That set fair virtue naked to our view
 And teach us what is decent, what is true.
 The friend sincere and honest man with joy,
 Treating or treated oft our time employ.
 Our table neat, meal temperate, and our door
 Opening spontaneous to the bashful poor.
 Free from the bitter rage of party zeal
 All those we love who seek the public weal,
 Nor blindly follow Superstition's lore,
 Which cheats deluded mankind o'er and o'er.
 Not over righteous, quite beyond the rule,
 Conscience-perplexed by every canting tool,
 Nor yet where folly hides the dubious line,
 Where good and bad their blended colors join,
 Rush indiscreetly down the dangerous steep,
 And plunge uncertain in the darksome deep.
 Cautious if right; if wrong, resolved to part
 The innate snake that folds around the heart;
 Observe the mean, the motive and the end,
 Mending ourselves or striving still to mend.
 Our souls sincere, our purpose fair and free
 Without vain-glory or hypocrisy:
 Thankful if well, if ill we kiss the rod,
 Resign with hope and put our trust in God.

The preface for 1747 is as follows.

Courteous Reader,—This is the fifteenth time I have

entertained thee with my annual productions; I hope to thy profit as well as mine. For besides the astronomical calculations and other things usually contained in Almanacks, which have their daily use indeed while the year continues, but then become of no value, I have constantly interspersed *moral sentences, prudent maxims, and wise sayings*, many of them containing *much good sense in very few words*, and therefore apt to leave *strong and lasting impressions* on the memory of young persons, whereby they may receive benefit as long as they live, when the Almanack and Almanack maker have been long thrown by and forgotten. If I now and then insert a joke or two that seem to have little in them, my apology is, that such may have their use, since perhaps for their sake light airy minds peruse the rest and so are struck by somewhat of more weight and moment. The verses on the heads of the months are also generally designed to have the same tendency. I need not tell thee, that not many of them are of my own making. If thou hast any judgment in poetry, thou wilt easily discern the workman from the bungler. I know as well as thou, I am no *poet born*, and indeed it is a trade I never learnt nor indeed could learn. If I make verses, 'tis in spite of nature and my stars I write. Why then should I give my readers *bad lines* of my own, when good ones of other people are so plenty? 'Tis, methinks, a poor excuse for the bad entertainment of guests, that the food we set before them, though coarse and ordinary, is *of one's own raising, off one's own plantation, etc.* when there is plenty of what is ten times better to be had in the market. On the contrary, I assure ye, my friends, that I have procured the best I could for ye, and much good may't do ye.

I cannot omit this opportunity of making honorable mention of the late deceased ornament and head of our profession, Mr. JACOB TAYLOR, who, for upwards of forty years, (with some few intermissions only) supplied the good people of this and the neighboring colonies with the most complete Ephemeris and most accurate calculations that have hitherto appeared in America. He was an ingenious mathematician, as well as an expert and skilful astronomer, and moreover no mean philosopher, but what is more than all, he was a *pious and honest man*. *Requiescat in pace.*

I am thy poor friend to serve thee,

R. SAUNDERS.

The *science* of astrology is very happily ridiculed in an ironical commendation of it in the Almanack for 1751.

"*Courteous Reader*,—Astrology is one of the most ancient sciences, held in high esteem of old by the wise and great. Formerly no prince would make war or peace, nor any general fight a battle; in short, no important affair was undertaken without first consulting an Astrologer, who examined the aspects and configurations of the heavenly bodies, and marked the lucky hour. Now the noble art (more shame to the age we live in) is dwindled into contempt; the great neglect us; empires make leagues and parliament laws without advising with us; and scarce any other use is made of our learned labors, than to find out the best time of cutting corns and gelding pigs. This mischief we owe in a great measure to ourselves; the ignorant herd of mankind, had they not been encouraged to it by some of us, would never have dared to depreciate our sacred

dictates; but Urania has been betrayed by her own sons; those whom she had favored with the greatest skill in her divine art, the most eminent Astronomers among the moderns, the *Newtons, Halleys and Whistons*, have wantonly contemned and abused her contrary to the light of their own consciences. Of these, only the last named, *Whiston*, has lived to repent and speak his mind honestly. In his former works he had treated *judicial astrology* as a chimera, and asserted that not only the fixed stars, but the planets (sun and moon excepted) were at so immense a distance as to be incapable of any influence on this earth, and consequently nothing could be foretold from their positions; but now, in the memoirs of his life, published 1749, in the eighty-second of his age, he foretells, page 607, the sudden destruction of the Turkish Empire and of the House of Austria, German Emperors, &c. and Popes of Rome; the Restoration of the Jews and commencement of the Millennium, all by the year 1766, and this not only from Scriptural prophecies, but (take his own words) "from the remarkable *Astronomical* signals that are to alarm mankind of what is coming, viz. the Northern Lights since 1715, the six comets at the Protestant Reformation in four years, 1530, 1531, 1533, 1534, compared with the seven comets already seen in these last eleven years, 1737, 1739, 1742, 1744, 1746, and 1748—from the great annular eclipse of the sun July 14, 1748, whose centre passed through all the four monarchies from Scotland to the East Indies—from the occultation of the Pleiades by the moon each periodical month after the eclipse last July, for above three years visible to the whole Roman Empire—from the comet of A.D. 1456, 1531, 1607 and 1682, which will appear again about 1757 ending, or 1758 beginning, and will also be visible through that Empire—from the Transit of Venus over the Sun May 26, 1761, which will be visible over the same Empire; and lastly, from the annular eclipse of the sun March 11, 1764, which will be visible over the same Empire." From these *Astronomical* signs he foretold those great events—that within sixteen years from this time, "the Millennium or 1000 years reign of Christ shall begin; there shall be a *new heaven and a new earth*; there shall be no more an infidel in Christendom, nor a gaming table at Tunbridge!" When these predictions are accomplished, what glorious proofs will they be of the truth of our art! And if they happen to fail there is no doubt that so profound an Astronomer as Mr. Whiston, will be able to see *other signs* in the heavens, foreshowing that the conversion of the infidels was to be postponed and the Millennium adjourned. After these great things, can any man doubt our being capable of predicting a little rain or sunshine? Reader, farewell, and make the best use of your years and your Almanacks, for you see that according to *Whiston*, you may have at most but sixteen more of them.

R. SAUNDERS.

Palatomack, July 30, 1750.

"*Great Events from Little Causes*," is the title of a translation from a French work, published in Dublin in 1768. We may easily imagine how interesting such a work well executed must prove. It contains between fifty and sixty anecdotes from ancient and modern history. Had I room, I could copy nearly half the book without fearing to tire my readers, so true is it that "truth is strange, stranger than fiction." From Roman

history, we have the overthrow of the regal government of Tarquin traced back to Collatinus' praise of his wife Lucretia, the abolition of the Decemvirate to the passion of Appius Claudius for Virginia, and the raising of the Plebeians to the Consular Dignity to the jealousy of a woman against her sister. We are reminded that the discovery of Cataline's conspiracy was owing to the disgust of Fulvia towards her lover, and that the ugliness of another Fulvia occasioned a civil war between Antony and Octavius. Among the passages from modern history are the following.

"A quarrel which arose between two men of mean condition, the one a Genoese and the other a Venitian, occasions a terrible war between the Republics of Venice and Genoa, about the year 1258.

Genoa withdrew itself from the dominion of the successors of Charlemagne, and in spite of all the troubles and divisions with which she was agitated, as well as intestine civil wars, she preserved her liberty. Europe, then peopled by Barbarians, was ignorant of the advantages of commerce; Genoa built ships and brought into Europe the productions of Asia and Africa; she amassed immense riches and became one of the most flourishing cities of the world. Venice followed her example and became her rival.

"These two republics, whom commerce made known to all nations, soon had establishments in all parts of the known world. They had a considerable one in the city of Acre, which, on account of its situation and largeness of its harbor, was very commodious to those who traded along the coast of Syria. The Genoese and Venitians had between them more than one-third of the city, where they lived subject to the laws of their respective countries.

"Neither the difference of customs nor even interest itself, which among merchants is an astonishing circumstance, occasioned any discord between them. They lived many years in as perfect an union as if they had been of the same nation and of joint interests. But if the ordinary motives of division among men were not capable of disturbing these two nations, we shall see them in arms against each other from a trifling and at the same time a very singular cause. Two men of the very lowest condition, the one a Genoese and the other a Venitian, who were no other than porters to the merchants fell out about a bale of goods which were to be carried. From words they came to blows. The merchants who at first gathered round them only by way of amusement to see the battle, at length took part in the quarrel, each assisting their countrymen. They grew warm and fought together; so that much blood was spilt and a deal of damage done on both sides. Complaints were soon carried to Genoa and Venice. The magistrates of each republic agreed that satisfaction should be made for the damage, according to the estimation of several arbitrators appointed for that purpose. The Genoese being condemned to make a more considerable reparation than the Venitians, delayed to furnish what was demanded of them. The Venitians piqued at the unfaithfulness of the Genoese, resolved to do themselves justice; and having surprised all the Genoese vessels which were in the port of Acre, set them on fire. The Genoese would have retaliated this injury on the Venitians, but the latter were on their guard and prevented them; a battle however ensued

much more bloody than the first. Genoa and Venice resolved to support their merchants; they each fitted out a considerable fleet; that of the former was beaten, and the Genoese were obliged to abandon their settlements at Acre: the Venitians razed their houses and forts and destroyed their magazines. The Genoese irritated at this defeat, used their utmost efforts to put their fleet again into a condition to attack the Venitians. Every citizen offered to venture his person and fortune to revenge the outrage committed against his country. The Venitians informed of these preparations neglected no precautions to oppose them. The sea was covered with ships, an engagement ensued, much blood was spilt, and many brave citizens lost on both sides. In short, after a long and cruel war, in which the two republics reaped nothing but shame for having entered into it, they made peace."

"The boldness with which wine inspired a shoemaker at Genoa, occasioned the government of that republic to be changed.

"All republics have been torn by civil wars: ambition hath ever kindled discord therein. In the history of those states we see continually the nobles assuming more than their rights, and by their injustice exhausting the patience of the people, who arming themselves at the instigation of an ambitious person and guided by rage alone, brave the laws and commit the most terrible disorders.

"Genoa was not exempt from these evils; we meet with nothing in the writers who have transmitted its history, but troubles and calamities: it is a chain of revolutions. Towards the middle of the fourteenth century, the people, impatient under the tyranny of the nobility, murmured. There were some among them who sacrificed the welfare and tranquillity of the public to their ambition and to their interest: they took advantage of the discontent of the people, and irritated them by seditious discourses; they took up arms, and the nobility, to avoid the blows with which they were threatened, promised to grant whatever should be demanded of them.

"The populace were desirous that an *Abbé of the People* should be elected. His office was to sustain the interests and liberties of the people, and to counterbalance, in a great measure, the authority of the *captains*, who were then the magistrates of the republic.

"An assembly was accordingly held for the election of an *Abbé of the People*. Vast numbers went to the place of meeting, and every one gave his voice; but as they all spoke at once nobody was understood. The tumult increased, the people began to grow warm, and were ready to proceed to blows; when a shoemaker, who at that instant was just come from a drinking house, passing by the assembly, mixed among the crowd, and getting upon a little eminence that fell in his way, being emboldened by the fumes of the wine, he bawled out as loud as he was able, "Fellow citizens, will you hearken to me?" This invocation struck their ears, and immediately all eyes were fixed upon him; and the Genoese who were about to tear each other to pieces, all joined in a hearty laugh. Some bade him hold his peace, others encouraged him to speak on, and others again threw dirt at him; all laughed. This orator, without being in the least disconcerted, said, "I think myself obliged to tell you that you ought to nomi-

nate to the dignity of *Abbé of the People*, an honest man; and I know of none more so than Simon Boccanegra. You ought to appoint him."

"Simon Boccanegra was a perfectly honest man; the amiableness of his character, his generosity and many other virtues had procured him the love and esteem, both of the nobility and commonalty. He was one of the principal families among the citizens, and his relations had filled with universal applause the dignities of the republic. The person who first occupied the place of *Captain of the People* was one of his ancestors.

"In short, his merit occasioned them to pay attention to the shoemaker's harangue. The name of Boccanegra became the general cry; every one insisted upon his being elected *Abbé of the People*, and they presented him with the sword, which was the mark of his dignity: but he returned it, saying, that he thanked the people for the good will they had shown him, and that as none of his ancestors had been *Abbé of the People*, he would not be the first who should introduce that office into his family. He was willing to avail himself of the humor into which he found the speech of the shoemaker had thrown the people to attain the lead in the republic.

"The people who are seldom moderate in their affection any more than in their hatred, immediately cried out, 'Boccanegra, Lord of Genoa.' This artful ambitious man said he was ready to submit to the will of the people, to be *Abbé or Lord* according as they should ordain. This feigned humility pleased the people, as he expected; they repeated Lord Boccanegra! and he was proclaimed perpetual Doge. So that the speech of a drunken shoemaker occasioned the government of Genoa to be transmitted from nobles to the people, and a single man to become sole master in the state."

With the headings of a few other examples I shall conclude.

"The severity of an Empress to her daughter was the occasion of Attila's ravaging Gaul and Italy, and of the foundation of the city of Venice."

"The inability of a person who had lost a considerable sum at dice to pay the same immediately, was the cause that the Vandals settled in Africa, went to ravage Italy and sack Rome."

"The assassination of Chilperic, king of France, was occasioned by his giving Fredegonde his wife, a blow with a switch in play."

"A repartee of the Empress Sophia, consort of Justinian II, is the cause of the Lombards invading Italy and establishing themselves there."

"The kingdoms of Naples and Sicily were established in consequence of a duel fought by two Norman barons."

"The beauty of a young Turk who lived at Antioch is the occasion of cruel wars between England and France."

"A yellow goat occasions the death of three Khans of the Tartars, and the destruction of several cities."

"Francis I, king of France, having promised a lady, of whom he was enamored, to meet her at Lyons in the month of March, occasions him to lose the battle of Pavia, himself to be made prisoner and reduces France to the brink of ruin."

"The love of Margaret, duchess dowager of Burgundy, for a young Jew, occasions Brittany to be re-united to France, and England to be rent by civil wars."

"A blow with a cane, being given by a German to a

Genoese, who was looking at the carriage of a mortar-piece, which was broken in one of the streets of Genoa, occasions the Austrians to be driven from that city, and the republic of Genoa to recover its liberty."

In view of such things, may we not say with a poet whose name I have forgotten—

"Think naught a trifle though it small appear,
Small sands the mountain, minutes make the year,
And trifles life; your care to trifles give,
Else you may die ere you have learned to live."

Editorial.*

To the Editor of the Southern Literary Messenger.

Sir,—In your August number (page 573) is a quotation from Mr. Burke's speech to the Electors of Bristol, upon the subject of instructions from constituents to their representatives. Will you oblige me by giving another passage or two from that speech, which will show how inapplicable Mr. Burke's remarks are to our country. Immediately after the word "arguments," at the end of your last quotation, Mr. Burke proceeds thus:

"To deliver an opinion is the right of all men; that of constituents is a weighty and respectable opinion, which a representative ought always to rejoice to hear, and which he ought always most seriously to consider. But *authoritative* instructions, *mandates* issued, which the member is bound blindly and implicitly to obey, to vote and to argue for, though contrary to the clearest conviction of his judgment and conscience, these are things utterly unknown to the laws of *THIS LAND*, and which arise from a fundamental mistake of the whole order and tenor of *OUR CONSTITUTION*."

"Parliament is not a *congress* of ambassadors from different and hostile interests, which interests each must maintain as an agent, and advocate against the other agents and advocates; but Parliament is a deliberative assembly of *one* nation, with *one* interest, that of the whole; where, not local purposes, not local prejudices ought to guide, but the general good, resulting from the general reason of the whole. You choose a member indeed, but when you have chosen him, he is not a member of Bristol, but he is a member of *Parliament*."

This theory of each member's representing not those who chose him, but the whole nation, gave rise to what was called *virtual* representation, when the people of America complained that they had no representatives in Parliament. Is it not evident, that under *our* constitution, if every member represents his own constituents, *all* will be represented? It was different indeed under the rotten borough system of England, now happily exploded. Mr. Burke was elected to Parliament, but having voted, under pretence of consulting the general good, for many measures obnoxious to the people of Bristol, he was defeated when he attempted to be re-elected. The making of loud professions of interest in the public welfare, and desire for the general good, accompanied by a neglect of immediate duties, reminds one of professions of universal philanthropy from the lips of a bad husband and a bad father.

Yours respectfully,

G. T. Z.

* Some misapprehensions having arisen, it may be as well to state that *all* after this word "Editorial," is strictly what it professes to be.

[Our correspondent, in supposing Mr. Burke's remarks "inapplicable to this country," seems to be misled by the word "congress." Had not this term been appropriated to our National Assembly the paragraph would have escaped attention. The whole is applicable, we think, fully, even to "Congress" itself. Write "our General Legislature" in place of "Parliament," "assembly" instead of "congress," for "Bristol" read "Virginia," and we see no difficulty whatever.

Our general legislature is not an assembly of ambassadors from different and hostile interests, which interests each must maintain as an agent, and advocate against the other agents and advocates; but our general legislature is a *deliberative* [Mr. B. has italicized *deliberative*] assembly of *one* nation, with *one* interest, that of the whole. You choose a member indeed, but when you have chosen him, he is not a member of Virginia, but a member of our general legislature.

We can see no inapplicability here, nor is a word of the paragraph to be denied, when made referrible to us. Mr. Burke, we apprehend, wished simply to place a representative and *deliberative* assembly, consisting of delegates from various sections of *one* nation, in contradistinction to a meeting of ambassadors from a number of distinct and totally hostile powers. In the former case, supposing the judgment, rather than the will of the people, to be *represented*, he allows of no "authoritative mandates" from the constituent to the representative—in the latter instance, and in such instance alone, he can imagine the binding power of letters of instruction from home, upon the ambassadors assembled.

In regard to the "making of loud professions of interest in the public welfare, and desire for the general good, accompanied by a neglect of immediate duties"—we conceive that, in the case of Burke, or in any similar case, if the passage of a law is to operate for the general good, yet for the individual harm of the Senator's constituents, then the Senator has but one "immediate duty"—to vote for it.]

CRITICAL NOTICES.

PHILOTHEA.

Philothæa: A Romance. By Mrs. Child, Author of the *Mother's Book*, &c. Boston: Otis, Broaders & Co. New York: George Dearborn.

Mrs. Child is well known as the author of "Hobomok," "The American Frugal Housewife," and the "Mother's Book." She is also the editor of a "Juvenile Miscellany." The work before us is of a character very distinct from that of any of these publications, and places the fair writer in a new and most favorable light. *Philothæa* is of that class of works of which the *Telemachus* of Fenelon, and the *Anarcharsis* of Barthelemi, are the most favorable specimens. Overwhelmed in a long-continued inundation of second-hand airs and ignorance, done up in green muslin, we turn to these pure and quiet pages with that species of gasping satisfaction with which a drowning man clutches the shore.

The plot of *Philothæa* is simple. The scene is principally in ancient Athens, during the administration of Pericles; and some of the chief personages of his time are brought, with himself, upon the stage. Among these

are Aspasia, Alcibiades, Hippocrates, Anaxagoras of Clazomenæ, Plato, Hermippus the comic writer, Phidias the Sculptor, Artaxerxes of Persia, and Xerxes his son. Philothæa, the heroine of the tale, and the granddaughter of Anaxagoras, is of a majestic beauty, of great purity and elevation of mind. Her friend, Eudora, of a more delicate loveliness, and more flexible disposition, is the adopted daughter of Phidias, who bought her, when an infant, of a goat-herd in Phelle—herself and nurse having been stolen from the Ionian coast by Greek pirates, the nurse sold into slavery, and the child delivered to the care of the goat-herd. The ladies, of course, have lovers. Eudora is betrothed to Philæmon. This Athenian, the son of the wealthy Cherilaus, but whose mother was born in Corinth, has incurred the dislike of Aspasia, the wife of Pericles. She procures the revival of an ancient law subjecting to a heavy fine all citizens who married foreigners, and declaring all persons, whose parents were not both Athenians, incapable of voting in the public assemblies, or of inheriting the estates of their fathers. Philæmon, thus deprived of citizenship, prevented from holding office, and without hope of any patrimony, is obliged to postpone, indefinitely, his union with Eudora. The revival of the obnoxious law has also a disastrous effect upon the interests of Philothæa. She is beloved of Paralus, the son of Pericles, and returns his affection. But in marrying, she will bring upon him losses and degradation. Pericles, too, looks with an evil eye upon her poverty, and the idea of marriage is therefore finally abandoned.

Matters are thus situated, when Philothæa, being appointed one of the Canephoræ, (whose duty it is to embroider the sacred peplus, and to carry baskets in the procession of the Panathenæa,) is rigidly secluded by law, for six months, within the walls of the Acropolis. During this time, Eudora, deprived of the good counsel and example of her friend, becomes a frequent visitor at the house of Aspasia, by whose pernicious influence she is insensibly affected. It is at the return of Philothæa from the Acropolis that the story commences. At the urgent solicitation of Aspasia, who is desirous of strengthening her influence in Athens by the countenance of the virtuous, Anaxagoras is induced to attend, with his grand-daughter, a symposium at the house of Pericles. Eudora accompanies them. The other guests are Hermippus, Phidias, the Persian Artaphernes, Tithonus a learned Ethiopian, Plato, Hipparche the wife of Alcibiades, and Alcibiades himself. At this symposium Eudora is dazzled by the graces of Alcibiades, and listens to his seductive flattery—forgetful of the claims of Hipparche, the wife of Alcibiades, and of Philæmon, her own lover. The poison of this illicit feeling now affects all the action of the drama. Philothæa discovers the danger of her friend, but is sternly repulsed upon the proffer of good advice. Alcibiades is appointed a secret interview by Eudora, which is interrupted by Philothæa—not however before it is observed by Philæmon, who, in consequence, abandons his mistress, and departs, broken-hearted, from Athens. The eyes of Eudora are now opened, too late, to the perfidy of Alcibiades, who had deceived her with the promise of marriage, and of obtaining a divorce from Hipparche. It is Hipparche who appeals to the Archons for a divorce from Alcibiades, on the score of

his notorious profligacy; and, in the investigations which ensue, it appears that a snare has been laid by Aspasia and himself, to entrap Eudora, and that, with a similar end in view, he has also promised marriage to Electra, the Corinthian.

Pericles seeks to please the populace by diminishing the power of the Areopagus. He causes a decree to be passed, that those who denied the existence of the Gods, or introduced new opinions about celestial things, should be tried by the people. This, however, proves injurious to some of his own personal friends. Hermippus lays before the Thesmothetæ Archons an accusation of blasphemy against Anaxagoras, Phidias, and Aspasia; and the case is tried before the fourth assembly of the people. Anaxagoras is charged with not having offered victims to the Gods, and with having blasphemed the divine Phœbus, by saying the sun was only a huge ball of fire,—and is condemned to die. Phidias is accused of blasphemy, in having carved the likeness of himself and Pericles on the shield of heaven-born Pallas, of having said that he approved the worship of the Gods merely because he wished to have his own works adored, and of decoying to his own house the maids and matrons of Athens, under the pretence of seeing sculpture, but in fact, to administer to the profligacy of Pericles. He is also adjudged to death. Aspasia is accused of saying that the sacred baskets of Demeter contained nothing of so much importance as the beautiful maidens who carried them; and that the temple of Poseidon was enriched with no offerings from those who had been wrecked, notwithstanding their supplications—thereby implying irreverent doubts of the power of Ocean's God. Her sentence is exile. Pericles, however, succeeds in getting the execution of the decrees suspended until the oracle of Amphiaraus can be consulted. Antiphon, a celebrated diviner, is appointed to consult it. He is absent for many days, and in the meantime Pericles has an opportunity of tampering with the people, as he has already done with Antiphon. The response of the oracle opportunely declares that the sentences be reconsidered. It is done—Phidias and Anaxagoras are merely banished, while Aspasia is acquitted. These trials form perhaps the most interesting portion of the book.

Chapter XI introduces us to Anaxagoras, the contented resident of a small village near Lampsacus in Ionia. He is old, feeble, and in poverty. Philothea watches by his side, and supports him with the labor of her hands. Plato visits the sage of Clazomenæ in his retreat, and brings news of the still-beloved Athens. The pestilence is raging—the Piræus is heaped with unburied dead. Hipparete has fallen a victim. Pericles was one of the first sufferers, but has recovered through the skill of Hippocrates. Phidias who, after his sentence of exile, departed with Eudora to Elis, and grew in honor among the Eleans—is dead. Eudora still remains at his house, Elis having bestowed upon her the yearly revenues of a farm, in consideration of the affectionate care bestowed upon her illustrious benefactor. Philæmon is in Persia instructing the sons of the wealthy Satrap Megabyzus. Alcibiades is living in unbridled license at Athens. But the visitor has not yet spoken of Paralus, the lover of Philothea. "Daughter of Alcimenes," he at length says, (we copy here half

a page of the volume, as a specimen of the grace of the narrative)—

"Daughter of Alcimenes, your heart reproaches me that I forbear to speak of Paralus. That I have done so, has not been from forgetfulness, but because I have with vain and self-defeating prudence sought for cheerful words to convey sad thoughts. Paralus breathes and moves, but is apparently unconscious of existence in this world. He is silent and abstracted, like one just returned from the cave of Trophonius. Yet beautiful forms are ever with him in infinite variety; for his quiescent soul has now undisturbed recollection of the divine archetypes in the ideal world, of which all earthly beauty is the shadow."

"He is happy, then, though living in the midst of death," answered Philothea. "But does his memory retain no traces of his friends?"

"One—and one only," he replied. "The name of Philothea was too deeply engraven to be washed away by the waters of oblivion. He seldom speaks; but when he does you are ever in his visions. The sound of a female voice accompanying the lyre is the only thing that makes him smile; and nothing moves him to tears save the farewell song of Orpheus to Eurydice. In his drawings there is more of majesty and beauty than Phidias or Myron ever conceived; and one figure is always there—the Pythia, the Muse, the Grace, or something combining all these, more spiritual than either."

The most special object of Plato's visit to Anaxagoras is the bearing of a message from Pericles. Hippocrates has expressed a hope that the presence of Philothea may restore, in some measure, the health and understanding of Paralus, and the once ambitious father has sent to beg the maiden's consent to a union with his now deeply afflicted son.

"Philothea would not leave me even if I urged it with tears," replied Anaxagoras, "and I am forbidden to return to Athens."

"Pericles has provided an asylum for you, on the borders of Attica," answered Plato, "and the young people would soon join you after their marriage. He did not suppose that his former proud opposition to their loves would be forgotten; but he said hearts like yours would forgive it all, the more readily because he was now a man deprived of power, and his son suffering under a visitation of the gods. Alcibiades laughed aloud when he heard of this proposition; and said his uncle would never think of making it to any but a maiden who sees the zephyrs run, and hears the stars sing. He spoke truth in his profane merriment. Pericles knows that she who obediently listens to the inward voice, will be most likely to seek the happiness of others, forgetful of her own wrongs."

"I do not believe the tender hearted maiden ever cherished resentment against any living thing," replied Anaxagoras. "She often reminds me of Hesiod's description of Leto:

Placid to men and to immortal gods;
Mild from the first beginning of her days;
Gentlest of all in Heaven.

She has indeed been a precious gift to my old age. Simple and loving as she is, there are times when her looks and words fill me with awe, as if I stood in the presence of divinity."

"It is a most lovely union when the Muses and the Charities inhabit the same temple," said Plato. "I think she learned of you to be a constant worshipper of the innocent and graceful nymphs, who preside over kind and gentle actions. But tell me, Anaxagoras, if this marriage is declined, who will protect the daughter of Alcimenes when you are gone?"

The philosopher replied, "I have a sister Heliodora, the youngest of my father's flock, who is Priestess of the Sun, at Ephesus. Of all my family, she has least

despised me for preferring philosophy to gold; and report bespeaks her wise and virtuous. I have asked and obtained from her a promise to protect Philothea when I am gone; but I will tell my child the wishes of Pericles, and leave her to the guidance of her own heart. If she enters the home of Paralus, she will be to him, as she has been to me, a bounty like the sunshine."

Philothea assents joyfully to the union, although Chrysippus, the wealthy prince of Clazomenæ, has made her an offer of his hand. Anaxagoras dies. His grand-daughter, accompanied by Plato, and some female acquaintances, takes her departure for Athens, and arrives safely in the harbor of Phalerum. No important change has occurred in Paralus, who still shows a total unconsciousness of past events. The lovers are, however, united. Many long passages about this portion of the narrative are of a lofty and original beauty. The dreamy, distraught, yet unembittered existence of the husband, revelling in the visions of the Platonic philosophy—the anxiety of the father and his friends—the ardent, the pure and chivalric love, with the uncompromising devotion and soothing attentions of the wife—are pictures whose merit will not fail to be appreciated by all whose good opinion is of value.

Hippocrates has been informed that Tithonus, the Ethiopian, possesses the power of leading the soul from the body, "by means of a soul-directing wand," and the idea arises that the process may produce a salutary effect upon Paralus. Tithonus will be present at the Olympian Games, and thither the patient is conveyed, under charge of Pericles, Plato and his wife. On the route, at Corinth, a letter from Philæmon, addressed to Anaxagoras, is handed by Artaphernes, the Persian, to Philothea. At the close of the epistle, the writer expresses a wish to be informed of Eudora's fate, and an earnest hope that she is not beyond the reach of Philothea's influence. The travellers finally stop at a small town in the neighborhood of Olympia, and at the residence of Proclus and his wife Melissa, "worthy simple-hearted people with whom Phidias had died, and under whose protection he had placed his adopted daughter." The meeting between this maiden and Philothea is full of interest. The giddy heart of Eudora is chastened by sorrow. Phidias had desired her marriage with his nephew Pandæus—but her first love is not yet forgotten. A letter is secretly written by Philothea to Philæmon, acquainting him with the change in the character of Eudora, and with her unabated affection for himself. "Sometimes," she writes, "a stream is polluted in the fountain, and its waters are tainted through all its wanderings; and sometimes the traveller throws into a pure rivulet some unclean thing, which floats awhile and is then rejected from its bosom. Eudora is the pure rivulet. A foreign strain floated on the surface, but never mingled with its waters."

The efforts of Tithonus are inadequate to the effectual relief of Paralus. We quote in full the account of the Ethiopian's attempt. Mrs. Child is here, however, partially indebted to a statement by Clearchus, of an operation somewhat similar to that of Tithonus, performed either by the aid, or in the presence of Aristotle. It will be seen that even the chimeras of animal magnetism were, in some measure, known to the ancients. The relation of Clearchus mentions a diviner with a spirit-drawing wand, and a youth whose soul was thereby taken from the body, leaving it inanimate. The soul

being replaced by the aid of the magician, the youth enters into a wild account of the events which befell him during the trance. The passage in "Philothea" runs thus.

Tithonus stood behind the invalid and remained perfectly quiet for many minutes. He then gently touched the back part of his head with a small wand, and leaning over him, whispered in his ear. An unpleasant change immediately passed over the countenance of Paralus. He endeavored to place his hand on his head, and a cold shivering seized him. Philothea shuddered, and Pericles grew pale, as they watched these symptoms; but the silence remained unbroken. A second and a third time the Ethiopian touched him with his wand, and spoke in whispers. The expression of pain deepened; insomuch that his friends could not look upon him without anguish of heart. Finally his limbs straightened, and became perfectly rigid and motionless.

Tithonus, perceiving the terror he had excited, said soothingly, "O Athenians, be not afraid. I have never seen the soul withdrawn without a struggle with the body. Believe me it will return. The words I whispered, were those I once heard from the lips of Plato. 'The human soul is guided by two horses—one white with a flowing mane, earnest eyes, and wings like a swan, whereby he seeks to fly; but the other is black, heavy, and sleepy-eyed—ever prone to lie down upon the earth.' The second time I whispered, 'Lo, the soul seeketh to ascend!' And the third time I said, 'Behold, the winged separates from that which has no wings.' When life returns, Paralus will have remembrance of these words."

"Oh, restore him! restore him!" exclaimed Philothea, in tones of agonized intreaty.

Tithonus answered with respectful tenderness, and again stood in profound silence several minutes, before he raised the wand. At the first touch, a feeble shivering gave indication of returning life. As it was repeated a second and a third time, with a brief interval between each movement, the countenance of the sufferer grew more dark and troubled, until it became fearful to look upon. But the heavy shadow gradually passed away, and a dreamy smile returned, like a gleam of sunshine after storms. The moment Philothea perceived an expression familiar to her heart, she knelt by the couch, seized the hand of Paralus, and bathed it with her tears.

When the first gush of emotion had subsided, she said in a soft low voice, "Where have you been, dear Paralus?" The invalid answered, "A thick vapor enveloped me, as with a dark cloud; and a stunning noise pained my head with its violence. A voice said to me, 'The human soul is guided by two horses; one white, with a flowing mane, earnest eyes, and wings like a swan, whereby he seeks to fly; but the other is black, heavy, and sleepy-eyed—ever prone to lie down upon the earth.' Then the darkness began to clear away. But there was strange confusion. All things seemed rapidly to interchange their colors and their forms—the sound of a storm was in mine ears—the elements and the stars seemed to crowd upon me—and my breath was taken away. Then I heard a voice saying, 'Lo, the soul seeketh to ascend!' And I looked and saw the chariot and horses, of which the voice had spoken. The beautiful white horse gazed upward, and tossed his mane, and spread his wings impatiently; but the black horse slept upon the ground. The voice again said, 'Behold, the winged separates from that which hath no wings!' And suddenly the chariot ascended, and I saw the white horse on light, fleecy clouds, in a far blue sky. Then I heard a pleasing silent sound—as if dew-drops made music as they fell. I breathed freely, and my form seemed to expand itself with buoyant life. All at once I was floating in the air, above a quiet lake, where reposed seven beautiful islands, full of the sound of harps; and Philothea slept at my side, with a garland on her head. I asked, 'Is

this the divine home whence I departed into the body?" And a voice above my head answered, 'It is the divine home. Man never leaves it. He ceases to perceive.' Afterward, I looked downward, and saw my dead body lying on a couch. Then again there came strange confusion—and a painful clashing of sounds—and all things rushing together. But Philothea took my hand, and spoke to me in gentle tones, and the discord ceased."

The mind of Parakos derives but a temporary benefit from the skill of Tithonus, and even the attendance of the patient upon the Olympian games (a suggestion of Pericles) fails of the desired effect. A partial revival is indeed thus brought about—but death rapidly ensues. The friends of the deceased return to Athens, accompanied by the adopted daughter of Phidias. Philothea dies. Not many days after the funeral ceremonies, Eudora suddenly disappears. Alcibiades is suspected (justly) of having entrapped her to his summer residence in Salamis. The pages which follow this event detail the rescue of the maiden by the ingenuity of two faithful slaves, Mibra and Geta—the discovery of her father in Artaphernes the Persian, whom she accompanies to the court of Artaxerxes—her joyful meeting there, and marriage with Philæmon, after refusing the proffered hand of Xerxes himself.

In regard to the *species* of novel of which "*Philothea*" is no ignoble specimen, not any powers on the part of any author can render it, at the present day, popular. Nor is the voice of the people in this respect, to be adduced as an evidence of corrupted taste. We have little of purely human sympathy in the distantly antique; and this little is greatly weakened by the constant necessity of effort in conceiving *appropriateness* in manners, costume, habits, and modes of thought, so widely at variance with those around us. It should be borne in mind that the "*Pompeii*" of Bulwer cannot be considered as altogether belonging to this species, and fails in popularity only in proportion as it does so belong to it. This justly admired work owes what it possesses of attraction for the mass, to the stupendousness of its leading event—an event so far from weakened in interest by age, rendered only more thrillingly exciting by the obscurity which years have thrown over its details—to the skill with which the mind of the reader is prepared for this event—to the vigor with which it is depicted—and to the commingling with this event human passions wildly affected thereby—passions the sternest of our nature, and common to all character and time. By means so effectual we are hurried over, and observe not, unless with a critical eye, those radical defects or difficulties (coincident with the choice of epoch) of which we have spoken above. The fine perception of Bulwer endured these difficulties as inseparable from the groundwork of his narrative—did not mistake them for facilities. The plot of "*Philothea*," like that of the *Telemachus*, and of the *Anarcharsis*, should be regarded, on the other hand, as the mere vehicle for bringing forth the antique "manners, costume, habits, and modes of thought," which we have just mentioned as at variance with a popular interest to-day. Regarding it in this, its only proper light, we shall be justified in declaring the book an honor to our country, and a signal triumph for our country-women.

Philothea might be introduced advantageously into our female academies. Its purity of thought and lofty morality are unexceptionable. It would prove an effec-

tual aid in the study of Greek antiquity, with whose spirit it is wonderfully imbued. We say wonderfully—for when we know that the fair authoress disclaims all knowledge of the ancient languages, we are inclined to consider her performance as even wonderful. There are some points, to be sure, at which a scholar might cavil—some perversions of the character of Pericles—of the philosophy of Anaxagoras—the trial of Aspasia and her friends for blasphemy, should have been held before the Areopagus, and not the people—and we can well believe that an erudite acquaintance of ours would storm at more than one discrepancy in the arrangement of the symposium at the house of Aspasia. But the many egregious blunders of Bartholemi are still fresh in our remembrance, and the difficulty of avoiding errors in similar writings, even by the professed scholar, cannot readily be conceived by the merely general reader.

On the other hand, these discrepancies are exceedingly few in *Philothea*, while there is much evidence on every page of a long acquaintance with the genius of the times, places, and people depicted. As a mere tale, too, the work has merit of no common order—and its purity of language should especially recommend it to the attention of teachers.

SHEPPARD LEE.

Sheppard Lee: written by himself. New York: Harper and Brothers.

Like *Philothea*, this novel is an original in *American Belles Lettres* at least; and these deviations, however indecisive, from the more beaten paths of imitation, look well for our future literary prospects. Thinking thus, we will be at the trouble of going through briefly, in detail, the plot and the adventures of Sheppard Lee.

The hero relates his own story. He is born "somewhere towards the close of the last century," in the State of New Jersey, in one of the oldest counties that border upon the Delaware river. His father is a farmer in good circumstances, and famous for making good sausages for the Philadelphia market. He has ten children besides Sheppard. Nine of these die, however, in six years, by a variety of odd accidents—the last expiring in a fit of laughter at seeing his brother ridden to death by a pig. Prudence, the oldest sister, survives. The mother, mourning for her children, becomes melancholy and dies insane. Sheppard is sent to good schools, and afterwards to the College at Nassau Hall, in Princeton, where he remains three years, until his father's decease. Upon this occurrence he finds himself in possession of the bulk of the property; his sister Prudence, who had recently married, receiving only a small farm in a neighboring county. After making one or two efforts to become a man of business, our hero hires an overseer to undertake the entire management of his property.

Having now nothing to do, and time hanging heavily on his hands, Sheppard Lee tries many experiments by way of killing the enemy. He turns sportsman, but has the misfortune to shoot his dog the first day, and upon the second his neighbor's cow. He breeds horses and runs them, losing more money in a single hour than his father had ever made in two years together. At the suggestion of his overseer he travels, and is robbed of his baggage and money, by an intelligent gentlemanly

personage from Sing-Sing. He thinks of matrimony, and is about coming to a proposal, when his innamorata, taking offence at his backwardness, casts her eyes upon another wooer, who has made her an offer, and marries him upon the spot.

Upon attaining his twenty-eighth year, Mr. Lee discovers his overseer, Mr. Aikin Jones, to be a rogue, and himself to be ruined. Prudence, the sister, tells our hero moreover, that he has lost all the little sense he ever possessed, while her husband is so kind as to inform him that "he is wrong in the upper story." A quarrel ensues and Mr. Lee is left to bear his misfortunes alone.

In Chapter V, we have a minute description of the state of the writer's affairs at this epoch, and it must be owned that his little property of forty acres presented a sufficiently woe-begone appearance. One friend, however, remains steadfast, in the person of our hero's negro servant, Jim Jumble—an old fellow that had been the slave of his father and was left to him in the will. This is a crabbed, self-willed old rascal, who will have every thing his own way. Having some scruples of conscience about holding a slave, and thinking him of no value whatever, but, on the contrary, a great deal of trouble, our hero decides upon setting him free. The old fellow, however, bursts into a passion, swears he will not be free, that Mr. Lee is his master and shall take care of him, and that if he dares to set him free he will have the law of him, "he will by ge-hosh!"

At length, in spite of even the services of Jim Jumble, our hero is reduced to the point of despair. His necessities have compelled him to mortgage the few miserable acres left, and ruin stares him in the face. He attempts many ingenious devices with a view of amending his fortune—buys lottery tickets which prove all blanks—purchases stock in a southern gold mining company, is forced to sell out at a bad season, and finds himself with one-fifth the sum invested—gets a new coat, and makes a declaration to a rich widow in the neighborhood, who makes him the laughing stock of the country for his pains—and finally turns politician, choosing the strongest party, on the principle that the majority must always be right. Attending a public meeting he claps his hands and applauds the speeches with so much spirit, that he is noticed by some of the leaders. They encourage him to take a more prominent part in the business going on, and at the next opportunity he makes a speech. Being on the hurrah side he receives great applause, and indeed there is such a shouting and clapping that he is obliged to put an end to his discourse sooner than he had intended. He is advised to set about converting all in the neighborhood who are not of the right way of thinking, and the post office in the village is hinted at as his reward in case the county is gained. Mr. Lee sets about his task valiantly, paying his own expenses, and the hurrahs carry the day. His claim to the post-officeship is universally admitted, but, in some way or other, the appointment is bestowed upon one of the very leaders who had been foremost in commending the zeal and talents of our author, and in assuring him that the office should be his. Mr. Lee is enraged, and is upon the point of going over to the anti-hurrahs, when he is involved in a very remarkable tissue of adventure. Jim Jumble conceives that money has been buried by Captain Kid, in a certain ugly swamp, called the Owl-Roost, not many rods from an old church.

The stories of the negro affect his master to such a degree that he dreams three nights in succession of finding a treasure at the foot of a beech-tree in the swamp. He resolves to dig for it in good earnest, choosing midnight, at the full of the moon, as the moment of commencing operations. On his way to the Owl-Roost at the proper time, he passes by the burial ground of the old church, and the wall having fallen down across his path, he strikes his ankle against a fragment—the pain causing him to utter a groan. To his amazement this interjection of suffering is echoed from the grave yard; a voice screaming out in awful tones, O Lord! O Lord! and, casting his eyes around, our hero beholds three or four shapes, whom he supposes to be devils incarnate, dancing about among the tomb-stones. The beech-tree, however, is finally reached in safety, and by dint of much labor a large hole excavated among the roots. But in his agitation of mind the adventurer plants an unlucky blow of the mattock among the toes of his right foot, and sinking down upon the grass, "falls straight-way into a trance."

Upon recovering from this trance, Mr. Lee finds himself in a very singular predicament. He feels exceedingly light and buoyant, with the power of moving without exertion. He sweeps along without putting his feet to the ground, and passes among shrubs and bushes without experiencing from them any hindrance to his progress. In short, he finds himself to be nothing better than a ghost. His dead body is lying quietly beside the excavation under the beech-tree. Mr. Lee is entirely overcome with horror at his unfortunate condition, and runs, or rather flies, instinctively to the nearest hut for assistance. But the dogs, at his approach, run howling among the bushes, and the only answer he receives from the terrified family is the discharge of a blunderbuss in his face. Returning in despair to the beech-tree and the pit, he finds that his body has been taken away. Its disappearance throws him into a phrenzy, and he is about to run home and summon old Jim Jumble to the rescue, when he hears a dog yelping and whining in a peculiarly doleful manner, at some little distance down in the meadow. Coming to a place in the edge of the marsh where are some willow trees, and an old worm fence, he there discovers to his extreme surprise, the body of a certain well-to-do personage, Squire Higginson. He is lying against the fence, stone dead, with his head down, and his heels resting against the rails, and looking as if, while climbing, he had fallen down and broken his neck.

Our hero pities the condition of Mr. Higginson, but being only a ghost, has no capacity to render him assistance. In this dilemma he begins to moralize upon the condition of Mr. H. and of himself. The one has no body—the other no soul. "Why might not I?"—says, very reasonably, the ghost of Mr. Lee, "Why might not I—that is to say my spirit—deprived by an unhappy accident of its natural dwelling—take possession of a tenement which there remains no spirit to claim, and thus, uniting interests together, as two feeble factions unite together in the political world, become a body possessing life, strength, and usefulness? Oh, that I might be Squire Higginson!"

The words are scarcely out of his mouth, before our hero feels himself vanishing, as it were, into the dead man's nostrils, "into which his spirit rushes like a

breeze," and the next moment he finds himself John Hazlewood Higginson, Esquire, to all intents and purposes—kicking the fence to pieces in a lusty effort to rise upon his feet, and feeling as if he had just tumbled over it. We must here give a couple of pages in the words of the author.

"God be thanked," I cried, dancing about as joyously as the dog, "I am now a respectable man with my pockets full of money. Farewell then, you poor miserable Sheppard Lee! you ragamuffin! you poor wretched shote! you half-starved old sand-field Jersey Kill-Deer! you vagabond! you beggar! you Dicky Doot! with the wrong place in your upper story! you are now a gentleman and a man of substance, and a happy dog into the bargain. Ha! ha! ha!" and here I fell a laughing out of pure joy; and giving my dog Ponto a buss, as if that were the most natural act in the world, and a customary way of showing my satisfaction, I began to stalk towards my old ruined house, without exactly knowing for what purpose, but having some vague idea about me, that I would set old Jim Jumble and his wife Dinah to shouting and dancing; an amusement I would willingly have seen the whole world engaged in at that moment.

I had not walked twenty yards, before a woodcock that was feeding on the edge of the marsh, started up from under my nose, when clapping my gun to my shoulder, I let fly at him, and down he came.

"Aha, Ponto," said I, "when did I ever fail to bring down a woodcock? Bring it along, Ponto, you rascal—Rum-te, ti, ti! rum-te, ti, ti!" and I went on my way singing for pure joy, without pausing to recharge or to bag my game. I reached my old house, and began to roar out, without reflecting that I was now something more than Sheppard Lee, "Hillo! Jim Jumble, you old rascal! get up and let me in."

"What you want, hah?" said old Jim, poking his head from the garret window of the kitchen, and looking as sour as a persimmon before frost. "Guess Massa Squire Higginson drunk, hah? What you want? Spose I'm gwyin to git up afo sunrise for notin, and for any body but my Massa Sheppard?"

"Why you old dog," said I, in a passion, "I am your Master Sheppard; that is, your Master John Hazlewood Higginson, Esquire; for as for Sheppard Lee, the Jersey kill-deer, I've finished him, you rascal; you'll never see him more. So get down and let me into the house, or I'll——"

"You will hah?" said Jim, "you will what?"

"I'll shoot you, you insolent scoundrel!" I exclaimed in a rage—as if it were the most natural thing in the world for me to be in one; and as I spoke I raised my piece; when "bow-wow-wow!" went my old dog Bull, who had not bitten a man for two years, but who now rushed from his kennel under the porch, and seized me by the leg.

"Get out Bull, you rascal," said I, but he only bit the harder; which threw me into such a fury, that I clapped the muzzle of my gun to his side, and having one charge remaining, blew him to pieces.

"Golla-matty!" said old Jim, from the window, whence he had surveyed the combat; "golla-matty!—shoot old Bull!"

And with that the black villain snatched up the half of a brick, which I suppose he kept to daunt unwelcome visitors, and taking aim at me, he cast it so well as to bring it right against my left ear, and so tumbled me to the ground. I would have blown the rascal's brains out, in requital of this assault, had there been a charge left in my piece, or had he given me time to reload; but as soon as he had cast the brick, he ran from the window, and then reappeared, holding out an old musket, that I remembered he kept to shoot wild ducks and muskrats in the neighboring marsh with. Seeing this formidable weapon, and not knowing but that the desperado would fire upon me, I was forced to beat a retreat, which I did

in double quick time, being soon joined by my dog Ponto, who had fled, like a coward, at the first bow-wow of the bull-dog, and saluted in my flight by the amiable tones of Dinah, who now thrust her head from the window, beside Jim's, and abused me as long as I could hear.

Our hero finds that in assuming the body of Squire Higginson, he has invested himself with a troublesome superfluity of fat—that he has moreover a touch of the asthma—together with a whizzing, humming, and spinning in the head. One day, while gunning, these infirmities prove more than usually inconvenient, and he is upon the point of retreating to the village to get his dinner, when a crowd of men make their appearance, and setting up a great shout, begin to run towards him at full speed. Hearing them utter furious cries, and perceiving a multitude of dogs in company, he is seized with alarm and makes for the woods. He is overtaken however, charged with the murder of Sheppard Lee, and committed by Justice Parkins—a mass of evidence appearing against him, among which that of Jim Jumble is not the least important, who swears that the prisoner came to his house, shot his bull-dog, threatened to blow his brains out, and bragged that he had "just finished Mr. Lee."

In this dilemma our hero relates the whole truth to the prosecuting attorney, and is considered a madman for his pains. The body of Sheppard Lee, however, not appearing, the prisoner is set at liberty, and takes his way to Philadelphia in the charge of some new friends appertaining to him as John Hazlewood Higginson, Esquire. He finds himself a rich brewer, living in Chestnut Street, and the possessor of lands, houses, stocks, and Schuylkill coal-mines in abundance. He is troubled nevertheless with inveterate gout, and a shrew of a wife, and upon the whole he regrets his former existence as plain Sheppard Lee. Just opposite our brewer's residence is the dwelling of Mr. Periwinkle Smith, an aristocrat, wealthy or supposed to be so, although some rumors are abroad touching mortgages. He has an only daughter, and among her frequent visitors is one Isaac Dulmer Dawkins, Esq., a young dandy of the first water, tall, slim, whiskered, mustached, of pure blood, and living on his wits. This personage is often noted by our hero, upon his passage to and from the house of Mr. Smith. Suddenly his visits are discontinued—a circumstance which the brewer has soon an opportunity of explaining to his satisfaction. Going to the Schuylkill for the purpose of drowning himself, and thus putting an end at once to the gout and the assiduities of Mrs. Higginson, our hero is surprised at finding himself anticipated in his design by I. Dulmer Dawkins, Esq. who leaps into the river at the very spot selected for his own suicide. In his exertions to get Mr. D. out, he is seized with apoplexy—reviving partially from which, he discovers a crowd attempting to resuscitate the dandy.

"I could maintain," says our hero, "my equanimity no longer. In the bitterness of my heart I muttered, almost aloud, and as sincerely as I ever muttered any thing in my life, 'I would I were this addle-pate Dawkins, were it only to be lying as much like a drowned rat as he!' I had not well grumbled the last word, before a sudden fire flashed before my eyes, a loud noise like the roar of falling water passed through my head, and I lost all sensation and consciousness."

As I Dulmer Dawkins, our friend finds himself beset by the duns, whom he habitually puts off by suggestions respecting a rich uncle, of whose very existence he is sadly in doubt. Having ceased to pay attention to Miss Smith, upon hearing the rumors about the mortgages, it appears that he was jilted in turn by a Miss Betty Somebody, and thus threw himself into the river in despair. His adventures are now various and spirited, but his creditors grow importunate, and vow they will be put off no longer with the old story of the rich uncle, when an uncle, and a rich one, actually appears upon the tapis. He is an old vulgar fool, and I Dulmer Dawkins, Esquire, is in some doubts about the propriety of allowing his claim to relationship, but finally consents to introduce the old quiz, son and daughter, into fashionable society, upon considering the pecuniary advantages to himself. With this end he looks about for a house, and learns that the residence of Periwinkle Smith is for sale. Upon calling upon that gentleman however, he is treated very civilly indeed, being shown the door, after having sufficiently ascertained that the rumors about the mortgages should have been construed in favor of Mr. Smith—that he is a richer man than ever, and that his fair heiress is upon the point of marriage with a millionaire from Boston. He now turns his attention to his country cousin, Miss Patty Wilkins, upon finding that the uncle is to give her forty thousand dollars. At the same time, lest his designs in this quarter should fail, he makes an appointment to run off with the only daughter of a rich shaver, one Skinner. The uncle Wilkins has but little opinion of I Dulmer Dawkins, and will not harken to his suit at all. In this dilemma our hero resorts to a trick. He represents his bosom friend and ally, Mr. Tickle, as a man of fashion and property, and sets him to making love to Miss Patty, in the name of himself, I Dulmer. The uncle snaps at the bait, but the ally is instructed to proceed no farther without a definite settlement upon Miss Patty of the forty thousand dollars. The uncle makes the settlement and matters proceed to a crisis—Mr. Tickle pleasing himself with the idea of cheating his bosom friend I Dulmer, and marrying the lady himself. A farce of very pretty finesse now ensues, which terminates in Miss Patty's giving the slip to both lovers, bestowing her forty thousand dollars upon an old country sweetheart, Danny Baker, and in I Dulmer's finding, upon flying, as a dernier resort, to the broker's daughter, that she has already run away with Sammy, Miss Patty Wilkins' clodhopper brother.

Driven to desperation by his duns, our hero escapes from them by dint of hard running and takes refuge, without asking permission, in the sick chamber of old Skinner, the shaver. Finding the old gentleman dead, he takes possession of his body forthwith, leaving his own carcase on the floor.

The adventures in the person of Abram Skinner are full of interest. We have many racy details of stock-jobbing and usury. Some passages, of a different nature are well written. The miser has two sons, and his parsimony reduces them to fearful extremity. The one involves him deeply by forgery; and the other first robs his strong box, and afterwards endeavors to murder him.

It may be supposed that the misery now weighing

me; but I was destined to find before the night was over that misery is only comparative, and that there is no affliction so positively great, that greater may not be experienced. In the dead of the night, when my woes had at last been drowned in slumber, I was aroused by feeling a hand pressing upon my bosom; and starting up I saw, for there was a taper burning upon a table hard by, a man standing over me, holding a pillow in his hand, which, the moment I caught sight of him, he thrust into my face, and there endeavored to hold it, as if to suffocate me.

The horror of death endowed me with a strength not my own, and the ruffian held the pillow with a feeble and trembling arm. I dashed it aside, leaped up in the bed, and beheld in the countenance of the murderer the features of the long missing and abandoned son, Abbot Skinner.

His face was white and chalky, with livid stains around the eyes and mouth, the former of which were starting out of their orbits in a manner ghastly to behold, while his lips were drawn asunder and away from his teeth, as in the face of a mummy. He looked as if horror-struck at the act he was attempting; and yet there was something devilish and determined in his air that increased my terror to ecstasy. I sprang from the bed, threw myself on the floor, and, grasping his knees, besought him to spare my life. There seemed indeed occasion for all my supplications. His bloated and altered visage, the neglected appearance of his garments and person, and a thousand other signs, showed that the whole period of his absence had been passed in excessive toying, and the murderous and unnatural act which he meditated, manifested to what a pitch of phrenzy he had arrived by the indulgence.

As I grasped his knees, he put his hand into his bosom, and drew out a poniard, a weapon I had never before known him to carry; at the sight of which I considered myself a dead man. But the love of life still prevailing, I leaped up, and ran to a corner of the room, where I mingled adjurations and entreaties with loud screams for assistance. He stood as if rooted to the spot for a moment; then dropping his horrid weapon, he advanced a few paces, clasped his hands together, fell upon his knees, and burst into tears, and all the while without having uttered a single word. But now, my cries still continuing, he exclaimed, but with a most wild and disturbed look—"Father I won't hurt you, and pray dont hurt me!"

Horrors such as these induce our hero to seek a new existence. Filling his pockets with money, he sets off in search of a corpse of which to take possession. At length, when nearly exhausted, a drunken fellow, apparently dead, is found lying under a shed. Transferring the money from his own person to that of the mendicant, he utters the usual wish, once, twice, thrice—and in vain. Horribly disconcerted, and dreading lest his charm should have actually deserted him, he begins to kick the dead man with all the energy he has left. At this treatment the corpse suddenly becomes animated, knocks our hero down with a whiskey jug, and makes off with the contents of his pockets, being a dozen silver spoons, and four hundred dollars in money. This accident introduces us to the acquaintance of a genuine philanthropist, Mr. Zachariah Longstraw, and this gentleman being at length murdered by a worthy ex-occupant of Sing-Sing, to whom he had been especially civil, our hero reanimates his body with excessive pleasure at his good fortune. The result is that he finds himself cheated on all sides, is arrested for debt, and is entrapped by a Yankee pedlar and carried off to the South as a tit-bit for the anti-abolitionists. On the route he ascertains (by accidentally overhearing a conversation) that the missing body of Sheppard Lee, which disap-

peared in so mysterious a manner from the side of the pit at the Owl-Roost, was carried off by one Dr. Feuer-teufel, a German, who happened to be in search of subjects for dissection, and whose assistants were the dancing spectres in the church yard, which so terribly disconcerted our hero when on his way to the beech-tree. He is finally about to be hung, when a negro who was busied in preparing the gallows, fortunately breaks his neck in a fall, and our adventurer takes possession of his body forthwith.

In his character of Nigger Tom, Mr. Lee gives us some very excellent chapters upon abolition and the exciting effects of incendiary pamphlets and pictures, among our slaves in the South. This part of the narrative closes with a spirited picture of a negro insurrection, and with the hanging of Nigger Tom.

Our hero is revived, after execution, by the galvanic battery of some medical students, and having, by his sudden display of life, frightened one of them to death, he immediately possesses himself of his person. As Mr. Arthur Megrim, he passes through a variety of adventures, and fancies himself a coffee-pot, a puppy, a chicken, a loaded cannon, a clock, a hamper of crockery ware, a joint stock, a Greek Demi-God and the Emperor of France. Dr. Feuer-teufel now arrives in the village with a cargo of curiosities for exhibition—among which are some mummies. In one of them our hero recognizes the identical long missed body of Sheppard Lee.

The sight of my body thus restored to me, and in the midst of my sorrow and affliction, inviting me back, as it were, to my proper home, threw me into an indescribable ferment. I stretched out my arms, I uttered a cry, and then rushing forward, to the astonishment of all present, I struck my foot against the glass case with a fury that shivered it to atoms—or at least the portion of it serving as a door, which, being dislodged by the violence of the blow, fell upon the floor and was dashed to pieces. The next instant, disregarding the cries of surprise and fear which the act occasioned, I seized upon the cold and rigid hand of the mummy, murmuring "Let me live again in my own body, and never—no! never more in another's!" Happiness of happiness! although, while I uttered the word, a boding fear was on my mind, lest the long period the body had remained inanimate, and more especially the mummifying process to which it had been subjected, might have rendered it unfit for further habitation, I had scarcely breathed the wish before I found myself in that very body, descending from the box which had so long been its prison, and stepping over the mortal frame of Mr. Arthur Megrim, now lying dead on the floor.

Indescribable was the terror produced among the spectators by this double catastrophe—the death of their townsman, and the revival of the mummy. The women fell down in fits, and the men took to their heels; and a little boy who was frightened into a paroxysm of devotion, dropped on his knees, and began fervently to exclaim

Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep.

In short, the agitation was truly inexpressible, and fear distracted all. But on no countenance was this passion (mingled with a degree of amazement) more strikingly depicted than on that of the German Doctor, who, thus compelled to witness the object of a thousand cares, the greatest and most perfect result of his wonderful discovery, slipping off its pedestal and out of his hands, as by a stroke of enchantment, stared upon me with eyes, nose and mouth, speechless, rooted to the floor, and apparently converted into a mummy himself.

As I stepped past him, however, hurrying to the door, with a vague idea that the sooner I reached it the better, his lips were unlocked, and his feelings found vent in a horrible exclamation—"Der tyfel!" which I believe means the devil—"Der tyfel! I have empalm him too well!"

Sheppard Lee now makes his way home into New Jersey (pursued however the whole way by the German Doctor, crying "Mein Gott! Ter Tyfel! and stop mine mummy!") and is put to bed and kindly nursed after his disaster by his sister Prudence and her husband. It now appears (very ingeniously indeed) that, harassed by his pecuniary distress, our hero fell into a melancholy derangement, and upon cutting his foot with the mattock, as related, was confined to bed, where his wonderful transmigrations were merely the result of delirium. At least this is the turn given to the whole story by Prudence. Mr. Lee, however, although he partially believes her in the right, has still a shadow of doubt upon the subject, and has thought it better to make public his own version of the matter, with a view of letting every body decide for himself.

We must regard "Sheppard Lee," upon the whole, as a very clever, and not altogether unoriginal, *jeu d'esprit*. Its incidents are well conceived, and related with force, brevity, and a species of directness which is invaluable in certain cases of narration—while in others it should be avoided. The language is exceedingly unaffected and (what we regard as high praise) exceedingly well adapted to the varying subjects. Some fault may be found with the conception of the metempsychosis which is the basis of the narrative. There are two general methods of telling stories such as this. One of these methods is that adopted by the author of Sheppard Lee. He conceives his hero endowed with some idiosyncrasy beyond the common lot of human nature, and thus introduces him to a series of adventure which, under ordinary circumstances, could occur only to a plurality of persons. The chief source of interest in such narrative is, or should be, the contrasting of these varied events, in their influence upon a character *unchanging*—except as changed by the events themselves. This fruitful field of interest, however, is neglected in the novel before us, where the hero, very awkwardly, partially loses, and partially does not lose, his identity, at each transmigration. The sole object here in the various metempsychoses seem to be, merely the depicting of seven different conditions of existence, and the enforcement of the very doubtful moral that every person should remain contented with his own. But it is clear that both these points could have been more forcibly shown, without any reference to a confused and jarring system of transmigration, by the mere narrations of seven different individuals. All deviations, especially wide ones, from nature, should be justified to the author by some specific object—the object, in the present case, might have been found, as above-mentioned, in the opportunity afforded of depicting widely-different conditions of existence attuating one individual.

A second peculiarity of the species of novel to which Sheppard Lee belongs, and a peculiarity which is not rejected by the author, is the treating the whole narrative in a jocular manner throughout (much as to say "I know I am writing nonsense, but

then you must excuse me for the very reason that I know it") or the solution of the various absurdities by means of a dream, or something similar. The latter method is adopted in the present instance—and the idea is managed with unusual ingenuity. Still—having read through the whole book, and having been worried to death with incongruities (allowing such to exist) until the concluding page, it is certainly little indemnification for our sufferings to learn that, in truth, the whole matter was a dream, and that we were very wrong in being worried about it at all. The damage is done, and the apology does not remedy the grievance. For this and other reasons, we are led to prefer, in this kind of writing, the second general method to which we have alluded. It consists in a variety of points—principally in avoiding, as may easily be done, that *directness* of expression which we have noticed in Sheppard Lee, and thus leaving much to the imagination—in writing as if the author were firmly impressed with the truth, yet astonished at the immensity, of the wonders he relates, and for which, professedly, he neither claims nor anticipates credence—in minuteness of detail, especially upon points which have no immediate bearing upon the general story—this minuteness not being at variance with indirectness of expression—in short, by making use of the infinity of arts which give verisimilitude to a narration—and by leaving the result as a wonder not to be accounted for. It will be found that *bizareries* thus conducted, are usually far more effective than those otherwise managed. The attention of the author, who does not depend upon explaining away his incredibilities, is directed to giving them the character and the luminousness of truth, and thus are brought about, unwittingly, some of the most vivid creations of human intellect. The reader, too, readily perceives and falls in with the writer's humor, and suffers himself to be borne on thereby. On the other hand what difficulty, or inconvenience, or danger can there be in leaving us uninformed of the important facts that a certain hero *did not* actually discover the elixir vitae, *could not* really make himself invisible, and *was not* either a ghost in good earnest, or a bonâ fide Wandering Jew?

HAZLITT'S REMAINS.

Literary Remains of the Late William Hazlitt, with a Notice of his Life by his Son, and Thoughts on his Genius and Writings, by E. L. Bulwer, M. P. and Mr. Sergeant Talfourd, M. P. New York: Saunders and Otley.

There is a piquancy in the personal character and literary reputation of Hazlitt, which will cause this book to be sought with avidity by all who read. And the volume will fully repay a perusal. It embraces a Biographical Sketch of Mr. H. by his son; "Some Thoughts on his Genius" by Bulwer; "Thoughts on his Intellectual Character," by Sergeant Talfourd; a few words of high compliment contained in a Letter to Southey from Charles Lamb; a Sonnet, by Sheridan Knowles, on Bewick's portrait of the deceased; six other sonnets to his memory, by "a Lady;" and twenty-two Essays by Hazlitt himself, and constituting his "Literary Remains." The volume is embellished with a fine head of the Essayist, engraved by Marr, from a drawing by Bewick.

William Hazlitt, upon his decease in 1830, was 52 years old. He was the youngest son of the Reverend William Hazlitt, a dissenting Minister of the Unitarian persuasion. At the age of nine he was sent to a day-school in Wern, and some of his letters soon after this period evince a singular thirst for knowledge in one so young. At thirteen, his first literary effort was made, in the shape of an epistle to the "Shrewsbury Chronicle." This epistle is signed in Greek capitals *Ekiason*, and is a decently written defence of Priestley, or rather an expression of indignation at some outrages offered to the Doctor at Birmingham. It speaks of little, however, but the school-boy. At fifteen, he was entered as a student at the Unitarian College, Hackney, with a view to his education as a dissenting minister, and here his mind first received a bias towards philosophical speculation. Several short essays were written at this time—but are lost. Some letters to his father, however, which are printed in the present volume, give no evidence of more than a very ordinary ability. At seventeen, he left College (having abandoned all idea of the Ministry) and devoted himself to the study of painting as a profession—prosecuting his metaphysical reading at spare moments. At eighteen, he commenced the first rough sketch of a treatise "On the Principles of Human Action." At twenty, accident brought him acquainted with Coleridge, whose writings and conversation had, as might be expected, great influence upon his subsequent modes of thought. At twenty-four, during the short peace of Amiens, he visited Paris with a view of studying the works of art in the Louvre. Some letters to his father written at this period, are given in the volume before us. They relate principally to the progress of his own studies in art, and are not in any manner remarkable. After spending a year in Paris he returned to London, abandoned, in despair, the pencil for the pen, and took up his abode temporarily, with his brother John, in Great Russell Street, Bloomsbury. His treatise "On the Principles of Human Action," a work upon which he seems to have greatly prided himself, (perhaps from early associations) was now completed, after eight years of excessive labor. He was not, however, successful in finding a publisher until a year afterwards—he being then twenty-eight. This was in 1805. In 1806, he published a pamphlet with the title of "Free Thoughts on Public Affairs." In 1807, he abridged to one volume Tucker's large work in seven—the "Light of Nature," and wrote for Messrs. Longman and Co. a "Reply to Malthus's Works on Population." In 1808, he married Miss Stoddart, sister of the present Chief Justice of Malta. By this lady, who still lives, he had several children, all of whom died in early childhood, except the Editor of these "Remains." Shortly after his marriage, he went to live at Winterslow, in Wiltshire. An English Grammar, written about this period, was published some years afterwards. In 1808, he also published a compilation, entitled "The Eloquence of the British Senate, being a selection of the best Speeches of the most distinguished Parliamentary Speakers, from the beginning of the reign of Charles I to the present time." We are told also, that in the autumn of this same year he was "engaged in preparing for publication his 'Memoirs of Holcroft'"—the first seventeen chapters of this work were written by Holcroft himself.

In 1811, Mr. Hazlitt removed to London and "tenanted a house once honored in the occupation of Milton." In 1813, he delivered at the Russell Institution, a series of "Lectures upon the History and Progress of English Philosophy." Shortly after this he became connected with the public press. For a short time he was engaged with the "Morning Chronicle" as a Parliamentary Reporter—but relinquished the occupation on account of ill health. He afterwards wrote political and theatrical criticisms for the "Champion," the "Morning Chronicle," the "Examiner," and the "Times." It was about this period, if we understand his biographer, that the collection of Essays appeared called "The Round Table." Of these, forty were written by Mr. Hazlitt, and twelve by Leigh Hunt. In 1818, his Theatrical Criticisms were collected and published under the title of "A view of the English Stage." In this year also, he delivered at the Surrey Institution a series of Lectures on the "Comic Writers, and the Poets of England," and on the "Dramatic Literature of the age of Elizabeth." These were subsequently published in single volumes under their respective titles. In 1819, the whole of his Political Essays appeared in one volume. His next published work was the "Characters of Shakspeare's Plays." In 1823, Mr. Hazlitt was divorced from his wife under the law of Scotland—shortly before this epoch having given to the world "Liber Amoris," a publication for many reasons to be regretted. In this same year appeared a "Critical Account of the Principal Picture Galleries of England"—also the first series of "Table-Talk," in two volumes, consisting of Essays on various subjects, a few of which had previously appeared in the "London Magazine." In 1824, Mr. H. married Isabella, widow of Lieut. Col. Bridgewater, a lady of some property; proceeding, after the wedding, on a tour through France and Italy. "Notes" of this journey appeared in the "Morning Chronicle," and were afterwards collected in a volume. In 1825, appeared the second series of "Table-Talk," and the "Spirit of the Age," a series of criticisms on the more prominent literary men then living. In 1826, the "Plain Speaker" was published, and another edition of the "Table-Talk." At this period, and for some years previous, Mr. Hazlitt was a frequent contributor to the "Edinburgh Review," the "New Monthly," "Monthly," and "London" Magazines, and other periodicals. In 1829, he published "Selections from the British Poets," and in 1830, "Northcote's Conversations," the "Life of Titian," (in which Mr. Northcote had a large share, and whose name, indeed, appeared as author on the title-page) and his chief work, "The Life of Napoleon," in four volumes. In August of this year he was attacked by a species of cholera, and on the 18th of September he died. We are indebted for the facts in this naked outline of Mr. Hazlitt's life, principally to the memoir by his son in the volume before us. The Memoir itself bears upon its face so obvious and indeed so very natural an air of the most enthusiastic filial affection and admiration, that we are forced to place but little reliance upon the critical opinions & advances.

The "Thoughts on the Genius of William Hazlitt," by Mr. Bulwer, differ in many striking points from the "Thoughts" by Sergeant Talfourd, on his "Intellectual Character." We give the preference unhesitatingly to the noble paper of Talfourd—a brilliant specimen of

accurate thinking and fine writing. The article of Bulwer, indeed, seems to be a compulsory thing—an effort probably induced by earnest solicitation—and no labor of love. Hazlitt, moreover, was personally unknown to him. Sergeant Talfourd, on the contrary, appears to write with a vivid interest in the man, and a thorough knowledge of his books. Nothing more fully than is here said, need be said, on the character, or the capacities, or on the works of Hazlitt, and nothing possibly can be said more happily or more wisely.

Of the Essays which constitute the body of the book before us, all have a relative—most of them a very high positive value. To American readers Hazlitt is principally known, we believe, as the Dramatic Critic, and the Lecturer on the Elder Poetry of England. Some of the papers in the present volume will prove the great extent and comprehensiveness of his genius. One on the "Fine Arts" especially, cannot fail of seizing public attention. Mr. Hazlitt discourses of Painting, as Chorley of Music. Neither have been equalled in their way. A fine passage of Hazlitt's on the *ideal* commences thus—

The *ideal* is not a negative, but a positive thing. The leaving out the details or peculiarities of an individual face does not make it one jot more ideal. To paint history is to paint nature as answering to a general, predominant, or preconceived idea in the mind, of strength, beauty, action, passion, thought, &c.; but the way to do this is not to leave out the details, but to incorporate the general idea with the details; that is, to show the same expression actuating and modifying every movement of the muscles, and the same character preserved consistently through every part of the body. Grandeur does not consist in omitting the parts, but in connecting all the parts into a whole, and in giving their combined and varied action; abstract truth or ideal perfection does not consist in rejecting the peculiarities of form, but in rejecting all those which are not consistent with the character intended to be given, and in following up the same *general idea* of softness, voluptuousness, strength, activity, or any combination of these, through every ramification of the frame. But these modifications of form or expression can only be learnt from nature, and therefore the perfection of art must always be sought in nature.

"The Fight" will show clearly how the writer of true talent can elevate even the most brutal of *scenes*. The paper entitled "My first acquaintance with Poets," and that headed "Of Persons one would wish to have seen," have a personal interest apart from the abilities of the writer. The article "On Liberty and Necessity," that "On Locke's Essay on the Human Understanding," and that "On the Definition of Wit," bear with them evidence of a truth but little understood, and very rarely admitted—that the reasoning powers never exist in perfection unless when allied with a very high degree of the imaginative faculty. In this latter respect, Hazlitt (who knew and acknowledged the fact) is greatly deficient. His argumentative pieces, therefore, rarely satisfy any mind, beyond that of the mere logician. As a critic—he is perhaps unequalled. Altogether he was no ordinary man. In the words of Bulwer, it may justly be said—that "a complete collection of his works is all the monument he demands."

The illness of both Publisher and Editor will, we hope, prove a sufficient apology for the delay in the issue of the present number, and for the omission of many promised notices of new books.

SOUTHERN LITERARY MESSENGER.

VOL. II.

RICHMOND, OCTOBER, 1836.

No. XI.

T. W. WHITE, PROPRIETOR.

FIVE DOLLARS PER ANNUM.

TO MY WIFE.

BY LINDLEY MURRAY.*

When on thy bosom I recline,
Enraptur'd still to call thee mine,
To call thee mine for life;
I glory in the sacred ties,
Which modern wits and fools despise,
Of Husband and of Wife.

One mutual flame inspires our bliss;
The tender look, the melting kiss,
Even years have not destroyed;
Some sweet sensation, ever new,
Springs up and proves the maxim true,
That Love can ne'er be cloy'd.

Have I a wish?—'tis all for thee,
Hast thou a wish?—'tis all for me.
So soft our moments move,
That angels look with ardent gaze,
Well pleas'd to see our happy days,
And bid us live—and love.

If cares arise—and cares will come—
Thy bosom is my softest home;
I'll lull me there to rest:
And is there ought disturbs my fair?
I'll bid her sigh out every care,
And lose it in my breast.

Have I a wish?—'tis all her own,
All hers and mine are roll'd in one—
Our hearts are so entwined,
That, like the ivy round the tree,
Bound up in closest amity,
'Tis Death to be disjoin'd.

SKETCHES OF THE HISTORY

AND PRESENT CONDITION OF TRIPOLI, WITH SOME ACCOUNTS OF THE OTHER BARBARY STATES.

NO. XII.

BY ROBERT GREENHOW.

At the conclusion of the last number it was stated that on the 12th of August 1832, Yusuf the old Pasha of Tripoli abdicated the throne in favor of his son Ali, thereby disappointing the expectations of his grandson Emhammed.

* These verses, printed from an original MS. of Lindley Murray, and, as we believe, never before published, present that celebrated grammarian in an entirely new point of view, and give him strong claims to the character of a poet. A sister of Mr. Murray married, we think, one of the Hoffmans of New York, and it is possible some of that highly respected family may have in their possession some other metrical pieces from his pen. It is somewhat remarkable that the present lines involve an odd grammatical error of construction in the concluding stanza.

The Consuls being nearly all unprepared for this conjuncture, were uncertain how to act. The majority were disposed to adopt the proposition made by M. Schwebels, that they should proceed without delay in a body, and offer to Ali the congratulations customary in Barbary on the accession of a new Sovereign; the others however refused. Under ordinary circumstances the visit would have been a mere ceremony, but in the actual state of things it was likely to be interpreted by the people, both within and without the town, as an evidence of the dispositions of the Governments represented by the Consuls; in that way it might have an important influence in determining the issue of the struggle in favor of Ali, which was by no means desired by all the Consuls, several of them being inclined from personal as well as political motives, to prefer the establishment of Emhammed as Pasha of Tripoli. The young Prince was considered superior to his uncle in intelligence and personal character; he appeared to be sustained by the great mass of the population, and it was probable that if no other Power interfered in the contest, he would ultimately prove successful; moreover he was the legitimate heir to the throne according to rules of succession, which the European Governments in general were interested in maintaining. These considerations occasioned much discussion among the Consuls; at length it was agreed that no public demonstration should be made by them in behalf of either Prince, until instructions had been received from their several governments. This arrangement does not seem however to have been considered by the Consuls as precluding them from any private exertions which their inclinations or the interests of those whom they represented might prompt them to make in favor of one or the other party; accordingly the agents of France, Spain, Naples and the Netherlands, engaged actively in support of the *Town Pasha* as Ali was designated; while the pretensions of Emhammed the *Country* candidate, were as zealously upheld by those of Great Britain, the United States, Tuscany and Portugal.

The news of Yusuf's abdication only rendered the people of the country more strongly determined to persevere in the cause of Emhammed, and M. Schwebels who had been empowered by Ali to act as mediator, was unable to procure their submission on any terms which he could offer to them or their chief. After some days of fruitless negotiations, on the 24th of August the French Consul received their *ultimatum*, in the form of a letter or manifesto addressed to Yusuf, which is worthy of notice as a specimen of Arab state-paper writing. It commences by a long rhapsody in praise of God, his angels and his prophet Mohammed, and the remainder is a mass of unconnected assertions and declarations from which there is occasionally an attempt to draw deductions, interspersed with scraps from the Koran and other sacred writings, having no discoverable bearing on the main subject. The amount of the whole is, that Yusuf having become incapable from the

infirmities of old age to conduct the affairs of the country, and Ali having rendered himself odious by his tyranny and rapacity, the people had determined to make Enhammed Sovereign of Tripoli, and would not desist until they had succeeded in establishing him as such. The document is signed by Enhammed as Pasha, by his brother Hamet as Bey and by a hundred and ten Sheiks and other principal persons; the names of many of the signers are preceded by invocations addressed to God and the Prophet, in token of the writer's conviction of the truth of what was asserted in the paper, or accompanied by expressions indicative of humility or devotion, such as—*The poor of the poor—The slave of God—Who prays to God.*

A copy of this manifesto was at the same time despatched to Mr. Macauley the American Consul, on the return of a boat which had been sent to the part of the coast occupied by the insurgents, in order to procure provisions for his family; it was accompanied by a letter from Enhammed, requesting that it might be shown to the other Consuls, who were also advised to take measures for their own security as the town would in a few days be stormed by the insurgents. The Consuls on receiving this notification, immediately addressed a note to Ali, to inquire what protection he could afford them, in case they remained; the Pasha replied by assuring them that they were in no danger, as the place was strong enough to resist any attacks which the insurgents could make.

Having learned that Mr. Macauley had received other documents from Enhammed, Ali became anxious to know their contents, and being permitted to examine, he wished to retain them, in order to prevent their circulation among the people; the Consul however insisted upon their return, and an altercation ensued between him and the Pasha, in consequence of which the flag of the American Consulate was struck by Macauley, in token of a cessation of intercourse with the Tripoline Government. This measure alarmed Ali, who knew that there was a large American squadron in the vicinity; he therefore immediately made satisfactory apologies to the Consul, who having accepted them again displayed his flag.

The assurances of the Pasha were not sufficient to dispel the apprehensions of the Consuls, nor of the people who soon became acquainted with the contents of Enhammed's communications. The forces of the insurgents were daily increasing, and many houses in the place had already been injured by their shot; to oppose them, Ali had only about six hundred troops, nearly all of them negro slaves, not more than were required to garrison the castle and keep the people in awe. The walls of the place were indeed high and thick, but the cannon on their ramparts were nearly all useless. In addition, the want of provisions began to be seriously felt, and the general discontent of course increased. Many persons who had held high offices under Yusuf escaped from the town and joined Enhammed's party; among them were the head of the law and religion, and Hadji Mohammed Bet-el-Mel who had succeeded old D'Ghies as the confidential Minister of the late Pasha.

While things were in this state, on the 28th of August the insurgents made a general attack on the city, and at the same time the Pasha caused a number of the inhabitants to be seized and imprisoned on suspicion

of being engaged in a conspiracy against him. These proceedings naturally caused the utmost alarm and distress in Tripoli. The Christian residents and the Turks expecting that the place would be immediately stormed and ravaged by the Arabs, took refuge on board the vessels in the harbor; while many of the most respectable natives, fearing that they might be arrested or killed by the Pasha if they should remain in their own houses, sought protection in those of the foreign Consuls. Ali, on seeing this, became fearful of exciting greater confusion by persisting in his violent measures; he therefore countermanded the arrests, and his ministers went about endeavoring to tranquillize the people, and to induce those who had fled to the Consulates, to return to their own houses. The bombardment however proved fruitless; the guns of the besiegers were small and badly served, and although they damaged some of the houses they had no effect on the fortifications. Other attacks of the same kind were afterwards made, which being equally unsuccessful, the alarm subsided and Ali's friends became more confident of success.

Enhammed becoming convinced that without more efficient means of attack little advantage was to be derived from bombarding the town, determined to direct his efforts against its commerce. He accordingly removed his artillery to the eastern shore of the harbor where batteries had been thrown up to receive them; and having also armed two small vessels he conceived himself authorized to declare the port in a state of blockade. He therefore addressed a circular to the Consuls in Tripoli through the medium of his friend Mr. Macauley, informing them that no vessels would thereafter be allowed to enter the port. M. Schwebel and nearly all the other Consuls, immediately protested against this blockade, on the ground that it was an irregular and unwarrantable proceeding, on the part of individuals who had not yet been acknowledged as constituting an independent power by any Government. The American Consul however thought proper not to join in this expression of opinion, and by his refusal drew upon himself the indignation of Ali's party, which was manifested by public insults and private annoyances, until at length considering that his life was no longer secure in Tripoli Mr. Macauley struck his flag and retired with his family to a country house, situated within the lines of the insurgent forces. The Pasha on this became again alarmed, and endeavored by every means, even by the indirect offer of a bribe, to induce the Consul to return to his post in the town; his arguments however proving vain, he despatched Mohammed D'Ghies to Malta where the squadron of the United States had just arrived, in order that by his representations to its commander, the consequences which he had reason to anticipate might be averted.

Commodore Patterson the commander of the American squadron, having compared the statements of the Consul with the explanations offered by D'Ghies, was convinced that there had been faults on both sides, and that the matter might be easily settled without any hostile proceedings. He therefore sailed for Tripoli, as soon as he had obtained the requisite supplies, and arrived there on the 23d of November with two frigates and a sloop of war. The Commodore was visited on board his ship, immediately on his arrival, by Macauley, and also by Mohammed D'Ghies, who was fur-

nished by Ali with full powers to arrange the existing difficulties. As the American force was sufficient to destroy the city in the actual condition of its defences, the Tripoline Minister readily agreed to the terms of satisfaction required by the Commodore; the Pasha in consequence made the usual Punic protestations of regard for the United States and their Consul, and disavowing any participation in the annoyances to which the latter had been subjected, delivered up to the Commodore all who could be proved to have been engaged in them. These miserable instruments of tyranny were reprimanded and dismissed; the flag of the United States was again displayed on the Consulate, and saluted with the usual number of thirty-three guns; the Commodore and his officers visited the Pasha, who was entertained in his turn on board the frigate, and the utmost good feeling was manifested between parties who cordially hated or despised each other. No notice was taken of Emhammed who had flattered himself with the hope of acquiring a powerful ally. Mr. Macaulay however placing little confidence in the smiles and assurances of the *Town Pasha*, and moreover considering his place of residence unsafe, as it had been pierced by several balls from the cannon of the besiegers, did not think proper to remain at his official post; he therefore established himself at Malta, where he continued for the ensuing two years and a half, visiting Tripoli occasionally during that period.

The year 1833 and a part of 1834 passed without the occurrence of any notable event, and without any alteration in the prospects of either of the rival Princes. The town had in the mean time been reduced to abject misery; no supplies could be obtained from the interior, and as its commerce was almost destroyed, the inhabitants were starving. On the other hand, the condition of the country is said to have been more than usually prosperous; no taxes could be collected by Ali, and as Emhammed's followers were chiefly from the agricultural districts, he was unable even had he been willing, to levy severe contributions. The foreign trade was conducted through the ports of Tajoura, Meaurata and Bengazi, the chiefs of which being nearly independent, raised large sums by appropriating to themselves the greater part of the duties on imports and exports.

The Consuls had probably been all instructed to remain neutral or at least to appear so. M. Schwebels continued to act as mediator, employing his good offices as before merely in urging the submission of the insurgents to the Pasha. In May 1834 however, it was discovered that he had overstepped the bounds of neutrality; for a proclamation signed by Ali and guaranteed by the seal and signature of the French Consul, promising indemnity and reward to those who would betray or desert the cause of the insurgents, was found on the person of one of the Sheiks in command under Emhammed. Soon after this M. Schwebels was transferred to Tunis where he now acts as Consul General of France, and was succeeded in Tripoli by M. Bourboulon.

Colonel Warrington returned to Tripoli, but he neither displayed his flag nor held any official communication with Ali; he remained chiefly at his country house, which being near the town and in the midst of the insurgents, received occasionally and perhaps not always accidentally a ball from one of the guns of the castle. Although it does not appear to be certain that

he took any active part in favor of Emhammed, yet Ali considered his presence as highly injurious, and in order to procure his removal as well as to effect some arrangement with regard to the claims of British subjects, he commissioned Hassuna D'Ghies who had remained in France since 1829, to proceed to England. In London Hassuna soon found that these objects were not to be attained by direct applications to the Ministry, and he accordingly endeavored to secure assistance in the Legislature. In consequence of his representations, motions were made in the House of Commons by Sir James Scarlett and Mr. Bowring, for inquiries into the conduct of Warrington, who was charged by those gentlemen with having made an improper use of his official station at Tripoli and with having thereby occasioned great distress in that place. The subject was however so generally uninteresting, that the Ministers found no difficulty in evading these calls by merely declaring that investigations into the subject had been commenced.

The Governments of France and England were in fact at the time engaged in negotiations with a third Power, which was equally interested in the future political condition of Tripoli. The Sultan of Turkey who had been obliged to submit to the occupation of Algiers by the French determined if possible to prevent a country so much nearer to his own dominions from falling into the hands of a Christian Power, and he accordingly declared his intention to exert his supreme authority as Sovereign of Tripoli in deciding the question between the rival Princes. The announcement of this determination led to correspondence on the subject between the three Governments the nature of which has not yet been disclosed; it is impossible therefore to say whether the events which ensued were the result of agreements made between them, or, as is more probable, the Sultan acted without regard for the wishes of the other parties.

On the 18th of September 1834 a Turkish brig arrived at Tripoli, bringing Mohammed Cekir, Private Secretary of the Seraglio, as Envoy or Commissioner from the Sultan. For some days the objects of his mission were unknown; it was however soon rumored that he was the bearer of a *firman* or Imperial order recognizing Ali as Pasha, and requiring the people to submit to his authority. This rumor was fully confirmed on the 25th, when the *firman* declaring such to be the will of the Sultan, was publicly read at the castle in presence of the principal persons of the Government, and of the foreign Consuls who had been invited to attend. The friends of Ali now considered his success assured; the Consuls with the exception of those of Great Britain and Tuscany, immediately offered to him their congratulations without reserve, and M. Bourboulon delivered his credentials as *Chargé d'Affaires* of France. The people of the town, probably supposing that the termination of their miseries was at hand expressed their joy by shouts of triumph and felicitation, which were responded to by yells of defiance from the country. The Envoy having formally acknowledged Ali as Pasha, then proceeded to execute the remainder of his charge, and issued a proclamation calling on the insurgent chiefs to submit within the space of six days to their lawful sovereign; he moreover privately despatched to Emhammed letters written to him by the

Grand Vizier and Capoudan Pasha, exhorting him to yield without delay. Neither Emhammed nor his followers however were disposed to obey the mandate of a distant monarch, whom they regarded rather as their spiritual than as their temporal chief, particularly as the summons was unaccompanied by adequate means of enforcing it; the period fixed in the proclamation consequently expired without manifestation on their parts of any intention to cease their opposition to Ali. Mohammed Cekir then considering it possible that his proclamation might have been withheld from the people of the country by their chiefs, determined to communicate with them directly in person; accordingly on the 3d of October he left the town and proceeded with great ceremony, under the escort of a body of the Pasha's troops, to the vicinity of Emhammed's encampment, where being soon surrounded by a crowd of curious Arabs he ordered the *firman* to be read. The effect by no means corresponded with his wishes; the *firman* was written in the Turkish language with which the auditors were entirely unacquainted, and when its meaning was at length explained to them, they replied by shouts and movements so little allied to respect, that the Envoy found it most prudent to retreat without further parley within the walls of Tripoli. While on his way however he received a letter from Emhammed and his Sheika, professing great veneration for the Sultan, but declining to comply with his will on the subject in question.

After this failure a consultation was held at the castle, the result of which was another proclamation addressed to the people of the country inviting them in more conciliatory terms to make their submission within a period of six days as before allowed. The reply of the insurgents to this summons did not differ from that given to the former; it was however signed by all the chiefs of their party. They also sent a circular letter to the same effect to the Consuls in Tripoli, enclosing an expostulatory manifesto addressed to the Sovereigns of Europe, setting forth the causes of their appearing in arms and their determination to resist the authority of Ali, notwithstanding the Sultan's *firman* which they averred had been obtained by corrupt means. These papers are supposed to have been drawn up by Hadji Mohammed Bet-el-Mel (whom Emhammed had made his first Minister,) with the aid probably of Colonel Warrington.

The Turkish Envoy in revenge for this contumacy, declared the part of the country occupied by the insurgents in a state of blockade; and the brig which had brought him to Tripoli was forthwith employed in cruising off its coast. Emhammed on his part repeated his assurances, that he should maintain the investment of the town by sea as well as by land, and having again warned the Consuls that their vessels would be prevented from entering the harbor, a few days after gave proof of his power as well as of his determination to effect what he had threatened. On the 6th of November he fired upon an Austrian vessel which attempted to enter the port and compelled her to put back, although she was under the French flag, and supported by a French brig of war, as well as by that in which the Ottoman Envoy had arrived; several other vessels, European as well as Tripoline, were treated in a similar manner. The Turk not choosing to expose the flag of his Sovereign to such indignities returned to Constantinople.

In the spring of 1835 reports were circulated in Tripoli that a Turkish armament was about to be sent to that place from Constantinople; some supposed it was for the purpose of overthrowing all opposition to Ali; others hinted that the Sultan meant to take possession of the country. The latter opinion was confirmed by all the European Journals; and indeed it could scarcely have been expected that the Ottoman Government, which at that moment seemed to need all its forces and funds for its own defence, could have been disposed to send a large and expensive expedition for the mere purpose of settling a dispute with regard to the Sovereignty of a distant country.

On the 30th of May Mohammed Cekir returned to Tripoli where he announced the Turkish Squadron as near, and assuring Ali that it was sent entirely for his benefit, advised him to show his gratitude to the Sultan, by the liberal distribution of presents among its officers. The Ottoman ships appeared on the evening of the 25th, and in the course of that night the whole armament, consisting of one ship of the line, five frigates, two sloops, two brigs, a schooner, a cutter and ten transports, anchored in the roads and harbor, without any opposition either on the part of the Pasha or of his rival. The next morning presents of fresh provisions were sent to the ships from the Messiah as well as the town; salutes were fired from the batteries on each side, and the Turkish Admiral received visits and communications from each quarter. The Pasha attended by his ministers and chief officers also paid a formal visit to the Admiral, by whom he appears to have been received with the respect usually paid to one of his rank; it was then confidently expected in the city that he would be detained, however after having spent about four hours on board the flag ship, he returned to the castle in his boat receiving salutes as he passed, from the guns of the squadron. Immediately on landing, he issued an order that none of his subjects should appear in arms. This order having been circulated the disembarkation of the troops began, and by mid-day of the 27th more than four thousand Turkish soldiers with nineteen cannon and four mortars had entered the city, which was thus placed entirely at their discretion.

On the morning of the 28th, Ali again went on board the Admiral's ship, in order as it was understood to accompany that officer and the commander of the troops to the city; two hours afterwards the guns from the ships announced that the high personages were on their way to the shore, and the barges supposed to contain them were discovered approaching the water gate. The Turkish Admiral and General landed and attended by their guards entered the castle; the Pasha however did not appear, and it was soon ascertained that he was a prisoner on board the flag ship. At four o'clock the Sultan's *firman* was publicly read, by which the General Mustapha Nedgib was appointed Pasha of the Province of Tripoli.

The Turkish Pasha no doubt considered his work imperfect, until he had also possessed himself of Emhammed's person; with this view therefore he immediately despatched a messenger to the Prince, requesting him, his brother Hamet and his Minister Hadji Mohammed, to appear at the Castle and declare their submission to the will of the Sultan. Hadji Mohammed at once evinced his readiness to submit, recommending

to the Turk to issue assurances of pardon to all who had been engaged in the opposition to Ali; Emhammed however declined entering the castle, except upon the guarantee of the British Consul. Mustapha without hesitation gave the assurances of indemnity as recommended by Hadji Mohammed, and ordered the gates of the town to be thrown open; he however peremptorily refused to assent to any interference on the part of a foreign Consul.

The Arabs as soon as they were certain of Ali's imprisonment, and of their own freedom from danger, abandoned their tents and batteries and flocked into the town. Their chief in vain called on them to remember their promises of fidelity to his cause; he in vain entreated the British Consul to interfere in his behalf; at length night coming on he retired to his tent exhausted and dispirited, and fell asleep. On awaking he found himself almost alone; the Sheiks with their followers had all deserted him, and even Hadji Mohammed had sought refuge on board of a British ship of war which lay in the harbor. With a few followers the two young Princes then betook themselves to flight. Hamet succeeded in reaching the frontiers of Egypt, but Emhammed, overpowered by the sudden disappointment of all his hopes, blew out his own brains with a blunderbuss on the day after he had left Tripoli; at least such was the account of his death given by his attendants.

Ali and his Minister Mohammed D'Ghies were sent to Constantinople; what has been their fate we have as yet no means of ascertaining. Hassuna D'Ghies after many mutations of fortune, is at present established at Constantinople as the editor of the *Montieur Ottoman* the official Gazette of the Sultan. The old Pasha Yusuf who appeared to be sinking into idiocy, remains in honorable durance in the castle, where Hadji Mohammed Bet-el-Mel is allowed to attend him. Thus has the Caramanli family been a second time deprived of the sovereignty of Tripoli, which will not probably be regained by one of their name.

MOSES

PLEADING BEFORE PHARAOH.

Scene—The Council Hall of Pharaoh—Moses, Aaron, and Elders of Israel, awaiting the King's appearance.

Time—Supposed to be immediately prior to the Plague of Darkness.

Aaron to Moses.—Mark'st thou what troops are mustering round the palace?

Behold the guards are doubled at the gates—
The avenues are bristling with their spears;
What may this mean?

Moses.—It means we are beset,
And shall be dead ere night, if fierce Arbaces
Can move the king to wrath; and he who sent us
Permit our death.

Aaron.—My life may well be yielded;
But must thou die, my brother, Heaven directed
To be as God unto me? Hapless Israel,
Mourn without comfort if thy prophet fall!

Moses.—Fear not for thy life or my own, God with us;

Stand we before the king—for soon begins
The work a thousand years shall not conclude.
I feel assured our prayer will not be granted;
And I behold the ills which angry heaven
Will yet inflict on this devoted land:
The tenfold plagues, the last dread retribution,
The billowy grave prepar'd for Egypt's pride,
I see as things which pass before my eyes.
Our desert wanderings, perils and privations,
Miraculous deliverance from them all—
The solemn code in God's own thunder spoken,
The weary struggle, and triumphant close
Of Israel's sufferings, in that Land of Promise
Which I shall see, but not survive to enter—
Would I could see no more!

Thou only God, worthy of Israel's worship,
Who by the humblest instruments canst work
Thy purposes of goodness, hear thy servant!
Thou knowest that I am weak—be thou my strength;
Thou knowest that I am dull and slow of speech—
Do thou inspire such language as may sink
Into a heart self-steel'd against thy will!
Fill thought, and soul, and sense with thy idea,
That I, so lately taken from the desert,
May stand confess'd, tho' in a monarch's presence,
The chosen servant of the King of Kings;
And oh, if in the book of thy decrees
There be a space by which this prince and people,
Whom, spite of our deep wrongs, I cannot hate,
May find thy mercy and escape this doom,
Then let thy servant's prayer be even for Egypt,
Which, though of late oppressive, once hath been
Thy Israel's refuge in her utmost need.

PHARAOH AND HIS TRAIN ENTER.

Pharaoh, (being seated.)—Stand forward, Moses, and ye Hebrew leaders—

Say, wherefore do ye trouble me again
For that which I have sworn by all our Gods
Never to grant while I am king of Egypt?

Arbaces to Moses, observing that he made no obeisance.

And ere thou speakest to thy lord and master,
Unmanner'd peasant, proud rebellious slave,
Crouch to his throne, and gladly do that homage
Which all the brave and highborn in the land,
Honor'd and happy think themselves to render.

Moses.—The base prostration of an abject slave
Can do no honor to a sovereign prince;
As Pharaoh's bondman I would not stand here,
But keep aloof, and quietly fold my chains
On arms which could not burst their links asunder;
And as the ambassador of Israel's God,
Call'd by his voice, sustain'd by boundless power,
And prompted by his spirit, ne'er will I
Bend to a sovereign who dishonors mine.

Pharaoh.—Wave we this question now; I stand not here

On points of ceremony—say thy errand.

Moses.—In fear that thou wilt promise as before,
And as before deceive us—yet in hope
That thou mayst profit by the part I speak.
The God we serve hath chosen Israel's children
Forth of this land to spread his name and worship

Throughout the earth—and by my voice he bids thee
Release our tribes from bondage, and permit
Their peaceable departure to the desert.

Pharaoh.—And who is Israel's God, that I should
serve him?

Or who the God of Abram, that my kingdom
Should lose a million vassals at his word?

Moses.—Thou askest who is God? and how shall I,
A worm but crawling on his footstool, tell thee?
Or how wilt thou, so blinded by a worship
Degrading beyond utterance, understand?
Were every thought a ray direct from heaven,
And every word an angel's, I might hope—
But, Prince,—the Deity I serve is God
And Lord of Hosts; his name the Great Jehovah,
Supreme, Omniscient, present every where—
Strong to destroy, omnipotent to save.
By his command—the breathing of his will—
Beam'd in existence yonder brilliant orb—
The infinite host of heaven—the fruitful earth
Thou walk'st on and enjoyest, knowing little
Of regions close around thee, and but nothing
Of realms unmatched in beauty, which thy sons,
In the hundredth generation, will not see—
Nor dream of their existence. He alone
Can truly claim our gratitude for blessings
Shower'd without stint or measure on our heads,
Love, worship, loyalty, and true obedience,
But mix'd with wholesome fear. Not for thy throne,
With power a hundred fold of that thou hast—
Not for the sway of hosts innumerable
As sands in yonder desert—or the wealth
That earth contains and may produce through ages—
For giant strength, or patriarch's length of days—
Knowing Jehovah, would I tempt his wrath,
Or brave the stroke of his destroying arm.

Pharaoh.—Hast thou e'er seen the God of whom thou
speakest?

Moses.—In his essential spiritual being? never!
Nor ever shall, until this mortal frame
Dissolve into the dust from whence it came,
And my emancipated spirit fly:
I trust and hope to dwell with him forever.
But in the unconsum'd, tho' burning bush,
Of which I spake when first I came to thee,
I have beheld the outward manifestation
Of his great presence, and have heard him speak
His holy purpose, and expound to me
What I should say—how plead with thee for freedom.

Pharaoh.—Apis and Isis are the Gods of Egypt—
And many more my ancestors have worshipped;
I too will serve them, nor embrace a faith
Preach'd by a leader of insurgent slaves,
Or such as would be so. But did Jehovah,
The God thou vauntest, prompt thee with a fraud?
Hast thou not striven t' amuse me with the thought
That sacrifice alone required your journey
Into the wilderness? and when deception
Might not avail, hast thou not own'd thy purpose,
And claim'd a right to quit the land forever?

Moses.—The crowned king who broke his solemn promise

To let our tribes depart, might well have spar'd
A pointless sarcasm and unjust reproach
To human policy. If I have stoop'd

So far as not to tell thee *all* the truth,
Be sure it was to spare thy pride alone,
And naught beside. But glance thine eye around—
Behold our people helpless and unarm'd,
Beaten with stripes, o'erlabor'd, driven and watch'd
By spears of vigilant armies. Be thou judge
If that deliverance can be their achievement,
Or less than God can free them from thy hands;
Then say if purpos'd fraud can be a means
With him who wrought such wonders in the land.
Let us depart, great prince. The voice of Justice,
True wisdom's dictates, and thy prescient fears
Of greater evils yet befalling Egypt,
All speak one word; that word—Emancipation.

Pharaoh.—Setting aside thy magic, or the wrath,
If such it be, of Israel's God, what wisdom
Worthy a prince's thought, would be in this?

Moses.—The highest and the greatest—that which
chooses

Nobly t' endure a smaller present evil,
And shun a distant great calamity.
As truly as the waves of distant ocean,
Chasing each other, rise by turns and fall—
As truly as the air, surcharged with heat,
Gendereth the thunderstorm which clears and cools it—
So surely, in the troubled sea of life,
Wrong wreaketh wrong, and evil followeth evil,
And moral tempests purge the crimes of nations.
When will the sons of men be taught this lesson?
What tears, what blood must flow, what lands be ravaged,

What empires overthrown, or peopled only
With widows and with orphans, ere they learn it?
The wrong is ours, but such redress we seek not;
God hath our quarrel taken in his hands:
Our fathers journey'd here, th' invited guests
Of Egypt's king, and were by him receiv'd
With hospitality and royal bounty,
Which well became a prince whom Joseph serv'd.
I need not tell thee of the slow encroachments
By which the alien guests became thy subjects,
Or call to mind the hard and stern decree
Which, in a day, transferr'd us from subjection
To chain'd and absolute bondage; or the edict
Which gave our sons to death as soon as born:
These things are fresh in memory—but oblivion
Shall cover all, if thou but set us free.

Pharaoh, to one of his Council.—Osirion, I have ever
held thee wise;

Speak thy opinion of this man's petition.

Osirion.—Most gracious prince, as briefly as I may.
The past experience fully proves this truth,
That in all prosperous and happy lands
There is a chain of order and gradation.
Vicegerents, counsellors, governors, warlike chiefs,
Subservient leaders, freeborn subjects, slaves,
Link within link, each in its proper place,
And guided by the sovereign hand alone.
Who is not bound on earth? If any can
Be free from all control save that of heaven,
The greatest and the wisest only should. (*Bowing to*

Pharaoh.)

Another truth is this—that be a nation
Govern'd as though the Gods themselves were here,
And order'd all things that we do on earth,

There will be innovators—men who seek
For their own ends to break establish'd usage,
And raise a storm of discord and commotion,
No matter what it wreck, so they be wafted
To the point they have in view ; and never yet
Have they begun their work at the fountain head
Of a nation's wisdom, but by base appeals
To the lowest passions of the vulgar herd,
Furious and blind as snakes in the summer heat.
This man, half hypocrite and half fanatic,
Nurtur'd from childhood by thy royal sister—
Rear'd in thy palaces, and stor'd with learning
The most profound that Egypt could afford—
In our religious mysteries deeply skill'd,
And taking rank among our wisest magi—
Bold, politic and crafty, aims no doubt
To organize and sway a faith and nation
Broadly distinct from all upon the earth.
What asks he at thy hands ? Emancipation !
Claim'd too of right, with most rebellious threats,
Even to thy face, on thy presum'd refusal—
And with what justice, Pharaoh, thou mayst judge.
Israel hath sojourn'd here four hundred years—
Thriven on our soil—found refuge here from famine—
Had Goshen for a heritage—and shar'd
Peace and protection with thy native subjects ;
Shall they not share the vassalage and toil ?
Nor see I aught unjust that they should be
Bondmen to those who fed and guarded them.
Throughout the world there must be slaves and mas-
ters ;

The features of these men, their creed, their language,
And barbarous right of circumcision, mark
Them as a race made to be known as slaves :
And whether it were just 't' enthrall these tribes,
Pharaoh, concerns not thee or us. Our sires
Bequeath'd the heritage of sway to us,
And their's entail'd the slavery on their sons.
Never, I trust, will I behold the day
When, at the bidding of a God unseen
By us, and even by him who takes his name,
These slaves be yielded, and the broad foundation,
Our social fabric's base, be taken away.
True policy, the guide which, when a king
Forsakes his throne's security, is gone,
Cries loudly to detain them. Where will be
The public works which make thy name eternal,
And raise thy kingdom to the loftiest height
Of national glory, if these men be freed ?
And where the quiet obedience of thy subjects,
When those who were their menials, and perform'd
All offices of drudgery, are gone ?
Let these men be arrested, and their bodies
Detain'd as hostages for Egypt's safety.

Pharaoh to Moses.—Hear'st thou ?

Moses.—I grieve that thou who hast beheld
God's visits unto Egypt mark'd with ruin,
Canst reason yet, and listen too to others,
As if it were with me, and not my Maker,
Thou had'st to deal. Do I not know these magi—
Their priestly craft and worthless jugglery ?
Presume not too far on thy power 't' oppress.
Though proof against remorse for what is past—
Though deaf unto the cries of slaves in bondage,
And dumb when words of freedom should be spoken,

Prince, be not blind to thine own dearest interests—
Stake not thy life, thy honor and thy crown,
Thy people's safety, and thy kingdom's strength,
Upon the words of the most shallow fools
That ever tempted man to his destruction.
Trust not their crooked policy, which bids thee
Prefer *convenient wrong* to truth and justice ;
Do that thy conscience whispers thee is right,
And leave the rest to him who sent me hither.
The God of Israel is the God of Egypt,
And though unhonored, careth for her sons.

Pharaoh to Arbaces.—Arbaces, give thy counsel.

Arbaces.—King of Egypt,

The sharpest evils need the sharpest cures.
Here, in the very grasp of thy great power,
Stands open-mouth'd rebellion ; all the chiefs
And advocates of Hebrew discontent
Are now before thee : speak but thou the word,
And ere an hour be past, their traitorous heads
Shall grace thy palace wall, and their torn limbs
Be sent through Goshen and the land of Egypt,
A dreadful warning—and my life shall answer
For peace hereafter, and most tame submission
From all thy Hebrew vassals.

Pharaoh, to Moses.—Hearest thou ?

Moses.—I hear, and smile to hear it. God of mercy !
Look not with utter scorn on thy creation,
Nor let thy anger rise, that these poor worms
With barely light to view the rapid stream
On which they drift from time to eternity,
Must purple it with blood, and freely deal
Death and extermination on each other,
As though thy uncreated power and thunders
Were all thy own, and thou hadst never been.

Pharaoh, to Arbaces.—T' imprison him and let him
live, were folly—

And I have yielded to my sister's prayers
He should not die, unless the Hebrews rise
In servile war against us. (*To Moses.*) Thou mayst
leave me,

And go where'er thou chooseth ; but thy people
Go not in peace while I am king of Egypt.

Moses.—The wisdom that would point thee to the
path

Of peace, of honor, and thy Maker's favor,
Is lost on thee, and all appeals to justice
As well were made unto the marble steps
That base thy throne. But though thou fearest not now,
Hereafter thou wilt tremble, and it may be,
Own, when too late, the God thou now despisest.
Once more I must address thee. King of Egypt,
I charge thee in the name of High Jehovah,
Let all the Hebrews quit thy land in peace,
And bear their wives, their offspring, and their goods
Far from thy utmost limits, never more
To own thy sceptre, or to call thee Lord.
Nor send them empty handed. Let them take
From thine own subjects aught that may be needed
For journeying in the desert. Sayst thou no ?
Then on thy country, from the king, who sits
Upon his throne, down to the meanest peasant,
The curse, the peril, and the plague will fall.
Darkness and tempests, pestilence and death
Shall triumph yet, and wring the very hearts
Of men grown faint and sick with utter ruin.

Nor this the worst. If then thy haughty soul
Experience cannot teach, or suffering bend,
Th' outstretched arm of God himself will sweep
Thee and thy legions from the earth forever.
And when yon pyramids, the unsolv'd enigma
Of future ages, rais'd by stripes and groans
Of trampled Israel—piles which thou hast built,
As if t' outlast the world on which they stand,
Are batter'd by barbarians, or have crumbled
Beneath the sure and silent hand of time,
The story of thy overthrow shall be
Had in remembrance, and the name of Pharaoh
A living proverb in the mouths of men
For harden'd heart and blind insatiation.

Pharaoh.—And durst thou threaten me, thou sorcerer?
Out of my presence—I defy thy magic,
Disown thy God, and scoff at his commands.

Moses.—Aye, wage thy puny strength against th'
Almighty,

And feel his power, whose name thou dost blaspheme.
See in what splendor rides the sun above us;
Few moments more will blot it from thy sight.
(*Raising his rod to Heaven.*) Shadows of night, arise!
and let the gloom,

That mantled space, before the stars of heaven
Hail'd the first dawning of their God's creation,
Envelope Egypt! Yea, let utter darkness,
Intense as pride in this besotted prince,
Black as their thoughts who counsel him to murder,
Enduring, all-pervading, palpable,
Even to the sense of feeling, rayless, cheerless,
Be as a funeral pall upon this land!

Pharaoh.—Another plague. Beware, or thou mayst
find

The faith I plighted to my sister fail,
And but for that thou hadst been dead ere now.

Officers.—Guard us from ruin, now, ye Gods of
Egypt!

See, Pharaoh! see, the deepest midnight rising
Round heaven's extremest verge, and merging fast
Towards the fading sun, whose sickly beams
Flicker and die before the gathering horror.
Great prince, relent, and let this people go;
Should Egypt be destroy'd, to keep her slaves—

Pharaoh.—Peace, on your lives! and you, ye Hebrew
leaders,

Approach while I can see ye. I know not,
Or care to know, if this be incantation,
Or work of other Gods than those of Egypt;
But while I live, and hold the sceptre here,
Tho' all the accumulated gloom of hell,
And all its plagues be wasted on the land,
I will not let ye go, or bate one tittle
Of royal right to hold ye in subjection.
(*To Moses.*) Listen, and mark my words! they touch
thy life:

Go from my presence, nor return unsunmon'd—
For in the day thou seest me thou shalt die.

Moses.—Thou hast said well—I'll see thy face no more.

NOMS DE GUERRE.

Balzac's real name was Guez—Metastasio's was Tra-
passo—Melancthon's Hertz Schwartz—Erasmus' Ge-
rard.

TO ANNA.

Full forty years have fled away
Since first we hailed the wedding day,
And I've been blest, as well I may,
With Anna.

Though thou wert young, and tender too,
When first I sought thy heart to woo,
Thou'st never been unkind, untrue,
My Anna.

If bent with sickness, woe, or care,
Who offered up the sigh, the prayer,
Or proved a watchful angel there?
My Anna.

The stream of life may roughly glide,
And I in anguish may be tried;
I'll not repine, if by my side
Is Anna.

When dwindling from me one by one,
My num'rous sunshine friends were gone,
Who lingered still and loved me on?
My Anna.

Whilst others live in jarring strife,
We pass a calm, contented life—
I daily bless my matchless wife,
My Anna.

O, never can affliction move
The depth, the truth of woman's love!
For grief and pain would only prove
My Anna.

And when the closing hour draws near
In which I quit this earthly sphere,
I'll die repeating to her ear,
My Anna! c.

LINES.

Oh! there's a light in woman's eye—
A liquid light—a living ray—
Which gleams upon our pilgrim path,
And guides us o'er life's rugged way:
A magic sound in woman's sigh—
A thrilling tone—so soft, so sweet,
That, like the harp of Æolus,
It seems a voice for angel meet,
Wailing a lost one from on high.

IGNOTUS

BIBLES.

The first Polyglot Bible is that of Cardinal Ximenes,
printed in 1515. It contains the Hebrew text, the
Chaldaic Paraphrase, the Greek Septuagint, and the
ancient Latin edition. The second is the Royal Bible,
Anvers, 1752: the third that of Le Jay, Paris, 1645:
the fourth that of England, London, 1657, edited by
Walton. There are many since, but of less celebrity.

CLASSICAL BIBLIOGRAPHY.

Mr. Editor—The following list of the editions of the classics fittest to enter into a literary collection of the Roman and Greek authors, was drawn up, a little while since, at the request of a friend, who is beginning to appropriate, out of his income, an annual sum to the forming of a private library. The series indicated is such as is recommended by the convenience of their form, the general goodness of their typographical execution, the correctness of their text, and the usefulness of a commentary, from which all that sort of erudition is excluded, which perpetually misses or goes beyond the mark. In such a plan, the mere luxury of editions—the pursuit of the rare, or curious, or costly, apart from more serious excellence—is, of course, to be disregarded. Beyond mere uniformity of size, I would make no sacrifice to the Graces; nor this, but that the octavo form combines the differing advantages of compactness and bulk. It neither forbids, by its diminutiveness, all explanation of the text; nor confounds you, like a folio, with the trivialities of an eternal erudition. It is, too, the form in which editions have been multiplied the most; so that it can offer, in a cheap but agreeable dress, almost every thing with which learning has elucidated the ancient writers.

I myself do not slight the passion of the mere book-fancier. In a country where the wealthiest and best-born of the land lavish their annual thousands, for the praise of possessing stud horses of the most honorable lineage, or that they may enjoy, through life, the society of grooms and trainers, it would be, perhaps, not amiss if, for mere diversity's sake, some less illiterate follies were introduced. Are the brawling and boorish fox-hunter, or the super-subtle man of the turf (races rapidly becoming the reproach of English manners and tastes) all that our men of fortune can imitate among the English gentry? Their ancestral mansions, adorned with whatever art or science can accumulate of beautiful or curious: their delightful pleasure-grounds, where the picturesque creates a thousand charmingly disposed landscapes: their museums of antiquities—their rich galleries of pictures—their master-pieces of sculpture—their noble and learned private libraries, the chief pride and ornament of every wealthy residence—when, alas! shall we, instead of what is coarsest and most immoral and least intellectual in the habits and amusements of English life, rise to even the idler and more puerile parts of Taste and Letters—the follies of the Virtuoso and the Bibliomaniac?

But “*revenons à nos moutons*.” let us get back to our ancients; of whom, I believe, you will find the annexed list a careful and a copious one. I have consulted, in compiling it, the following leading authorities: Morhof, *Polyhistor Literarius*; Fabricius, *Bibliotheca Græca*; Idem, *Bibliotheca Latina Vetus*; Idem, *Bibliotheca Antiquaria*; Idem, *Historia Bibliothecæ suæ*; Saxius, *Onomasticon Literarium*; Saldenus, *De Libris eorumque usu et abusu*; Panzer, *Annales*; Renouard, *Annales des Aldes*; Cave's *Charophylax*; Le Clerc, *Bibliothèque Universelle*; Idem, *Bibliothèque Choisie*; Bayle, *Dictionnaire historique, &c.*; the great French *Biographie Universelle*; Barbier, *Dictionnaire des Anonymes et pseudonymes*; Cailleau, *Dictionnaire bibliographique*; Harwood, *View of the Classics*; Adam Clarke, *Bibliographi-*

cal Dictionary and Miscellany; Dibdin, *Guide to the Classics*; Moss, *Classical Bibliography*; Dunlop, *Roman Literature*; Schoell, *Littérature Grecque*; Hartshorne, *Book rarities of the University of Cambridge*; Bent's *London Catalogues*; Idem, *Literary Advertiser*; Anthon's *Lempriere's Dictionary*; Watts's *Bibliotheca Britannica*; Lowndes's *Bibliographer's Manual*; but, much more than all, Brunet's excellent, exact, eminently useful *Manuel du Libraire*—a book which should be in the hands of every man attempting to pursue any thing like systematic study.

Editions of a series of Greek and Roman classics, 8vo. cum notis selectis variorum.

Achilles Tattius, (*Clitophon et Leucippe*) Heliodorus, (*Æthiopica*) Longus, (*Daphnis et Chloe*) et Xenophon, (*Ephesiaca*.) Bipont, 1792-4. Four parts in 3 vols. 8vo. 25 francs.

Ælian I would omit—both his *Historia Animalium* and his *Variae Historiæ*.

Æschines—in the Greek orators; which see.

Æschylus, *Tragædiæ*, (à Schutz.) London: 1823, 5 vols. 8vo. 2l. 12s. 6d. It has the Scholia, and Schutz's Notes.

Æsop, *Fabulæ*, Gr. et Lat. Leipsic: 1810, 8vo. Cum notis vario. et de Furia: accedunt dissertationes Tyrwhitt de Babrio, Huschii de Archilocho, et Bentleii de Æsopo. There is a cotemporary, and perhaps more esteemed edition, by Coray, (Paris, 8vo.) but I should prefer the first, for the Accessus.

Agathemerus (*Geographiæ*) I would omit, till they publish the new edition of *Scriptores Geographiæ Minores*.

Alcæus, *Fragmenta*. Halæ: 1810—à Stange, 8vo. 5 francs.

Aleiphron. I would omit his *Epistles*, or buy the cheap 8vo. edition of Utrecht, 1791. 3 to 4 francs.

Ammianus Marcellinus. Leipsic, 1773, 8vo. ab Ernesti. It is regarded as one of his best editions. There is an admirable Glossary to it. 13 shillings.

Ammonius de *adfinium vocabulorum differentia*, I would not have.

Anacreon, à Fischer. Leipsic, 1793, 8vo. fine paper. 16 to 18 francs.

Andronicus Rhodius, I would omit.

Anonymi Ravennatis *Geographiæ*, à Porcheron. Paris. 1688, 8vo. 4 to 5 francs.

Anthologia Græca, à Brunck et Jacobs et Paulsen, Leipsic, 1813-17, 4 vols. 8vo. 90 francs.

Antiphon, Andocides, &c. See Greek orators.

Antoninus Imperator, *Meditationes*, Græco-Lat. à Gattaker. Oxford, 1704, 8vo. The notes are short; it contains a few epistles, judged spurious—5 to 7 francs: or the Leipsic reprint of 1729, 8vo. 5 to 6 francs.

Antoninus Liberalis, *Transformationes*. Græc. Lat.—cum Munckeri notis, et Verheyk. Leyden, 1774, 8vo. 8 to 10 francs.

Aphtonius, *Progymnasmata*. I would omit him, unless I wished a rhetorical collection.

Apollodorus, *Bibliotheca*. Græc. Lat. à Heyne. Göttingen, 1803, 2 vols. 8vo. It is regarded as a mine of mythological learning. 24 francs.

Apollonius Dyscolus should be omitted.

Apollonius Rhodius, *Argonauticæ*, à Wellauer. Leipsig, 1823, 2 vols. 8vo.—or Brunck, Leipsig, 1810, 2 vols. 8vo. 20 francs.

- Apollonius Sophista, I would omit.
- Appian Alexandrinus, *Historia*, à Schweighæuser. Lipsiæ, 1792-5, 3 large 8vos. to bind in 6: 54 francs. It is regarded as this commentator's best performance.
- Apuleius, *Opera*. Bipont, 8vo. It stands next to the 4to. edition of Oudendorp & Rhunken. Leyden, 1786. The latter costs probably 40 to 50 francs.
- Aratus, *Phænomena* and *Diosemia*, à Buhle. Lipsiæ, 1796-1808, 2 vols. 8vo. 23 francs.
- Archilochus, *Reliquiæ*, edente Liebel. Lipsiæ, 1812, 2 vols. 8vo. 13 francs.
- Archimedes, I would omit, as having no literary value.
- Aristides, *Orationes*,—among the orators.
- Aristænetus, *Epistolæ Eroticæ*, Boissonade. Paris, 1822, 8vo.
- Aristarchus. I would omit him, unless in a grammatical collection, or in a mathematical one.
- Aristæus, *Historia LXX Interpretum*, I would omit, as supposititious, though curious for the discussion that it involves. Hodiüs's is the edition that contains it; and is also the best. Oxford, 1692, 8vo 3 to 5 francs.
- Aristophanes, *Comædiæ*, à Brunck. Oxford, 1810, 4 vols. 8vo. with Lexicon Aristophanicum of Sanxay, as 5th vol. (Oxford, 1811,) about 2l.
- Aristotle, *Opera*, Buhle. Bipont, 1791-9, 5 vols. 8vo. contain the *Organon*, *Rhetorica* and *Poetica*. The rest is not likely to be ever given: add, therefore,
- Aristotelis *Ethica*, à Wilkinson, Oxford, 1818, 8vo. 9 frs.
- Aristotelis *Politica et Economica*, Schneider. Oxford, 1810, 2 vols. 8vo. 18 frs.
- Arrian, *Opera Omnia*, à Borheck, Lemgovizæ, 1793, 1811, 3 vols. 8vo. 18 frs. Or
- Arrian, *Tactica*, *Periplus Euxini*, *Periplus Erythræi*, *de Venatione*, à Blancard. Amsterdam, 1683 or 1750, 8vo. 9 to 12 frs.
- Arrian, *Expeditio, et Indica*, à Raphelio. Amsterdam, 1757, 8vo.
- Artemidorus, *Oneirocritica*, I would omit, unless I formed a collection of the whole class of writers on Divination, &c.
- Athenæus, *Deipnosophistæ*, à Schweighæuser. Argentorati, 1801-7, 14 vols. 8vo. 188 frs.
- Aulus Gellius, *Noctes Atticæ*, à Gronovia. Leyden, 1686 or 7, 8vo. 10 a 15 frs.
- Ausonius. I would take him only in a collection: but if apart, the edition of Tollius. Amsterdam, 1671, 8vo. 15 frs.
- Avianus, *Fabulæ*, à Cannegieter. Amsterdam, 1731, 8vo. 8 a 12 frs.
- Avienus. I would take him in the collection of *Pœtæ latini minores* (Wernsdorf.)
- Babrius. See *Æsop*.
- Barclay. His *Argenis* is often brought into this sort of collection. Leyden, 1664-9, 2 vols. 8vo. 10 to 15 frs.
- Bion, Moschus and Theocritus. The beautiful edition from Bodoni's press, (Zamagna's version; no notes) 1792, 12 to 18 frs. Or, for use,
- Valcknaer's excellent edition of 1781. Leyden, 8vo. 12 frs.
- Boetius, *de Consolatione*, Bertii. Leyden, 1671, 8vo. 10 to 12 frs.
- Cæsar, ab Oberlino. Lipsiæ, 1805, 8vo. 15 frs. papier fin.
- Callimachus, Ernesti. Leyden, 1761, 8vo.
- Calphurnius, *Eclagæ*, I would omit, or get in a collection.
- Martianus Capella. This is only worth attention as the first attempt in scholarship of Hugo Grotius, (then 15 years old.) Leyden, 1599, 8vo. It is worth from 20 to 30 francs, with portraits of the P. de Condé and Grotius: but much less, when wanting these.
- Catullus, Tibullus et Propertius. The best edition is Vulpius's, of which the entire set (4 vols. 4to.) is a dear book. In 8vo. the edition of Gabbema, Utrecht, 1659, (in Italics) is perhaps to be preferred. Price about 9 francs. That of Grævius (1690) is much dearer, and scarcely so good. There is a very good Bipont one, which has the fragments of Gallus and the *Perrigianæ Veneris*, 1783, 8vo. It has, also, a good *notitia Litteraria*; which forms, indeed, one of the good points common to many of the Deux-ponts books.
- Celsus, I would omit, as also Censorinus, *de die natali*.
- Chariton, *Chaerea et Callirhoe*, à Reiske. Lipsiæ, 1783, 8vo. 12 a 15 frs.
- Chion, *Epistolæ*, (à Hoffman), cum fragmentis Memnonis, ab Orëlli. Lipsiæ, 1816, 8vo. Their authenticity is examined by Hoffman.
- Cicero, *Opera*. Of the 8vo. editions, Ernesti's, Halle, 1776-7, 5 in 8 vols. 8vo. (with E.'s Clavis), 60 to 80 frs. (best paper) is good. Shütz's, Lipsiæ, 1814-18, 18 vols. 8vo. is perhaps still better, 100 frs. It has, in the last volume, a good Index latinis.
- Le Clerc's. Paris, 1827, 35 vols. large 12mo. with French translation *en regard*, is the only edition that is by any means complete. It contains a preliminary discourse; Plutarch's life, translated; a supplement from Middleton's; a copious bibliography of editions. In the 34th and 35th volumes, it has the Apocrypha and Fragments—the Invective against Sallust, and Reply; Discourse to the people, before going into exile; Letter to Octavius; Treatises on the supposititious works. In the 35th volume are Fragments, with an account of the discoveries made among the Palimpsestes, since 1814, with conjectures towards the yet undiscovered works; Fragments of Speeches, Letters, Philosophical works, Poems, and the apocryphal *de Consolatione*, with an Introduction. It seems to me a very agreeable literary edition. How far it is a critical one, I have never seen any authoritative decision. Though much ampler than any other, it has not, of course, the parts of orations published about 1830, by Maius, in his *Scriptores Classici e Codicibus Vaticanis*.
- To complete Ernesti's or Schütz's, the *Respublica* and these fragments are, of course, necessary.
- Claudian, à Geaner. Lipsiæ, 1759, 2 vols. 8vo. 15 to 18 frs. best paper. There is also an esteemed edition by Barthius, first published, with much applause, when he was less than 20 years old. Hannover, 1612, 8vo. This, however, was one of his riper works: for he published the Psalms translated into Latin verse, at 12; and at 16, a work on the method of reading the Latin authors, from Ennius downwards.
- Cælius Apicius, *De opsoniis et condimentis*, by Dr. Martin Lister. Amsterdam, 1709, 8vo. 8 a 12 frs.
- Coluthus, *Raptus Helenæ*. Not worth having; but if taken, the edition of Bekker. Berlin, 1816, 8vo. It is the best text, and has seven additional verses—which are not unimportant, in a poem of 380—unless the whole should chance to be of no merit, as in this case.

Conon is of little importance, even as to mythology. He may be taken in Gale's collection—*Scriptores antiqui Historiæ poeticæ*.

Cornelius Nepos, à Fischero. Lipsiæ, 1806, 8vo. It is edited by Harles, and regarded as an excellent performance. In fine paper, 15 frs.

Corripus, I would omit—as also Demetrius Cyd nus, and Demetrius Phalereus.

Curtius (Quintus), à Pitisco. Hague, 1708, 8vo. 15 a 20 frs.

Dares Phrygius. See Dictys Cretensis.

Demosthenes, may be taken in the collection of Greek Orators, by Reiske. Lipsiæ, 1770-5, 12 vols. 8vo. Isocrates alone is wanting, in this collection.

Dictys Cretensis is a forgery not worth having, except in mere illustration of the Chivalric Romances; of which it is largely the source. Take the edition à Perizonio, Amsterdam, 1702, 8vo. 15 to 18 frs. It includes Dares Phrygius.

Diodorus Siculus, à Wesselingio. Bipont, 1790-1806, 11 vols. 8vo. 108 frs. The 11th contains indexes. It has a good *notitia literaria*, Essay on the Sources, &c.

Diogenes Laertius à Longolio. Curiz Regnit. 1739, 8vo. 18 a 24 frs.

Dion Cassius. There exists no 8vo. edition. That of Reimar, Hamburg, 1750, 2 vols. fol. 84 to 96 frs. is far the best. There is a late cheap one, by Schaefer. Lipsiæ, 1818, (Græce), 4 vols. 18mo. 15 frs.

Dion Chrysostom. His Orations are published by Reiske, but without a Latin version. They match, in form and appearance, his *Oratores Attici*, 2 vols. 8vo. Lipsiæ, 1784 or 98. 25 frs.

Dionysius Alexandrinus, *Orbis descriptio*, à Wells. Oxford, 1704 or 9, 8vo. 6 a 9 frs.

Dionysius the Areopagite. Not now accounted authentic.

Dionysius Halicarnasseus, *Antiquitates*, &c. à Reiske. Lipsiæ, 1774, 6 vols. 8vo. 80 to 96 frs. The last volume (unfinished at R.'s death) is by Morus, as is the interesting life of Reiske.

Epictetus, *Enchiridion, fragmenta, et Dissertationes ab Arriano digestæ*, Schweighæuser. Lipsiæ, 1799, 4 vols. 8vo. 54 frs. Add the Commentary of Simplicius, by the same editor. Leipsig, 1800, 2 vols. 8vo 27 francs. These form a dear, but the most valuable edition.

Epicurus, *Physica et Meteorologica*. I would omit these, as every thing else not having a literary value. We want the taste and the history of the ancients—not their science.

Eratothenes and Euclid may be omitted, for the same reason. Of the latter, however, Van Loin's edition, Amsterdam, 1738, 8vo. 4 or 5 frs. or Baerman's, Leipsig, 1769, 8vo. 3 to 4 frs. is usually taken for such collections as this.

Euripides, *Tragediæ*. Glasgow, 1820, 9 vols. 8vo. 7l. 17s. 6d. It has the Scholia and the entire notes of Barnes, Beckh, Brunck, Burney, Elmsley, Herman, Hoepfner, Markland, Monk, Musgrave, Porson, Seidler, Valcknaer, Wakefield, &c. as well as a copious index.

Eustathius, *Iseniæ et Iseniis Amores*, 8vo. Paris, 1618, ed. Gaulmin. They are now regarded as the production of Eumathes, a grammarian of the 14th century, not of the Scholiast. There should be 45 pp. of notes at the end of this edition.

Eutropius, à Verheyk. Leyden, 1762, 8vo. It has the Greek paraphrase of Pæanius, and the breviary of

Sextus Rufus, with a very copious and judicious selection of notes, 12 a 16 frs.

Florus, *Breviarium*. Bipont, 1810, 8vo. 4 frs: a good edition.

Frontinus, I would omit, with the other Strategics; or buy them all (the Latin ones) in the collection at the head of which stands Vegetius; whom *see*.

Fronto. The fragments of his Orations, published by Maius, (Milan, 1815, 2 vols. 8vo.) are, I fancy, too inconsiderable or disjointed to be worth having.

Gemistus Pletho, it is not worth while to have.

Geographiæ Veteris Scriptores Græci (Minores)—a valuable and necessary book, but too enormously dear to be purchased. A new edition has been long in expectation. The old (Oxford, 1698-1712, 4 vols. 8vo.) sells for no less than 80 to 100 dollars. It contains Hanno, Scylax, Agatharchides, Arrian, Nearchus, Heracleotes, Dicæarchus, Isidorus, Scymnus, Agathemerus, Various Excerpts, Anonymi expositio Mundi, Ptolemæi Arabia, Abulfedæ Chorasnia, Ejusdem Arabia, Excerpta varia, Dionysii Orbis Descriptio.

The Geoponici, I would omit.

Hecateus of Abdera. Mere fragments.

— of Miletus, in Creuzer's *Historicorum Græcorum Vetusissimorum Fragmenta*. Heidelberg, 1806, 8vo. They also include part of the preceding. The price I cannot ascertain.

Heliodorus. In the *Scriptores Erotici*. See Achilles Tatius.

Hellanicus. His fragments were published by Sturz. Leipsig, 1787, 8vo.

Hermogenes Sophista. His *Ars Rhetorica* (Coloniz, 1614, 8vo.) I would leave for a collection of another sort.

Herodian, à Ruddiman, 8vo. Edinburg, 1724, 4 frs.

Herodotus. Schweighæuser's, (Paris, 1816, 6 vols. 8vo.) is generally esteemed the best edition. 90 frs. A new and valuable edition (by Bähr) is in progress in Germany—the first volume already out. The Translation of Larcher, (Paris, 1802, 9 vols. 8vo.) has valuable geographical illustrations. There are, besides, those of Rennel and Niebuhr—the latter printed in an English translation, London, 1830, 8vo. The *Lexicon Ionicum* of Portus is likewise an important aid to the study of H. (Oxford, 1810, 8vo. 9 frs.)

Hesiod, à Loesnero. Lipsiæ, 1778, 8vo. 15 a 18 frs.

Hierocles, *Commentarii in Aurea Carmina*, à Warran. London, 1742, 8vo. 10 to 12 frs. The *Facetiæ* passing under his name are usually esteemed supposititious. His *de Providentia et Fato* are not sought for.

Himerius Sophista. His *Eclogæ et Declamationes*, may safely be omitted.

Hippocrates, I would also omit in this collection. If he be taken, the edition of Vander Linden, (Leyden, 1665, 2 vols 8vo.) is the proper one, but is very dear; common copies of it selling at from 60 to 80 frs.

Historiæ Augustæ Scriptores, I would not embrace in this collection. Suetonius and Eutropius you will have already taken, in another form. Spartian, Julius Capitolinus, Elius Lampridius, Trebellius Pollio, and Vopiscus are without literary value. The 8vo. edition of Leyden (1671, 2 vols.) is both an indifferent and dear book. It sells for 27 to 36 francs; while the esteemed folio edition of Paris, 1620, by Salmasius, sells at from 8 to 10 frs.

Historiæ Poeticæ Scriptores antiqui, à Gale—embracing Apollodorus, Conon, Ptolemæus, Parthenius, Antoninus Liberalis; with his *Dissertatio de Scriptori- bus Mythologicis*—may be let alone. The single edition is that of Paris, 1675, 8vo., worth 15 to 24 fra. It sometimes is dated London, 1676.

Homer. Ernesti's (Lipsiæ, 1759, 5 vols. 8vo., or its beautiful and faithful reprint, by Foulis, Glasgow, 1814, 5 vols. 8vo.—the latter having also Wolf's prolegomena) is the best general edition, costing 100 francs in the first form, and 120 in the second. The edition of Wolf (Lipsiæ, 1804-7, 4 vols. 8vo. 20 francs) should also be possessed; nor is it possible to omit mentioning Heyne's very esteemed edition of the *Iliad*. Lipsiæ, 1803, 8 vols. 8vo.

Horace, à Gesner, cum notis Zeunii. Leipsic, 1788; or Glasgow, 1794, 8vo. 10 to 20 frs. Bentley's emendations and notes have no doubt done much towards the elucidation of Horace; but, as a commentary, Gesner's is certainly preferable. Bentley's edition, however, as reprinted at Leipsic, 1764, 2 vols. 8vo. (15 to 20 frs.) may be added to the forgoing.

Hyginus. I would omit him, with the other mythologues.

Isæi Orationes, in Reiske's *Orators*.

Isocrates, *Orationes et Epistolæ*, à Coray. Paris, 1807, 2 vols. 8 vo. 21 frs. The notes, in modern Greek, are very valuable. A learned disquisition on the Greek education and tongue is prefixed.

Jamblichus may be fairly let alone with the mystagogues.

Josephus, à Havercamp et Hudson. Lipsiæ, 1792-5, 3 vols. 8vo. 80 francs. A volume of Commentary and Index was to have followed. I do not know if it has ever appeared.

Julian Apostata. His *Cæsares* (Heusinger, Gotha, 1736, 8vo. 6 to 8 frs.) and his *In Constantii laude Oratio* (Schæfer, Leipsic, 1802, 8vo. 7 frs.) may be taken.

St. Justin may be omitted in this collection.

Justinian, *Corpus Juris Civilis*, &c. omit.

Justin. Bipont edition, 1784, or Argentorati, 1802, 8vo. 5 frs. Very good and cheap edition, with a good *notitia literaria*.

Juvenal and Persius, cura Ruperti. Lipsiæ, 1801 or 1818, 2 vols. 8vo. 27 frs.

Lactantius is to be omitted, of course.

Libanius, as a sophist, not an orator, may be excluded.

Leonidæ (the two) should be taken only in the *Anthology*.

Livy, *Recensuit Drachenborch*, edidit Crevier. Oxford, 1822, 4 vols. 8vo. 11.18s.

Longinus. Toup's (Oxon, 1778, 8vo.) though not sufficiently correct in the typography, is the *Editio opt.* It is, however, of a form somewhat too large—royal 8vo. 8 to 10 frs.

Longus, *Daphnis et Chloe*. It should be taken in the Bipont *Erotici Græci*; though this wants Courier's restoration of the chasm of eight pages. The latter may be seen in one of the volumes of the *Classical Journal*. There can scarcely be said to be any edition that contains it: for Courier's (Rome, 1810, 8vo.) was printed for private distribution only—52 copies. It has the Greek text alone. The complete version (French) may be found in the works of Paul Louis Courier.

Lucan, *Pharsalia*. Take the Glasgow reprint of the

Strawberry-hill edition, cum notis Grotii et Bentleii, cura posteriore Cumberland, 8vo. 1816, 18 frs.

Lucian, *Opera*. Hemsterhuy's edition, with Gesner and Reiske's notes, as reprinted at Deux-Ponts, 1789-91, 10 vols. 8vo. 80 to 100 francs, is no doubt the completest. There is, however, the excellent and much cheaper one of Schnieder. Halle, 1800, 2 vols. 8vo. 30 francs. It has no interpretation, but offers esteemed notes, and some valuable readings.

Lucilius. That of the Vulpii, Patavii, 1735, 8vo. is no doubt best. 4 to 6 francs.

Lucretius. Bentley and Wakefield's edition, in the Glasgow reprint of 1813, 4 vols. 8vo. 2l. It is beautifully printed by Bell, rivalling the Foulis.

Lycophron may fairly be left to the lovers of the unintelligible.

Lycurgus. Take him in Reiske's *Orators*.

Lysias. Also in Reiske's *Orators*.

Macrobius, *Opera*, à Vulpis fratribus. Patavii, 1736, 8vo. 6 to 9 frs. The edition of Gronovius is more commonly taken (Leyden, 1670, 8vo.) but is dearer—18 to 24 francs.

Manilius. His *Astronomicum* may be omitted, as striving in vain to make good poetry out of very bad astronomy.

Martial. The Bipont edition, 1784, 8vo. after the *variorum* of Schrevelius. The Amsterdam (1701, 8vo.) after the Delphin Editor Collessus, is usually taken. But it is rather dear (about 20 francs); and has, besides, a villainous collection of the *loci obsceni* into a sort of *Cloaca*, at the end. There are rare copies, in which the text is in its place; but they sell very high—50 francs or more.

Maximus Tyrius. His *Platonism* is of very little use.

Meleager. I would take his *Epigrams*, &c. in the *Anthology*.

Menander. Of his *Fragmenta*, Meineke's edition, Berlin, 1823, 8vo. is the best. The older one of Le Clerc—which gave occasion to that fierce literary war between Bentley, Gronovius, Burmann, De Pauw and others—is very defective; though hitherto usually employed.

Minucius Felix, as purely ecclesiastical, should be omitted.

Moschion. His *de Mulieribus* we should, of course, exclude from any but a medical collection.

Musæus. His *Hero and Leander* is best edited by Schræder. Leovardiz, 1742, 8vo. 10 to 12 frs. That of Magdeburg (by Carpzovius) 8vo. 1775, is of some esteem. Its preface is curious.

The *Mythographi Latini*, collected by Muncker, (Amsterdam, 1681, 8vo. 12 to 18 frs.) consisting of Hyginus, Planciades Fulgentius, Lactantius Placidus, and Albius Philosphus, may be omitted.

Nemesianus. His *Cynegetica*, &c. are given in that volume of Wernsdorf's *Poetæ Lat. Minores*, which contains the poems *de Venatione et Piscatu*, [the 1st.]

Nemesius, *de Natura Hominis*, may be omitted.

Nicander. His *Alexipharmics and Theriacs* may be banished, with no great harm, among the medical writers.

Nicolaus Damascenus. The fragments of his *con- cinnated Universal History* should have a place in a his- torical, but scarcely in a literary collection.

Nonnus. His *Dionysiaca* are not yet given in a good edition. There are two unfinished editions probably yet in progress, that began to appear at Heidelberg and Leipsig, in 1819. The first is by Moser, as yet of only the 6 books from the 8th to the 13th. The other, by Græfe, contains the first 24 books, 1 vol. the text alone.

Nonnius Marcellus is confined to grammatical subjects.

Julius Obsequens. His *de Prodigis* may be safely omitted.

Ocellus Lucanus. His *Fragments* are neither important, nor of a clear authenticity.

Oppian, de Venatione et Piscatu. If purchased, the best edition is that of Schnieder, Leipsig, 1813, 8vo. It should, however, when bought, be given to some genius vast enough to embrace both the arts of Industry and those of Indolence.

Oratores Græci, à Reiske. Lipsiæ, 1770, 8 vols. in 12, 8vo. It brings 220 francs, entire. The latter 6 volumes may sometimes be had separate; and these, united with the London re-edition of Reiske's Demosthenes [1822, 3 vols. 8vo.] and the Isocrates of Coray,* give the proper series of Orators.

Orpheus, Argonautica, &c. cum notis variorum, àb Hermann. Lipsiæ, 1805, 8vo. 20 francs. It contains the discussion as to the age and author of the Orphica; a dispute set on foot by Huet, whose opinion Valcknaer, Schnieder and Hermann have since maintained; while the genuineness of the Poems has been supported by Gesner, Ruhnken and some others.

Ovid. Burmann's is no doubt the best edition; but is in 4to. and high priced—8l. 8s. The best 8vo. edition, notis variorum, is that of Cnipping, Leyden, 1670, 3 vols. 45 frs.

Palaephatus. His *Incredibilia* are only proper for a mythographic collection.

Palladius, de Febribus may, of course, be omitted.

Rutilius Palladius, de Re Rustica, is in the collection *Scriptores rei rusticæ.*

Panegyrici Veteres [latini] à Iaeger. Nuremberg, 1778, 2 vols. 8vo. 14 frs. The Delphine edition [by de la Baune] is also much esteemed; and there is a London reprint, 1716, 8vo. That of Arntzenius, Utrecht, 1790-7, 2 vols. 4to. is the editio opt. 24 a 30 frs. The collection embraces 12 panegyrics—1 of Plinius Cæcilius; 2 of Claudius Mamertinus; 1 of another Claud Mam.; 5 of Eumenius; 1 of an unknown; 1 of Nazarius; 1 of Drepanius.

Parthenius. Of his Erotic tales, Heyne's is the best edition. Göttingen, 1798, 8vo. 3 frs.

Paterculus. Ruhnken's edition, Leyden, 1789, 2 vols. 8vo. 18 to 24 francs, is best.

Pausanias. That of Facius is much the best. Lipsiæ, 1794-7, 4 vols. 8vo. 36 frs.

Pædo Albinovanus. His *Elegies* are in Wernsdorf's *Poetæ*; as is Severus's *Ætina*.

Persius. See Juvenal Ruperti.

Petronius, Satyricon, &c. à Hadrianide. Amsterdam, 1669, 8vo. with the *Fragmentum Traguriense*, 1671. It should also include *Sulpitii Satyra, Priapeia, Pervigilium Veneris, Statilii Apologia*, and an Index of 4 leaves. The whole costs 15 to 20 frs. Burmann's 4to. edition is the best. Amsterdam, 1743, 2 vols. 4to.

Phædrus, à Schwabio. Brunswick, 1806, 2 vols. 8vo. 16 francs, engravings. It has a life—an excellent *notitia literaria*—a dissertation on the age of Phædrus—

another on the *Fables* of Gabriel Faernus—34 *Fables à MSto.* Divioneasi—a copious Index; and supplenda. There are some castrated editions of Phædrus.

Phalaris, à Boyle. Oxon, 1718, 8vo. 7 frs. Though now regarded as certainly spurious, the epistles are worth having, for the sake of the literary controversy, and Bentley's masterly investigations on Phalaris, Æsop, &c. London, 1817, 8vo.

Philo Judæus may be left among the mystic and ecclesiastic writers.

Philo Byzantinus is of little worth, even in a geographical collection.

Philostratus. His *Life of Apollonius*, his *Heroica*, *Icones*, and *Lives of the Sophists* may be all omitted. There is no uniform edition, except in folio. The 8vo. of Boissonade, Paris, 1806, is of the *Heroica* only.

Phlegon Trallianus. His fragments are of no value.

Phocylides. The fragments attributed to him are too slight and too uncertain to be collected.

Photius. Of his *Myriobiblon*, there is no 8vo. edition.

Pindar, à Heyne. Göttingen, 1798-9, 3 vols. in 5, 8vo. 45 to 60 francs. It is the best. Its Leipzig copy of 1817, in 4 vols. 8vo. may be taken equally well.

Plato. The Bipont edition, 1781-8, 12 vols. 8vo. is certainly to be preferred. Besides its other auxiliaries, the discourse of Thiedman (in the 12th vol.) on the Philosophy of Plato, is highly valuable. It grows dearer every day; now worth probably 150 francs. Good editions have since been published by Bekker and Ast—the former reprinted in London, 11 vols. 8vo. 10l. It is well to mention the Translation into French, which Cousin is now publishing, and of which some 7 or 8 vols. have appeared.

Plautus, à Bothio. Berlin, 1804-11, 4 vols. 8vo.; the last occupied with notes. It offers a much emended text, and a metrical restoration—1l. 1s.

Plinius, Historia Naturalis, à Franzio. Lipsiæ, 1776-91, 10 vols. 8vo. This is the edition usually adopted for such a collection. It is, however, too copious, and wants taste. It would, perhaps, be well to abandon, in this instance, the 8vo. size, and take the beautiful and esteemed edition of Brotier, printed by Barbou, Paris, 1779, 6 vols. 12mo. Its price is about 45, and that of Franzio about 60 francs. It may be remarked, however, in regard to the latter, that its 10th vol. is made up of some curious Dissertations. It possesses, too, in the 1st, 2d, and 3d, various other auxilliary pieces of value.

Plinius the Younger. His *Panegyricus Trajani* is in the collection, already indicated, of the *Panegyrici Veteres Latini*.

Plinius, Epistolæ, à Gierig. Lipsiæ, 1800, 2 vols. 8vo. 17 frs. The edition of 1806, by the same Editor, is still better, and includes the *Panegyric*. It is about the same price.

Plotinus, de pulchritudine, may be omitted, unless in forming a philosophical collection. It is the only one of his works published in an 8vo. form. Creusner, Heidelberg, 1814, 21 francs. It includes, besides Wyttensbach's notes, *Anecdota Græca*; Procli *disputatio de unitate et pulchritudine*; Nicephorus Nathaniel *adversus Plotini de Anima*; *Lectiones plotinice*.

Plutarch, Vita, à Coray. Paris, 1809-15, 6 vols. 8vo. 108 frs. It is the best edition of the *Lives*. Hoeren's

dissertation "*de fontibus et auctoritate Vitarum per. Plutarchi*," Göttingen, 1820, 8vo. is an indispensable critical adjunct to the Lives.

Plutarch, *Moralia*, à Wyttienbach. Oxon, 1795-1810, 13 vols. 8vo. 5l. 5s. It is reputed the best edited book that ever came from the classic press of Oxford—we might almost say, of England. It is the chef d'œuvre of Wyttienbach; having occupied 30 years of his life.

Poetæ Latini Minores, à Wernsdorf. Altenberg, 1780-98, 6 in 10 vols. 8vo. 72 frs. Far the best collection; including, besides those of Burmann's collection, many others: that is, it has Nemesianus and others, de aucupio, Venatione et piscatu; Nemesiani Laudes Herculis; Ausonii Mosella et de ostreis; the Idyllia et Bucolica of Calpurnius, of Sidonius Syracusanus, of Severus Sanctus, Bode, Septimius Serenus; Ausonii Cupido Cruci affixus, Cassius Parmensis, &c. &c. These are the contents of the two first volumes only. The third contains the lesser Satyrists, with some Elegies and Lyrics: the fourth, Heroic Poems: the fifth, Geographic ones: the sixth, Agricultural and rural, with some amatory and convivial ones.

Poetæ Minores Græci, à Gaisford. Oxford, 1814, 4 vols. 8vo. 2l. 7s. It is much approved.

To these I would decidedly add the little collection of Pope, *Selecta Poemata Italorum qui latinè scripserunt*. London, 1740, 2 vols. small 8vo. It is far the most charming body of Modern Latin Poetry that exists. Price, 10 to 12 francs. It embraces Eclogues, Odes, Elegies, and a Sylva, from Sannazaro, the Amalthei, Vida, Fracastoro, Politian, Jano Etrusco, the Strozzi, Ariosto, Sadolet, Buchanan, and others.

Polybius. Schweighæuser's, Leipsig, 1789-95, 7 in 9 vols. 8vo. is undoubtedly the best edition of this most important historian. It offers a very complete Apparatus to him. There are geographical and historical indexes, and a Lexicon Polybianum. The Notes are excellent; the arrangements of the fragments, admirably luminous, according to Gibbon, who commends the whole performance very highly. It is thought least excellent, in the elucidation of the Achæan League. Price 120 francs. There is a Supplement, by Orellius, containing the Commentary of Æneas Tacticus. Leipsig, 1818, 8vo. 8 francs.

Polyæmus. His *Strategemata* do not come within the plan of this collection.

Pomponius Mela, Gronovii. Leyden, 1748, 2 vols. 8vo. 12 to 15 francs. That of Tschuckius, Leipsig, 1807, 7 vols. 8vo. is usually said to be the best; but is entirely too bulky and too dear—108 frs.

Porphyrius. His *de Abstinencia ab usu animalium* is the only one of his works printed in 8vo. except his Life of Pythagoras. He is, however, only fit to be passed over.

Proclus. His Platonic Commentaries, and his Astronomical works may all be omitted.

Propertius, Barthii, Lipsiæ, 1777, 8vo. 7 francs. That of Kuinoel, Leipsig, 1805, 2 vols. 8vo. 24 francs, were better, if it were smaller. Of the best, which is unquestionably the elegant one of Vulpius [Patavii, 1755, 2 vols. 4to.] there is no other impression. It is also a dear book—48 to 60 frs.

Prudentius should be omitted. He is below the age of either Poetry or Classical Latinity.

Pællus de *Lapidum Virtutibus*, *Synopsis Legum*, de

damone, and his mathematical works may all be safely omitted.

Quintus Calaber. His *Prætermissa ab Homero* are of too low an age, except for a collection intending to be absolutely complete.

Quintilian, à Spalding. Leipsig, 1798-1816, 4 vols. 8vo. and a 5th, in 1823, by Zumpt, containing supplemental notes and an Index: 55 a 60 francs, for the whole. It is much the best edition. It of course excludes, as spurious, the *Declamationes*, and the *de Claris Oratoribus*.

The *Rei rusticæ Scriptores*, I would exclude, except so far as embraced in the body of the works of their chief authors.

Rhetores Selecti Græci, edente Gale, Oxon, 1676, 8vo. worth 10 to 15 francs, is a collection worth having. It embraces Demetrius Phalereus, Tiberius, Anonymus Sophista, and Severus Alexander.

Of the Rhetores Latini, there is no 8vo. edition. There is a 4to edition by Capperonni, Argentorati, 1756, 8 to 10 frs. It embraces Rutilius Lupus, Aquila Romanus, Julius Rufianus, Curius Fortunatianus, and others.

Gale's two other collections—his *Historiæ Poeticæ Scriptores antiqui* [London, 1675, 8vo.] and his *Opuscula Mythologica, Ethica et Physica* [Amsterdam, 1698, 8vo.] may be taken or omitted, according to one's view. The latter [Gr. and Lat.] comprises Palephatus, Heraclitus, Phormutus, Sallustius Philosophus, Ocellus, Lucanus, Timeus, Loerus, Demophilus, Democratus, Secundus, Sextus Pythagoricus, Theophrastus, Heliodorus Larissæus, &c.

Sextus Rufus. His *Breviarum* and *de Regionibus Urbis*, are of little consequence.

Rutilius Numatianus. His *Itinerary* is in Wernsdorf's *Poetæ Lat. Minores*.

Rutilius Lupus, de *figuris Sententiarum et Elocutionis*, is proper only to a Rhetorical collection. It has been edited by Rhunken, along with Aquila Romanus and Julius Rufianus. Leyden, 1768, 8vo. 7 to 10 frs.

Sallust, à Krotcher, Lipsiæ, 1825, 8vo. Its price I cannot ascertain. Gronovius's, Leyden, 1690, 8vo. is likewise good, but somewhat dear—18 francs. The 4to edition of Havercamp, Amsterdam, 1742, is much approved, but somewhat overloaded with Commentary. That of Wasse [Cambridge, 1710, 4to.] is excellent, 10 to 15 frs.

Sappho. See below.

Scribonius Largus. His *Compositiones Medicæ*, [Pharmacy] are in very bad Latin, besides being out of our range.

Scriptores Antiqui Parabiiium Medicamentorum, ab Ackermanno, is another collection of the same sort—to be, therefore, passed over.

Scriptores Erotici Græci. See Achilles Tatius, &c.

Scriptores Physiognomonice Veteres, à Franzio, may also be omitted.

Secundus [Joannes]. His *Basis and Epithilæmia* are elegant and pure enough to enter into a collection of classic Latin poets. There is an 8vo. edition, Warrington, 1776. I do not know its present price.

Sedulius. His *Carmen Paschale* has no merit but that of orthodoxy; which, in poetry, is no great affair.

Sappho. The last edition [that of Vogler, Leipsig, 1810, 8vo. 6 frs.] is said to be without criticism, though

surcharged with notes. It is better, therefore, to take Wolff's 4to. one, Hamburg, 1733, 12 to 15 francs, joining to it his

Poetriarum [Græcarum] Octo fragmenta, Hamburg, 1734, 4to. 12 to 15 francs. It contains the remains of Erinna, Miro, Mirtia, Corinna, Telesilla, Praxilla, Nossis and Anyta—the eight who, with Sappho, make those usually known as the Greek Muses. There is a third collection of Wolff, *Mulierum Græcarum quæ oratione prosa usæ sunt, fragmenta*. Gottingen, 1739, 4to. 12 to 15 francs. It forms, with the two preceding, an interesting series.

Seneca. The Elzevir edition [by Gronovius] Amsterdam, 1672, 3 vols. 8vo. is most esteemed, but is become too dear—60 to 80 frs. The later one of Ruhkopf, Leipzig, 1797–1811, 8vo. 5 vols. 14 16s. is regarded as very excellent.

Severus [Sulpitius.] His *Historia Sacra* is of too low an age.

Silius Italicus, Rupert, Gottingen, 1795, 2 vols. 8vo. is the best edition, 18 frs. The Preface is by Heyne.

Sophocles. London, 1819, 3 vols. 8vo. 14 8s. It is a reimpression of Brunk's, with the Scholia; Fragments; a Lexicon Sophocleum; an Index; Excerpts from the *Varie lectiones* of Erfurt's edition; some inedited notes of Charles Burney; the Scholia of Demetrius Triclinius, &c.

Statius. That of Veerhusen, Leyden, 1671, 8vo. has been the most esteemed, but is very dear—30 frs. Lemaire published a very excellent edition in Paris, 1825, 3 vols. 8vo. Its price I cannot ascertain, but it is probably 12 francs per volume—the usual rate of his collection of classics.

Stobæus, *Eclogæ ethica et physica*, à Heeren. Gottingen, 1792, 2 in 4 vols. 8vo. 30 francs.

Stobæus, *Florilegium*, by Gaisford, Oxford, 1822, 4 vols. 8vo. 24 8s.

Strabo. That of Siebenkees and Tzschucke [Leipzig, 1796–1818, 7 vols. 8vo. 108 francs] is usually preferred. Coray, however, published at Paris, 1816–19, in 4 vols. 8vo. an excellent edition, with much improved readings, and a very judicious commentary. It has no Latin Version. 54 francs. This may be said to be part of that excellent performance of Coray and du Theil, the French translation of Strabo; of which the notes and dissertations offer such important illustrations of the Geographer.

Strato. His *Epigrams* are in the Greek Anthology. See Anthologia.

Suetonius, à Wolf. Lipsiæ, 1802, 4 vols. 8vo. 36 francs. It has the notes of Casaubon and Ernesti; the *Ancyræ Monument*, and the *Fasti Prænestini*. There are also many notes of Ruhnken.

Synesius. His *Hymni, Epistolæ, de Insomniis* and *de Febribus* may all be passed over.

Tacitus. I should prefer the Commentary of Brotier to all others. The original edition, [4to. Paris, 1771, 4 vols.] is scarce and dear. Valpy has reprinted it very handsomely, London, 1812, 5 vols. 8vo. 24 18s. To Brotier's notes he has added a selection of others, and the inedited annotations of Porson. There is a very excellent edition, remarkable as a monument of feminine scholarship, by Mrs. Grierson, Dublin, 1730, 3 vols. 8vo. 14 18s.

Tatian. His *Oratio ad Græcos* might be passed over,

were it not that, in this Temperance Society age, it is well to commemorate the sole surviving production of him who was the first to forbid the use of wine in the Eucharist.

Terentianus Maurus may be passed by, or taken in some grammatical collection.

Terence. Zeunius's is the best edition; accurate, but very ugly, in the original impression. There is a very handsome, but less correct London reprint, 1820, 2 vols. 8vo. retaining the Notes and Subsidiæ of Z. It adds a selection from other annotators. 14 11s. 6d.

Tertullian, we may, of course, pass over.

Theocritus is given in Gaisford's *Poetæ Minores Græci*.

Theodorus Prodrômus. His *Rhodanthe et Dosicles* is regarded as one of the poorest of the Greek romances.

Theodosius *de Sphæra*, we will, of course, pass over.

Theognis. His *Sententiæ*, with those of the other Greek Gnomie poet, should be taken in Brunk's collection—the new edition, Leipzig, 1817, 8vo. 10 frs.

Theophrastus. His *Characters* alone come within our plan. Of these, the best edition is that of Ast, Leipzig, 1816, 8vo.

Thucydides. The Bipont edition, 1788–9, 6 vols. 8vo. is most in request. It is formed upon that of Wass and Dukker, with annotations by the Bipont Society—75 francs. There are later editions, by Hackius & Bekker, of which I can ascertain every thing except the critical merit: the former, London, 1823, 3 vols. 8vo. 14 11s. 6d. the latter, Oxford, 1921, 4 vols. 8vo. 24 12s. 6d.

Tiberius Rhetor. See *Rhetores Selecti Græci*, à Gale.

Tibullus. Heyne's edition, as revised by Wunderlich, Leipzig, 1816–17, 2 vols. 8vo. 25 francs, is the best.

Tryphiodorus. His *Ilia Excidium* may be passed over.

Tyrtæus. His remains are found in the Anthology of Brunk.

Valerius Flaccus. The edition of Harles, Altenburg. 8vo. above 1300 pp. is accounted the best. It is founded on Burmann's. 20 frs.

Valerius Maximus. Kappius's, Lipsiæ, 1782, 8vo. 9 francs, is unquestionably the best edition.

Varro. I would take the edition of Henry Stephens, Paris, 1573 or 1581, small 8vo. 9 to 15 francs. The Durdrecht edition, 1619, may have some advantage over it: but I would take the other, merely as a specimen of the Stephens press. It is also cheaper.

Verrus Flaccus, and his abreviator Pompeius Festus may be passed by, unless in a grammatical collection. He is also the supposed author of the *Fasti Prænestini*.

Vibius Sequester, *de fluminibus*, is of little importance.

Aurelius Victor. The edition of Pitiscus, Utrecht, 1696, 8vo. 12 a 18 francs, is the best for our purpose.

Virgil. Heyne's edition is esteemed, on all hands, the chef-d'œuvre of all classical criticism. The Leipzig reprint of 1800, 6 vols. large 8vo. 130 francs, is the best. It is adorned with 204 very agreeable vignettes, and is every way a beautiful book. Lemaire was to have reproduced it, with additional notes, in his *Bibliothèque des Auteurs classiques latins*. Four vols. had appeared some time ago. There is also a very handsome reprint by Priestley, London, 1921, 4 vols. 8vo. 44 4s. As a criti-

cal adjunct to Virgil, Ursini's Virgilius Collatione Scriptorum Græcorum illustratus, may be taken. Leovardæ, 1747, 8vo. 8 to 10 frs.

Vitruvius. If he be taken, the edition of Schnieder, Leipsig, 1807-8, 3 vols. 8vo. 45 francs.

Xenocrates the Physician. His *de alimento ex aquatilibus* may be omitted.

Xenophon. Schnieder's edition of Leipsig, 1800, reprinted at Oxford, 1812, 6 vols. 8vo. is certainly the best.

Zosimus. Reittemeier's edition of his *Historia*, Leipsig, 1784, 8vo. is reputed the best—10 frs.

E. W. J.

S. C. College.

TRIBUTARY STANZAS

To a young officer of the United States Navy, lost at sea.

BY HENRY THOMPSON.

I shed the warm tear still for thee,
Friend of boyhood infancy;
And memory delights to view
The sunny haunts our childhood knew.
Thy form in midnight's hallow'd sleep
Comes back, its promis'd vow to keep;
But ah! too soon the visions end
That image thee! my boyhood friend.
Long I've wept for thee in sorrow!
Long I've vainly striv'd to borrow
The thought that life doth still remain
To bring thee back to me again.
And years have fled away with me,
Since thou wert shrouded in the sea;
Since thou wert laid beneath the foam
You lov'd to call your only home.
And thou art now beneath its breast,
In the deep coral grave of rest;
And long the wave will kiss the shore
That thou wilt visit—never more!
But when from the deep, rocky bed
The sea gives up its mighty dead,
We'll meet where ocean cannot part
The feeling and the faithful heart.
Till then, sleep on in thy ocean grave,
And long I'll love the murm'ring wave
Because it comes from the distant sea,
To whisper something still of thee!

Alabama, Oct. 1836.

RIGHT OF INSTRUCTION.

Huc legi nec abrogari fas est, neque derogari ex hac aliquid licet, neque tota abrogari potest: nec vero aut per senatum aut per populum solui hac lege possumus: neque est quaerendus explanator aut interpres eius alias; nec erit alia lex Romæ, alia Athenis; alia nunc, alia posthac; sed et omnes gentes (nostri Reipublicæ) et omni tempore una lex et æmpiterna et immutabilis continebit.

De Republica.

Si a jure decedus, vagus eris, et erunt omnia omnibus incerta.

Coke.

Rerum ordo confunditur si unicuique jurisdictio non servetur

Id: Proem 4th Institute.

A disposition to conclude my side of this subject in a single essay, caused me to obtrude myself at an unreasonable length upon the readers of the Messenger, in

the last number. Nothing could have induced me to trespass again, but the introduction of new matter by JUDAS HOPKINSON, which requires consideration even more imperiously than his first letter, both from its intrinsic importance, and the respect due to his more deliberate investigation; and the belief that, though but the ghost of a champion against an accomplished knight, my previous occupancy may keep more worthy combatants from the field.

The Judge reiterates again and again his singular idea of the novelty of our doctrines. He says "politicians of a later date are its authors. It was unknown to those who made the Constitution—as well as to those writers and speakers who afterwards attacked and defended it." To support this idea, he refers freely to the *secret proceedings and debates of the Convention* by CHIEF JUSTICE YATES, and LUTHER MARTIN's communication to the Maryland Legislature.

After the long digression in his first article against the impropriety of inferring opinions from the, comparatively, elaborate debates of the State Conventions, it is a little surprising to find such vast premises sustained only by scraps and fibres torn from Mr. YATES's maimed and meagre skeleton of debates. But to answer we must follow him.

No body of men ever encountered successfully greater difficulties than the Federal Convention. Nothing but a stern conviction of the necessity of doing *something* prevented a dissolution without effecting *anything*. Federalism and Nationalism, Democracy and Aristocracy, Monarchy and Republicanism, and every combination, of all, had to be reconciled in one uniform system. The fears entertained by the small states of the large ones had to be allayed, and the fears of all the ultra-state-rights-men, had to be satisfied of their safety from the strangling grasp of the federal arm. At the same time the party had to be satisfied which demanded more of their due weight for the large states than they possessed under the confederation, and the national government-men who demanded sufficient strength and perfection in the form of the federal government to enable it to act independently of state action, and even in spite of it. Our government is a happy compromise of these conflicting interests. MR. MADISON was in favor of a national government, perfect within its own sphere, leaving the state governments only to manage their local concerns, but with no power to interfere with the operations of the United States' government. LUTHER MARTIN was in favor of equality and mere federation of the states, and conducting the federal government by states, and not its *independent* action.

The principles of the first set of resolutions, appear to have met MR. MADISON's views, and were probably written by him, or with him, though offered by GOVERNOR RANDOLPH, who "candidly confessed that they were not intended for a federal government,—he meant a strong consolidated union, in which the idea of states should be nearly annihilated."

This is the system of government to which the Judge refers us, as containing the idea, in the fourth resolution, that senators ought "to hold their offices for a term sufficient to insure their independence, namely, seven years," and that they ought to be "ineligible to state or federal office during their term of service." This resolution was written with the avowed object of keep-

ing the state governments from interfering in any way,—even by the allurements of office,—with an officer who was designed to be an intrinsic part of an entirely separate consolidated general government; and the *rejection* of that very system and the reasons assigned for it in the debates, prove, beyond doubt, that the objection to it was because it left the states, *as states*, and their governments and sovereignty, without representation, and of course without protection. The Judge quotes a *rejected* clause, to prove the *adoption* of its principles!

MR. MADISON was opposed to the amendment. He did not wish to leave the state legislatures this modicum of federal power, because he wished a distinct and *independent* government. He must have foreseen the exercise of instructions and recognized the right; or he could not have used the expressions which fell from him when the right of election was given to state legislatures. All who knew MR. MADISON, or are at all familiar with his history, and his writings on the formation of the constitution, must remember that he was haunted and hag-ridden by a terror of disunion; and federal weakness, which, to us, at the present day, would seem almost a monomania, if recent startling events had not fearfully proven that this phantom is ever armed and ready to assume a tangible shape, and realize, in practice, those terrible consequences which his second-sighted sagacity could so manifestly mark in the dim picture of the future. His fear of the state legislatures led him to favor GOVERNOR RANDOLPH's proposition,—which was to have the senators selected by the house of representatives, out of a certain number of persons nominated by the state legislatures. This would have adroitly used the best possible body for judicious nomination, without giving it the power of appointment. Without representation, they would have been without the right of instruction, and the election being made by the house of representatives, the constitution of the senate would have had another *national* feature, and its members been removed as far as practicable from state influence.

When the first and fatal blow was stricken at this system by giving the election to the Legislatures, MR. MADISON's hopes of a national government, entirely distinct and independent of state governments, were at once prostrated. Then he used the language quoted by Judge H. "We are proceeding in the same manner that was done when the confederation was first formed. Its original draft was excellent, but in its progress to completion it became so insufficient as to give rise to the present convention. By the vote already taken, will not the temper of the state legislatures transfuse itself into the senate? Do we create a free government?"

Our distinguished opponent asks what would he have said, had he known that a right of instruction would be claimed? He could have said no more—indeed he could not have used so much force without knowing it. How else can the *temper* transfuse itself? Is it only by an election every *six years*, leaving the senators independent in the interval? Would not the legislative *nominations* have *transfused the temper* quite as effectually? The legislatures would only have nominated those who concurred in sentiment with a majority of their members; and all that the house of representatives would have done would have been to elect the most moderate, if they differed, and the most violent if

they agreed with the state legislature. The difference between the two modes, as to the transfusion of temper, was almost nothing without instructions, but very great with it; and as Mr. M. seemed to think the amendment almost annihilated his scheme, we must suppose he objected more to the incidental right of instruction given by the vote, than the principal right of election from which it flowed. Notwithstanding Mr. M.'s strenuous opposition, the change was made by a vote of *nine states to two*—thus evincing a decided determination in that body to enable the states to defend themselves, and *transfuse their temper* if necessary. Judge H. tortures Mr. M.'s objections to the new system into an evidence of ignorance of one of the most important consequences of that system, without a knowledge of which, his reasons would have been of little force, and his fears utterly without foundation.

The clauses which the Judge quotes in the fourth resolution, were left in their original form by the advocates of state power, in the first consideration in committee, being satisfied with their great gain in the mode of election; but they were afterwards stricken out, being a part of the scheme which had been rejected, and inconsistent with the spirit of the amended resolution. The proposal and subsequent rejection of the express terms of senatorial *independence*, prove that the convention disapproved of the idea; but Judge H. quotes it as evidence of "an intention to make the senators equally independent of the several states and of the United States."

The objections of LUTHER MARTIN to the *possibility* of senators doing their own will instead of that of their states, modern times have proven to be too well founded, but his opinions upon that subject being analogous to those of PATRICK HENRY, I refer to my last number for the answer. He does not yield the right, but complains of the power of senators to disobey, without being punished. He does not say, as the Judge supposes, "that senators are *not*, precisely what the advocates of instructions say they *are*," but that they *may do*, precisely what we say they *ought not*. He is directly opposed to MR. MADISON, and fears the senators may stop that transfusion of temper, which the latter thought they could not legitimately stop. MR. MARTIN would not have objected to this system, if senators had been elected for shorter terms, and paid by the states, and subject to recall, because then he would have thought them sufficiently dependent on their states. But none of these would have given the state any control over them except by *instructions*.

MR. WILSON was with MR. MADISON and GOVERNOR RANDOLPH, opposed to the election of Senators by state legislatures. Because he thought they ought "*to lay aside their state connections and act for the general good of the whole*," and that the general government ought not "to be comprised of an assemblage of different state governments." MR. W. wished senators elected by *districts*. He wanted an *independent* national government, and thought the laying aside state connections incompatible with legislative elections, and that this mode would make the general government an assemblage of different state governments. He wished the senators to be by a *DIFFERENT CONSTITUTION*, precisely what Judge H. contends they *NOW ARE*, and MR. W. contended that they could not be by our present

system. Yet he is quoted to prove that under this constitution "the senators for each become the senators of all," and that "the senators from Virginia become as independent of her as those of Massachusetts." If Mr. W. thought so, he was arguing against himself. Nothing but instructions could possibly make the senate an assemblage of different state governments; and the doctrine of the senators from each state loosing their connection and becoming senators for all, made it the reverse, and a senate as strictly national and independent as Mr. W. could wish. The defeat of Mr. Wilson proves that the convention did not wish senators to lay aside state connections, and did wish the senate to be an assemblage of state governments; and the reasoning of himself and his party proves that they thought such would be the operation of the present system if adopted. Thus we have the evidence of both majority and minority—the whole convention—against the opinions of JUDGE HOPKINSON, and his coadjutors of the present day.

MR. ELSWORTH wished the senate to have "*wisdom and firmness*," as a protection against the hasty and inconsiderate proceedings of the *first branch*;" and yet he wished an election by the legislatures. This speech was in opposition to Mr. WILSON's motion for the people to elect by districts. If he had wished the wisdom and firmness as a protection from the "wild and inconsiderate democracy of the state legislatures," as the modern doctrines contend, would he have preferred that body as electors?

MR. MASON said, on the same proposition, "It is equally necessary to preserve the state governments, as they ought to have the *means of self defence*. On the motion of Mr. WILSON the *only means they ought to have would be destroyed*." On the debate as to *equality of votes* in the senate, a similar contest arose, with a similar result. In that debate JUDGE ELSWORTH remarks, "If the larger states seek security, they have it fully in the first branch of the general government. Small states must possess the power of *self-defence or be ruined*. Will any one say there is *no diversity of interests in the states*? And if there is, should not those interests be guarded and secured? But if there is none, then the large states have nothing to *apprehend* from an equality of rights." This is all utterly inconsistent with the idea of the "senator for one being the senator for all," so far as to set the interests and wishes of his own state at defiance. The states-rights-men, and the small states obtained this protection and security after an arduous and manly struggle—are they to lose it by construction and recreancy of representatives? It may be to the interest, perhaps, of the large states for a time, to establish this doctrine, but it would speedily swallow all in the federal Maelstrom. If, for instance, Pennsylvania should ever wish a national bank, it might be agreeable to turn the voices of New Jersey, Delaware and Rhode Island in opposition to the deliberate will of those states, by persuading their senators that they were senators for the union and not of those little states, and that the interest of Pennsylvania ought to be considered before that of their diminutive states. But it would be very unpleasant for her own senators to tell Pennsylvania, in spite of instructions, we voted money for a steamboat canal from the Ohio to Baltimore, because it would benefit all the western country, and we are senators for all.

After the vote was carried in favor of the legislative elections, GOVERNOR RANDOLPH moved to strike out the term of *seven years*, and make the senators go out in classes, as that body might possibly always sit, "*perhaps, to aid the executive*." "The state governments will always attempt to counteract the general government." Requiring that *body*, as a body, to act with *firmness*, does not imply the duty of a senator to resist his own state. The arrangement of *classes* shows what is meant. That arrangement gave no facilities for disobedience to instructions, and hence could not contribute to their *firmness* in that sense. But the arrangement in classes leaves the senate always ready to act—"it might possibly always sit"—"to aid the executive"—to act perhaps against a state which was attempting to counteract the general government, and the term of whose senators had expired, and which had refused to elect others. If all the senators had gone out at the same time there would have been none to act. GOVERNOR RANDOLPH had tried to make the *individual senators independent of their states*. Failing in this, he now tried to make the *body* as firm and strongly permanent as he could, by not allowing all to go out at the same time. If his object had been thus to defeat the previous vote, and render the senators independent, his amendment would have been rejected. A similar struggle was again raised upon the question of paying the senators, the length of their term, and a power of recall, but the friends of the states, and federative principles yielded these minor points, believing themselves secure in the elections and instructions and equality of votes in the senate. The leaving the pay of senators to depend upon the states, was making the federal government too degradingly dependent upon the states. Not to have power to pay its own officers, would have left it almost as powerless as the old confederation, and it was thought, too, that it would lead to federal corruption, and thus defeat its own object, by making senators look exclusively to the federal government for honor and emolument. This would have been an awkward and humiliating check upon the body, without giving much control over its members. The example of unpaid parliaments was quoted with effect. We learn, then, from the debates, that the convention meant the states to act *as states* in the senate, in all respects as they had done under the confederation, except that the senator had power to make a law instead of a treaty, and his action was final without a subsequent ratification by his state. They never meant to change, in any degree, the state power of directing him.

The national-government-men contended that the states would have too much power—the states-rights-men that they would have just enough for protection—the ultra states-rights-men that they would not be sufficiently protected, because there was no means of controlling a wilful senator. Without the right of instruction their disputes amount to nothing. The first class ought to have been satisfied, for they lost nothing; the second class ought to have seceded as they threatened, for they gained nothing; and the third class was guilty of the folly of asking a remedy for the violation of a right which did not exist. They were all mistaken—all wrong, and ignorant of what they asked and what they accepted, and we of the present day can see their errors! There is nothing new under the sun. The

question we now discuss is the same under a new name which was discussed in the convention. A question of *power* between states and general government and large and small states. What was lost in constituting is to be regained by construction. What *states* refused to give up, is to be cozened out of their *agents*. In all the conventions however, our misguided ancestors considered the senate as the last remnant of the federative features of the old government, and that senators represented distinct sovereignties, and were on the footing of ambassadors or the members of the old congress as to their constituents, and only legislators as to the general government.*

*Of this, abundant evidence may be adduced. *Mr. Ames*, in the Massachusetts convention, assigned the ambassadorial character of senators as a reason for the length of their term.

"The senators represent the *sovereignty* of the states; in the other house individuals are represented. The senate may not originate bills. It need not be said that they are principally to direct the affairs of war and treaties. They are in the quality of *ambassadors* of the states, and it will not be denied that some permanency in their office is necessary to a discharge of their duty. Now, if they were chosen yearly, how could they perform their trust? If they would be brought by that means more immediately under the influence of the people, then they will represent the *state legislature* less, and become the representatives of individuals. This belongs to the other house. The absurdity of this, and its repugnancy to the federal principles of the constitution, will appear more fully, by supposing that they are to be chosen by the people at large. If there is any force in the objection to this article, this would be proper.

"But whom in that case would they represent? Not the legislatures of the states, but the people. This would totally obliterate the federal features of the constitution. What would become of the *state governments*, and on whom would devolve the duty of defending them against the encroachments of the federal government? A consolidation of the states would ensue, which it is conceded would subvert the new constitution, and against which this very article, so much condemned, is our best security. Too much provision cannot be made against a consolidation. The state governments represent the wishes and feelings and local interests of the people. They are the safeguard and ornament of the constitution—they will protract the period of our liberties—they will afford a shelter against the abuse of power, and will be the natural avengers of our violated rights.

"A very effectual check upon the power of the senate is provided. A third part is to retire from office every two years. By this means, while the senators are seated for six years they are admonished of their *responsibility* to the state legislatures. If one third new members are introduced, who feel the sentiments of their states, they will awe that third whose term will be near expiring. This article seems to be an excellence of the constitution, and affords just ground to believe that it will be in practice, as in theory, a *federal republic*."

The remarks of *Mr. King* in the *same convention*, upon the same subject, lead irresistibly to this conclusion, although it was attempted to be reasoned away by Judge H. in his first letter—"The senators," said *Mr. K.* "will have a *powerful check*, in those men who wish for their seats, who will watch their whole conduct in the general government, and will give the alarm in case of misbehavior." (This is one distinct check and *Mr. K.* proceeds.) "And the state legislatures, if they find their delegates erring, can and will instruct them. Will not this be a check? When they hear the voice of the people solemnly dictating to them their duty, they will be bold men indeed to act contrary to it." (This makes obedience a duty, and the boldness and hardihood not of that virtuous kind which the Judge supposes.) "These will not be instructions sent them in a private letter, which can be put in their pockets; they will be public instructions, which all the country will see; and they will be hardy men indeed to violate them." (This seems to suppose meanness enough to violate secret instructions, but not audacity enough to violate them in the face of day.) "The honorable gentleman said, the power to control the senate is as great as ever was enjoyed in any government; and that the members thereof will be

One remark of Judge H. will finish our consideration of this portion of his letter. "This (right of instruction)

found not to be chosen for too long a time. They are, says he, to assist the executive in the designation and appointment of officers; and they ought to have time to mature their judgment. If for a shorter period, how can they be acquainted with the rights and interests of nations, so as to form *advantageous treaties*?" If this is not our doctrine in full, we give it up. Here is length of term advocated, not to strengthen in disobedience, but to *mature judgment as to officers*, and *acquire information as to treaties*; but as to legislative proceedings, "if they are found erring, instruct them." Instructions are given as the remedy for a term too long for legislators, but necessary to enable them to execute properly their executive duties.

A similar view was taken by *Mr. Parsons* of *Newburyport*, who thought "suitable checks had been provided to prevent an abuse of power, and to continue their dependence on their constituents." *Mr. Neal* asks, "If we should ratify the constitution and instruct our first members to congress, &c. &c., is there not the highest probability that every thing which we wish may be effectually secured?" *Mr. Symmes* finally withdrew his opposition, and would, "especially as the amendments were to be a standing instruction to their delegates, until they were obtained, give it his unreserved assent."

So in the *New York convention*, *Mr. Hamilton* says, "It will be the interest of the large states to increase the representation. This will be the standing instruction to their delegates." He then argues at length to prove that the will of the people must prevail over that of the members of congress, and thus speaks: "If the general voice of the people be for an increase, it undoubtedly must take place. They have it in their power to instruct their representatives; and the state legislatures, which appoint the senators, may enjoin it also upon them."

In the same convention, *Mr. Jay* says, "The senate is to be composed of men appointed by the state legislatures: they will certainly choose those who are most distinguished for their general knowledge; I presume they will also instruct them; that there will be a constant correspondence supported between the senators and the state executive, who will be able, from time to time, to afford them all that particular information which particular circumstances may require." He seems to have considered senators in the light of ambassadors, and never to have contemplated the contingency of a state executive's refusing to send instructions to senators!

There was an attempt made in this convention to carry an amendment, making senators ineligible for more than six years in a term of twelve, and subjecting them to a power of recall, but it was negatived—its opponents alleging that the states had as much power of control as any constituents ought to have, or as the people had in the other house, and that to render senators ineligible a second term would be highly impolitic—excluding useful and experienced citizens from office.

In the convention of *North Carolina*, *Mr. Davie*, in giving the reasons for the introduction of a vice president, says: "It was owing with other reasons, to the jealousy of the states, and particularly to the extreme jealousy of the lesser states, of the power and influence of the larger members of the confederacy. It was in the senate that the several political interests of the states were to be preserved, and where all their powers were to be perfectly balanced." Hence, he concludes, the casting vote ought to be in the hands of a man, possessing the confidence of all the states in a great degree, and responsible to no particular one.

In the convention of *Pennsylvania*, *Mr. Wilson*, in answer to the fears of some as to the independence of senators, says: "In the system before you, the senators, sir, those tyrants that are to devour the legislatures of the states, are to be chosen by the state legislatures themselves. Need any thing more be said on this subject? So far is the principle of each state's retaining the power of self-preservation, from being weakened or endangered by the general government, that the convention went further, perhaps, than was strictly proper, in order to secure it; for in this second branch of the legislature, each state, without regard to its importance, is entitled to an equal vote." Further on, he says: "The truth is, and it is a leading principle in this system, that not the states only, but the people also shall be here represented." Again: "States now exist and others will come into existence; it was thought proper that they should be represented in the general government."

is practically to give the legislatures a power to recall their senators, as instructions may always be given, which *must be disobeyed by an honest man.*" Such could not be given by an *honest man*. This supposes a *majority* of each legislature always dishonest, and ready to pass dishonest instructions, not to effect legislation, but merely to eject an *honest* senator. What could induce this? only *one* could take the place, and the rest must be prostrated, unless the people too be dishonest. A new election would place honest men in power, they would give honest instructions to the dishonest senator, and by our rule he must obey and honest measures prevail, or give place to an honest man. So that the rule is likely to work as much good as harm in any contingency, unless honest men are necessarily corrupt state legislators, or a dishonest man an honest senator, or the *people* thoroughly corrupt. If the latter is true, unless we could find an honest king, we must be content with a corrupt government.

In his former letter the Judge complained that there was no mention of this right in the constitution,* and now declares that "not a syllable can be found any where from any body which hints at this right." I trust this popular periodical now bears many syllables from high authority having an "awful squinting" that way, and visible to the naked eye. But there is still higher evidence, not only of the knowledge of this right by our ancestors, but of the high value and sanctity of it in their estimation. It was incorporated into the first Virginia bill of rights, thence copied *verbatim* by the Virginia convention on the federal constitution, in a bill of rights which that body proposed to attach to the federal constitution, and copied again *verbatim* in the recommendations of amendments by the *North Carolina* convention on the constitution.†

JUDGE HOPKINSON "has not referred to the opinions of Mr. BURKE, because the argument stands here on a different and stronger ground." Yes, stronger—on our

Such were the opinions of those who "assisted in framing the government;" but the idea now is, that senators *represent* and protect, not their own states, but the whole union, even in opposition to the interest or safety, and expressed wishes of their states.

* Mr. Bowdoin. "The whole constitution is a declaration of rights. The rights of particular states and private citizens not being the object or subject of the constitution, they are only incidentally mentioned. In regard to the former, it would require a volume to describe them, as they extend to every subject of legislation not included in the powers vested in congress."—*Debates Massachusetts Convention.*

† See fifteenth article of Virginia bill of rights, passed unanimously in the Virginia convention, June 12th, 1776, in these words. "XV. That the people have a right peaceably to assemble together, to consult for the common good, or to instruct their representatives; and that every freeman has a right to petition, or apply to the legislature for redress of grievances."

In Virginia convention on the federal constitution, Friday, 27th June, 1788, Mr. Wythe, from the committee on amendments, reported the Virginia bill of rights, with this preamble, "That there be a bill of rights asserting and securing from encroachment the essential and unalienable rights of the people, in some such manner as the following. (Here follows the bill, including the fifteenth article.) The same clause, with others, was carried in the North Carolina convention, by a vote of 184 to 84, the minority objecting to other clauses. This proves that the right was known and valued, as a natural and unalienable right of the people, and of course the states when constituents, and considered a different thing from consultation, petition, advice or remonstrance. Every freeman may petition or remonstrate, but the people must instruct.

side. First, because states are represented as such, in their sovereign capacity; and apart from general representative principles, their ambassadorial character requires obedience. Secondly, because small districts elect for vast regions in England, and here power is equally distributed, for the avowed purpose of equal representation and protection. And thirdly, because in England a member of the House of Commons has no constitutional right of resignation; it is prohibited; and by our rule, he must there obey in all cases.

As to the first, even Blackstone admits that members of Parliament ought to obey if they represented separate communities, and did not serve for the whole realm. He says, "every member is chosen for the whole, and hence is not bound, like a deputy in the United Provinces, to consult his particular constituents." But here they are elected for states, by analogy to the old congress and the diet of the United Provinces.* Mr. HAMILTON says in the Federalist, (No. 9.) "The proposed constitution, so far from implying an abolition of the state governments, makes them constituent parts of the national sovereignty, by allowing them a direct representation in the Senate, and leaves to their possession certain exclusive and very important portions of sovereign power. Mr. MADISON says, in No. 43, "The state governments may be regarded as constituent and essential parts of the federal government." Mr. LANSING, who had been a member of the federal convention, said in the New York convention, "I believe it was undoubtedly the intention of the framers of this constitution to make the lower house the proper, peculiar representative of the interests of the people—the senate of the sovereignty of the states." For this reason he wished a power of recall to make them more dependent upon their states, "of whose independence it was designed by the plan that they should be the bulwark, and check to the encroachments of the general government." Mr. SMITH, in the same convention, was also very apprehensive of senatorial disobedience, and advocated Mr. Lansing's amendment. He says, "with respect to the second part of the amendment, I would observe, that as the senators are the representatives of the state legislatures, it is reasonable and proper that they should be under their control. When a state sends an agent commissioned to transact any business, or perform any service, it certainly ought to have a power to recall him." I presume this authority, with that in a previous note, will sufficiently establish this point.

II. As to the second reason, it received sufficient consideration in my former number.†

* "In Switzerland and Holland the different parties (states) send deputies, commissioned and instructed by themselves, who debate, but have no other power than what is conferred only by the people, or may be subsequently given." (Harrington, Oceana, 61.) This bears a close resemblance to the powers of the old congress.

† Judge Hopkinson is against all instructions, but thinks his reasoning stronger in the case of senators, because the right is not reserved. I am for all instructions, and especially those to senators, because of their character as ambassadors, representing sovereignty, and because it is a reserved state right, secured by our international compact, in which all is reserved which is not given, and in which a representation of sovereignties, as such, was insisted upon and yielded. But even as to popular instructions, the case is much stronger here than in England, for reasons intimated in my last. Let us see how it has stood there, long before the reform bill, and long before the American

III. If any thing could render a relaxation of our rule tolerable in England, it would be that feature of

revolution brought up all the questions of representation and taxation for discussion and decision. In the most ancient times, when the connection between vassal and lord was very close, and the vassal had little to which the lord could not lay claim, the commons were considered as represented in the commune concilium, by the lords and great barons under whom they held; but the king's tenants *in capite*, holding immediately from the crown, could not be considered, by the most liberal construction, as thus represented, and they were therefore admitted into parliament, *in propria persona*, in their own right. When these became too numerous thus to be admitted, they of their own accord, to avoid inconvenience, appeared by *proxy*. As the towns, cities, and boroughs began to receive incorporations, to grow in importance and wealth, especially personal property, an aliquot part of which was always granted, they too being unrepresented by the lords, were required to send *proxies*; and it was subsequently extended to knights for the shires, as the feudal fetters wore away. These *proxies* had no power but that conferred by their constituents. (See Petty's *Antient Right of the Commons of England*, p. 14; 1 Gordon's *History of Parliament*, 216)—(Lex *Parliamentaria*, 113 and 117. "And Note, If any new project was proposed in Parliament for raising subsidies or supplies, the commons usually replied thereto that they were not instructed by their principals in that matter, or that they durst not consent to such tax, &c. without conference with their countries.") "And Note, Blackstone (Book I, 168) says, a member of the house of commons cannot vote by proxy, because "he is himself but a *proxy* of a multitude of other people." Representation in the Parliament of Scotland went through a similar process. (See Lord Somers' *Tracts*, vol. 12, p. 610.) In the seventh parliament of the reign of James the First of Scotland, (1427) "the small barons were allowed to send commissioners, and were charged with the fees of their deputies," and this was the first instance of elective members to the Scottish parliament.

In Burgh's *Political Disquisitions*, (London, 1774) the American doctrine in its most rigorous extent is found applied in full vigor to members of parliament, and sustained by an abundant series of precedents from the earliest times, and quotations of the strongest language from members of Parliament in sustaining the duty of obedience, and the advice and opinions of the best English authors, to the same purport. (See vol. I, from p. 180 to 205—many instances of instruction and obedience against the sentiments of the representative, a few of which are in Mr. Leigh's report of 1812.)

In the Irish parliament, which met in November 1767, there was scarcely a town or county which had not instructed its representative to vote in favor of a limitation of their parliaments to seven years; and so eager were they, that all required the most positive assurances, and some even exacted an oath from their members to vote for the bill. The bill was passed, and its subsequent history affords a curious instance of legislative cunning and popular firmness. (See *London Magazine*, 1769, p. 131.)

In the session of 1733—4, (An. 7, Geo. II) Sir William Wyndham, in the house of commons, in a speech on Mr. Bromley's motion for repealing the septennial act, said of an opinion of Mr. Willes, (afterwards chief justice) of a character very similar to that advanced by Judge Hopkinson, (to wit: "After we are chosen, and have taken our seats in this house, we have no longer any dependence upon our electors, at least so far as regards our behavior here; their whole power is then devolved upon us, and we are in every question to regard only the public good in general, and to determine according to our own judgment. If we do not—if we are to depend upon our representatives, and to follow blindly the instructions they send us, we cannot be said to act freely, nor can such parliaments be called free parliaments. Such a dependence would be more dangerous than a dependence upon the crown")—that it was "not only a new doctrine, but it was the most monstrous, the most slavish doctrine that ever was heard, and such a doctrine as he hoped no man would ever dare to support within those walls. He was persuaded that the learned gentleman did not mean what the words he happened to use seemed to import—for though the people of a county, city or borough may be misled, and may be induced to give instructions which are contrary to the true interest of their country, yet he hoped he would allow that in times

their constitution which will not permit resignation. As that constitution "will not intend a wrong," it must suppose constituents utterly incapable of giving instructions "which no honest man can obey"—and it must hold a member entirely irresponsible, morally and legally, for a vote in obedience to them. Such is the fact, and this arrangement prevents that possibility of the defeat of their wishes by resignation, which the judge so much deprecates, and which he sets up as a reason or excuse for wilful disobedience. This absence of a constitutional privilege of resignation renders members, when once elected, indebted entirely to the courtesy of the crown for their escape from their seats when disagreeable. Another feature of their constitution makes the acceptance of office under the crown, (except a few offices of state) *ipso facto* vacate a seat in parliament. Hence we often hear of gentlemen's accepting the Chiltern Hundreds.*

past the crown has oftener been misled; and we must conclude that it was more apt to be misled in future, than we can suppose the people to be." (See *Com. Debates* VIII, pp. 172, 183. The whole debate might be read with advantage by many modern republicans.) Here, whatever right the crown had to control parliament, is vested in the legislatures as to senators, and the people as to legislatures, as they are sovereigns; hence, whether whig or tory rule prevails, we ought to have the right of instruction.

The immortal Sidney, in his discourses on government, goes to the full extent of our present doctrines. "Many in all ages, and sometimes the whole body of the commons, have refused to give their opinion in some cases till they had consulted with those that sent them; the houses have been often adjourned to give them time to do it; and if this were done more frequently, or that the towns, cities and counties had on some occasions given instructions to their deputies, matters would probably have gone better in parliament than they have often done." He seems satisfied with subsequent rejection as sufficient punishment for violation of duty, but does not hence infer that there are no duties. "Whosoever any of them has the misfortune not to satisfy the major part of those that chose him, he is sure to be rejected with disgrace the next time he shall desire to be chosen. This is not only a sufficient punishment of such faults, as he who is one of five hundred may probably commit, but as much as the greatest and freest people of the world did ever inflict upon their commanders that brought the greatest losses upon them." (Discourses on Government, section 28.) This rejection from office is the only punishment provided by our constitution in cases of impeachment of the highest officers.

Quotations might be multiplied, but "this little taste shall suffice." It must be remembered that these doctrines prevailed under a constitution which allowed of no resignation, and where fifty-six members (or about a ninth part of the English representation) were elected by only three hundred and sixty-four votes—where one man sent a representative from Sarum, and one from Newton, and two sent one from Marlborough—and the elective franchise was so unequally and unjustly distributed, that parliament never truly represented the wealth, population, or wishes of all England, or any section, or even a single election district, or any class of persons or property, unless the representatives of the single freeholders of Newton and Sarum constituted an exception! When our "new doctrine, conjured up for party purposes," has prevailed there time out of mind, who shall deny its propriety here? Lords have proxies, and may instruct them, though the absent principals may be gambling in Brussels, or revelling in Parisian debauchery, and neither hear or read the debates; shall that be denied to the majesty of the people which is yielded to the dignity of a half fledged lordling, sunk in vices which disgrace the human character?

*"A member when duly elected, is not only compelled to serve in parliament, but he cannot at any future period either resign his seat or be expelled from the house except by some legal disqualification. In order, therefore, to meet the views of those members who may wish to resign their seats, it has been the practice, ever since the year 1750, for such members to accept

In England no one seems to have objected to this right, that it cannot be enforced, or disobedient delegates punished, although there, delegates may alter or refuse to alter the constitution itself, in despite of their constituents—still less is the want of power to recall, or the length of term urged against it. If this last was a sound reason, then it would follow that members of the old parliaments were bound to obey, but not those elected since the septennial act! That is, the stronger the reason for the right the weaker it becomes, which militates against every principle of British law.

The sublime and eloquent BURKE appeared before the electors of Bristol in all the proud consciousness of lofty virtue and commanding intellect. But strip his arguments of the gilded cloud of drapery flung around them by the magic of his fancy, and his sophistry, naked, unadorned, loses half its force by losing all its beauty.* The most powerful and legitimate argument he uses, applies only to the expediency of disobedience in that particular case, and if his facts were correct, ought to have excused him, if such an offence can ever be excused. "Was I not to foresee, or foreseeing, was I not to endeavor to save you from all these multiplied mischiefs and disgraces." He then artfully asks, if the "little, silly canvass prattle of obedience to instructions would save them from the 'pelting of the pitiless storm.'" Thus presenting them only the awful alternatives of destruction or disobedience, and appealing to subsequent developments to prove that disobedience was their preservation. By placing it in this position, he ventures to ridicule instructions. His next best argument also applied only to special cases. He appeals to "near two years tranquillity" to prove that "the late horrible spirit was in a great measure the effect of insidious art, and perverse industry, and gross misrepresentation." In a word, any thing but the deliberate sense of the people. From this it seems the people ought not to be tranquil under insult, or their deliberate will may be mistaken for a "fashionable gale." After thus fortifying himself by all the strength which his ingenuity and eloquence could give to his own peculiar position, he ventures to fire his gilded shot at the sacred citadel. He contends that if the "dislike had been much more deliberate, and much more general than it was," he ought not to make the "opinions of the greatest multitudes the masters of his conscience," unless they "were the standard of rectitude," which was not ex-

pected of him. All they asked was, in a question of expediency, that he would substitute their judgment for his own. He doubts if "Omnipotence itself can alter the essential constitution of right and wrong," much less such things as his constituents and himself. This was pretty gilding for their chains merely. They never attempted to alter the constitution of right and wrong, but to judge the one from the other; and the question was not between them and Omnipotence, but the electors of Bristol and the "sublime and beautiful" BURKE.

He next contends that the delegate owes his judgment as well as his exertions to his constituents—which is true—and the debt is paid when they ask to set aside his judgment for theirs. He admits the delegate should sacrifice his will to his constituents, but that government is a matter of judgment and of reason—not of inclination; and asks, "What sort of reason is that in which the determination precedes the discussion—one set of men deliberate, and another decide—and where those who form the conclusion are perhaps three hundred miles distant from those who hear the arguments?" I might ask what sort of a will is this conceded, which is never to prevail? Can there be no reason or judgment—no discussion—no deliberation—no arguments out of parliament? Can the people neither talk, or think, or read? This argument wholly falls, when the instructions are given, after both popular and parliamentary discussion has spread all the light upon the subject through the country.

Now what remains of MR. BURKE's great defence of disobedience? His arguments all go to expediency in particular cases, and not the right, when stripped of the difficulties he throws around its exercise. Take him from his position, and strip him of his gorgeous and dazzling armor, and he must stand a pigmy confessed before all, as he was before the electors of BRISTOL.

JUDAS HOPKINSON finds fault with MR. TYLER for resignation. "He had sworn to support and defend the constitution against wrong from any quarter," and he violated his duty and his oath, it seems, by resigning. "Where is the difference," he indignantly exclaims, "between the sentinel who turns his own arms upon the citadel he was bound to defend, and one who gives up his trust to the enemy, that he may do the work of ruin which the conscience of the latter forbids." The difference is rather between the sentinel who, being ordered to shoot a traitor brother from the battlements, turns and kills his commander—and one who, with the same orders, retires with leave from the service, and suffers another to do what affection for a brother, or perhaps participation in his designs, will not permit him to accomplish.

This new theory makes every resigning senator responsible for all (or none) of the unconstitutional acts of his successor. MR. TYLER must bear MR. RIVES' expunging sins, to avoid which he resigned; MR. LEIGH must suffer if his successor establishes a bank or other form of monarchy; MR. TAZEWELL is responsible for MR. RIVES' vote on the force bill, and MR. RIVES for MR. LEIGH's vote censuring the President, to escape which he resigned. Political parties have been censuring the wrong men. This new light, like an ignis fatuus, will lead them into a direction opposite to the one they wish to pursue. The incumbent is never res-

the office of steward of the Chiltern Hundreds, which being an appointment under the crown, their seats are of necessity vacated. The office, however, is a merely nominal one. The stewards who accept it desire neither honor nor emolument from it, the only salary attached to the appointment being twenty shillings a year. The Chiltern Hundreds are districts in Buckinghamshire belonging to the crown. The appointment to the office of the steward of these Hundreds is vested in the Chancellor of the Exchequer, who, as a matter of course, grants it to every member who applies for it."—*Random Recollections of the House of Commons.*

"On the 2d of March, 1632, (!) it is agreed, That a man, after he is duly chosen, cannot relinquish."

See this and other precedents, and the reasons for the principle on which this part of the parliamentary constitution stands, collected in "Volume II of Hatsell's Proceedings and Precedents in the House of Commons." The rule is firmly established, but thus easily evaded when inconvenient.

* "And vice itself loses half its evil by losing all its grossness."—[Reflections on the French Revolution.]

possible when his predecessor has resigned. Resignation in a senator is at all times as criminal as desertion of his post by a sentinel, and when he is succeeded by a senator of different opinions (which he cannot prevent) it is equivalent to treason. To what a labyrinth of error are we led, by forcing reason to follow a foregone conclusion?

Let us examine it. Because senators are sworn to protect and defend the constitution, if they quit their posts and thus make room for another who may, or certainly will violate it, they themselves violate their oaths, their duty and the constitution. These are Judge H.'s premises. But Mr. Tyler's resignation was of such a character, therefore he violated the constitution. But any senator who will ever violate that instrument is not a fit guardian for it, and ought instantly to resign. Mr. Tyler did so, therefore he ought to have resigned. Then his resignation was right because it was wrong!

Again. Mr. T. violated the constitution by resigning—not by the act itself, but by enabling Mr. Rives to do it; but the guilt could only be incurred by one person, by one vote, and as Mr. T. had clearly incurred the guilt by a previous act, Mr. R. was innocent. But if Mr. R. did not violate the constitution, and Mr. T.'s guilt depended upon that, he too is innocent, and *there was no violation because there was a violation!* But any reasoning which makes a man both right and wrong, or the constitution not violated because it is violated, must be intelligible and acceptable to those who make two persons who come to "opposite conclusions upon the same case" both right, and only infer from the difference that some one else is wrong!

Who shall be impeached—who punished under this new doctrine? Resignation is not unconstitutional, but is made criminal by an *ex post facto* act. As the subsequent acts could not be committed without the resignation, all the guilt attaches to the resigning member. Neither Mr. RIVES or Mr. LEIGH can thus commit any sin in *propria persona*. Mr. TYLER sins in Mr. RIVES, and Mr. RIVES is responsible, not for his own acts, but those of Mr. LEIGH. This is a roundabout responsibility with a vengeance, which makes no one responsible until he resigns, and is beyond the reach of impeachment.

But upon the Judge's own grounds, what better argument could be offered against senatorial infallibility, than this violation of the constitution by Mr. Tazewell, Mr. R. and Mr. T. and the promise to violate it by Mr. LEIGH? Four successive *guardians* of the state have betrayed their trust. They have deserted their posts, and left the constitution at the mercy of the legislatures, as "a rag floating upon the winds." What can the legislatures do when thus left unchecked, unguarded, and the constitution a prey "to wild democracy?" The high criminality of the senators is enhanced by the fact that he is instructed by "a majority of six or eight out of one or two hundred, and he knows a large proportion of the majority to be men of little knowledge, of strong passions and prejudices, with a servile adherence to party purposes—men whom he would not regard in any concern of his own of the value of a dollar," and in the minority he knows all to be eminent statesmen. Of what a stupendous violation of duty are these men guilty? They leave the state and the statesmen a prey to these vile demagogues in a new

election, which the stupid constitution has put it into their power to make, without the guardian care and saving disobedience of some kind senator to protect us from their rashness. The more the Judge exaggerates the crime, the less worthy he makes the guardian; the more frequent the offence, the less infallible the senatorial wisdom and virtue. If senators commit these high crimes, they ought to be controlled by the ordinary guardians of the state—the legislature. We have now had this crime committed by a senator of each party in each manner, and promised by a third. Mr. R. resigned when first instructed by this wicked majority, and Messrs. Tyler and Leigh obeyed. The second time Mr. TYLER resigned, and Mr. LEIGH promised to resign, and Mr. RIVES obeyed. When senators thus differ, what has become of the firmness and guardian care and infallibility which was to protect us? Which shall we follow? One or other of the two has in every instance, by this theory, violated the constitution. How shall we act? They are right and we are wrong, but how can we avail ourselves of the superior wisdom they have developed? What complexity—what difficulty—what a mass of error and confusion in the legislatures—what a waste of inexplicable and incongruous wisdom on the part of senators! Oh that our short-sighted ancestors had so ordered it that the guardian should instruct the ward, instead of the reverse!

This doctrine of non-resignation for fear a successor should violate the constitution, assumes that immediately after a senatorial election, a majority of each legislature becomes and must continue knaves or fools. It operates with much more force against a new election than instructions. It proves that senators ought to hold office for life; that all legislatures after the first have been incompetent, and all to come will be incompetent, from want of honesty and discretion to elect senators. But as it is admitted by all to be the best body for that purpose, and was selected as such by the convention, it follows that no body, since the first senate perhaps, ever has been or can be competent to elect senators. The state legislatures can only be incompetent because the *people* want honesty or capacity enough to elect men capable of electing senators. *A fortiori* are they not sufficiently honest or capable to elect presidential electors, or the house of representatives, which are even more important. The government must lapse into anarchy because there is not sufficient honesty or capacity in it to govern it. And it must continue so, because an ignorant and corrupt people without a government cannot better their condition. Nor can any form of hereditary government be established, because it is absurd to say that *chance* is a better guide than the simplest reason; and where the wisdom of all combined is not sufficient, it is absurd to look for greater wisdom in a *few* or in *one*. Thus it seems to me that a denial of the right of instruction is not only inconsistent with a representative government, but the reasons on which it is founded are inconsistent with any government.

Mr. TYLER admits our principle and says he would obey, but for constitutional scruples, but having these he resigns. This seems a simple, intelligible, respectful course; but Judge H. "whose political metaphysics surpass my understanding," loses himself in a labyrinth of doubt and obscurity. He says in effect "I will do as I please," makes the matter simple enough. All des-

potisms are simple, and simple people submit to them. "Obey or resign" is not too complicated to be understood by men as enlightened as senators ought to be, and seems more suitable language between masters and servants. He creates a new difficulty by making senators not enlightened, but simpletons, groping in the dark in each case, to know whether they must obey or resign. All such should resign at once, for Judge H.'s theory is based only upon exalted wisdom, and cannot save him, if he is a "simple novice" seeking a rule to guide him in a plain duty. He would be a "simple novice" indeed who would inquire "what legislature he should obey." Common sense would seem to say the question only arises upon the instructions actually before him in all cases, and he could not obey a legislature which did not instruct, or instructed last year, or forty years ago, or may instruct forty years or a month hence. I cannot see where the Judge finds authority for his "playing for the rubber, or taking his chance for a third heat," (as he facetiously remarks, "*especially in Virginia*,") unless the senator has second sight, and then the argument proves that he ought to obey, not only promptly, but a year in advance. But it is better to count out with honors and gain his points, than run the risk of losing by this odd trick.

The strangest perversion runs through these comments upon Mr. Tyler's course. The firmness before required is forgotten. The senator must disobey if he finds great men against his constituents—the opinion of a JAMES MADISON, or even a disappointed minority of his own constituents, if in his opinion, possessed of more intellect than the majority, may be obeyed in preference. A majority of constituents seems to be the only body, to be utterly disregarded.

But the leaning on authority is not yet sufficient; we are to be defeated not only by *concurrence*, but *difference of opinion*, as the following paragraph proves:

"I cannot refrain from remarking that these gentlemen, (Messrs. Tyler and Leigh,) both professing to maintain the true and orthodox doctrines of "Instruction," and exerting their powerful and cultivated intellects to explain them through many a labored column, at last bring themselves to opposite conclusions on the same case. Is it possible to give a more impressive illustration and evidence of the fallacy of the whole faith than that two such men, both indoctrinated in the same school, should, when brought to the practical application of their principles, so differ about their import and obligation?"

I should humbly conceive it proved the fallacy of that faith which holds that a senator cannot be wrong. Two senators "come to opposite conclusions upon the same case," and it proves not as simple mortals would suppose, that one must be wrong, but that the legislature is wrong. If their difference only proves error in some one else, we cannot wonder at the vast estimation in which senators are held by their admirers. But their difference is not so great as supposed. One says I cannot obey, and, therefore, I resign now; the other says you want me to resign, but I will not now, but at the beginning of next session. Here is the same conclusion from the same case. Mr. Leigh postponed, but why will he resign at last? He gives no reason, but the instructions, and no one has suggested any other. He must resign on account of the disagreeable feelings pro-

duced by the peculiar position of being a misrepresenting representative. Those feelings are required and expected by our theory in the bosoms of all conscientious senators. So even the difference which was to destroy us, is one of time—not of principle. As to the argument that some of the voters of last year gave contrary instructions the year before, if true,—it does not prove them less worthy of respect now than then,—indeed, the last being the more deliberate, is the more worthy opinion; and as Mr. Tyler obeyed the first, a *fortiori* he was bound to obey the last, or resign.

I have done. Long as I have been with you, I have only touched the most striking points. There are two documents which would have shed light upon the obscurest part of this subject, I mean the letter of ELDRIDGE GERRY to the Massachusetts convention, on the constitution of the senate, and JAMES MADISON's history of the constitution, and debates of the convention. These were inaccessible, but whenever examined they must confirm the views taken here. Though the Sun of Montpelier has sunk in glory, below the horizon, it will thence shed a brilliant but mellowed light upon its noon-day track, and mystic truths so long hidden by its dazzling brilliancy, may be read by its milder rays, engraven in letters of gold upon the imperishable arch of Heaven. We must abide the coming of that time in mute faith, confiding in what we have already learned from Moses and the prophets; but, if it be no profanity to quote the sacred founder of our religious faith in defence of our hallowed constitution, I would say, "If they hear not Moses and the prophets, neither will they be persuaded, though one rose from the dead."

ROANE.

'TIS THE LAST DAY OF SUMMER.

'Tis the last day of Summer,
Now fading away,
As behind yon blue mountain,
The sun hides its ray;
And the low breeze is sighing,
So chilly and drear,
That, methinks, the wood whispers,
Stern Autumn is near!

'Tis the last day of Summer,
And sad is the smile,
That now lights up the gloom,
Where it lingers awhile;
Whilst the cloud that is wreathing,
So gaily the west,
But reveals by its brightness,
The tempest's dark crest.

'Tis the last day of Summer,
And fleet as its ray
Hath departed, so fleetly,
Doth life speed away!
But beyond this drear gloom,
Is a resting place given,
Where the spirit shall bask,
In the summer of Heaven.

T. J. S.

Frederick County, Aug. 31st, 1836.

THE LEARNED LANGUAGES.

The youthful votary of knowledge, naturally infirm of purpose, is ever prone to despond and falter in a pursuit the utility of which is not immediate and palpable; yet he listens with amiable credulity to the matured in judgment and the ripe in scholarship. It should therefore be the duty and pride of such to cheer onward the ingenuous, even in those studies whose inceptive difficulties alarm him. Hence we read with feelings of regret and surprise an article in the August number of the Messenger, from the pen of Mathew Carey, Esq., the inevitable tendency of which will be to discourage students of the Classics, and to diminish the estimation, already too low, in which they are held in the south. We should be deterred from entering the list against a name so imposing, and one which deserves so well of his adopted countrymen, if we did not reflect that the inherent strength and self-tenability of a good cause greatly outweigh the most splendid abilities in sustaining a bad one. *Magna est veritas et prevalebit.* So thus we hurl our white pebble from the river of Truth at the forehead of Goliath.

Before we rush in *medias res*, permit us to premise that, if we chose to decide this question with Mr. Carey by a preponderance of authorities, the rich libraries of our university would supply an array of illustrious names as long as that of John Lackland's barons. But reason and experience shall be our only authorities, than which there are none greater, not even Locke or Carey.

The universality of the study of the dead languages is objected to. "A young Englishman, unless he goes to the University of Cambridge, has scarcely a notion that there is any other kind of excellence." But one would suppose that the practice of studying them by all enlightened nations, for so many centuries, ought to be conclusive evidence of their utility; because mankind are so much influenced by interest, that they are ever ready to abandon whatever does not promote it. Our opponents, however, tell us that they were engrafted into seminaries of learning in ages less enlightened than the present—that such is the force of prejudice and custom, they have been continued as a course of education despite their many disadvantages. Is this true? Have not mankind long since shaken off their idolatrous veneration for antiquity? The whole cumbersome and chaotic mass of feudal error has fallen before the full blaze of modern discoveries and improvements. But modern reformers and experimentalists, in removing the rubbish of ignorance, and the rust of antiquity from literary institutions, spared the languages in which Mæonides and Maro bequeathed to posterity models more potent for inspiring genius than all the waters of Castalia, in which Demosthenes and Cicero gave utterance to sentiments which, even at this distant day, have impelled many to deeds of noblest patriotism. Spared did we say? They have done more; they have recommended redoubled attention to them. It is a fact, that the learned languages are more extensively cultivated now than at any former period, and that too by utilitarian and practical Englishmen—by intellectual and acute Germans—by scientific Frenchmen—by economical, pence-counting Scotchmen, in the teeth of opponents, powerful, gifted, active. If they are worthy of so much

attention in Europe, *a fortiori*, they are worthy of it here, for the obvious reason that, breathing as they do the spirit of liberty and republicanism, they furnish ideas more congenial and valuable to that form of government in which these principles are recognized, than to an oppressive one, where Brutus is stigmatized as a murderer, and the burning words of the two mighty scourges of tyranny regarded as dangerous food for popular lips. In a free country eloquence is the lever that heaves the body politic. In the Classics the purest models are found. Hence we infer that they are the appropriate study of American youth, and that it would be our highest glory to outstrip Europe in a knowledge of them, as we have already done in the science of government.

In reply to the argument that the languages consume too much time from the acquisition of English, we assume high ground, and lay down the predicate that the study of them is the shortest, best and easiest way to learn English. This idea will be illustrated by attending to the *modus operandi* of teaching. Before a student can acquire the idea contained in the simplest sentence of a dead language, he must ascertain the English meaning of every word in it; and before he can render it correctly, he must study into what English moods, tenses, and cases the words of his translation are to be put. If he do not this, he will be liable to render a Latin or Greek imperfect by an English future, and vice versa; hence it is evident that he must have not only his classical books, but that an English Grammar, a Geography, and a Dictionary must be ever at his side. Take an illustration. The crude, disarranged sentence, "vinco Scipio Hannibal in Africa," and the English translation, (Scipio conquered Hannibal in Africa) are given him to reduce to good Latin, and to explain the three proper names. To do this he must refer to his English Grammar, to find in what mood, tense, number, person and voice the verb "conquered" is, and then take up the English books containing the required information concerning Scipio, Hannibal and Africa: thus, in correcting this short sentence, learning, perhaps, more of English Grammar, Geography, and History, than of Latin. We are persuaded that nine-tenths of our southern teachers will tell Mr. Carey, that in their schools, consisting of Classical and English students, the Latin scholars are the better English scholars—that they are the better writers and speakers, the more cheerful and industrious, the more influential with their fellows, and that they require in their studies a larger number of English books than the other.

But if we are answered by Mr. Carey that he did not mean to assert that the verbal and grammatical knowledge of English which has been shown to be the result of the study of the Classics was lost thereby, but that knowledge of a higher order, science and literature were sacrificed to them, we have a reply ready at hand, which obviates this objection, viz: that they are chiefly studied at that infantile period of the intellect, when common sense teaches that it is not prepared to comprehend either the abstrusities of Mathematics, the minutæ of Chymistry, or the mysteries of Philosophy. To require so much of mere tyros, is as absurd as to exact of one of tender years and feeble frame the labors of a Hercules. Mr. Carey need not be afraid that the nascent stage of the mind above referred to, will be

left without its appropriate food, even if the sciences are forbidden to it. It is an established principle of the present day to educate the faculties in the order of their development. In the spring time of existence, Memory is the first to put forth its buds; and therefore, in accordance with the truism just laid down, should receive the earliest culture. What is more proper for this purpose than getting by rote the simple rules of Grammar, tracing out and remembering the definitions of words, and passing from author to author in the order of their difficulties? In thus proceeding from what is easy to what is comparatively difficult, the student would be obeying a law both of reason and nature; his mental powers would be gradually invigorated and expanded, until he would be prepared to enter with greater probability of success on the dreaded path of Mathematics and Philosophy; for the derivation and composition of their abstract and scientific terms, would in many cases instantaneously and perfectly suggest their meaning to the Classical scholar, whilst the English one would be compelled to learn them laboriously and imperfectly from English Dictionaries. It is this happy fitness of ancient languages to that period of youth which, without them, would want a proper object of study, that gives to them a crowning pre-eminence over every other substitute.

We will now examine that extraordinary argument by which Mr. Carey attempts to prove that too much time is consumed in the study of languages, even in those few cases in which he would tolerate them at all. Here it is. "That lads of moderate capacity, and no very extraordinary application, frequently acquire the French language in twelve or eighteen months," &c. Again—"That the Latin language is not more difficult than the French—indeed I believe not so difficult." From these *petitiones principii*, he draws the *non sequitur* conclusion, "that it's an error to consume three, four, five or six years in the attainment of the Latin." Now every person at all acquainted with Philology, knows that foreign language to be easiest to himself which bears the greatest resemblance to his vernacular tongue in its structure, syntax, the sequence of its words in sentences, and the identity or similarity of many of its terms with corresponding ones in his own language. It will be evident to any individual, that in these particulars the French resembles our language much more than the Latin. If he will only reflect, the whole intricate machinery of declensions and conjugations, which constitutes one of the greatest difficulties of ancient languages, is almost entirely wanting in the French, and indeed in all modern languages. Here I cannot do better than to quote the words of that elegant rhetorician, Dr. Blair. "There is no doubt that in abolishing cases, we have rendered the structure of modern languages more simple. We have disembarassed it of the intricacy which arose from the different forms of declension. We have thereby rendered modern languages more easy to be acquired, and less subject to the perplexity of rules." Again, in a subsequent chapter, he says, "Language (modern) has undergone a change in conjugation perfectly similar to that which I showed it underwent with respect to declension; the consequence was the same as that of abolishing declensions; it rendered language (modern) more simple and easy." But the proof of the pudding is in the eating; so the uni-

versal practice among teachers of giving much longer French than Latin lessons, to be prepared in the same given time, is conclusive of the more easy attainment of the former. Most opportunely for the tenability of our argument, while we were preparing this article, an intelligent student of the University stated to us that he found he was making very little progress in French, and could assign no reason for it, unless it was because French is so easy that it does not take hold upon and engage the mind. But Mr. Carey would not only limit the time during which the ancient languages ought to be studied; he goes a good deal farther in his hostility to them, by advising that they should be studied even during the short period of twelve or eighteen months through the medium of translations. Now simply to state that this plan would utterly destroy that strengthening of the memory, disciplining of the mind, and refining of the taste, which languages are known to afford, is to prove its absurdity. If his plan should recommend itself to public adoption, the friends of Classical literature would abandon its defence in despair. The followers in any vocation are the best authority in the world in relation to the vocation, whether they be statesmen, teachers, or shoemakers. The united voice of teachers denounces translations as ruinous to the minds and habits of their pupils; hence they are regarded as contraband commodities, and as such, lawful confiscations to the dominion of Vulcan. These labor-saving machines of the mind, like those in mechanics, engender habits of idleness, by shortening the time and toil of accomplishing a task, smoothing the way, leaving the student nothing to elaborate for himself, until his mind is reduced to a state of wretched imbecility and servile dependence. Can a mind thus educated be prepared to make nice discriminations, to trace effect to cause, to winnow away the chaff of error from the golden grains of truth and wisdom? Even the little gained in this way is evanescent—takes no root in the memory. To look for enduring and accurate knowledge from him, would be as unreasonable as to expect a correct description of a country from one who flies through it in a steam car. But we might give up all that has yet been said about translations, and still maintain our argument against them, upon the ground that they do not express the meaning of the translated authors. At least the fire, spirit, enthusiasm are squeezed out and *skeletonized* in dull, vapid, prosaic copies. And is not this the case with all translations? Have not the French vainly essayed to translate Milton and Shakespeare? Are not their abortive attempts miserable caricatures? What becomes of the halo of glory which the ancient artists threw around the forms of Apollo Belvidere, and the Venus de Medicis, when copied—of the coloring of Titian, the sublimity of Claude, and the grandeur of Raphael, when attempted to be transferred to the canvass of some impotent imitator? Gone! Why should we contemplate Homer and Virgil through those smoked glasses, translations, when we can do it in the bright mirror of their own languages? There remains yet another disadvantage of studying ancient authors by translations. They cannot infuse that self-sacrificing patriotism, that high moral, and almost romantic elevation of character, which even Mr. Carey admits the poets of antiquity have a tendency to create. These virtues must be contemplated, turned and re-

turned in the mind, as they are portrayed in the originals—not conned from “Horace’s three hundred and seventeen lines introduced into the Latin primer, to illustrate the rules of Grammar.”

But if Mr. Carey cannot argue down the ancient languages, he will frighten parents from putting their sons to the study of them, and the sons from studying, by asking, “how many years of life are spent in learning—how much labor, pain, and imprisonment are endured by the body—how much anxious drudgery by the master—how many habits are formed of reluctance to regular employment, and how——” and the rest of the bugbears. Oh, how will the preceding paragraph be hailed as pregnant with wisdom by all our vigorous, idle, southern youth, who long for more time out of school, to hunt, fish, and scamper over the broad, umbrageous Campus. If Mr. Carey only knew the quantity of swine and pancakes devoured by our students at a meal, and then behold them rush to their sports, and jump twelve feet in the “clear,” he would never again say that Latin kills boys. There might be some truth in the assertion contained in the quotation now before us, if predicated of German seminaries, where we are told the youth frequently study fourteen hours out of the twenty-four. But let any one carefully examine the pupils of an American academy, and he will be convinced that they enjoy more happiness, health, and leisure than any other class of the community. This fact is farther proven by the common observation of educated men, that their school-boy days were the happiest of their whole life, and that they never pass a group of students, and witness the joyous outpourings of youthful feelings, without envy. There is no royal road to learning. It is admitted that the languages are not to be acquired without labor—hard labor. Is this an evil to be deprecated? No. Whatever is acquired without it is generally worthless, not prized—because no price, no toil, no sweat has been paid for it. Constituted as society is, the original curse denounced against man, “in the sweat of thy brow thou shalt eat bread,” has proven a blessing. Truly says the adage, “an idle brain is the devil’s work-shop.” An industrious one is the chosen abode of the sister virtues. Why, then, should we increase the temptation to idleness, already great to the youth of the south, by the banishment of the only study, perhaps, suitable to the idlest stage of human life? We should thus leave a chasm in the plan of instruction, and that precious time unfilled up, when a regard to the formation of good habits would imperiously require that it should be filled up as far as is consistent with health. Substitute something else, you say. If what has already been said, does not prove that nothing else effectually supplies their place, perhaps the following reflection may assist to do it. The principal point in which we fall short of our northern brethren, and of most European nations, is in our want of system in our employments, and attention to the *small things* of business. Now the Classics demand constant attention to the most minute marks and letters, together with the exercise of judgment, patience, memory, classification—all of which are component parts of system.

No disposition is felt to controvert the position taken by Mr. Carey, that great men have been made under systems from which the learned languages were ex-

cluded—or to discourage the gifted child of poverty, who can never enjoy their advantages. Let such a one reflect that there have been orators who never tasted the honied eloquence of Cicero—bards whose lips were never touched with a “live coal” from the poetic fire of Homer and Virgil—patriots whose bosoms were never warmed, whose arms were never nerved by the story of Aristides and Brutus. There are men to keep whom down would be as impossible as to suppress the fires of *Ætna*. They ask—they need no aid from their predecessors or cotemporaries. They will create opportunities and modes of development and action for themselves. Very properly, therefore, the institutions of society, the systems of education, are not framed for them; but for ordinary beings—persons of mediocre intellect, of which a vast majority of mankind are composed.

In reviewing the field of our argument,* we find that the Classics have been mainly defended upon the ground of the mental training and good habits which result from the study of them—dry objects of pursuit certainly to boys, but still most necessary. But we might long since have cut this question short, by holding up the argument, the truth of which is now generally admitted by competent judges, that it is impossible to understand English in all its power, beauty, copiousness, without a previous acquaintance with the Classics. But the multitude, in the true spirit of English vanity, are constantly proclaiming the entire independence of their language, and vauntingly assert that it needs no plumage borrowed from any tongue under heaven. Mark you! this was not said until the huge, misshapen skeleton of the Anglo-Saxon had received a filling up—a beauty and proportion from much abused Latin and Greek. Now, as the English language has declared her *Independence*, and set up for herself, it is but fair that she should surrender back to Greek and Latin the harmonious and expressive words, the poetical imagery and rich mythology which she has stolen from them, but which she has just found out she does not need. Let her do this, and what does she become?—what she was originally. *Rudis indigestaque moles*. We have never known the common-sense rule, viz: That to know the *whole* we must know all the *parts*, to be dispensed with except in the case of the English language, which it appears can be perfectly known without previously studying the languages of which it is made up.* We however have no fears that our boasted vernacular will be able to sustain her declaration, since Greek and Roman ideas, illustrations, and allusions are so interwoven with it that they have become an inseparable part and parcel of it. Those who would know the nice and delicate shades of meaning belonging to English derived terms, will ever betake themselves to the fountain-head for this knowledge. What praise do we unwittingly bestow upon the two noble tongues of antiquity, when we consider that the highest compliment we can pay our illustrious characters is to compare them to some Greek or Roman worthy—to say of a Washington he is a Fabius, of a

* Since this short article was penned, the number of words of Greek and Latin derivation in it was roughly estimated to be eight hundred, though the writer made an effort to use words purely English in all cases where they would answer the purpose as well.

Franklin he is a Socrates, of a Henry he is a Demosthenes!

The department of poetry would lose the most by a neglect of the Classics. As the bards of antiquity were the first to walk forth into the garden of poetry, they did not fail to appropriate to themselves their most beautiful flowers; they, having the gathering of the harvest, have left to the moderns in many branches of the poetic art naught but the mere gleanings of the field. These ancient poems have been so translated, paraphrased, metamorphosed by modern poets, that a mere English scholar would find nearly as much difficulty in the works of the latter, as in those of the former. A glance at one more argument in favor of the learned languages, and this discussion is closed. The history of the forum and halls of legislation proves that in the actual conflict of mind against mind, the Classical orator has a decided advantage over an antagonist who has merely an English education, though in every other respect they be entirely equal. His knowledge of the variety and flexibility of his own tongue, will place at his command a greater copiousness of words, a wider range of selection, a greater fluency and facility in the utterance of them than his unfortunate antagonist can possibly pretend to.

In conclusion, we would say to the ingenuous of the Old Dominion—of the whole south, be not discouraged, be not deluded. The inceptive steps of all great undertakings are slow—sometimes unpleasant. If the beauty, perfection, and pre-eminent usefulness of the Classics are not at present obvious, you will at your docile age be willing to take something on trust, and to pursue your studies under the assurance, that by degrees the circumference of your vision will be enlarged, the point from which you take it in will be elevated, until you shall stand on the pinnacle of the temple of knowledge. Although you will not be so unreasonable as to expect to behold the interior and brighter glories of the temple, while you are merely entering the vestibule, yet along your path you will meet with many flowers to cheer you onward. You have every encouragement to proceed. Are you emulous to serve your country in the halls of legislation? You will, at the completion of your scholastic education, come forth armed with weapons from the armory of Demosthenes and Cicero. Would you create a southern literature? Your present studies are the very first step towards it. Your discouragers may be defied to point you to a single nation eminent in literature, and at the same time proscribers of the Classics. Contribute your mite to demonstrate to the world that this is not the land where "Genius sickens and Fancy dies," and to enable your countrymen to point proudly to our sister band of states, and say of one, this is our Arcadia—of another, this is our Laconia—of a third, this is our Attica. Do not suppose that this is too much to expect. By the blessing of God, and the operation of causes now at work, to this pitch of glory we must arrive. You live in the region of great men; you daily tread upon the same lines of latitude once trodden by Homer, Demosthenes, and Plato. *Macte nova virtute puer, sic itur ad astra.*

Hæc exempla—
Nocturna versate manu, versate diurna.

Hæc studia adolescentiam alunt, senectutem oblectant, secundas res ornant, adversis solatium et perfugium

præbent, delectant domi, non impediunt foris, pernecant nobiscum, peregrinantur, rusticantur.

University of North Carolina, October, 1836.

LINES TO A WILD VIOLET,

FOUND IN THE WOODS OF ALABAMA.

BY HENRY THOMPSON.

Type of thy God, in nature drest,
Emblem of innocence and rest,
Why hid'st thou in the sunless glade
Those lovely tints which sure were made
To woo the light?

Hast thou too felt the cold world's scorn,
The with'ring blight of rayless morn
That thus within the woodland gloom
In ivy shade you're wont to bloom
So far from sight?

And wilt thou fade in lonely bower,
Pale, gentle, melancholy flow'r!
And die when leaves in vernal dearth
Shall kiss the cold and dewy earth
In autumn day?

Or wilt thou wither on my heart,
And there sweet sympathy impart,
And give beneath the dew of grief,
Those lovely hues so bright and brief,
To slow decay?

Ah! no, I will not thus intrude,
To mar thy gentle solitude,
For thou art pure and undefil'd,
Lonely and beautiful and wild,
A forest queen!
Bloom on in thy secluded dell,
Sweet flow'r! that lovest alone to dwell!
And there within thy silent glade,
In God's own purity array'd,
Perish unseen.

TRAITS OF A SUMMER TOURIST.

No. I.

Hamlet. I am very glad to see you. Good even, sir.
But what, in faith, make you from Wittenburg?
Horatio. A truant disposition, good my lord!

Hamlet.

Steaming from Washington to Baltimore is an improvement upon that route at least. "I pity the man who can travel from Dan to Beersheba and say 'all is barren;'" was the beneficent dictum of a philosopher as wise as he was witty,—but he never travelled on the post-road from the Monumental city to the capital of the western world. If he had, I fear that precious morceau of pitiful cosmopolitism would have never fallen from his pen.

The locomotive Andrew Jackson whirled us by a series of fields, of which one will serve as a sample. It consisted of about three acres, from the surface of which a few weakly, wilting, pea-green shoots were starting reluctantly upwards, and which nine negroes were try-

ing to make a corn-field of, by dint of most desperate hoeing. Patches of rye and wheat were seen also, at intervals, most forcibly illustrating the condition of Egyptian fields in the seven years of famine of Joseph's time. It was plain that this section of the country, (as Mr. Senator G—— remarked to the representative for the district,) was fit for nothing else than to make rail roads of.

At the end of "The Thomas Viaduct," a beautiful piece of mechanism, by the way, is the "Viaduct Hotel," *not* so beautiful. As we passed, several of the Light Corps of the city [Baltimore] were "standing at ease" by the door of the hotel. They had gone out thither to spend the day of our nation's birth, in drinking mint-julaps, and watching the passing and repassing of the rail road cars. It seemed to be an object with them to discover, as we flew onward, who, of all the grandees who had just concluded those labors which had for seven months been making Washington so famous, were forming a part of our freight. The senator was for stopping the cars, and giving the representative a chance at the stump, before so goodly an array of his constituents. But whether he thought the audience not "fit," nor "few" enough for such a display, I could not discover—the Colonel declined the proposal.

Commend me to mine host of the Exchange! Page's is the very home of good order, good cheer, good company, and all else that is good,—the very place where one may ask, with a confidence defying negation, "Shall I not take mine ease in mine inn?" We found our rooms commodious and airy, and soon saw reason to bless our forethought, in having pre-engaged our accommodations, while compassionating the "potent, grave, and reverend seniors" of the land, as they cubicated on pallets in the dining-rooms, and were, in some instances, denied the liberty to hang for the night upon a hat-hook! Always engage rooms a week before hand, considerate traveller.

Who shall adequately describe what has so often been dwelt upon by tourists, the distinctive peculiarities of the older cities of the Union? To attempt it were "damnable iteration." Suffice it therefore to say, that Baltimore has beautiful brick edifices, with pure white marble porches and porticoes—several splendid public buildings, among which none is more deserving of particular mention, inside and outside, than the Unitarian Church, (although Baltimoreans generally "stump" on the Cathedral,) two monuments, one in questionable and the other in unquestionable taste—and upon the whole, neat, clean, orderly, and well-kept streets. She has here and there public fountains, supplied with ever-flowing streams of the purest water,—baths, places of public amusement, (although theatrical entertainments are not much in favor there,) shot-towers, hotels, newspapers, steamboats, rail roads, and pretty women in great abundance. Few cities possess a more refined or more generally diffused taste for music, painting, architecture, and the fine arts in general, than Baltimore. Her present situation, in a commercial and enterprising point of view, is extremely encouraging; and recent legislation in regard to internal improvements will doubtless have a very beneficial effect upon her fortunes.

A steamboat burned to the water's edge last night, at one of the wharves, and a boy was consumed as he was sleeping in the cabin! It was a pleasure boat, and had been running to different points in the neighborhood of the city all the day previous. The unfortunate boy who lost his life was a wanderer from New York, and had been permitted by the captain to sleep and board in the cabin, until a vessel in which he was about to go to sea, was ready to sail. He had retired to rest, after a day of toil to him, though of pleasure to those upon whom he had been waiting, as one of the hands on board the boat; and met his horrible fate while sleeping in innocent unconsciousness of danger. The neglect of the watchman who had been entrusted with the care of the boat, was the cause of the fire, that unfaithful officer having left his charge to join in a carousal in the town. How fearful a thought, that all our enjoyments are obtained by others' pains! The smiles that deck the faces of the few are watered in their growth by the tears of the many.

How neglectful of the *minutiae* of comfort and convenience are most of those who cater for the traveller's enjoyment in his journeyings along these great thoroughfares of our country! Here are we, arrived in the city of brotherly love, upon one of the very hottest days in the year, and upon asking for rooms at a new and much vaunted hotel, are ushered into a suite of three flights of stairs, and glowing, almost *hissing*, with the concentrated rays of the meridian sun, shining through crimson curtains—"Think of that, Master Brook,"—*crimson curtains*, in weather to set the very mercury in the thermometer a bubbling! As honest Jack said upon a not dissimilar occasion, "it was a miracle to 'scape suffocation!" What salamanders must be the people of the M—— house! We could not stand it, and so, after one night's parboiling, we turned our backs upon the rectangular city, resolved never to "tarry" there, in summer time again, until she had her Tremont, her Page's, or her Astor's to receive and accommodate us.

Arrived at New York, I was told that half the town were "out of town"—a comfortable assurance, methought, for we can have our choice of quarters. Yet were we three hours in finding a place whereon to lay our heads! I soon learned that by "the town" was meant that wandering, gossiping, gadding, sight-seeking, lionizing, country-visiting portion of this great Babel, who make it a point to spend all "the months that have no R," at the crowded watering places of their own and the neighboring states. But they have left the streets as noisy, as crowded, and as business-like as ever, and a stranger feels quizzed when told that they are empty.

The sail up the Hudson is full of interest, and thousands are now daily enjoying the many attractions it presents to the traveller. As the city at this season is any thing but delightful, I got on board the good steamer Erie, (to which commend me ever,) and bade adieu to hot streets, and the crowded thorough-fares for a season. On my return I may find it worthy of a sketch or two.

The Hudson is very broad near its mouth, or junction with the East River, at the harbor of New York.

Hoboken, New Brighton, Jersey City, and Staten Island, besides Brooklyn on the East, lie invitingly contiguous, and are attained by steamboats constantly running thither at every hour in the day. As they are all plentifully provided with green lawns, and cool shades, to say nothing of numerous houses of refreshment, you may be assured, that in the hot season, they are by no means vacant. As you go up the river, and leave the island on which the great city is laid out, on your right, the first prominent object that strikes your eye is *Fort Lee* on the left, which the map tells us is ten miles from New York. This was an important post in the revolutionary contest, and is now in ruins. Its position is admirable, standing on the bluff which commences the celebrated *Palisades*. These extend twenty miles up the river, and are curious ridges of rocks, from two to six hundred feet high, very much resembling that species of defence, whence they derive their name. Passing along, the traveller is prompted by the guide books to look at *Tappan Bay*, where the celebrated Andre attempted to take an advantage of the treason of the despicable Arnold, which would have been fatal to the cause of liberty, but for the fidelity of some of the American scouts. The spy was executed very near this place. The next place of interest is *Sing-Sing*, where is one of the New York State Prisons. As we intended to visit the more interesting one at Auburn, we did not stop here, but casting a glance at the *Sleepy Hollow* of Irving's Rip Van Winkle, we glided on, and soon entered *The Highlands*.

I had never imagined that any thing half so grand and so picturesque awaited us on our up-river jaunt. The half had not been told. Besides the splendor of the scenery,—the tremendous hills and ravines on one side, and the gently levelling upland and lowland fields and meadows, full of fertility and the promise of rich harvests, on the other,—there were a thousand associations with the early history of our Republic, especially with that interesting period, when "men's souls were tried," which rendered it a continuous and uninterrupted scene of thrilling and exciting interest. *Stony Point* and old Wayne, *Forts Montgomery* and *Clinton* with *Gates*, *Sir Henry Clinton*, and "*Old Put*," *Independence*, *Bloody Pond*, *General Vaughan*, *James Clinton*, and a thousand other places and names throng upon the memory, and tell the tale over again of a most interesting part of that glorious struggle for freedom by our brave fathers.

On one of the boldest and most commanding of those highland eminences, the traveller soon perceives the moss-grown battlements of *Fort Putnam*, over-hanging the barracks of the *Military Academy at West Point*. As the steamboat passes this headland, *Kosciusko's* monument, erected by order of government, is discerned, and then the hotel comes in sight. Intending to stop at mine host *Cozzens'* on our way down the river, we did not land, but went on to *Catskill* landing, where we debarked, and took stage for the celebrated *Mountain House*, at *Pine Orchard*. This is a grove situated on the table land near the summit of one of the most lofty of the *Catskills*, and is more than two thousand feet above the level of the *Hudson*. We found there a most commodious hotel, the view from the front piazza of which is exceedingly picturesque. We experienced a great change in the weather upon reaching the Moun-

tain House, having left an almost torrid climate at the foot of the hill, and finding it cold enough at the top for a fire. We therefore retired to rest, after this, our first day's journey, with great expectation for the morn.

Salvator Rosa alone could do justice to the scenery around *Pine Orchard*. The pencil of modern artists may find much here to furnish a fitting subject for their attempts, and they may succeed in giving pleasing sketches from its inexhaustible sources of picturesque and romantic illustration. But it requires the hand of that great painter of the grand, the sublime, the stupendous, fitly to illustrate that scenery.

You look down three thousand feet into a valley, stretching over an hundred miles in one direction, and more than half that distance in the other, in the midst of which runs the river *Hudson*, covered at this season with craft of various descriptions, which, from that great elevation, seem mimic boats upon a rivulet. At your feet a rocky precipice descends perpendicularly, the depth of which it is impossible to estimate, as it has never been explored, and loses itself, to the eye of the gazer from the summit, amidst the rude and tangled masses of primeval forest, stretching downward to the distant valley, verdantly sloping to the river's banks. This is the scene presented to the sojourner at the *Mountain House*, and its many changes, like those of a panorama, render the prospect intensely interesting, in every aspect of the weather.

Having enjoyed this first gush of picturesque beauty, you are reminded, by the daily arrival of the proper vehicles at the door, of a scene of yet more mingled romance,—the cascades of *Caterskill*. These lie at the termination of a delightful woodland path, along the side of which flows a smooth and quiet stream, taking its rise in a lake upon which you bestow, as you pass, a gratified glance. Following this rivulet you come suddenly to the brink of a tremendous precipice, shelving down between woody mountains, with rough rocky ravines, seemingly unattainable by human feet. But your guide holds a clue, following which you soon attain a level formed of sandstone and gray-wacke, and await the fall of the water from the edge of the precipice, one hundred and seventy-five feet above. As the water at this season runs low, the proprietor has taken the precaution to dam it up above the precipice, and so lets it fall when a company of visitors demand it. This fall is very beautiful. No obstacle intervenes to break the silvery sheet as it descends, and, as it comes over the rough edges of the rock at top, it assumes a form as of feathery spray, which is sometimes so thin and vapory, as to float away without reaching the level at all. Descending eighty feet farther, you see the second fall, the termination of which is even more grand and savage than the upper level. Here you may see both falls at the same instant, and from a situation which challenges another attribute of grandeur and sublimity to enhance the perfect enchantment of the scene.

We lingered at *Catskill* several days in a sort of dreamy state of quiet enjoyment,—now fishing, now roving among the woods, now stretched on the brink of the *Pine Orchard* looking listlessly down upon the impenetrable forests, the smiling, sunny valleys, or the silver thread of water, on which seemed

"—— the tall anchoring bark
Diminished to her cock,—her cock a bouy
Almost too small for sight"

and where the many steamers that smoke their daily course along the Hudson, seemed like some tiny utensil discharging its culinary office. There would we gaze upon the lifting fog-banks at morning, watching the sunbeams as they gradually struggled forth to irradiate, first the distant valley, and so diffusing thin yellow glory upward and upward, until, at length, we stood in the midst of their effulgence, and saw their vapory veil floating away over our heads, like gossamer web of the dew spider.

Nor were our household attractions few or powerless. Many visitors were at the Orchard, but there was a coterie of young ladies with their brothers and husbands from the neighboring village of the Catskill, from whose good offices and gentle hospitality we derived a great deal of additional enjoyment. Music, books, and conversation drove away ennui during those hours, when the inclemency of the weather or fatigue compelled us to suspend our out-of-door amusements, and we were thus enabled to enjoy the everlasting scenery of the Catskill, under auspices the most favorable.

New Lebanon Springs next attracted us. They lie about twenty-seven miles from Hudson, which is ten miles up the river on the opposite side, whither we went by the same steamer that had landed us at Catskill, and thence by stages to New Lebanon.

New Lebanon is a pleasant village, near the eastern line of the state of New York, lying in a most fertile and valuable tract of country, with alternations of gently sloping hills and smiling valleys, all of which seem arable and productive. The most popular public house is that to which the Spring that gives a name to the place, belongs. It is very well kept, but was far too crowded for comfort,—the day of our arrival being Saturday, and great numbers having come from Albany, Troy, Saratoga, Ballston Spa, &c. to witness the worship (?) of the Shakers on the Sabbath.

The waters of these Springs have no very decided mineral or medicinal qualities,—but as they are very profuse in their flow, and as their temperature is always rising of seventy degrees, Fahrenheit, they are delightful for bathing in the summer season. The proprietors have, accordingly, fitted up commodious bathing houses, which are very well attended, and afford, by no means, the weakest attraction to be found at New Lebanon. But even in this respect they cannot be compared with the Warm and Hot Springs of Bath county in Virginia.

The truth is, New Lebanon invites the visitor more by the salubrity of its climate, the rural beauty of its scenery, the quiet seclusion which it offers to the town-weary traveller, and more than all, by its accessibility from so many populous parts of the country, than by any magic virtues possessed or imparted by its "springs," and all these inducements combine to keep the pretty little village full to overflowing from spring to autumn. I saw many visitors from the southern states there among the rest, and was gratified to learn that there is an annual increase of business at "Columbian Hall." In my next I shall describe a scene at the Shaker's Church.

VIATOR.

SACRED SONG.

"There's a bliss beyond all that the minstrel has told,"
When the heart's best affections are yielded to God,
And the spirit that wandered, returns to the fold
Of the Saviour who bought it by shedding of blood!
One moment of rapture so holy, is worth
Far more than whole ages of wandering bliss;
And oh! if a joy ever gild this dark earth,
It is this, it is this!

The pleasures of time are all fleeting and vain—
The bubbles that sparkle o'er life's turbid stream,
E'en the ties of affection are sundered in twain,
When the dark clouds of sorrow portentously gleam.
But the rapture that thrills through the soul at its birth
Into favor with God, is ineffable bliss;
And oh! if a joy ever gild this dark earth,
It is this, it is this!

T. J. S.

MARTIN LUTHER INCOGNITO.

Mr. Editor,—Public attention has recently been attracted, with great justice, to the Memoirs of Luther, by Professor Michelet of Paris; a work remarkable, first, as composed almost entirely of the Reformer's own words, and, secondly, as proceeding from a Roman Catholic. You will not, I trust, deem it unseasonable to accept the translation of a very rare and entertaining document, relating some scenes eminently illustrative of this great man's private manners. Allow me to premise, by way of refreshing the reader's memory, that after the celebrated appearance of Luther at the Diet of Worms, he was secretly snatched away by his friend the Elector, and kept for some months in the castle of Wartburg. The paper which follows gives some account of his return. It is from the pen of an honest Swiss, and is written in the Swiss-German dialect, but is so full of racy diction and inimitable naïveté, that it cannot fail to gratify every lover of ancient story. I have availed myself, here and there, of an antique idiom or phrase, as remarkably comporting with the rude original.* Respectfully, &c.

JAMES W. ALEXANDER.

I cannot forbear to relate, though it may chance to seem trifling and even childish, how I, John Kessler, and my comrade John Reutiner, fell into company with Martin Luther, at the time when he was enlarged from his captivity, and was on his way back to Wittenberg. For as we were journeying thither, for the sake of studying the holy scriptures, we came to Jena, in the Thuringian territory, (and God knows in a dismal storm,) and after much inquiry in the city for an inn where we might lodge for the night, we were utterly unable to find any. The taverns were shut against us on every side, for it was carnival-time, at which season there is little care for wayfaring people. So we had come to the outskirts of the town, thinking to go on further, to find if possible some hamlet where we might be entertained. Under the very gate of the town, as

* The document may be seen in Marheineke's History of the German Reformation, vol. i, p. 319. Berlin, 1831.

we went out, there met us a reverend man, who greeted us kindly, and asked whither we were bound at so late an hour. For he said there was neither house nor court-yard offering us lodging, which we could reach before the dead of night, and that the way was intricate; therefore he counselled us to abide where we were. We answered, "Good sir, we have been to every hostelry which has been shown to us, but every where we have been denied entrance; we must needs go further." Then he asked whether we had inquired at the Black Bear. To which we replied, "No such inn have we seen, pray tell us where we may find it." He then pointed out the place, a little without the town. And though all the innkeepers had dismissed us, yet no sooner had we reached the Black Bear, than the host came to the door, helped us in, and gave us the kindest welcome, taking us into the common room. There we found a man sitting alone at a table, with a little book lying before him, who saluted us in a friendly manner, and invited us to come forward and seat ourselves by him at the table. Now (under favor be it spoken) our shoes were so clogged with the filth of the roads, that we dared not to enter with freedom, but crept in softly, and sat upon a bench by the door. But he invited us to drink with him, which indeed we could not refuse.

After we had accepted his friendly and courteous advances, we placed ourselves, as he desired, at the table near him, and ordered some wine that we might drink to his honor; having no other thought than that he was a trooper, for he sat, after the manner of the country, in a red cloak, with doublet and hose, a sword by his side, with his right hand upon the pommel and his left grasping the hilt. He soon began to ask the place of our birth, and then, answering his own question, added, "You are Switzers. From what part of Switzerland come you?" We answered, "From St. Gallen." "You will find," said he, "at Wittenberg, whither I understand you are going, some excellent people, such as Doctor Jerome Schurf, and his brother Doctor Augustin." We replied, that we had letters to them; and then proceeded to ask in turn, "Sir, can you certainly inform us whether Martin Luther is now at Wittenberg, or in what place he is?" "I have sure information," said he, "that Luther is not in Wittenberg at this time; but he is to be there shortly. Philip Melancthon however is there; he teaches the Greek tongue, as there are others who teach the Hebrew, both which languages I earnestly exhort you to study; for they are necessary preparations to the understanding of the scriptures." We answered, "God be praised, if our lives are spared, we shall not rest until we see and hear that man; on his account it is that we have undertaken this journey; for we understood that he was minded to set aside the priesthood, with the mass, as an unauthorized service. Now, inasmuch as we have, from our youth up, been trained and set apart, by our parents, to become priests, we desire to hear what reason he can show for such a design."

After some conversation of this kind, he asked, where we had already studied. We answered, "At Basle." "How fares it," said he, "at Basle? Is Erasmus Roterdamus there at present? What is he doing?" "Sir," replied we, "so far as we know all things go on well. But what Erasmus is doing there is no one can tell, for he keeps himself quiet and aloof." Now it struck us

with great surprise that the trooper should talk thus, and that he was able to discourse about Schurf, and Philip, and Erasmus, and about the importance of both Greek and Hebrew. Moreover, he would now and then let slip a Latin word, which made us suspect that he was something different from an ordinary cavalier. "Prithee," said he, "what is thought of Luther in Switzerland?" "Sir," said I, "there, as elsewhere, there are diversities of opinion. Some there are who cannot enough extol him, and thank God that by his means he has revealed his truth and discovered error; but others denounce him as an intolerable heretic; and such are chiefly the clergy." "Ah," said he, "I could warrant it was the parsons." In such talk he continued to be very sociable, so that my comrade made free to take up the little book which lay before him and open it. It was a Hebrew Psalter. He then laid it down, and the trooper took it up. Hereupon we fell into still greater doubt as to who he might be. Then said my comrade, "I would give a finger off my hand, if I could thereby understand this language." The man replied, "You may attain it, if you will only bestow labor; I also desire this attainment greatly, and am exercising myself every day to make greater proficiency."

By this time the day was declining and it had become quite dark, and the host entered to look to the table. As he saw our eager curiosity about Martin Luther, he said, "My good fellows, had you been here two days sooner, you might have been gratified, for he was then sitting at this very table. And with this he pointed out the place. We were now chagrined and vexed at our own delay, and provoked at the bad roads which had been our hinderance; but we said, "It rejoices us to be in the house, and at the very table where he has lately sat." At this the host could not but laugh, and went immediately out. After a little while, he called me to the outside of the door. I was alarmed, and began to think with myself in what I had been unseemly, or of what I could be suspected. The host then said to me, "Since I perceive in very truth that you long to see and hear Luther—the man who sits by you is he." This I took in jest, and said, "Ay, sir host, you would fain mock me, and stay my curiosity with Luther's lodging." He replied, "It is assuredly he; nevertheless, do nothing to show that you recognize him." I straightway left the host, still being incredulous, and returning to the room seated myself at the table, and was very desirous to let my companion know what the host had disclosed. I therefore turned myself towards the door and at the same time towards him, saying softly, "The host says that this is Luther." Like myself he could not believe it, and said, "Perhaps he said it was *Hutten*,* and you have misunderstood him." Now, as the horseman's dress suited better with Hutten, than with Luther, who was a monk, I persuaded myself that the host had said, "It is Hutten;" for the beginning of both names sounds alike. All that I said, therefore, was under the supposition that I was conversing with Ulrich ab Hutten.

In the midst of these things there came in two merchants, who wished to pass the night, and when they

* Ulrich von Hutten; a celebrated knight and statesman, and a friend of Luther, who died two years after these events, in 1523.

had laid aside their habits and spurs, one of them placed beside him a small unbound book. Martin asked what book it was. "It is Doctor Luther's exposition of sundry gospels and epistles, just printed and published; have you never seen it?" At this time the host appeared and said, "Draw near to the table, for we are about to eat." We however spoke to him and begged that he would bear with us so far as to give us something by ourselves. But the host said, "Dear fellows, seat yourselves by the gentleman at the table, I will give you good cheer." And when Martin heard this, he said, "Come along, I will pay the reckoning."

During the meal Martin gave us much friendly and godly discourse, so that both we and the tradespeople paid more attention to his words than to all our food. Among other things he lamented with a sigh, that while the princes and nobles were now assembled at the Diet at Nuremberg, on account of God's word, and the impending affairs and grievances of the German nation; yet they undertake nothing but to spend their time in expensive jousts, cavalcades, frolics and debauchery. "But such," said he, "are our Christian princes!"

He further said that it was his hope that gospel truth would bring forth fruit among our children and descendants, who are not poisoned by popish error, but are now grounded in the pure truth of God's word, more than among their parents, in whom error is so rooted that it cannot be easily eradicated. Upon this the tradespeople united in expressing their opinion, and the elder of them said, "I am a plain, simple layman; I have no particular knowledge of this business. But this I say, as the matter seems to me, Luther must be either an angel from heaven or a devil out of hell. I have here ten gulden that I would gladly give that I might confess to him; for I believe he is the man that can and would direct my conscience."

Meanwhile the host came to us and said privately, "Do not trouble yourselves about the reckoning; Martin has settled for your supper." This gave us great joy, not for the sake of the money or the cheer; but that we had been entertained by such a man. After supper the merchants arose, and went into the stable to see to their horses; while Martin was left alone with us in the room. We then thanked him for his favor, and at the same time let him understand that we took him for Ulrich ab Hutten. But he answered, "I am not he." Here the host came near, to whom Martin said, "I have to-night been made a nobleman, for these Switzers take me to be Ulrich ab Hutten." "And you are no such person," said the host, "but Martin Luther." At which he laughed, and said with great glee, "These take me for Hutten, and you for Martin Luther; I shall soon be called Martinus Marcolfus." And after some such discourse, he took a high beer-glass, and said, after the custom of the country, "Switzers, join me in a friendly glass to your health." And as I was about to take the glass, he changed it, and ordered instead of it a flask of wine, saying, "The beer is to you an unaccustomed beverage; drink wine."

With that he arose, threw his knight's cloak over his shoulder, and bid us good night, giving us his hand as he said, "When you arrive at Wittenberg commend me to Dr. Jerome Schurf." We said, "We will cheerfully do so, but how shall we name you, that he may understand your greeting?" "Only say," said he, "that

he who is on his way greets you; he will soon understand you." And so saying he went to bed. After this the tradespeople returned, ordered the host to bring them something to drink, and had much conversation concerning the unknown guest who had been sitting by them. The host made known that he took him to be Luther, which the merchants believing, lamented very much that they had behaved themselves so rudely in his presence; saying that they would on this account rise so much earlier the next morning before he departed, in order to beg that he would not take it in ill part, nor be offended, as they had not known his person. This they accordingly did, finding him next morning in the stable. Martin answered them: "You said last night at supper, that you would willingly give ten florins that you might confess to Luther. When therefore you confess to him you will discover whether I am he." And without betraying himself any further he mounted and rode on his way towards Wittenberg. On the same day we set out on the same road, and arrived at a village lying at the foot of a mountain; I think the mountain is called Orlamund, and the village Nasshausen. The stream which flows through this was swollen by the rains, and the bridge being in part carried away so that horses could not pass, we turned aside into the village, where we chanced to fall in with the same merchants, who entertained us there free of cost for Luther's sake. On the Saturday after, being one day after Luther's arrival, we called upon Doctor Jerome Schurf, in order to present our letters. When we were ushered into the room, whom should we see but Martin Luther, the same as at Jena, together with Philip Melancthon, Justus Jodocus Jonas, Nicholas Amsdorf, and Doctor Augustin Schurf, relating what had befallen him in his absence from Wittenberg. He greeted us and said, laughing as he pointed with his finger, "This is the Philip Melancthon of whom I told you." Upon which Philip turned to us, and asked us many questions, which we answered according to our knowledge. And thus we passed the day on our part with great joy and satisfaction.

LINES

WRITTEN AT THE GRAVE OF A FRIEND.

It is a lovely spot they chose,
This green and grassy dell!
And here in death's long, last repose,
Eudora now sleeps well:
Escaped from all her mortal pain,
She sleeps—and will not wake again.

Oh! who that knew her can forget
That highly polished mind?
Those charms that Love must cherish yet,
In that fair form enshrined?
And that warm heart that felt the flame
Of friendship—worthy of the name?

Yes, she was one of those—the few—
That decorate the earth;
A diamond of the purest dew;
Nor knew I half its worth

Till death had stolen the precious gem
That would have graced a diadem.

But why am I lamenting here,
When she is now at rest;
And, happy in her heavenly sphere,
Her soul is with the blest?
No, no, I will not, will not weep:
Enjoy, sweet saint, thy sacred sleep.
Norfolk. * *

ALFIERI AND SCHILLER.

BY MRS. E. F. ELLET.

The characteristic differences between the national drama of the Germans and that of the Italians, as well as in the genius of the two writers, are strikingly shown by a comparison of the works of Alfieri and Schiller. Nor need we refer to the whole range of their respective productions; the two great poets have more than once, by their choice of the same subject for dramatic effort, afforded us opportunity to draw a parallel between them. The distinction is exactly the reverse of what the characters of the nations would lead us to expect; the cold and classic simplicity of the ancient school pertaining to the more ardent and volatile Italian, while the energy of expression and warmth of action peculiar to the romantic system belong to the representative of a colder and more meditative race. We shall not now employ ourselves in endeavoring to discover the causes of the general barrenness of the drama among a people of a temperament so imaginative, and whose history has been so rich in the materials of fiction. It is our object to show the vast difference which actually exists between the tragic compositions of Italy and those of the German school; as well as to give some idea of the peculiarities of the two authors who form the subject of this article. For this purpose, we select a play of each, founded upon the same historical event, and portraying in part the same characters; and purpose to offer a close analysis of both.

The "*Filippo*" of Alfieri treats of the same events with the "*Don Carlos*" of Schiller. It was the first published production of the noble poet, and is marked by much of the harshness of diction and severe simplicity, amounting almost to baldness, which distinguished his earlier plays. The author avoids, with scrupulous care, any thing approaching to local coloring; excluding all inferior personages from the stage, and admitting no forms or observances that might remind us of our vicinity to the person of the Spanish monarch. The chief care of Alfieri is ever bestowed upon the character of his protagonist; and it is to that point we must direct our attention.

It is well known that Philip II supplanted his unfortunate son Don Carlos, and married the princess to whom the youth had been betrothed with the consent of both crowns. Our poet depicts the disastrous attachment of the devoted pair. The piece opens with a passionate soliloquy of Isabella, in which she reproaches herself bitterly for the unconquered love she bears to the son of her husband. Her mind revolts at the idea of such an affection, which she fears her indiscretion

may one day betray to its object. She distrusts her every word and look. In the midst of this, the prince enters, evidently unhappy, and earnestly asks her reason for avoiding his presence. He perceives that the whole court is hostile to him; miserable and oppressed, he cannot wonder that he reads envy and hatred in every countenance about him, since he is conscious that he does not possess the favor of his father and sovereign. From the queen, however, "born under a milder sky," whose nature is all gentleness, he expected pity. Isabella is moved to the expression of sorrow for his misfortunes; his joy in her sympathy is extreme, and in return he offers condolences with her for her "hard lot," which she repels with some confusion; immediately after, hinting at the relation in which she stands to him, she offers to intercede with the king in his behalf. Carlos declines this offer, telling her she is the innocent cause of all his sufferings, and reminds her of their former affection and engagement; bitterly alluding to his father's hatred, and the greatest wrong he has inflicted, in depriving him of his bride. Isabella reproves his resentment against the king, whom she imagines deceived by false counsellors, and refuses to listen to his passionate complaints; the prince pleads with her to remain, and at length bids her renounce and accuse him. Now comes the discovery. When Carlos calls himself guilty, the queen says,

"Art thou alone the guilty?"

This thoughtless exclamation betrays to the prince the state of her heart; and shocked at her own indiscretion Isabella implores him to leave her. He pleads that flight would not protect him from the vengeance of Philip, who regards him with detestation, though ignorant of his only fault. The queen departs, forbidding him to follow her, and Perez enters. This person, a warm friend to the prince, attempts to console his evident wretchedness, which he attributes to his father's displeasure, by assuring him that the king has been wrought upon by false rumors and the machinations of his enemies. His offers of service and devoted attachment affect Carlos, who nevertheless will not reveal the secret cause of his grief. He yields, however, to the entreaties of Perez, to accept him as his friend, and permit him to share his destiny; congratulating himself even in the midst of wretchedness that he is less worthy of compassion than Philip on his throne.

The next act introduces upon the scene the tyrant and arch-hypocrite, attended by his minister Gomez. Their conversation illustrates strikingly the haughty reserve of the king, who will not admit even his private counsellor to his most secret thoughts, or treat him as an equal.

"Philip. Gomez, what thing above all else in the world dost thou esteem?"

Gomez. Thy favor.

Philip. Hopest thou to keep it? By what means?

Gomez. By the self-same means

That first obtained it, sire; obedience,
And silence.

Philip. Thou to-day must practise both."

Gomez is commanded to watch the countenance and actions of the queen in the interview about to take place. The crafty minister is accustomed to observe, interpret, and silently execute his master's will. Isabella enters, summoned by her lord, who expresses his wish for her

advice in a matter pertaining to private relations as well as to the concerns of state. He then speaks of his son, artfully adapting his words to alarm and reassure her alternately.

*"Philip. Carlos, my son—thou lov'st
Or hatest him.*

Isabella. My lord—

Philip. I understand.

If to thy inclinations—no the voice
Of virtue—thou didst listen, thou wouldst feel
Thyself his—step-dame.

Isabella. Nay, not so; the prince—

*Philip. Is dear then to thee; virtue in thy heart
So strongly dwells, that thou, the wife of Philip,
The son of Philip lov'st with love—maternal.*

*Isabella. Yours are the pattern of my thoughts; you
love him;
At least I do believe it; in like manner
I also—love him."*

The king expresses his wish to make her the judge of his son, who he says has been guilty of a heinous offence. With cruel art he remarks the agitation of the queen at this disclosure, which he pretends to impute to indignation at a crime of which she is yet ignorant. He brings an accusation against the prince of having leagued with rebels to overthrow the power of his sovereign; silences the doubts Isabella ventures to suggest, respecting the truth of the charge, and appeals to her for his sentence. The queen seizes upon some artful expressions of parental tenderness that fall from Philip, and implores him to listen to the voice of nature; pleads eloquently the cause of Carlos, and beseeches her husband to dismiss suspicion, and win back the affections of his son by clemency and gentleness. Gomez is despatched for the accused; the queen requests leave to retire, but is commanded to remain. Carlos, on his entrance, demands to know of what fault he has been guilty; the king speaks in an ambiguous manner, asserting his acquaintance with the private thoughts of the prince, whom he afterwards reproves for his communication with a leader of the rebels, yet the monarch ostentatiously pardons him, telling him he owes his impunity to the intercession of the queen, to whose counsel and guidance he recommends him. They are dismissed; and the brief dialogue between the king and his minister shows the result of their investigations. The silent understanding and concert between them has something in it more fearful than the most elaborate denunciation.

Philip. Heard you?

Gomez. I heard.

Philip. Saw you?

Gomez. I saw.

Philip. Distraction!

Suspicion then—

Gomez. Is certainty.

Philip. And yet

Philip is unrevenged?

Gomez. Think—

*Philip. I have thought;
Follow you me.*

Act II, Scene 5.

In the third act Carlos acquaints Isabella with her imprudence, in speaking in his favor to the tyrant, and the probable consequences of addressing thus one whose mercy is but the pledge of evil. She cannot however

believe the king an unnatural father, but promises never to repeat so perilous an effort. After her departure, Gomez enters and announces the king. To his hypocritical offers of service, Carlos deigns no reply, but leaves him without uttering a word. Philip, with his nobles and ministers, then appears upon the stage; and having ordered the doors to be closed, in a set speech, accuses his son of treason and an attempt upon his life; produces the blade which he states to have fallen at his feet when the baffled assassin fled from him; and having played off a feigned reluctance to hear the condemnation of the criminal, leaves the sentence to their decision. Gomez, with affected sympathy for the sufferings of the father, confirms the accusation of treason by producing intercepted letters alleged to have been written by the prince, that prove a treacherous correspondence with the French; while Leonardo completes the catalogue of crimes by charging him with heresy, and hurling against him the denunciations of the church. They are proceeding to adjudge him to death, encouraged by Philip, who tells them they stand in the presence, not of the father, but the king, when Perez craves permission to speak, and boldly vindicates the innocence of his friend. The king, in displeasure, breaks up the assembly; his anger at the boldness of Perez is only equalled by his wonder that such a spirit could exist in his court.

"Alma si fatta

Nasce ov'lo regno? e dov'lo regno, ha vita?

Carlos is afterwards surprised alone at night, by a body of soldiers, led by his father. To the displeasure of Philip at finding him armed at such an hour, he answers by submitting himself to the royal will. The scene that ensues between father and son is terrible, and powerfully depicts the native cruelty of the tyrant. He accuses the youth of secret and atrocious designs—of attempted parricide.

*Carlos. Of parricide! What hear I? Parricide?
Thyself canst not believe it. And what proof,
What inference, what suspicion?*

*Philip. Inference, proof
And certainty, I from thy paleness draw.*

*Carlos. Father! Oh, force me not, by fierce excess,
That fearful bound to pass, which 'twixt the subject
And sovereign—'twixt the father and the son,
Heaven, nature, and the laws have placed!*

*Philip. With foot
Most sacrilegious thou hast passed already,
Long since, that bound. What do I say? Unknown
It ever was to thee. Lay by the words
Of haughty virtue and severe; but ill
Such words become thee. Speak now as thou art;
Thy meditated treasons, and the many
Already ripe, unveil. What dost thou fear?
That I should be less great than thou art impious?
If truth thou speak'st and nought dost hide, then hope!
If aught thou dare conceal, then tremble!*

*Carlos. Truth
Severe thou forecast from me now. Myself
Too well I know, to fear; and thee, oh Philip!
Too well I know, to hope. The luckless gift,
My life, take back; 'tis thine; but mine my honor,
Which thou hadst never power to take nor give.
Guilty I should be, if to such confession
Base fear could lead me.*

Here my latest breath

Thou may'st behold me draw ; long, cruel death,
And infamous prepare for me ; no death
Degrades me. Thou alone, sire—thou alone
Wilt not weep tears of pity for my fate.

Philip. Rash youth ! thus to thy sovereign lord dost
offer
Excuse for all thy crimes ?

Carlos. Excuse ? Thou hat'st me,
That is mine only fault ; thy thirst for blood
Mine only crime. Thy right alone, O king,
Is kingdom absolute.

Philip. Ho—guards—arrest him !

Carlos. Such is a tyrant's sole reply. These arms,
Lo ! to the chain I give—lo ! to the steel
I bare my breast. Wherefore delay ? Dost now
Begin to soften ? Day by day thy reign
Is written in black characters of blood.

Philip. Bear him hence—from my sight. In the next
tower,

Unto the deepest dungeon. Wo to you
If any of you show compassion to him.

Carlos. Nay—fear not that. Thy ministers in cruelty
Do equal thee.

Philip. Drag him by force away ;

Forth from my presence. *Act IV, Scene 2.*

At the close of this appalling scene, Isabella enters in time to see the prince dragged away by the guards. The king pretends, as before, to attribute her emotion to fears for his own safety, and ironically tells her to be comforted by the assurance that all danger to the royal person is past ; promising her that the traitor shall be visited with summary punishment. The villain who would shed the blood of a father, he suggests would not hesitate to take the life of a step-mother. After this cruel hypocrisy, he leaves her to despair, and she is joined by Gomez, who comes with offers of sympathy and assistance. He brings the sentence of Carlos from the council, who have adjudged him to death for an alleged attempt upon his father's life ; and the sentence only wants the king's signature. Gomez artfully works upon her feelings ; assures her that the prince's only fault is his right to the crown, which Philip would bestow upon one of her children. It is this, he says, that has caused the king's unnatural hostility to his son. The crafty minister affects the warmest pity for the unfortunate victim, and indignation for the cruelty of the monarch. The queen, deceived by these representations, implores his aid for the prince. Gomez answers that he will be too proud to accept safety at his hands, or save himself by flight ; and Isabella offers to remove his scruples by a personal interview in the prison. The minister covers the joy he feels at this proposal by an appeal to the justice of heaven to protect the innocent.

The fifth act opens with a soliloquy of Carlos in the dungeon. He wishes to die, but shrinks from the disgrace of an ignominious execution, and dreads above all that the king should discover his ill-fated attachment to the queen. The iron door opens, and Isabella appears ; she beseeches him to save himself from impending death. Carlos, with a presentiment of despair, asks how she obtained access to his prison. He believes her to have come with the knowledge of Philip, and as a messenger of his vengeance.

Isabella. Doth Philip know it ? Heaven !
Wo—if he did !

Carlos. What say'st thou ? Philip here
Knows all. Who dares to break his stern command ?

Isabella. Gomez.

Carlos. What do I hear ? What fatal name,
Fearful, detestable !

Isabella. He is no foe
Of yours—as you may think—

Carlos. If I could ever
Believe he was my friend more shame would kindle
My cheek than e'er did wrath.

Isabella. Yet he alone
Feels pity now for you. 'Twas he revealed
The king's atrocious plot to me.

Carlos. Incautious !
Alas, too credulous, what hast thou done ?
Why give to such compassion faith ? If truth
He uttered—he—most impious minister
Of the most impious king—'twas with the truth
To cheat thee ! *Act V, Scene 2.*

Both are now in the tyrant's power ; as a last resort,
the prince beseeches Isabella to begone from his dangerous presence.

Carlos. Away—if life be dear—

Isabella. To me—life dear ?

Carlos. My honor then—thy fame ! * * Go—hide
thy tears ;

Smother thy sighs in thine own breast ; with eye
Unmoistened, with intrepid front, must thou
The tidings of my death receive."

It is too late ; Philip enters, and scornfully upbraids them with their mutual love, which they have vainly thought to conceal from his discernment. He has long known it, but has suffered them to remain in their delusion, that his revenge might more readily overtake them, and now comes to rejoice in their last sufferings. The monster asserts what is evident throughout, that his jealousy is not the object of love, but of pride.

"Thou hast offended
In me thy sovereign king—and not thy lover ;
The sacred name of Philip's wife hast stained."

The unhappy pair vindicate their innocence, and excuse the attachment which was honorable and proper before their forced separation. The haughty tone that Isabella assumes contrasts strongly with her previous submission, and shows that she has lost all hope. Gomez then appears with a dagger and a cup of poison, which the king offers to the choice of the lovers. Carlos chooses the dagger, yet reeking with the blood of Perez, and stabs himself ; but counsels the queen, who he knows has said too much to hope for safety, to drink the poison, as a less painful death. Isabella prepares to follow ; but Philip, perceiving that she rejoices in the prospect of death, bestows life upon her as a punishment ; she will not accept the cruel gift, but snatching his dagger from his girdle, plunges it into her side, and dies asserting her innocence.

The last words of the monster who witnesses the horrid scene intimate something like remorse.

"Lo, full and fearful vengeance I obtain ;
Yet am I happy ? Gomez, be concealed
The dire event from all. By silence thou
Shalt save my fame, thy life."

Before making any remarks upon this powerful play,
we shall proceed to analyze the corresponding production of Schiller, in order to present the two pieces in as

close proximity as possible. In *Don Carlos*, we are transported at once into the Spanish court, and the tragedy has all the aids and appliances which a graphic delineation of the manners of the age and country can give. We have no "voices in the desert;" all around reminds us that we are among the ministers and courtiers of a despotic monarch; there are the pomp and circumstance of sovereign state; the jealousies, the repinings, the fears and the plots of selfish and intriguing courtiers; the designs and labors of patriotic enthusiasm and of less disinterested feelings, and the contrast of innocence and unsuspecting credulity with artful malice. The piece opens with an interview between the prince and the king's confessor Domingo, which takes place in the royal garden at Aranjuez. The priest artfully endeavors to learn the cause of the evident melancholy cherished by Don Carlos. For this purpose, he alludes to the queen, and the sorrow which the depression of her son-in-law has occasioned her. The prince, with artifice of which he seems afterwards ashamed, replies by accusing her of having cost him the affection of his father; but Domingo cannot believe in his dislike.

"You mock me, prince. All Spain Adores her queen. Can you with eye of hate Behold what all esteem? * *

The loveliest woman in the world, a queen— And once your bride. Impossible, my prince! It cannot be! No—no. Where all men love Can Carlos never hate; you cannot thus Strangely gainsay yourself. Be sure the queen Knows not how much she hath her son displeased; 'Twould be a grief to her."

He goes on to assure the heir of her interest for him; and relates an incident that occurred at a tournament, in which her fears for his safety were involuntarily betrayed. Carlos haughtily replies:

"I much admire

The king's gay confidant, so aptly versed In tales of curious wit."

and adds in a more serious tone,

"Ever I've heard it said, the spy on looks, And he who treasures tales, hath done more ill In this wide world, than in the murderer's hand The dagger or the poisoned cup. Your trouble, Good sir, you might have spared; if thanks you wait, Hence to the king."

After the intimation of his suspicion that the confessor is placed as a spy upon him by the king, he is relieved of the presence of Domingo, and the Marquis of Posa enters. This personage, who plays a conspicuous part in the drama, and is in fact the hero of the piece, is a political enthusiast, whose whole soul is devoted to the attainment of a favorite object, to which all his efforts and intrigues have an ultimate tendency. The skill with which he lays his plans, and the metaphysical subtlety with which they are carried on, even to the delusion of the vigilant Philip, are developed in the course of the tragedy; but it is proper to give this insight into his character at first, to avoid the imputation of inconsistency and folly, which would otherwise rest for a time upon his actions in the mind of the reader. The delight of Carlos at again embracing his friend just returned from a tour through Europe, is so excessive that the marquis himself reproves his boyish weakness, which the prince excuses by expressing his

utter misery. In this and the other extracts we are obliged to use our own translation, having never met with an English version of the play. Carlos answers to the generous suggestions of his friend.

"Thou speak'st of time long past; I also once Dreamed of a prince of Spain, in whose proud cheek The fiery blood would mount, if one did speak Of Liberty!—yet he is long since buried. Whom thou seest here—he is no more the Carlos Who in Alcala took his leave of thee, Who with the sweet and glorious vision burned. Creator of a new and golden age For Spain to be; Oh, the design was simple, Yet godlike still! Past is that dream!

Marquis de Posa.

A dream!

Prince—Was it but a dream?

Carlos.

Nay—let me weep;

Weep on thy breast hot tears—mine only friend! I have none—none—in the wide full earth none; Far as my father's regal sceptre reaches, Far as the seaward breeze our flag sends forth, There is no place—not one—where I may pour My bitter tears, but this. O Roderick, By all that thou and I may hope in heaven Of future rest—drive me not hence!"

Act I, Scene 2.

With pathetic earnestness the desolate prince reminds the marquis of the days of their boyhood and their affection; relates an instance of his own devotion to him, when he bore the punishment of some juvenile offence committed by Posa, and resented by the king. The marquis sympathizes but coldly with these emotions; his mind is occupied with thoughts too high and momentous to find pleasure in the recollections of childhood. He would pay the debt of kindness, however, in manlier coin. The prince, in explanation of his previous agitation, and his long cherished grief, confesses his love for the queen his step-mother, and his eager wish for an interview with her without the presence of malicious spectators. His friend, after exacting from him a promise to undertake nothing without his knowledge and sanction, engages to help him to a private audience. It is no part of the design of Posa to discourage this unfortunate attachment, so long as he fancies it can be made subservient to the accomplishment of his schemes.

The next scene introduces us into the retirement of the queen. Elizabeth of Valois, the wife of Philip, is surrounded by her ladies, who converse upon their anticipated return to Madrid, and the sports and festivals that wait to welcome the royal pair. These are savage as the temper of the age; and the delight in anticipation displayed by some of the noble dames calls for the mild reprehension of the gentle queen. A better subject for discussion is offered in the approaching marriage of the princess of Eboli, one of the ladies, to a nobleman of Spain. The queen, with playful grace, inquires his merits of the destined bride, but is surprised when the latter, in a passion of tears, throws herself at her feet, and beseeches that she may be saved from such a sacrifice. Elizabeth promises her liberty, then dismisses the subject with an abruptness that shows unpleasant remembrances are awakened in her mind, and asks for her daughter the Infanta Clara, a child of three years old. The Duchess of Olivarez, who holds

supremacy over the other ladies, suggests that it is not yet the hour to admit the child to her mother's presence; and immediately after, a page announces the Marquis of Posa, as having arrived from the Netherlands, and waiting to present a letter to her majesty. The lady of Olivarez objects to his admission at such a time and place, as a violation of court etiquette, but is overruled by the queen, who commands the entrance of the marquis, and permits her scrupulous governess to retire. The noble knight is most graciously received; and in the course of conversation takes occasion to relate a story bearing much resemblance to the queen's own history—of a lady betrothed to a prince who was afterwards supplanted by his uncle. Both Elizabeth and the princess of Eboli are much interested in the narration; the former then sends Eboli to fetch her daughter; the marquis seizes the occasion to request leave to introduce his friend into the presence. Carlos enters, and kneeling, kisses the hand of his mother-in-law: the marquis and ladies retire out of sight. The scene that ensues is admirable; the passionate sorrow and devotion of the prince, and the dignity and inexorable virtue of the youthful queen, are beautifully pictured. We cannot perceive that she cherishes a single emotion towards Carlos, at variance with her duty to her royal husband. She appeals to his manhood and heroic spirit to conquer his ill-fated passion; "Elizabeth," she says, "was your first love; let your second be Spain." He promises silence if not forgetfulness, and the Marquis of Posa suddenly rushes in, announces the king, and leads his friend hastily away. Philip enters with several of his nobles, and asks why he finds his wife alone. The marchioness of Mondekar, who comes up at this juncture, and attempts to divert the displeasure of the sovereign, is dismissed by him from the court, and banished from Madrid for ten years. The queen, indignant at the suspicions cast upon herself, and the treatment of her domestic, evades a reply to the king's questions, and bids the marchioness a weeping adieu, giving her her girdle as a token of favor and remembrance. Philip utters a half apology for his harshness, by expressing his anxiety to be without the shadow of a rival in his wife's affections.

I am called

The richest man in Christendom; the sun
Goes never down on my domain; yet all
Another once possessed, and after me
Full many a monarch shall possess. One thing
Is all mine own. What the king has, belongs
To fortune—but Elizabeth to Philip.

He afterwards incidentally inquires of the courtiers after his son, and enjoins it upon them to watch his movements. The Duke of Alba willingly undertakes the task, boasting himself to be to the throne of Spain what the cherub was to the gate of Paradise. After this high-flown simile, Count Lerma ventures to speak in favor of the prince, but is silenced by Philip, who then departs, accompanied by the queen and his train. Carlos and Posa return; the former declares his resolution to ask of his father the government of Flanders, which he hopes to obtain by his solicitations, and thereby escape from the temptations continually presented during his residence in the court. He means to make a last appeal to parental feeling in the bosom of the king, and hopes to regain the confidence and affection

so long lost. Posa expresses the most enthusiastic approbation of his purpose, and they pledge inviolable friendship. The prince has a just appreciation of the noble and disinterested character of his friend, and values his esteem beyond aught in the world.

In the second act Carlos seeks the king, and implores a private audience. The Duke of Alba is in presence, and is excessively reluctant to depart; nor is it without displeasure that Philip, at the repeated solicitations of his son, sends him away. The prince, alone with his father, lays open his heart; implores forgiveness for his offences, and expresses in the most ardent language, his dutiful affection and desire for a perfect reconciliation. Upon the machinations of designing courtiers, he charges the fault of the breach that has so long existed between them; pleads that he will do for good will the service his corrupted ministers do for their own interests; that a purer fount of love than gold can purchase, swells in the heart of Philip's son. The king is not unmoved by this generous abandonment, but coldly answers that those he traduces are his proved servants. With increasing earnestness Carlos appeals to the parental feelings of his father; and the following picture of happiness succeeds the startled admission of Philip that he is alone upon a throne.

"You have been so, my lord. Hate me no more,
And I will love you with a duteous love
And ardent; but oh, hate me not; How lovely,
How sweet it is, in a fair soul, to feel
Ourselves as holy things enshrined; to know
Our happiness another cheek doth kindle,
Our trouble doth another bosom swell,
Our sorrow fill with tears another's eyes.
How sweet and glorious is it, hand in hand,
With a beloved and duteous son, once more
To tread the rose-strewn path of early youth!
To dream again life's dream of pleasure o'er!
How sweet and blessed in your children's virtue,
Immortal, ever present to endure,
The benefactor of a century!
How fair to plant, what a beloved offspring
One day shall reap; to sow what shall make glad
Their future fields; to anticipate the joy,
The gratitude which they shall feel! My father,
Your priest is wisely silent of this Eden
On Earth!"

Carlos then offers his petition that he may have the command of the army appointed to quell the insurrection in Brabant. He hopes much from the attachment of the Netherlands to him, and reasonably anticipates that his appearance in person, his dignity as crown prince, and the course of mildness and forbearance he proposes to pursue, may bring them back to their allegiance. The king intimates gloomily his suspicion that treacherous designs against his life are concealed under the philanthropic zeal of his son; Carlos is horror-struck and deeply wounded at the insinuation, but withdraws not his prayer, pressing it more earnestly again and again, in spite of the rising displeasure of the monarch. Philip haughtily and decisively rejects his suit, having bestowed the command upon Alba, and commands the mortified prince to remain in Spain; Carlos leaves the audience chamber, and the Duke of Alba entering receives the royal orders to prepare for his immediate departure to Brussels, to take his leave of the queen

and the prince. The cautious courtier observes the emotion yet visible on the countenance of his master, and asks if it is caused by the subject of his conference with his son. Philip merely tells him the subject of their conversation was Duke Alba; and thus alarming his fears bids him seek a reconciliation with the prince, hinting darkly his doubts of the honesty and candor of the noble duke, who, troubled at this intimation, departs disconcerted.

The next scene takes place in an ante-chamber to the queen's apartment. Carlos is in conference with a page belonging to the queen, who has privately brought him a letter and a key. In a tumult of contending feelings, the prince breaks the seal, and at the same moment duke Alba crosses to the inner chamber. The letter is in a female hand, and appoints a meeting in a cabinet attached to her majesty's apartments, safe from intrusion, where the writer promises that "the reward of love" shall be bestowed. Carlos is ignorant of the queen's hand writing, but does not for a moment imagine the letter to be from any other than herself. In this supposition he is confirmed by the page, whom he knows to belong to Elizabeth, and who replies to his eager questions that the letter was given him by "her own hand." The possessor of the hand is not named by either—and hence arises the mistake. The surprise and agitation of the prince are extreme; yet in the bitterness of a spirit wounded by unkindness, he does not hesitate to accept the bliss he fancies offered to him. Before he can escape from the ante-chamber, Alba enters and requests a conference. A long interview follows, which at length, in spite of the studied calmness of the duke, terminates in a dispute; both draw their swords, but are interrupted by the queen, who rushes from her chamber. The effect of her appearance is instantaneous; Carlos at a word of remonstrance from her, drops his sword, and embracing Alba asks his forgiveness. The queen, accompanied by the duke, returns into her closet.

We are next introduced into a cabinet, where the Princess of Eboli, fancifully dressed, is playing on the lute. She is enamored of the prince, and is anxiously awaiting the return of the messenger, by whom she despatched her letter. The page of the preceding scene appears—she starts up and hastily questions him; he relates the words and the emotion of the prince on the reception of the billet, and informs her that he may be momentarily expected. The boy is dismissed, and Carlos enters the cabinet by means of the key conveyed to him by the page. His surprise at finding himself alone with the princess of Eboli, his embarrassment, and efforts to explain his apparently unexpected appearance, are almost amusing. The graceful and animated conversation of the lady does much to remove the first awkwardness of his mistake, and he becomes insensibly interested, though quite unable to account for the apparent pleasure with which his fancied intrusion is received. The princess informs him of the king's design to bestow her hand upon Don Ruy Gomez, Count of Silva, and of her aversion to the match; and wishes to be guided by his counsel, which she asks as from a dear friend. Her sentiments on love excite the admiration of the prince, who nevertheless seems marvelously ignorant of the drift of all her intimations.

"*Princess of Eboli.* Love is alone the price of love. It is

The invaluable diamond, which I give
Freely away—or else, forever hid,
Must bury—like the noble-hearted merchant
Who all unmoved by the Rialto's gold,
Or king's displeasure, to the mighty sea
Gave back his pearl, too proud to part with it
Below its price!"

Again she fancifully styles the passion, or rather the charms which awaken it, "the sister hues of one divine beam—the leaves upon one lovely flower." The prince is enchanted with her wit and beauty, and the crisis approaches.

"*Princess of Eboli.* Long since had I departed from this court,

And from the world departed; buried me
Within the cloister's walls, but that one tie
Still held me back—one tie, that to the world
Binds me with force resistless. Ah! perchance
A phantom! yet so dear to me! I love;
And I am—not beloved.

Carlos. You are—you are!
Truly as God doth dwell in Heaven. I swear it—
You are—unspeakably.

Princess of Eboli. And dost thou swear it!
That was indeed mine angel's voice! Yes—yes!
If thou dost swear it—Carlos—then indeed
Do I believe—I am!"

This avowal on the lady's part is understood; but the prince—though he opens his arms to receive her when in the transport of affection she throws herself into them—has no idea of returning in coin the love so unexpectedly offered to him. A sudden thought has struck him; it is no less than to make the enamored princess a confidant of his attachment to his mother-in-law. He does not dream of the existence of such a thing as feminine jealousy; but is proceeding, in accordance with his mad design, to acquaint her with his love for another, when she suddenly interrupts his communication by her exclamations of horror and surprise. The truth flashes upon her mind; and in an agony of shame she demands her key and letters. She had a few moments before shown him a letter to her from the king, which he retains in his possession. Carlos refuses to give up the letters, and leaves her to mortification and regret. Reasoning upon what she has seen and heard, she conjectures that the queen is her fortunate rival; nor can she imagine the love of the prince unreturned by its object, however elevated and passionless her royal mistress has hitherto appeared.

In the mean time, Duke Alba and Domingo are in conference. Alba relates his meeting and dispute with Carlos, the sudden change in his conduct at a glance from the queen, and his altered demeanor towards him. The cautious priest replies that he has long suspected the attachment hinted at, but uttered no suspicions so long as proof was wanting. Another incident is mentioned by the Duke; he had observed the countenance of the prince when he left his father,—it was sad and overcast, but in the queen's ante-room, mantled with an expression of triumphant joy. He had even expressed satisfaction at the appointment of Alba to the command of the army to the Netherlands. The Duke himself is disposed to consider this appointment more of a banishment than a mark of favor. The two artful courtiers arrange a plot for the ruin of the prince, who

is hateful to both on account of his independent spirit, and dreaded by reason of his right to the crown. Both agree that the suspicions of the king must be awakened; but to the fulfilment of their plans there wants one ally, the Princess of Eboli, who is beloved by the king. At this moment she appears; Alba retires, and she directs the priest, who had been the bearer of the king's letter to her, to signify to Philip her readiness to receive him. Her insinuations against the honor of the queen, and vows that she will expose her to the wrath of her husband, are answered with joy by Domingo, who calls the Duke to confirm their league. It is agreed that the princess shall first accuse the queen; as her majesty's companion and confidant her testimony will be accepted. Domingo suggests ingenious means of proof, and Alba mentions the page he had seen in close conversation with Carlos; but Eboli, alarmed, diverts their suspicion by hastily assuring them that no weight is to be attached to such evidence.

Scene fourteenth exhibits Carlos in a remote monastery with a Prior, with whom he awaits the arrival of the Marquis of Posa. The Prior retires, and the prince relates to his friend the ill success of his petition, and his further alienation from the king. He tells him also of the mysterious summons, and his interview with the lady of Eboli; shows the king's love-letter to her, and exulting, asserts that such a document is sufficient to free the queen from her matrimonial obligations. Posa warns him against the arts of the princess, and unfolds her character; reasons against the blind passion which still rages in the bosom of the prince, arouses his sense of shame, rebukes him for his madness, and overwhelms him with the consciousness of guilt. He obtains possession of the letter, and having listened to the expressions of remorse and warm trust in him, which fall from the lips of his repentant friend, rewards him by permitting him to seek an audience with Elizabeth. The zealous politician perceives that the only way to lead the prince to the fulfilment of his far-reaching designs, is to take advantage of the queen's influence over him.

The third act opens in the king's sleeping chamber. Philip is alone; a table, with a burning lamp, is near him, on which he leans in deep thought, gazing upon a letter and a medallion lying before him. These have been taken recently from a casket belonging to the queen, and sent as proof of her guilt to the jealous sovereign, whose first words show that the poison is working. He calls Count Lerma from the adjoining chamber, and addresses him; but the unsuspecting old man cannot comprehend the mysterious hints of the agitated monarch.

"Count Lerma. My greatest—my best king——"

Philip. King—only king!
And ever king! No better answer this
Than the dull solemn cavern's empty echo!
Upon this rock I strike, and will have water—
Water, to quench my burning fever's thirst—
He gives me glowing gold!"

Lerma is dismissed and Duke Alba summoned; the letter is shown to him, and he says he recognizes the prince's hand writing; encouraged to speak freely, he mentions the fact of the presence of Carlos with the queen in the garden at Aranjuez. After this information the king suddenly changes his manner; haughtily dismisses the duke, and calls his confessor. Domingo's

evidence is in substance the same with that of his fellow conspirator, but his doubts are more cautiously and artfully expressed. Having heard him through, Philip recalls Alba, and charges both with a plot for the destruction of his son: alluding to Alba's hostility, he remarks—

"How gladly would the innocent man now arm
His petty spite with my wrath's giant arm!
I am the bow, ye think in your wild fancies,
That may be bent for service at your will!
Yet have I mine own pleasure," &c.

After reflection, the king declares his intention to command a public trial of the queen, and reminding them that her doom will be death if found guilty—asks if they, as her accusers, will embrace the alternative, and submit to the same sentence, if she is proved innocent. Duke Alba consents to support his charge on these terms, and is ordered to wait further commands in the audience chamber.

In the hall of audience are assembled the prince and grandees of Spain, waiting the arrival of the sovereign. Medina Sidonia, the admiral, has just returned from an unsuccessful expedition.

"Medina Sidonia. I lost him a brave fleet
Such as ne'er yet did crown the seas. What is
A head like this, against full seventy,
Seventy sunken gallees! But, my prince,
Five sons I lost—hopeful as you—that breaks
My heart——"

The unfortunate commander has sealed his own doom in the opinion of those around him; for none are ignorant that there is a cloud on the royal brow. The admiral would rather face English cannon than the displeasure of his master, but is comforted by Carlos, who exhorts him to hope the best from the king's grace and his own innocence. When he kneels to relate his misfortunes to Philip, he is graciously pardoned for the faults of storms and rocks, and welcomed to Madrid. The king then inquires the reason of the absence of the Marquis of Posa, who has failed to pay his duty at the feet of his sovereign since his return from his journey. The Count Lerma, Duke Alba and the Duke of Fern in turn praise the Marquis, and relate the noble deeds he has accomplished.

"Philip. I am amazed. And what must be the man
Hath done all this, yet among three, thus questioned,
Hath not a single foe? Be sure, this man
Must have a character most singular,
Or none at all; if but to wonder at,
I must speak with him.

(to Duke Alba) After mass is heard,
Conduct him to my cabinet."

The boldness and dignity displayed by the Marquis in the subsequent interview with the king, develop his character, and unfold the project to which he had devoted his life. Bent on the accomplishment of his object, the deliverance of the Netherlands from oppression, he hesitates not to condemn Philip's policy in the government of his distant provinces. The king seems not displeased at his boldness, and from grave remonstrance the enthusiast soon passes to the most impassioned pleading. With earnest eloquence he paints the spirit of independence that is abroad, and warns the monarch not to oppose his will to this growing power.

"Marquis. You hope to end, as you have now begun!

Hope to retard the change o'er Christendom
Already ripe—the universal spring,
The world to bring again to pristine childhood.
You will, alone throughout all Europe, throw
Yourself against the wheel of a world's fate,
Which unimpeded in full course doth roll."

Again,

"You, who would fain plant for eternity,
Sow death! A work thus forced can ne'er endure
Beyond its maker's breath!"

Although the king listens without anger to such declamation, he soon after coldly dismisses the subject, and expressing a wish to engage the disinterested Posa in his service, sounds him upon the subject of Carlos and the queen. The Marquis is silent at Philip's first allusion to his domestic troubles.

"King. I understand you.

Yet if among all fathers I must be
The most unhappy—as a husband, may I not
Call myself blest?"

Marquis of Posa. If the possession of
A hopeful son, a wife most virtuous,
Can give a mortal right to be thus deemed,
You are most blest in both.

King. No—I am not!

And that I am not—have I never felt
So deeply as even now!

Marquis of Posa. The prince is noble
And good. I never found him otherwise.

King. But I have. What he hath despoiled me of,
No sceptre can restore—a noble queen—

Marquis of Posa. Who dares to say so, Sire?

King. Who? Calumny!

The world! Myself! Here lie the proofs that both
Condemn, incontrovertibly—and others
Are close at hand, which make me fear the worst.
Yet, Marquis, it is sad if I believe
Only one side! Who is 't accuses her?
If she could e'er be thought to stoop so low,
So deeply to imbrue her soul in crime,
How readily may I believe, in sooth,
An Eboli can slander!—And the priest,
Doth he not hate my son—and her? Duke Alba—
Know I not that he meditates revenge?
My wife is worth them all.

To fall into such crime, as they do charge
Upon the queen, costs much. So easily,
As they would fain persuade me, is not broken
The holy tie of honor. Men I know,
Marquis—and such a man I long have lacked.
You are noble and free-hearted—know mankind—
And therefore have I chosen you.

Marquis of Posa. Me—Sire?

King. You stand before your lord—and yet have
nought—

Nought for yourself to beg. That's new to me.
You shall be just; emotion from your glance
Can ne'er conceal itself. Watch well my son:
Search the queen's heart. I will permission give you
To speak with her in private. Leave me now."

Act III, Scene 10.

Posa takes advantage of this permission speedily to demand an audience of the queen. Act fourth opens in her apartment, where she welcomes to her presence

the princess of Eboli, who has been for some days indisposed. Agitated from the consciousness of guilt, the unhappy girl implores leave to retire, and passes out as the Marquis enters, bearing as he alleges a message from the king. At his special request, the ladies withdraw; and not noticing the extreme surprise of Elizabeth at seeing him employed as a royal messenger, he proceeds to the real object of his visit—warns her of danger, and gives her a letter from Carlos, imploring an interview. Posa warmly seconds this request, and overcomes the queen's scruples by assuring her that the measure is necessary, not only to the private happiness of the prince, but to the weal of the state. The liberty of Flanders is sacrificed; and Alba's appointment as leader of the royal army has struck a death blow to the hopes of the people. But one way remains to prevent the destruction impending over those provinces, and their loss by the Spanish crown; it must be undertaken by the prince—who must be persuaded to the enterprise by her.

"*Marquis of Posa.* He must
Be disobedient to the royal will,
Must privately betake himself to Brussels;
With open arms the Flemings there await him.
The Netherlands will to his standard throng,
A good thing is made strong by the alliance
Of a king's son. He makes the Spanish throne
Tremble before his arms. That which the king
Refused in Madrid, he constrained will grant
In Brussels."

After some hesitation, the queen consents to what she imagines a measure of necessity, and writes a few lines to Carlos, recommending him to follow the advice of the Marquis. Their interview is ended by the appearance of the Duchess of Olivarez.

Meanwhile Count Lerma, with good intent, but injudicious zeal, warns Carlos against the Marquis of Posa; acquaints him with his long audience and close confidence with the king; and mentions that he heard from the door his own name and Elizabeth's uttered. The prince thanks him for his caution, which excites in his bosom no distrust of his friend, as is proved by their subsequent interview. Posa gives him the queen's note, then asks for it, as it is more safe in his custody. With evident reluctance, Carlos confides the precious paper to his hands, than as if ashamed of his suspicion, throws himself trembling with agitation upon his neck.

The next scene is in the royal cabinet, when Philip is alone with the Infanta, his daughter. The medallion and letter are before him; he has thrown the former in a transport of jealousy upon the floor. The queen enters and throws herself at his feet, strongly agitated, demanding justice against the felon who has robbed her casket. The offender, she suggests, must be of rank, for a pearl and diamond of immense value were left untouched, and only a letter and medallion taken away. To the king's stern questions she answers without hesitation, that both were gifts from the prince, sent before her marriage with the king. Her openness and unevasive answers convey to the mind of the reader the most perfect conviction of her entire innocence; the slightest wavering or shadow of fear would have marred all. The child finds the medallion on the floor and brings it to her mother; who then in a strain of beautiful remonstrance rebukes the king for his unjust suspicions

and unfair trial of her. Philip acknowledges that the casket was opened at his command, and haughtily asks if she has never deceived him, reminding her of the scene in the garden at Aranjuez. The queen candidly confesses her disingenuous evasion of his inquiries at that time; but excuses herself by charging her lord with unwarrantable harshness of manner, before her domestics. She would not be judged then as a culprit before the assembled courtiers, and therefore suffered him to suppose she had been alone. She censures also his cruel injustice towards his son, and avows the warmest esteem for the prince, who had once been her affianced husband. As a near relative, and one who has borne a name yet nearer, tenderness is due to him. As might be expected the king reproves this unusual boldness; becoming more violent he pushes the child away; the queen, offended at his invectives, takes her daughter by the hand, and with dignified composure walks to the door of the cabinet. She can proceed no further, but overcome by her feelings falls in a swoon on the threshold; the alarm is given; she is carried to her apartment by her women, but not till the news of so ominous an incident is spread through the court. Philip dismisses his courtiers, but welcomes eagerly the Marquis of Posa, who demands a private audience, and gives the king a pocket-book, which he says he took from the prince's chamber. Among the papers it contains, is the letter from the princess of Eboli to Carlos; at sight of this paper a light flashes upon the mind of the king, who perceives her motive for traducing her mistress. The Marquis receives permission to control the movements of the prince, and a full warrant for his arrest and imprisonment, should he at any time deem such a measure necessary.

In the gallery Carlos meets again the boding Count Lerma. The old man describes his pocket-book, of blue velvet wrought with gold, and tells him he saw it in the king's hand, while Posa stood beside him, and received the royal thanks for "the discovery." The prince cannot disbelieve a story so well attested, but fears not for himself; his whole soul is bent to secure the safety of the queen, which he conceives endangered by the unfortunate note sent to him by Posa, that was in the pocket-book when he gave it to the Marquis. It is a beautiful trait in the character of this youth, that under no circumstances does it enter his head to doubt the nobleness of his friend. Even in the face of this damning evidence, his only exclamation is, "I have lost him!" He knows the Marquis to be actuated by motives higher than those affecting the private safety or happiness of any man in the realm; and if he imagines that he is to be offered up for the good of a nation, he thinks not of charging with treachery or cruelty the man who, he is convinced, is impelled by necessity to the course he pursues.

Duke Alba and Domingo, burning with envy and jealousy towards Posa, repair to the queen, and warn her against him. She receives their protestations of loyal devotion with haughty coldness.

"Queen. Most worthy sir, and you, my noble Duke, You do surprise me, truly. Such devotion From the Duke Alba—from Domingo—sooth, I ne'er expected. And I know full well How I must value it. You speak of plots Which threaten me—may I inquire—

Alba.

We pray you
Look well unto the lord of Posa, he,
Private commission from his Majesty
Who holds.

Queen. I hear with pleasure, airs, unmixed,
The king hath chosen so well. I long have heard
The Marquis, as a noble knight, reported—
As a great man. Never was royal favor—
The highest grace—more righteously bestowed.

Domingo. More righteously bestowed? Nay—we
know better."

We are next introduced to the apartment of the princess of Eboli. The repentant lady is surprised by Carlos, who in despair of assistance from any other source, comes to beseech her, by her past tenderness for him, to help him to an audience with his mother. In her extreme surprise and confusion, she scarcely comprehends his request; they are interrupted by the Marquis of Posa, followed by two officers of the guard. Displaying the royal warrant, he arrests Carlos, and hurries him away before he has time to utter another word; then endeavors to learn from the lady how much he has already communicated. He holds a dagger to her breast, threatening to murder her if she will not disclose the secret; then struck by a sudden thought, releases her. Eboli rushes to the queen's presence and falls at the feet of her mistress, to announce the prince's arrest by the Marquis.

"Queen. Now, God be praised, it was by Posa's
hand

He was made prisoner.

Princess of Eboli. And say you that
So calmly, queen? So coldly? Righteous Heaven!
You think not—Oh! you know not—

Queen. Wherefore he's
A prisoner? For some error, I suppose,
Which to the headlong character of youth
Was natural.

Princess of Eboli. Oh no—no! I know better!
O queen! An infamous, a devilish deed!
For him there is no safety more! He dies!

Queen. He dies?

Princess of Eboli. And I—I am his murderess!

Queen. He dies? Insane—consider you.

Princess of Eboli. And wherefore,
Wherefore dies he? Oh, could I but have known
That it would come to this!

Queen. (taking her hand) Princess, your senses
Have quite forsaken you. Collect your spirits,
Compose yourself—that without looks of horror
That so affright me, you may tell me all.
What know you? What has happened?

Princess of Eboli. Oh, not thus,
Not with such heavenly condescension—not
So graciously—my mistress! Flames of hell
Rage in this conscious breast. I am not worthy
To raise my look profane up to that summit
Of purity and glory. Crush, oh, crush
The wretch who at your feet lies bowed by shame,
Repentance—self-aborrence!

Queen. Unhappy girl,
What have you to confess?

Princess of Eboli. Angel of light!
Pure being! Yet you know not—you suspect not
The demon whom you smile upon so sweetly.

Now learn to know him. I—I was the felon
Who robbed your casket.

Queen. You?

Princess of Eboli. And who delivered
That letter to the king.

Queen. You?

Princess of Eboli. And who dared
Accuse you.

Queen. You—you could——

Princess of Eboli. Revenge—love—madness—
I hated you—I loved the prince.

Queen. You loved him?

Princess of Eboli. I told him of my passion—and I
found
No answering love.

Queen. (after a pause) Oh now—is all unriddled!
Stand up: you loved him—I forgive you all—
All is forgotten now; arise! (takes her by the arm)

Princess of Eboli. No—no!
A horrible confession yet remains.
Not yet, great queen!"

After the disclosure which ensues, the queen, in silence, retires to her closet. She can forgive duplicity and malice towards herself, but her nature revolts from such infamy as is revealed to her. The Duchess of Olivarez enters from the closet, and demands from the prostrate princess her cross and key; she delivers them up, listens a few moments in vain for the queen's return, then despairing, rushes out.

In the presence of Elizabeth, the Marquis of Posa speaks in a tone of the greatest despondency, announcing the loss of the game in which he had staked his life. Yet he quiets her apprehensions on the prince's account; the cause demanded one victim, and he has devoted himself. With melancholy presentiment of his own approaching fate, he commits his friend to the queen, whom he beseeches to regard him with unalterable affection, that he may yet fulfil the high destiny reserved for him and be a benefactor to his people.

In the mean time the king's ante-room is crowded by the nobles of Spain, and the royal ministers, waiting to see the monarch, who has forbid all access to his person. Don Raimond von Taxis brings an intercepted letter to the Prince of Orange, that he must deliver to Philip without delay. He enters the royal cabinet; Alba and Domingo remain without in suspense, trembling for their own fate; the other courtiers busy themselves in conjectures respecting the strange conduct of the king—the imprisonment of his son, and the ominous aspect of affairs. Count Lerma comes into the ante-chamber, apparently shocked, and summons Alba to the presence. The princess of Eboli hastily enters from without and is rushing to the king, but is held back by Domingo; at length Alba returns and announces their complete triumph.

The explanation of these events is reserved for the last act, which discovers Carlos in a dungeon, into which the Marquis enters. Though the unfortunate youth can no longer doubt the perfidy of his friend, he does not dream of reproaching him for an act he is convinced sprang from necessity, but only regrets that the queen should have been involved in his destruction. Convinced that both are victims deliberately sacrificed, his surprise is extreme when Posa gives him again the queen's letter that he had committed to his safe keeping,

and had imagined in the hands of Philip. An éclaircissement ensues; in the midst of which Duke Alba enters to announce his freedom, and apologize on the part of the king for the mistake that led to his imprisonment. The prince refuses to take back his sword, or leave the dungeon till his father comes in person to restore him to liberty. Alba departs with this message to the king, and the Marquis, exulting in the success of his scheme, explains fully all his past conduct. He has seemed to be the prince's enemy only that he may serve him better. When deceived by Count Lerma's officious representations, Carlos had thrown himself at the feet of the princess of Eboli, and Posa had arrived too late to prevent a confession, which in the hands of that envious woman might ruin all, the Marquis had suddenly resolved upon a bold manœuvre. This was no less than to divert the king's suspicions to himself, and thereby secure time for the prince's escape to Brabant. For this purpose he wrote the letter to the Prince of Orange, stating that he (the Marquis) was in love with the queen; that he sought to fix the sovereign's suspicion upon his son, who was not only innocent of the offence, but had endeavored, through the princess of Eboli, to warn his mother-in-law against the arts of Posa. This letter, as the writer intended, was intercepted by Taxis, and carried to the king; and, in consequence, the prince was restored to favor. The Marquis implores the prince to escape into Flanders, where his duty lies; Carlos refuses to leave him; at the same instant a shot is heard through the prison door, and the gallant Posa falls and expires. The king and nobles enter; Philip offers to embrace his son, who repels him indignantly, and discloses the fact that Posa was his friend.

"Here your approach is death—I'll not embrace you.
(to nobles) Why stand ye thus embarrassed round?
What deed

Of horror have I done? Have I assailed
The Lord's anointed? Fear ye nought. I lay
No hand on him. Behold ye not the brand
Upon his brow? Him God hath marked!"

None of the reproaches of Carlos are so bitter to his father, as his taunting allusions to the fraud practised upon the king by the deceased.

"Your favor you bestowed
On him—he died for me. Your confidence,
Your friendship you did urge—nay, force upon him;
Your sceptre was the play-thing of his hands;
He cast it forth, and died for me! And was
It possible? Could you give credit—you—
To such a dull deceit? How slightly he
Must have esteemed you, that he ever dreamed
With this poor mockery to overreach you!

* * * * *
He was no man for you! He knew it
Himself right well—as he, with all your crowns,
Rejected you. This holy heart was crushed
Beneath your iron hand. You could do nought
But murder him! * *

Even you he could have made
Most fortunate! His heart was rich enough
In its overflow to have contented you.
A fragment of his spirit would have made you
A God! * *

O you, who stand assembled here

With wonder and with terror mute, condemn not
The youth who dared reproachful words to utter
Against his father and his king. Lo, here!
For me he died! Have you yet tears? Flows blood,
Not molten brass, within your veins? Look here—
Condemn me not!

(*To the King.*) And you, perhaps, await
The close of this unnatural history.
Here is my sword: you are my king again.
Think you I tremble at your sovereign vengeance?
Slay me, as you have slain the best and noblest.
My life is forfeited. I know it well.
What now is life to me? All I renounce
That in this world awaits me. Seek henceforth
'Mong strangers for your son. Here lies my kingdom!"

A tumult is heard without, and an officer of the guard
enters in haste.

"*Officer.*—Rebellion!
Where is the king?—All Madrid is in arms!
In countless crowds the raging populace
Surround the palace. They exclaim—the prince
Is in arrest, his life in mortal peril.
The people will behold him living, safe,
Or Madrid will be soon in flames!

"*Nobles.*—Save—save
The king!

Alba.—Fly, sire—there's danger—hasten hence;
We know not yet who arms the populace.

King. (*waking from a stupor.*)—Stands my throne
firm? Am I yet sovereign here?
I am no longer king—These cowards weep,
Made tender by a boy. They only wait
The signal, from my side to fall away.
I am betrayed by rebels.

Alba.—Sire—my king!
What dreadful fantasy—

King.—Lo! yonder—haste,
Prostrate yourselves! Before a promising
And youthful king kneel down! I now am nothing
But an old powerless man!

Alba.—Is't come to this?
Spaniards!

King.—Go—clothe him in the royal robes!
Lead him o'er my crushed corpse!"

The attendants bear off his majesty, and Carlos, left
alone, is joined by Mercado, physician to the Queen,
who brings her request for an interview, that she may
communicate to him his deceased friend's last charge.
The prince is to be in the vault at midnight, in the
habit of a monk, that he may be taken for the ghost of
the dead emperor by the superstitious guards.

The Dukes of Fera and Alba meet in the king's
ante-chamber waiting for an audience. Alba has a new
discovery to make; a monk has been arrested, who
had found private access to the prince's apartment. In
the fear of death, he produced a paper, consigned to
his care by the Marquis of Posa, and addressed to Car-
los, appointing his proposed interview with the Queen
at midnight, his subsequent departure from Madrid for
the Netherlands, and his rebellion, at the head of those
provinces, against the Spanish yoke. Philip enters,
but evidently in no condition to hear the communication
of his ministers. His passionate grief for the death of
Posa, and his lamentations, strikingly display the pride
which is the ruling passion of his nature.

"*King.*—Give the dead back to me; I must possess
him
Again.

Domingo (to Alba.)—Speak you to him.

King.—He thought so poorly
Of me, and died i' the error. I must have him
Again; he must think otherwise of me!

Alba.—Sire—

King.—Who speaks here? have you forgotten whom
You stand before? Why kneel you not—bold man?
I am your king, and I will have submission.
Must all neglect, because there's one has dared
Despise me?

Alba.—O, no more of him, my lord!
Another foe, important as he was,
Is in your kingdom's heart!

Feria.—Prince Carlos—

King.—He had a friend, who has met death for him;
For him—with me he had a kingdom shared!
How looked he down on me! So haughtily
None look down from a throne."

* * * * *
"The dead is here no more. Who dares to say
That I am happy? In the grave dwells one
Who did withhold esteem from me! What worth
Are all the living to me? One high spirit,
One freeborn man, lived in this century;
One—he despised me—and died!

Alba.—So we
Have lived in vain! Let us, too, Spaniards, go
Down to the grave! Even in death, this man
Of the king's heart doth rob us!"

The reflections of Philip show that he also discerned
the lofty character of the deceased:

"To whom brought he
This offering?—to the boy my son? No—never!
I'll ne'er believe it. For a boy dies not
A Posa. Friendship's sordid flame fills not
A Posa's heart. It stretched itself to embrace
Humanity. * * *
Not Philip he disdained for Carlos—but
The old man to the youth, his hopeful scholar.
The father's setting sun could not enlighten
His new day's work. The task he but deferred
For the son's rising light!"

Act V, Scene 9.

An officer enters with the intelligence of the ghost
seen in the vault. The king having at length been
made to comprehend the new danger, sends for the
Grand Inquisitor, and orders the entrances to the
vault to be stopped. The ensuing interview of Philip
with the aged dignitary, and the humility with which
the haughty sovereign receives the rebuke of the church,
shows the superstition often attendant upon cruelty.
The king informs him of his designs respecting his son,
and asks,

"Canst thou a new belief establish,
That shall excuse us a son's bloody death?

Grand Inquisitor.—To appease eternal righteousness,
expired
The Son of God upon the cross.

King.—Thou wilt
Throughout all Europe this opinion spread?
Gr. Inq.—Far as the Cross is honored.

King.—I do violence

To nature ; her all-powerful voice wilt thou
To silence also bring?

Gr. Inq.—Before Belief
Avails no voice of nature.

King.—I resign
My office as his judge into thy hands.
May I do this?

Gr. Inq.—Give him to me."
The cold and brief manner in which this arrangement is concluded is appalling. The plot hastens to its catastrophe. In a remote apartment the queen's last meeting with the doomed prince takes place. Our last extract shall be a part of the final scene.

" Carlos (sinking on one knee before her.)—Elizabeth!

Queen.—And thus we meet again!

Carlos.—And thus we meet again!

Queen.—Arise ; we will not,
Carlos, grow weak. Not with unworthy tears
Must the great dead be honored. Tears may flow
For smaller ills! He offered up himself
For you!" * * * O, Carlos,
I spoke for you. On my security
He left this place in joy. Will you my words
Make false?

Carlos.—A monument I'll build to him—
No king had e'er the like. Above his dust
Shall bloom a paradise.

Queen.—So have I wished!
That was the mighty meaning of his death!
He chose me his last will to execute;
I claim the debt of you. I hold you bound
To the fulfilment of this oath!"

Carlos has awakened from his former madness ; devoted only to the accomplishment of his friend's dying request, he disclaims the entertainment of any other feelings for the queen than an affection founded on the circumstance that she was the confidant and friend of the Marquis. At this juncture the King, Grand Inquisitor, and Nobles appear in the back-ground, unperceived by the Prince or Elizabeth.

" Carlos.—Now I depart from Spain,
And see my father in this life no more ;
I cannot love him—nature in my breast
Is now extinct—be you again his wife ;
His son is lost to him. Return to duty.
I go to rescue my oppressed people
From tyrant hands. Madrid sees me as king,
Or never more. Now for our last farewell!
* * * Did you hear nought?

Queen.—No, nothing—save the clock
That sounds our separation.

Carlos.—Then good night,
Mother ; from Ghent you will receive the letter
Which shall the secret of this interview
Make public. I depart—henceforth with Philip
To walk an open path. Henceforth between us
There's nothing secret. You shall never need
To shun the world's eyes.

This is my last deceit. (*Attempts to put on his mask—
the king steps between them.*)

King.—It is your last ! (*Queen falls senseless.*)

Carlos (catches her in his arms.)—Is she dead ?
Oh, heaven and earth!

King.—Cardinal! I have done
My part—do yours!"

We have occupied so much space in the details of this long and intricate play, that we are compelled to curtail our remarks, and as much as possible. Schiller has undoubtedly rendered his tragedy the more interesting, from the glowing picture he presents of the manners of the times. In the character of the Queen we think he has succeeded better than Alfieri ; in that of Philip, not so well. Schiller's Philip is a tyrant ; but the tyrant in Alfieri is painted in colors infinitely stronger. Perhaps we are shown too uniformly the darker side of the picture, but it is in all respects a powerful one. It was a bold and fine thought in the Italian poet, to represent the monarch of Spain as keeping himself aloof from all confidence or support from others, and shrouding his designs ever in the inscrutable veil of hypocrisy. Even in the presence of Gomez, his tried counsellor and servant, Filippo maintains the same guarded and haughty reserve. His commands are brief and laconic to a studied degree, and his follower in cruelty rather divines his meaning, from his long habits of sharing in the schemes of his master, than gathers the full import of the words uttered, from the king's language. On no occasion does the king express openly what we might suppose his feelings ; it is only by his actions, and by penetrating through his habitual deceit, that we are able to judge of his plans. In the council scene, his hypocrisy deceives all his courtiers ; and in the catastrophe, the half-spoken expression of rising remorse is checked on the instant, while he imposes silence, under the penalty of death, on his accomplice in crime. This character is one which it well suited the austere genius of Alfieri to depict ; one touch of relenting, or of a communicative spirit towards his servant, and the whole had been marred. He walks with unfaltering step towards the goal of his intent, wrapped in cold and impenetrable reserve. Far different is the King that Schiller has painted. He is comparatively open-hearted ; and exhibits a confidence and candor towards the Marquis of Posa, a being whose nature could never accord with his, that seems to us quite misplaced in the character of a tyrant like Philip. His jealousy is also that of pride, and pride is his master passion ; but the author has not done well to make him indulge in such lengthened soliloquies. The Queen is a beautiful creation ; ingenuousness, dignity, and tenderness are finely displayed in her lovely character. In aristocratic and feminine reserve, she is much superior to Isabella in Alfieri, whose passion and devotedness are more undisguised than is becoming to her sex and station. We do not admire the readiness with which she discloses her still lingering preference for Carlos ; and her hesitation and embarrassment in presence of the King, are unfavorably contrasted with the boldness, founded on the consciousness of innocence, in Schiller's Elizabeth. Alfieri has but sketched his other personages ; Gomez is a reflection of his master, and Perez appears but once to any purpose. The minor persons in the German drama are, on the other hand, highly interesting. The princess of Eboli is natural ; her jealous attachment to the prince urging her into a conspiracy which ends in his destruction, her subsequent remorse and confession of guilt, and vain efforts to save him, are all natural and dramatic. The character of the Marquis of Posa might itself form the subject of an essay. A citizen of the world, and devoted to the ac-

complishment of his Utopian schemes of government, his friendship is secondary to this pervading and ruling desire. Hence his manner to Carlos on their first interview after his return to Spain. He has early accustomed himself to look upon his friend as the crown prince, and to anticipate the high destiny he is to fulfil. This idea gives constraint to his demeanor; and while Carlos opens his arms to welcome the friend of his bosom, the political dreamer and enthusiast kneels at his feet. It would have been the part of a true friend to discourage the unfortunate attachment between the prince and his mother-in-law, but it occurs to the Marquis that Flanders would have nothing to hope from Carlos, while he languished with hopeless love. Liberated from the thralldom of absorbing misery, he might be moulded to any thing his friend could desire; and with this view Posa himself undertakes to further his wishes. There is much that is noble in the character of the prince; with a tender and benevolent heart, enthusiasm for all that is great and good and beautiful, with delicacy and firmness of nature, and generosity amounting to a fault, his imprudence and want of foresight occasion all his misfortunes. The elements of future greatness are in his nature, but his fiery impatience of temperament prevent his obeying the dictates of an elevated judgment.

We have little to say upon the conduct of the plot and the style of these two plays. The last scenes in Schiller's tragedy are too long, and the catastrophe not striking; "Filippo" in this respect contrasts favorably with it; the closing scene, as in most of Alfieri's pieces, is brief, rapid and animated. We cannot admire the stratagem of the ghost's appearance in the German play. The style of two productions so different in character, the one adhering rigidly to the prescribed rules of the classic school, and the other admitting all the exuberant graces and dramatic effect belonging to another and more modern system, can hardly be compared. The diction of Alfieri is severe and harsh, and his extreme brevity might pass for affectation. That of the German dramatist is far more pleasing and poetical. The work of the latter is in almost every respect most to our taste, though Alfieri has decidedly the advantage in his delineation of Philip.

LOAN TO THE MESSENGER.

NO. V.

The following stanzas have never as yet been published. They are from the pen of a young friend of the transcriber, and written at his request. He now takes the same liberty with them as with others from divers sources hitherto, and inscribes them respectfully to the readers of the Messenger.

J. F. O.

TO A NAMELESS ONE.

Lady! we never met before
Within the world's wide space,—
And yet, the more I gaze, the more
I recollect thy face.

Each feature to my mind recalls
An image of the past,
Which, where the shade of Memory falls,
Is sacred to the last.

But she, whose charms in thine I trace,
Was not, alas! of earth:
And yet of more than mortal grace,
For Fancy gave her birth.
She haunted me by sunlit streams,
And burst upon my sight,
When through the pleasant land of dreams,
My spirit roved by night.

Lost idol! why didst thou depart?
Oh let thine earnest eyes,—
Abstraction—vision though thou art,—
Once more my soul surprise.
She comes,—a gay and laughing girl!
(Whom, happy, does she seek?)
And raven curls their links unfurl
Adown her blushing cheek.

Her Grecian lineaments are bright
With beauty half divine:
She is "a phantom of delight,"
Her dark eyes are—like thine!
As music to a soul oppressed,
As spring-flowers to the bee,
As sunbeams to the Ocean's breast,
Her presence is to me!

I clasp her to my heart once more,—
I am again a boy,—
The past shows nothing to deplore,
The future is all joy!
We wander through deserted halls,
We climb the wooded height,
We hear the roar of water-falls,
And watch the eagle's flight.

We stand where sunset colors lie
Upon a lake at rest,—
And oh! what clouds of Tyrian dye
Are sloping down the west!
And see! above the purple pile
The evening star appears,
While she, who cheered me with her smiles,
Now tries to hide her tears!

Enough! the spell is at an end,—
The pageant floats away,—
And I no more may idly bend
At Mem'ry's shrine to day.
I turn to thee, whose beauty first
That shape of love renewed,
And waked emotions, that were nursed
Long since, in solitude.

I turn to thee, and start to see,
Again that face and mien,—
Those glassy ringlets, floating free,
Those eyes of sparkling sheen!
Two visions have waylaid my heart,—
An old one and a new;
And, Lady! by my faith, thou art
The fairer of the two!

Editorial.

CRITICAL NOTICES.

THE SWISS HEIRESS.

The Swiss Heiress; or The Bride of Destiny—A Tale.
Baltimore: Joseph Robinson.

The Swiss Heiress should be read by all who have nothing better to do. We are patient, and having gone through the whole book with the most dogged determination, are now enabled to pronounce it one of the most solemn farces. Let us see if it be not possible to give some idea of the plot. It is the year 1780, and "the attention of the reader is directed, first, to a Castle whose proud battlements rise amidst the pines and firs of the Swiss mountains, while, at its base, roll the waters of Lake Geneva," and, second, to the sun which is setting somewhat more slowly than usual, because he is "unwilling to terminate the natal day of the young heiress of the Baron de Rheinswald, the wealthy proprietor of Montargis castle, and its beautiful environs." We are thus left to infer—putting the two sentences and circumstances in apposition—that the Montargis Castle where dwells the young heiress of the Baron de Rheinswald, is neither more nor less than the identical castle "with the proud battlements" et cetera, that "rises amid the pines and firs" and so forth, of the "Swiss Mountains and the Lake of Geneva" and all that. However this may be, the Baron de Rheinswald is a "Catholic of high repute" who "early in life marries a lady of great wealth, a member of his own church, actuated by ambition"—that is to say, there was either something or somebody "actuated by ambition," but we shall not say whether it was a lady or a church. The lady (or perhaps now the church) "lived but five years after the union, and at her death earnestly and solemnly implored that her only son might be devoted to the priesthood." The lady, or the church (let us reconcile the difficulty by calling the thing "Mother Church") being thus deceased, the bereaved Baron marries a second wife. She being a protestant however, the high contracting parties sign an instrument by which it is agreed "that the eldest child shall be educated by the mother's direction, a protestant, the second be subject to the father's will and a catholic, and thus alternately with all their children." This, it must be allowed is a contrivance well adapted for effect. Only think of the interesting little creatures all taking it "turn about!" What fights, too, they will have, when breeched, over their prayer-books and bread-and-butter! Our author pauses in horror at anticipated consequences, and takes this excellent opportunity of repeating what "a late writer" (a great friend of his by the bye) says in regard to "chemical combinations" and "opposite properties."

The first child is a son, and called William. The second is a daughter, Miss Laura, our heroine, the "Swiss Heiress," and the "Bride of Destiny." She is the "Swiss Heiress" in virtue of a certain "dispensation from the church of Rome, by which the estates of the Baron were to descend to his first catholic child by his second marriage" and she becomes the "Bride of

Destiny" because the Baron has very properly selected for her a husband, without consulting her Heiressship about the matter. This intended husband is one Count Laniski, young, good-looking, noble, valiant, wise, accomplished, generous, amiable, and possessed of a thousand other good qualities—all of which, of course, are just a thousand better reasons why the Bride of Destiny, being a heroine, will have nothing to do with him. Accordingly, at eight years old, she grows melancholy and interesting, patronizes the gipsies, curses the Count Laniski, talks about "fate, fore-knowledge, and free-will," and throws aside her bread-and-butter for desperation and a guitar. In spite of all she can do, however, the narrative gets on very slowly, and we are upon the point of throwing the lady (banjo and all) into the street, when the Count himself makes his appearance at the Castle, and thereby frightens her to such a degree that, having delivered a soliloquy, she runs off with her "Brother William" to America.

"Brother William," however, is luckily killed at the siege of Yorktown, and the "Bride of Destiny" herself is recaptured by her family, the whole of whom, having nothing better to do, have set out in pursuit of her—to wit—her half brother Albert, (who is now Baron de Rheinswald, the old Baron being dead) Clermont a croaking old monk, and Madam de Montelieu a croaking old somebody else. These good people, it seems, are still determined that the "Swiss Heiress" shall be the "Bride of Destiny"—that is to say, the bride of the Count Laniski. To make matters doubly sure too on this head, the old Baron has sworn a round oath on his death-bed, leaving the "Swiss Heiress" his "eternal curse" in the event of her disobedience.

Having caught and properly secured the young lady, the new Baron de Rheinswald takes up his residence for a time "on the borders of Vermont and Canada." Some years elapse, and so forth. The "Bride of Destiny" is nearly one and twenty; and the Count Laniski makes his appearance with a view of urging his claim. The Heiress, we are forced to say, now behaves in a very unbecoming and unaccountable manner. She should have hung herself as the only rational course, and—heigho!—it would have saved us a world of trouble. But, not having forgotten her old bad habits, she persists in talking about "fate, foreknowledge, and free will," and it is not therefore to be wondered at that matters in general assume a truly distressing complexion. Just at this crisis, however, a Mr. Frederick Mortimer makes his interesting début. Never certainly was a more accomplished young man! As becomes a gentleman with such an appellation as Frederick Mortimer, he is more beautiful than Apollo, more sentimental than De Lisle, more distinguished than Pelham, and, positively, more mysterious than the "mysterious lady." He sympathizes with the woes of the "Bride of Destiny," looks unutterable threats at the Count Laniski, beats even the "Swiss Heiress" at discoursing of "free will," and the author of the "Swiss Heiress" at quoting paragraphs from a "late writer." The heart of the "Bride of Destiny" is touched—sensibly touched. But Love, in romance, must have impediments, and the Loves of the "Bride of Destiny" and Mr. Frederick Mortimer have two. The first is some inexpressible mystery connected with a certain gold ring, of which the Heiress is especially careful, and the second is that rascally old Baron

Rheinswald's "eternal curse." Nothing farther therefore can be done in the premises, but as we have now only reached Chapter the Sixth, and there are to be seventeen chapters in all, it is necessary to do something—and what better can be done than to talk, until Chapter the Fifteenth, about "fate, foreknowledge, and free will?" Only imagine a string of delightful sentences, such as the following, for the short space of three hundred and ninety-six pages!

"How rapidly time flies," said the Count, "I have been here weeks, and they seem but days."

"I am not surprised, my lord," said Mrs. Falkner, smiling.

"Nor I," he returned, also smiling. "This place, such society, wraps the senses in such blissful illusion that I 'take no note of time.' The clock strikes unheeded, unheard."

"Why do you smile, Miss Montargis?" asked Mrs. Falkner.

"I was just thinking," she replied, "that Count Laniski had unconsciously given a 'local habitation and a name' to the fabled region where cold is so intense as to congeal sound."

Mrs. Falkner bowed, but could not comprehend what such a region had to do with Count Laniski's compliment to the heiress.

"Take care, Mr. Mortimer," said Miss Montargis, still smiling, "you are in dangerous vicinity. Have you no fear of cold?"

"It is not sufficiently positive," he replied, "to destroy my belief that it exists with much latent warmth, which it requires but a little address to render quite sensible."

Mortimer spoke with mingled playfulness and seriousness, but the latter prevailed, and Miss Montargis felt it a reproach, and blushed, she scarcely knew why.

"To be sensible," she said, "it must affect others. Who ever felt its influence? not she at least who has painfully realized its negativities."

"I am sure you speak mysteries to me," said Mrs. Falkner, laughing, "what can you mean?" &c. &c.

We would proceed, but are positively out of patience with the gross stupidity of Mrs. Falkner, who cannot understand what the other ladies and gentlemen are talking about. Now we have no doubt whatever they are discoursing of "fate, foreknowledge, and free will."

About chapter the fifteenth it appears that the Count Laniski is not the Count Laniski at all, but only Mr. Theodore Montelieu, and the son of that old rignarole, Madam Montelieu, the housekeeper. It now appears, also, that even that Count Laniski whose appearance at Montargis Castle had such effect upon the nerves of our heroine, was not the Count Laniski at all, but only the same Mr. Theodore Montelieu, the same son of the same old rignarole. The true Count, it seems, in his younger days, had as little partiality for the match ordained him by fate and the two fathers, as the very "Bride of Destiny" herself, and, being at college with Mr. Theodore Montelieu at the time appointed for his visit to Montargis Castle, had no scruple in allowing the latter gentleman to personate his Countship in the visit. By these means Mr. M. has an opportunity of seeing his mother, the old rignarole, who is housekeeper, or something of that kind, at the Castle. The precious couple (that is to say the old rignarole and her son) now get up a plot, by which it is determined that the son shall personate the Count to the end of the chapter, and so marry the heiress. It is with this end in view, that Mr. Theodore Montelieu is now playing Count at the residence of the Baron in Vermont. Mr. Frederick Mortimer, however, is sadly in his way, and torments the poor fellow grievously, by grinning at him, and sighing at him, and folding his arms at him, and looking at him askint, and talking him to death about "fate and foreknowledge and free will." At last Mr. Mortimer tells the gentleman flatly that he

knows very well who he is, leaving it to be inferred that he also knows very well who he is not. Hereupon Mr. Theodore Montelieu calls Mr. Frederick Mortimer a liar, a big liar, or something to that effect, and challenges him to a fight, with a view of either blowing out his already small modicum of brains, or having the exceedingly few blown out, which he himself (Mr. Theodore Montelieu) possesses. Mr. Mortimer, however, being a hero, declines fighting, and contents himself, for the present, with looking mysterious.

It will now be seen that matters are coming to a crisis. Mr. Mortimer is obliged to go to Philadelphia; but, lest Mr. Montelieu should whisk off the heiress in his absence, he insists upon that gentleman bearing him company. Having reached, however, the city of brotherly love, the ingenious young man gives his keeper the slip, hurries back to Vermont, and gets every thing ready for his wedding. Miss Montargis is very angry and talks about the inexplicable ring, fate, foreknowledge and free will—but old Clermont, the Baron, and Mr. Montelieu, on the other hand, get in an absolute passion and talk about nothing less than the old Baron Rheinswald and his "eternal curse." The ceremony therefore proceeds, when just at the most proper moment, and all as it should be, in rushes—Mr. Frederick Mortimer!—it will be seen that he has come back from Philadelphia. He assures the company that the Count Laniski, (that is to say Mr. Theodore Montelieu,) is not the Count Laniski at all, but only Mr. Theodore Montelieu; and moreover, that he himself (Mr. Frederick Mortimer) is not only Mr. Frederick Mortimer, but the bona fide Count Laniski into the bargain. And more than this, it is very clearly explained how Miss Laura Montargis is not by any means Miss Laura Montargis, but only the Baroness de Thionville, and how the Baroness de Thionville is the wife of the Baron de Thionville, and how, after all, the Baron de Thionville is the Count Laniski, or else Mr. Frederick Mortimer, or else—that is to say—how Mr. Frederick Mortimer is not altogether the Count Laniski, but—but only the Baron de Thionville, or else the Baroness de Thionville—in short, how every body concerned in the business is not precisely what he is, and is precisely what he is not. After this horrible development, if we recollect, all the dramatis personæ faint outright, one after the other. The inquisitive reader may be assured, however, that the whole story ends judiciously, and just as it ought to do, and with a very excellent quotation from one of the very best of the "late writers."

Humph! and this is the "Swiss Heiress," to say nothing of the "Bride of Destiny." However—it is a valuable "work"—and now, in the name of "fate, foreknowledge and free will," we solemnly consign it to the fire.

ROSZEL'S ADDRESS.

Address delivered at the Annual Commencement of Dickinson College, July 21, 1836, by S. A. Roszel, A. M. Principal of the Grammar School. Published by Request of the Board of Trustees. Baltimore: John W. Woods.

Mr. Roszel, we have good reason for knowing, is a scholar, of classical knowledge more extensive, and far more accurate than usual. In his very eloquent Address on Education now before us, he has confined

himself to the consideration of "tutorial instruction as embraced under the divisions of the subjects to be taught, and the manner of teaching them." Of the first branch of his theme, the greater portion is occupied in a defence of the learned tongues from the encroachments of a misconceived utilitarianism, and in urging their suitability as a study for the young. Here, Mr. R. is not only forcible, but has contrived to be in a great measure, original. We are especially pleased to see that, in giving due weight to the ordinary ethical and merely worldly considerations on this topic, he has most wisely dwelt at greater length on the loftier prospective benefits, and true spiritual uses of classical attainment. We cite from this portion of the address a passage of great fervor and beauty.

But are there not translations? If there were, a perusal of them would be profitless, for it is to be borne in mind, that the tenor of the preceding remarks has been uniformly to demonstrate the advantages, not only of a perusal, but of the study of the dead languages. And so this question is destitute of pertinence. But there never was a translation of an ancient author. Versions there are, a majority of them dull and spiritless, lifeless and jejune, but they are not translations. And so are there odorless roses, and there might be beamless suns. As in religion we aspire to drink from the fountain head so let it be in literature. Let us be imbued with its spiritual influences; for no one that has pondered them well can remain unimpressed by the magnificent divulgement of quenchless, illimitable intellect, by the resplendency of thought which bursts forth and glows with a steady fervor, in the pages of the blind bard of Greece, and the keen-sighted orator of Rome, with a vigor and intensity so powerful, that the typographical characters themselves seem to stand out, vivid and lustrous, like sentient gems, myriads of sparkling emanations, burning and lucent, flashing a sentiment in every word, an axiom in every line, a corollary in every paragraph. There is an inborn inexpressible satisfaction to the mind well attuned, in being able to appreciate the beauty and the strength, the essence and vitality of those inimitable and indestructible periods of the Athenian orator which called the ruddy blush of shame to the pallid cheek of the coward, stirred the elements of enthusiastic honor to tempestuous agitation, and excited the irrepressible shout, *To battle!* there is a chaste delight in perusing the cutting satire, the splendid objurgations, and the brilliant invectives of that eloquence, which startled the world's victor from his unsteady throne, and speaking in the bold terms of unquailing freedom, compelled the submission of arms to the toga. But there is a still deeper, more serene and holy rapture, in meditating on the accents of the Redeemer in the very dialect in which they fell from his sacred lips; in meditating with an awe ineffable, on the presumptuous sentence of an earth-born worm, which consigned to a death of ignominy and shame, the august God of the universe.

In Mr. R.'s remarks "on the manner of teaching"—on the duties of a teacher—there is much to command our admiration and respect—a clear conception of the nature and extent of tutorial duties, and a stern sense of the elevated moral standing of the tutor.

We see, or we fancy we see, in the wording of this Address, another instance of that tendency to *Johnsonism* which is the Scylla on the one hand, while a jejune style is the Charybdis on the other, of the philological scholar. In the present case we refer not to *sesquipedalia verba*, of which there are few, but to the too frequent use of primitive meanings, and the origination of words at will, to suit the purposes of the moment. But to these sins (for the world will have them such) a fellow-feeling has taught us to be lenient—and, indeed, while some few of Mr. Roszel's inventions are certainly not English, there are still but very few of them "*qui ne le doivent pas être.*"

WRAXALL'S MEMOIRS.

Posthumous Memoirs of his Own Time. By Sir N. W. Wraxall, Bart. author of "Memoirs of My Own Time." Philadelphia: Republished by Carey, Lea & Blanchard.

The "Memoirs of My Own Time" were published in 1815. They excited the greatest commotion, and if we are to believe the Baronet, no literary work ever procured for its author "a more numerous list of powerful and inveterate enemies." The queen, the regent, and the princesses of the royal family disliked the portrait drawn of George the Third, which every reasonable person will allow to be by no means a caricature. They disapproved too, of the somewhat free comments on the peace of 1763, and were highly incensed at certain personal disclosures in regard to the king. The first Lord of the Treasury, son of Charles Jenkinson, was offended at the "just and impartial" character given his father. The partisans, respectively, of Pitt and Fox, arose in arms at what they considered the gross abuse of their leaders. The relatives of Lord North were enraged at the account of his junction with Fox in 1783, notwithstanding the Baronet himself considers that "he had done justice to that most accomplished and amiable nobleman." But this was not all. The Earl of Bute would not be appeased. The Marquis of Lansdowne spoke of a prosecution in the court of King's Bench on account of the reflections (unavoidable, we are told) made on the resignation of the Earl of Shelburne. The "Quarterly Review" in an article written, we are assured, by "men" in official situations, held the "Memoirs" up to general reprobation as an "imbecile and immoral work," while the "Edinburg" joined in the hue and cry with still greater virulence, and even more disgusting personal abuse. Lastly, and much more than all to the purpose, Count Woronzow, in consequence of the mention made of him by the Baronet, in his relation of the circumstances connected with the marriage of the Princess Royal to the late Duke of Wirtemberg, instituted a prosecution, in order to vindicate his own official diplomatic conduct. Garrow, then Attorney-General, was retained for the prosecution, and it is to be observed that, passing over in few words the particular passage for which the suit was commenced, he dwelt with the greatest severity against the "Memoirs" at large. The disposition of the government towards the defendant may, however, be fully estimated by the fact, that although the court repeatedly disclaimed having authorized the Attorney-General to call for a vindictive judgment, declaring his sole object to be the clearing up of his own character; and although the Baronet, for an offence which he declared to be unintentional, made at once the most ample, prompt and public apology, still the vindictive judgment of six months imprisonment, and a fine of five hundred pounds, was ordered into execution, a part of the imprisonment actually carried into effect, and the fine remitted only through the most energetic and persevering exertions of Woronzow himself. "Such," says the author of the Memoirs, "was the combination of assailants which my inflexible regard to truth assembled from the most opposite quarters." These clamors and difficulties, however, he considered as more than sufficiently counterbalanced by the testimony, now first communicated to the world, of the late Sir George Osborn—a testimony indeed which should

be considered of authority. This gentleman, a near relative of Lord North's, was of ancient descent, high character, and large property; and from 1775, until the king's final loss of reason, was one of the grooms of his bed-chamber. In a letter to the Baronet shortly after his commitment to the King's Bench, he thus writes: "I have your first here, and have perused it again with much attention. I pledge my name that I personally know nine parts out of ten of your anecdotes to be perfectly correct. You are imprisoned for giving to future ages a perfect picture of our time, and as interesting as Clarendon." For ourselves, we had as soon depend upon the character here given of the "Memoirs" as upon that more highly colored portrait of them painted by the Attorney-General.

Thus persecuted, the Baronet took a lesson from experience, and declined to publish the work now before us during his life-time. He adopted also the necessary measures to guard against its issue during the life-time of George the Fourth. In so doing, he has, of course, secured his own personal convenience, but the delay has deprived his reminiscences of that cotemporary interest which is the chief seasoning of all similar works. Still the Baronet's pages will excite no ordinary attention, and will be read with unusual profit and pleasure. The book may be regarded as a series of parliamentary sketches, in which are introduced, at random, a thousand other subjects either connected or unconnected with the debates—such as historical notices of the measures introduced,—personal anecdotes and delineations of the speakers—political facts and inferences—attempts at explaining the hidden motives of ministers or their agents—rumors of the day—and remarks upon public events or characters abroad. The Baronet is sadly given to scandal, and is peculiarly *pitquant* in the indulgence of his propensity. At the same time there should be no doubt (for there assuredly is no reason for doubting) that he is fully in earnest in every word he says, and implicitly relies in the truth of his own narrative. The lighter portions of his book, therefore, have all the merit of *vraisemblance*, as well as of *haut gout*. His style is occasionally very minute and prosy—but not when he has a subject to his fancy. He is then a brilliant and vivid writer, as he is at all times a sagacious one. He has a happy manner, when warmed with an important idea, of presenting only its characteristic features to the view—leaving in a proper shadow points of minor effect. The reader is thus frequently astonished at finding himself fully possessed of a subject about which very little has been said.

Among the chief characters that figure in the "Memoirs," and concerning each of whom the Baronet has a world of pithy anecdote, we note Pitt, Burke, Fox, Sheridan, Erskine, Louis the Sixteenth, George the Third, the Queen and royal family, Sir James Lowther, Lord Chesterfield, the late Marquis of Abercorn (John James Hamilton), Lady Payne (Mademoiselle de Kébel), Lord North, Sir Philip Francis the reputed author of Junius, Sir William Draper the defeated antagonist of that writer, George Rose, (the indefatigable and faithful factotum of Pitt,) the Duke of Queensbury, Harry Dundas, Hastings with his agent Major Scott, Lord Eldon, Grey, Sidmouth, Thurlow, the Marquis of Lansdowne, Lord Liverpool, Marie Antoinette, the Duchess of Devonshire, the Duchess of Gordon, and

(we should not have forgotten him) the late dirty Duke of Norfolk, then Earl of Surrey. Of this illustrious personage a laughable account is given. On one occasion—at a great whig dinner at the Crown and Anchor, (in February 1798, while all England was threatened with revolution, and when Ireland was on the brink of open rebellion,) his Grace, inspired as usual with wine, was fool enough to drink "The sovereign majesty of the people." "Assuredly," says the Baronet drolly enough, "it was not in the 'Bill of Rights,' nor in the principles on which reposes the revolution of 1688, that the Duke could discover any mention of such an attribute of the people. Their liberties and franchises are there enumerated; but their *majesty* was neither recognized or imagined by those persons who were foremost in expelling James the Second." His Grace accompanied the toast with some pithy observations relating to "the two thousand persons who, under General Washington, first procured reform and liberty for the thirteen American colonies." Of course it is not very singular that his remarks were considered as savoring of sedition. Growing sober, next morning, he became apprehensive of having proceeded too far. Accordingly, a day or two afterwards, hearing that his words had excited much wrath at St. James's, he waited on the Duke of York with an excuse and an apology, concluding with a request that, in the event of invasion, his regiment of militia might be assigned the post of danger. His Royal Highness listened to him with much attention, and assured him that his desire should be made known to the king—breaking off the conversation abruptly, however, with "Apropos, my lord, have you seen Blue-Beard?" (the popular pantomime of the day.) In *two days* after this interview the "dirty Duke" received his dismissal both from the lord-lieutenancy and from his regiment.

There are several connected narrations of some length and great interest in the volume before us. One of these concerns the noted Westminster election, when the charms and address of the Duchess of Devonshire aided Fox so largely in defeating the governmental influence—another the accusations of Hastings and Impey—another the debates on the Regency Bill. The "Diamond Necklace" affair, in which Madame de la Motte performed so important a part, is related clearly and pointedly, but with some little diffuseness. We abridge the Baronet's account of this extraordinary matter.

Prince Louis de Rohan, second brother of the Duke de Montbazou, was fifty-one years of age at the epoch in question. He was a prelate of elegant manners, of restless ambition, and of talents, although ill-regulated. It appears that he was credulous and easily duped by the designing. Previous to his attainment of the episcopal dignity, and while only coadjutor of Strasburg, he had been employed in diplomacy, and acted, during a considerable time, as Ambassador from the Court of France at Vienna, in the reign of Maria Theresa. Returning home, he attempted to reach the ministerial situation left vacant by Maurepas. But Louis the Sixteenth had imbibed strong prejudices against him, and the queen held him in still greater aversion. Yet he was resolutely bent upon acquiring her favor, and indeed entertained, it seems, the hope of rendering himself personally acceptable to her. At this time she

was very beautiful, loved admiration, was accessible to flattery, and not yet thirteen years of age.

Among the numerous individuals who then frequented Versailles with the view of advancing their fortune, was Mademoiselle de la Valois. She became an object of royal notice, through the accidental discovery of her descent from Henry the Second, by one of his mistresses, St. Renny, a Piedmontese lady of noble birth. A small pension was bestowed on her, and she soon afterwards married a gentleman of the name of La Motte, one of the Count de Provence's body guards. His duties retaining him at Versailles near the person of the Count, Madame de la Motte became well known to the Cardinal de Rohan, whose character she appears to have studied with great attention. She herself was totally devoid of moral principle, and her habits of expense induced her to resort to the most desperate expedients for recruiting her finances. About this time, one Boehmer, a German jeweller well known at the court of France, had in possession a most costly diamond necklace, valued at near seventy thousand pounds sterling, and obtained permission to exhibit it to her majesty. The queen, however, declined buying it. Madame de la Motte receiving information of the fact, resolved to fabricate a letter from the queen to herself, authorizing her to make the purchase. In this letter Marie Antoinette was made to express a determination of taking the necklace at a certain indicated price—under the positive reserve, however, that the matter should remain a profound secret, and that Boehmer would agree to receive his payment by instalments, in notes under her own hand, drawn on her treasurer at stipulated periods.

Furnished with this authority, Madame de la Motte repaired to the Cardinal de Rohan. Submitting to him, as if in confidence, the queen's pretended letter, she dwelt on the excellent opportunity which then presented itself to him, of acquiring her majesty's favor. She urged him to see Boehmer, and to assure him of the queen's desire—the proof of which lay before him. The Cardinal, however credulous, refused to embark in the affair, without receiving from Marie's own mouth the requisite authority. Madame de la Motte had foreseen this impediment and already provided against it. There lived at that time in Paris an actress, one Mademoiselle D'Olive, who in her figure bore great resemblance to the queen. This lady they bribed to personate her majesty—asserting that a frolic only was intended.

Matters being thus arranged, Madame de la Motte acquainted the Cardinal that Marie Antoinette felt the propriety of his eminence's scruples, and with a view of removing them, and at the same time of testifying her sense of his services, had resolved to grant him an interview in the gardens of Versailles—but that certain precautions must be adopted lest the transaction should come to the knowledge of the king. With this end the Cardinal was told her majesty had fixed upon a retired and shady spot, to which she could repair muffled up in such a manner as to elude notice. "The interview," Madame de la Motte added, "must be very short, and the queen resolutely refuses to speak a single word lest she may be overheard." Instead of verbally authorizing De Rohan to pledge her authority to Boehmer, it was therefore settled that she hold in her hand a flower, which, on the Cardinal's approaching her, she would immediately extend to him as a mark of her approval.

This blundering plot, we are told, succeeded. Mademoiselle D'Olive personated the queen à merveille, and the Cardinal, blinded by love and ambition, was thoroughly duped. Convinced that he had now received an unquestionable assurance of Marie Antoinette's approbation, he no longer hesitated to pledge himself to Boehmer. A deduction of above eight thousand pounds on the price demanded, having been procured from him, promissory notes for the remainder, exceeding sixty thousand pounds, drawn and signed in the queen's name, payable at various periods by her treasurer, were delivered to the jeweller by Madame de la Motte. She then received from him the necklace. Her husband having obtained leave of absence, under the pretence of visiting the place of his nativity, carried off the diamonds, and, arriving safe in London, disposed of some of the finest stones among the dealers of that city. Madame de la Motte herself, we cannot exactly understand why, remained at Paris. The Cardinal, also, continued in unsuspecting security at court. But the day arriving when her majesty's first promissory note became due, the fraud was of course discovered. As soon as the part which De Rohan had performed in it was fully ascertained, the whole matter was laid by her majesty before the king. Louis, after consulting with some of his ministers, finally determined upon the Cardinal's arrest. "Such an event," says our author, "taking place in the person of a member of the Sacred College, an ecclesiastic of the highest birth and greatest connections, related through the kings of Navarre to the sovereign himself, and grand almoner of France, might well excite universal amazement. Since the arrest of Fouquet, superintendent of the finances, by Louis the Fourteenth, in 1661, no similar act of royal authority had been performed: for we cannot justly compare with it the seizure and imprisonment of the Duke of Maine in 1718, by order of the Regent Duke of Orleans. The Cardinal de Rohan's crime was private and personal, wholly unconnected with the state, though affecting the person and character of the queen. He was conducted to the Bastille, invariably maintaining that he had acted throughout the whole business with the purest intentions; always conceiving that he was authorized by her majesty, and was doing her a pleasure. Madame de la Motte, Mademoiselle D'Olive, and some other suspected individuals were also conveyed to the same fortress. Notwithstanding the queen's evident innocence in this singular robbery, a numerous class of Parisians either believed or affected to believe her implicated in the guilt of the whole transaction.

This account is followed up by the relation of a private and personal adventure of the Baronet, of the most romantic and altogether extraordinary character. He gives the detailed narrative of a plot, in which he acted a conspicuous part as secret agent, for the restoration of the imprisoned queen Caroline Matilda of Denmark, and to which George the Third had given his approbation and promised his assistance. Had this revolution been carried into effect it would have brought about the most important changes in the political aspect of the north of Europe. The sudden death of the queen put an end to the attempt, however, just when all preparations were completed, and success was beyond a reasonable doubt. In the spring of 1794, a similar exer-

tion placed the young prince royal, then only sixteen years of age, in possession of the Regency, which his mother's death alone prevented her from attaining in 1775. After the queen's decease, some of her most active friends interested themselves with George the Third to procure the Baronet a proper remuneration for his services. For nearly six years, however, the attempt was unsuccessful. The final result is thus related by the author himself.

"In 1780 I came into Parliament; and some months afterwards as I was seated nearly behind Lord North in the House of Commons, only a few members being present, and no important business in agitation, he suddenly turned round to me. Speaking in a low tone of voice so as not to be overheard, "Mr. Wrexall," said he, "I have received his majesty's command to see and talk to you. He informs me that you rendered very important services to the late queen of Denmark. of which he has related to me the particulars. He is desirous of acknowledging them. We must have some conversation together on the subject. Can you come to me to Busby Park, dine, and pass the day?" I waited on him there in June 1781, and was received by him in his cabinet alone. Having most patiently heard my account of the enterprise in which I engaged for the queen Matilda's restoration, he asked me what remuneration I demanded. I answered, one thousand guineas, as a compensation for the expense which I had incurred in her majesty's service, and an employment. He assured me that I should have both. Robinson, then Secretary to the Treasury, paid me the money soon afterwards; and I confidently believe Lord North would have fulfilled his promise of employing me, or rather of giving me a place of considerable emolument, if his administration had not terminated early in the following year, 1782.

The volume concludes with an appendix embodying a variety of correspondence in relation to this singular matter, under the heading of "Letters and Papers respecting the Queen of Denmark." Altogether, these "Posthumous Memoirs" afford a rich fund of entertainment—and in especial to the lovers of political gossip we most heartily recommend their perusal.

AMERICAN ALMANAC.

The American Almanac, and Repository of Useful Knowledge; for the year 1837. Boston: Published by Charles Bowen.

This is the eighth number of a work more justly entitled to be called "A Repository of Useful Knowledge" than any with which we are acquainted. From its commencement it has been under the editorial management of Mr. J. E. Worcester, for more than twenty years known to the American public as an able and most indefatigable author and compiler. If we are not mistaken, this period at least has elapsed since the publication of his "Gazetteer of the United States." Besides that work, of whose great merit it is of course unnecessary now to speak, Mr. W. has written "The Elements of Geography"—"The Elements of History"—an Edition of Johnson's Dictionary as improved by Todd and abridged by Chalmers—an Abridgment of the American Dictionary of Doctor Webster—and a "Comprehensive Pronouncing and Explanatory Dictionary of the English Language, with Pronouncing Vocabularies of Classical, Scripture, and Modern Geographical Names." All these publications are of high reputation and evince unusual perseverance and ability.

A glance at the "American Almanac" will suffice to assure any one that no ordinary talent, and industry, have been employed in bringing it to its present condition. An acute judgment has been necessary in the

selection of the most needful topics, to the exclusion of others having only a comparative value—in the condensation of matter—in the means of acquiring information—and in the estimation of the degree of credit which should be given it when received. The variety of themes handled in the volume, the perspicuity and brevity with which they are treated, their excellent arrangement, and the general accuracy of the statistical details, should secure for the work a circulation even more extensive than at present. With the exception of the astronomical department, for which we are indebted to Mr. Paine, it is understood that *all* the contents of the volume (a thick and closely printed octavo of 324 pages, abounding in intricate calculations) have been prepared by the indefatigable editor himself.

The "Almanac" for 1837 contains the usual register of the National and State Governments, an American and Foreign obituary and chronicle of recent events, a valuable "Treatise on the use of Anthracite Coal," by Professor Denison Olmsted of Yale, an account of "Public Libraries," a "Statistical View of the Population of the United States," a series of Tables relating to the "Cultivation, Manufacture, and Foreign Trade of Cotton," and Meteorological notices of Seasons and the Weather. In the account of each individual State pains have been taken to give accurate intelligence respecting all matters of Internal Improvement—more especially in regard to Canals and Rail-Roads. In the next volume some further details upon this head are promised—some account also of Pauperism in the United States, and a wider variety of statistical notices in relation to foreign countries. We have before stated our conviction, and here repeat it, that no work of equal extent in America embodies as much really important information—important to the public at large—as the eight published volumes of Mr. Worcester's Almanac. We believe that complete sets of the work can still be obtained upon application to the publisher, Mr. Charles Bowen of Boston. Its mechanical execution, like that of all books from the same press, is worthy of the highest commendation.

COOPER'S SWITZERLAND.

Sketches of Switzerland. By an American. Part Second. Philadelphia: Carey, Lea and Blanchard.

The London Spectator has very justly observed of this, Mr. Cooper's last work, that two circumstances suffice to distinguish it from the class of sketchy tours. He has contrived to impart a *narrative* interest to his journey; and, being an American, yet intimately conversant with all the beauties of the Old World, he looks at Switzerland with a more instructed eye than the mass of travellers, and is enabled to commit its landscapes to a comparison which few of them have the means of making—thus possessing an idiosyncrasy giving freshness to what otherwise would be faded. In our notice of Part 1, of the work before us, we had occasion to express our full sense of the writer's descriptive powers, refined and strengthened as they now appear to us to be. Is it that Mr. Cooper derives vigor from spleen, as Antæus from earth? This idea might indeed be entertained were his improved power to-day not especially perceptible in his delineations of the calm majesty of nature. It must be observed by all

who have read the "Headsman," and who now read the "Sketches," that the same scenes are frequently the subject of comment in each work. The drawings in the former are seldom more than mediocre—in the latter we meet with the vivid coloring of a master.

The subject of the first two volumes is Mr. Cooper's visit to Switzerland in 1828—that of the two now published, his visit in 1832. The four years intervening had effected changes of great moment in the political aspect of all Europe, and produced of course a modification of feeling, taste, and opinion in our author. In his preface he pithily observes—"Four years in Europe are an age to the American, as are four years in America to the European. Jefferson has somewhere said that no American ought to be more than five years at a time out of his own country, lest he get *behind* it. This may be true as to its *facts*—but the author is convinced that there is more danger of his getting before it as to opinion. It is not improbable that this book may furnish evidence of both these truths." In the last sentence there may be some little arrogance, but in the one preceding there is even more positive truth. We are a bull-headed and prejudiced people, and it were well if we had a few more of the stamp of Mr. Cooper who would feel themselves at liberty to tell us so to our teeth.

The criticism alluded to in the following passage has never met our observation. Since it is the fashion to decry the author of "the Prairie" just now, we are astonished at no degree of malignity or scurrility whatever on the part of the little gentlemen who are determined to follow that fashion—but we are surprised that Mr. C. should have thought himself *really* suspected of any such ridiculous "purposes."

Some one, in criticising the First Part of Switzerland, has intimated that the writer has a purpose to serve with the "Trades' Unions" by the purport of some of his remarks. As this is a country in which the avowal of a tolerably sordid and base motive seems to be indispensable, even to safety, the writer desires to express his sense of the critic's liberality, as it may save him from a much graver imputation. There is really a painful humiliation in the reflection, that a citizen of mature years, with as good natural and accidental means for preferment as have fallen to the share of most others, may pass his life without a *fact* of any sort to impeach his disinterestedness, and yet not be able to express a generous or just sentiment in behalf of his fellow creatures, without laying himself open to suspicions as degrading to those who entertain them, as they are injurious to all independence of thought and manliness of character.

The present volumes strike us as more entertaining upon the whole than those which preceded them. They embrace a wide range of stirring anecdote, and some details of a very singular nature indeed. As the book will be universally read it is scarcely necessary to say more.

PROFESSOR DEW'S ADDRESS.

An Address delivered before the Students of William and Mary at the opening of the College on Monday, October 10, 1836. By Thomas R. Dew, President, and Professor of Moral and Political Philosophy. Published by request of the Students. Richmond: T. W. White.

Of the talents and great acquirements of Professor Dew it is quite unnecessary to speak. His accession to the Presidency of William and Mary is a source of hearty congratulation with all the real friends of the institution. Already we perceive the influence of his

character, and unusual energy, in an increasing attention on the part of the public to the capabilities of this venerable academy—and in a re-assured hope of her ultimate prosperity. Indeed she had never more brilliant prospects than just now, and there can be little doubt that at least as many students as have ever entered, will enter this year. The number has at no time been very great it is true; and yet, in proportion to her alumni, this institution has given to the world more useful men than *any other*—more truly great statesmen. Perhaps the scenery and recollection of the place, the hospitable population, the political atmosphere, have all conspired to imbue the mind of the student at Williamsburg with a tinge of utilitarianism. Her graduates have always been distinguished by minds well adapted to *business*, and for the greatest efficiency of character. Some colleges may have equalled her in Physics and Mathematics—indeed we are aware of *one* institution, at least, which far surpasses her in these studies—but few can claim a rivalry with her in Moral and Political Science; and it should not be denied that these latter are the subjects which give the greatest finish to the mind, and exalt it to the loftiest elevation. To William and Mary is especially due the high *political* character of Virginia.

She is the oldest college in the Union save one, and even older than that, if we may date back to the establishment of an academy (one of some note) prior to the erection of the present buildings. Respect for her long and great services, and veneration for her ancient walls, will have weight among the people of Virginia. As efficient an education can now be procured in her lecture-rooms as elsewhere in the Union. Her discipline is rigid, but relies strongly on the chivalry and honor of the Southern student. We will attempt to convey briefly some idea of the several professorial departments.

The plan embraces a course of general study which may be pursued to great advantage by all, without reference to the nature of the profession contemplated. Besides this the subject of Law is included. In the classical school is a preparatory department for elementary instruction. In the higher branch the attention of the student is confined to Horace, Cicero de Oratore, Terence, Juvenal, Livy and Tacitus; Xenophon's Anabasis, Æschylus, Herodotus, Euripides, Sophocles, Thucydides, and Homer. He will be required to read these works with facility, to master portions of history which may be referred to, and to acquire a thorough acquaintance with the whole Philosophy of the Latin and Greek Grammars. For a degree in the classical department it is necessary that the candidate should not only be a proficient in the studies just mentioned, but that he should obtain a certificate of qualification on the junior mathematical, rhetorical and historical courses. The classical graduate therefore, must be more than a mere Latin and Greek scholar. Besides this degree there are three others—those of A. B. B. L. and A. M. The courses necessary for the degree of A. B. embrace the four great departments of physics, morals, and politics. The degree of B. L. is not conferred for a mere knowledge of Law. The candidate must have studied, besides the municipal law, the subject of government and national law, together with some exposition of our own system of

government. He must, moreover, have obtained the Baccalaureate honor in this or some other institution, or else have attended a full course of lectures in some one of the scientific departments of William and Mary. The degree of A. M. (the highest honor conferred by the college) requires generally two years additional study after obtaining the bachelor's degree, and in these two years all the studies pursued in the first portion of the collegiate career are amplified—the principles of science are now applied to facts. A school of civil engineering is most properly attached to the institution.

Would our limits permit, we would be proud to make long extracts from the excellent Address now before us. It is, as usual with every thing from the same source, comprehensive and eloquent, and full of every species of encouragement to the searcher after knowledge. We can well imagine the enthusiasm enkindled in the student by sentences such as these—

There is no privileged class here to rule by the right divine. Far different is our case from the despotisms of the ancient world, or the monarchies of the modern. Sovereignty resided formerly at Babylon, at Thebes, at Persepolis. Now we find it at Paris, Vienna, and London. But in our own more happy country, it pervades our territory like the very air we breathe, reaching the farthest and binding the most distant together. Politics here is the business of every man, no matter how humble his condition may be. We have it in commission to instruct the world in the science and the art of government. We must, if we succeed, exhibit the extraordinary phenomenon of a well educated, virtuous, intelligent people, "free without licentiousness—religious without a religious establishment—obedient to laws administered by citizen magistrates, without the show of official lictors or fasces, and without the aid of mercenary legions or janissaries." As a nation, a glorious charge has devolved upon us. Our condition prescribes to each one the salutary law of Solon, that there shall be no neutrals here. Each one must play his part in the great political drama; and you, gentlemen, who have assembled here for the purpose of receiving a liberal education, must recollect that fortunate circumstances have placed you among the privileged few. Every motive of honor, of patriotism, and a laudable ambition, should stimulate to the utmost exertion. Neglect not the precious opportunity which is afforded you. The *fine talents* are entrusted to your care; beware lest you bury or throw them away. This is the most important era of your life—the very seed-time of your existence; success now may insure you success hereafter.

The age in which you live, and the circumstances by which you are surrounded, as inhabitants of the south, create a special demand for your utmost exertions. The times are indeed interesting and momentous. We seem to have arrived at one of those great periods in the history of man, when fearful and important changes are threatened in the destiny of the world. In the prophetic language of the boldest of philosophers, we may perhaps with truth affirm, that "the crisis of revolutions is at hand." Never were the opinions of the world more unsettled and more clashing than at this moment. Monarchists and democrats, conservatives and radicals, whigs and tories, agrarians and aristocrats, slave-holders and non-slave-holders, are all now in the great field of contention. What will be the result of this awful conflict, none can say. England's most eloquent and learned divine tells us, that there now sits an unnatural scowl on the aspect of the population—a resolved sturdiness in their attitude and gait; and whether we look to the profane recklessness of their habits, or to the deep and settled hatred which rankles in their hearts, we cannot but read in these moral characteristics the omens of some great and impending overthrow. The whole continent of Europe is agitated by the conflicts of opinions and principles; and we are far, very far from the calm and quiet condition which betokens the undoubted safety of the republic.

When the times are so interesting and exciting; when clouds are lowering above the political horizon, portending fearful storms; when the lapse of time is every day disclosing great

and startling events, can you, gentlemen, fold your arms in inglorious indolence—throw away the opportunity that is now offered you—fail to prepare for the important part which should devolve on you, and add yourselves to the great mass of the un-
aspiring?

MEMORIALS OF MRS. HEMANS.

Memorials of Mrs. Hemans, with Illustrations of her Literary Character from her Private Correspondence. By Henry F. Chorley. New York: Saunders and Otley.

Mr. Chorley is well known to American readers as a contributor to the chief of the London Annuals, and still better as the author of the stirring volumes entitled "Conti, the Discarded, with Other Tales and Fancies." We have long regarded him as one of the most brilliant among the literary stars of England, as a writer of great natural and cultivated taste, and of a refined yet vigorous and lofty imagination. As a musical connoisseur, or rather as profoundly versed in the only true philosophy of the science, he may be considered as unrivalled. There are, moreover, few persons now living upon whose appreciation of a poetical character we would look with a higher respect, and we had consequently promised ourselves no ordinary gratification in his "Memorials of Mrs. Hemans." Nor have we been disappointed.

About fourteen months ago Mr. Chorley collected and published in the London Athenaeum some deeply interesting reminiscences of Mrs. H. of which the volumes now before us are an extension. A variety of materials, afforded him by friends, has enabled him to continue his notices beyond the period of his own personal acquaintance, and, by linking correspondence and anecdote, to trace out, with great facility and beauty, the entire progress of the mind of the poetess. He has exclusively confined himself, however, to this one object, and refrained from touching upon such occurrences in her private life as were not actually necessary in the illustrations of her mental and literary existence. The "Memorials" therefore, it is right to state, lay no claim to the entire fullness of Biography. The following brief personal notice is to be found in the opening pages:

Felicia Dorothea Browne—the second daughter and the fourth child of a family of three sons and three daughters—was born in Duke-street, Liverpool, on the 26th of September, 1794. Her father was a native of Ireland, belonging to a branch of the Sligo family; her mother, a Miss Wagner, was a descendant of a Venetian house, whose old name, Veniero, had in the course of time been corrupted into this German form. Among its members were numbered three who rose to the dignity of Doge, and one who bore the honorable rank of commander at the battle of Lepanto. In the waning days of the Republic, Miss Browne's grandfather held the humble situation of Venetian consul in Liverpool. The maiden name of his wife was Haddock, a good and ancient one among the yeomanry of Lancashire; three of the issue of this union are still surviving. To these few genealogical notices it may be added that Felicia Dorothea was the fifth bearing that christian name in her mother's family, that her elder sister, Eliza, of whom affectionate mention is made in her earliest poems, died of a decline at the age of eighteen; and that her brother Claude, who reached manhood, died in America several years ago. Two brothers elder than herself, and one sister, her junior, are therefore all that now survive.

It must not be supposed from what we say that Mr. Chorley has given us nothing of personal history. The volumes abound delightfully in such anecdotes of the poetess as go to illustrate her literary peculiarities and career. These indeed form the staple of the book, and, in the truly exquisite narration of Mr. Chorley, are

moulded into something far more impressive than we can imagine any legitimate biography. We cannot refrain from turning over one by one the pages as we write, and presenting our readers with some mere outlines of the many reminiscences which the author has so beautifully filled up. We shall interperse them with some of Mr. C's observations, and occasionally with our own.

The "stately names of her maternal ancestors" seem to have made an early and strong impression upon the poetess, tinging her mind at once with the spirit of romance. To this fact she would often allude half playfully, half proudly. She was accustomed to say that although the years of childhood are usually happy, her own were too visionary not to form an exception. At the epoch of her death she was meditating a work to be called "Recollections of a Poet's Childhood."

When a child she was exceedingly beautiful: so much so as to attract universal attention. Her complexion was brilliant, her hair long and curling, and of a bright golden color. In her latter years it deepened into brown, but remained silken, profuse, and wavy to the last.—A lady once remarked in her hearing, "That child is not made for happiness I know; her color comes and goes too fast." This remark our poetess never forgot, and she spoke of it as causing her much pain at the moment.—She took great delight, when young, in reciting aloud poems and fragments of plays. "Douglas" was an especial favorite. The scene of her rehearsals was generally an old, large, and dimly-lighted room, an old nursery, looking upon the sea. Her memory is said to have been almost supernatural.—When she was little more than five years old, her father removed his family from Liverpool to North Wales. This circumstance had great influence upon her imagination. The mansion removed to was old, solitary, and spacious, lying close to the sea shore, and shut in, in front, by a chain of rocky hills. In her last illness she frequently alluded to the atmosphere of romance which invested her here. The house bore the reputation of being haunted. On one occasion, having heard a rumor concerning a "fiery grey hound which kept watch at the end of an avenue," she sallied forth at midnight anxious to encounter the goblin. Speaking of this period, she observed, that could she have been then able to foresee the height of reputation to which she subsequently attained, she would have experienced a far higher happiness than the reality ever occasioned. Few in similar circumstances but have thought thus without expressing it.—She was early a reader of Shakespeare, and was soon possessed with a desire of personifying his creations. Imogen and Beatrice were her favorites, neither of which characters, Mr. Chorley remarks, is "without strong points of resemblance to herself."—A freak usual with her was to arise at night, when the whole family were asleep, and making her way to the sea shore, to indulge in a stolen bath.—She was never at school. "Had she been sent to one," observes Mr. Chorley, "she would more probably have run away." The only things she was ever regularly taught were English Grammar, French, and the rudiments of Latin. Her Latin teacher used to deplore "that she was not a man to have borne away the highest honors at college."—Her attention was first attracted to the literature and chivalry of Spain by the circumstance of a near relation

being engaged in the Peninsular war. She shrunk with more than ordinary feminine timidity from bodily pain, refusing even to have her ears pierced for rings, and yet delighted in records of martial glory. One of her favorite ornaments was the Cross of the Legion of Honor, taken on some Spanish battle-field. Campbell's Odes were her delight; the lines, especially,

Now joy, old England! rise
In the triumph of thy might!

Yet she had little taste for mere pageantry.—An unkind review to which her earliest poems gave occasion so preyed upon her mind as to confine her for several days to bed.—During the latter part of her life a gentleman called upon her and thanked her with great earnestness for the serious benefit he had derived from "the Sceptic," which he stated to have been instrumental in rescuing him from gross infidelity.—The first noted literary character with whom she became intimately acquainted, was Bishop Heber, to whom she was introduced in her twenty-fifth year. She confided her literary plans to him, and always spoke of him with affection. It was at his instigation she first attempted dramatic composition. He was her adviser in the "Vespers of Palermo." This play was brought forward at Covent Garden in December 1823, the principal characters being taken by Young, Charles Kemble, Yates, Mrs. Bartley, and Miss Kelly. It was not well received, but the authoress bore her disappointment cheerfully. The drama was afterwards produced with much greater success in Edinburgh. Sir Walter Scott wrote an epilogue for it, and from this circumstance arose the subsequent acquaintance between the "Great Unknown" and Mrs. H—. Of Kean, she said that "seeing him act was like reading Shakspeare by flashes of lightning."—She possessed a fine feeling for music as well as for drawing.—Of the "Trials of Margaret Lindsay" she thus expresses a just critical opinion: "The book is certainly full of deep feeling and beautiful language, but there are many passages which, I think, would have been better omitted; and although I can bear as much fictitious woe as other people, I really began to feel it an infliction at last."—She compliments Captain Basil Hall's "temperate style of writing."—Speaking of the short descriptive *recitative* which so frequently introduces a lyrical burst of feeling in the minor pieces of our poetess, Mr. Chorley observes: "This form of composition became so especially popular in America, that hardly a poet has arisen since the influence of Mrs. Hemans' genius made itself felt on the other side of the Atlantic, who has not attempted something of a similar subject and construction."—Among the last strangers who visited her in her illness, were a Jewish gentleman and lady, who entreated admittance to "the author of the 'Hebrew Mother.'"—"There shall be no more snow," in the "Tyrolese Evening Hymn," seems to have been suggested by Schiller's lines in the "*Nadwessliche Todtenklage*:"

Wohl ihm er ist hingegangen
Wo kein schnee mehr ist!—

The "Lays of Many Lands," which appeared chiefly in the New Monthly Magazine, were suggested, as she herself owned, by Herder's "*Stimmen der Völker in Liedern*." She spoke of the German language as "rich and affectionate, in which I take much delight."—She considered "The Forest Sanctuary" as the best of her

works: the subject was suggested by a passage in one of the letters of Don Leucadio Doblado, and the poem was written for the most part in—a laundry. These verses are pointed out by Chorley as beautiful, which assuredly they are.

And if she mingled with the festive train
It was but as some melancholy star
Beholds the dance of shepherds on the plain,
In its bright stillness present though afar.

He praises also with great justice the entire episode of "Queen-like Teresa—radiant Ibez!"—She was so much excited by the composition of "Mozart's Requiem," that her physician forbade her to write for weeks afterwards.—She regarded Professor Norton, who undertook the publication of her works (or rather its superintendence) in this country, as one of her firmest friends. A packet with a letter from this gentleman to the poetess containing offers of service, and a self-introduction was lost upon the Ulverstone sands. They were afterwards discovered drying at an inn fire, and forwarded to their address. With Dr. Channing she frequently corresponded. An offer of a certain and liberal income was made her in the hope of tempting her to take up her residence in Boston and conduct a periodical.—Mr. Chorley draws a fine distinction between Mrs. Hemans and Miss Jewsbury. "The former," he says, "came through Thought to Poetry, the latter through Poetry to Thought." He cites a passage in the "Three Histories" of Miss Jewsbury, as descriptive of the personal appearance of Mrs. H. at the period of his first acquaintance with her. It is the portrait of Egeria, and will be remembered by most of our readers. It ends thus: "She was a muse, a grace, a variable child, a dependent woman—the Italy of human beings."—Retzsch and Flaxman were Mrs. H.'s favorites among modern artists. She was especially pleased with the group in the Outlines to Hamlet—of Laertes and Hamlet struggling over the corpse of Ophelia.—In 1828 she finally established herself at Wavertree. "Her house here," says our author, "was too small to deserve the name; the third of a cluster or row close to a dusty road, and yet too townish in its appearance and situation to be called a cottage. It was set in a small court, and within doors was gloomy and comfortless, for its two parlors (one with a tiny book-room opening from it) were hardly larger than closets; but with her harp and her books, and the flowers with which she loved to fill her little rooms, they presently assumed a habitable, almost an elegant appearance."—Some odd examples are given of the ridiculous and hyperbolic compliments paid the poetess, e. g. "I have heard her requested to read aloud that 'the visitor might carry away an impression of the sweetness of her tones.'" "I have been present when another eccentric guest, upon her characterizing some favorite poem as happily as was her wont, clapped her hands as at a theatre, and exclaimed, 'O Mrs. Hemans! do say that again, that I may put it down and remember it.'"—Among Spanish authors Mrs. H. admired Herrera, and Luis Ponce de Leon. The lyrics in Gil Polo's *Diana* were favorites with her. Burger's *Leonore* (concerning which and Sir Walter Scott see an anecdote in our notice, this month, of *Schloss Hainfeld*) she was never tired of hearing, "for the sake of its wonderful rhythm and energy." In the power of producing awe, however, she gave the preference to the *Ancient Mari-*

ner. She liked the writings of Novalis and Tieck. Possibly she did not love Goethe so well as Schiller. She delighted in Herder's translation of the *Cid* Romances, and took pleasure in some of the poems of A. W. Schlegel. Grillpazzar and Oehlenschläger were favorites among the minor German tragedians. Shelley's "Ode to the West Wind" pleased her. In her copy of *Corinne* the following passage was underlined, and the words "C'est moi!" written in the margin. "De toutes mes facultés la plus puissante est la faculté de souffrir. Je suis née pour le bonheur. Mon caractère est confiant, mon imagination est animée; mais la peine excite en moi Je ne sais quelle impétuosité qui peut troubler ma raison, ou me donner de la mort. Je vous le répète encore, ménagez-moi; la gaieté, la mobilité ne me servent qu'en apparence: mais il y a dans mon âme des abîmes de tristesse dont Je ne pouvais me défendre qu'en me préservant de l'amour."—In the summer of 1829 Mrs. H. visited Scotland, and became acquainted with Sir Walter Scott. One anecdote told by her of the novelist is highly piquant and characteristic of both. "Well—we had reached a rustic seat in the wood, and were to rest there—but I, out of pure perverseness, chose to establish myself comfortably on a grass bank. 'Would it not be more prudent for you, Mrs. Hemans,' said Sir Walter, 'to take the seat?' 'I have no doubt that it would, Sir Walter, but, somehow or other, I always prefer the grass.' 'And so do I,' replied the dear old gentleman, coming to sit there beside me, 'and I really believe that I do it chiefly out of a wicked wilfulness, because all my good advisers say it will give me the rheumatism.'"—Speaking of Martin's picture of *Minech* Mrs. H. says: "It seems to me that something more of gloomy grandeur might have been thrown about the funeral pyre; that it should have looked more like a thing apart, almost suggesting of itself the idea of an awful sacrifice." She agrees with Wordsworth, that Burns' "Scots wha hae wi Wallace bled" is "wretched stuff." She justly despised all allegorical personifications. Among the books which she chiefly admired in her later days, are the Discourses of Bishop Hall, Bishop Leighton, and Jeremy Taylor; the "Natural History of Enthusiasm;" Mrs. Austin's Translations and Criticisms; Mrs. Jameson's "Characteristics of Women;" Bulwer's "Last Days of Pompeii;" Miss Edgeworth's "Helen," and Miss Mitford's Sketches. The Scriptures were her daily study.—Wordsworth was then her favorite poet. Of Miss Kemble's "Francis" she thus speaks. "Have you not been disappointed in Miss Kemble's Tragedy? To me there seems a coarseness of idea and expression in many parts, which from a woman is absolutely startling. I can scarcely think it has sustaining power to bear itself up at its present height of popularity."

We take from Volume I, the following passage in regard to Schiller's "Don Carlos," a comparison of which drama with the "Filippo" of Alfieri, will be found in this number of the Messenger. The words we copy are those of Mrs. Hemans.

The interview between Philip the Second and Posa, is certainly very powerful, but to me its interest is always destroyed by a sense of utter impossibility which haunts me throughout. Not even Schiller's mighty spells can, I think, win the most "unquestioning spirit" to suppose that such a voice of truth and freedom could have been lifted up, and endured, in the presence of the cold, stern, Philip the Second—that he would, even for a

moment, have listened to the language thus fearlessly bursting from a noble heart. Threes of the most impressive scenes towards the close of the play, might, I think, be linked together, leaving out the intervening ones, with much effect—the one in which Carlos, standing by the body of his friend, forces his father to the contemplation of the dead; the one in which the king comes forward, with his fearful dreamy remorse, alone amidst his court,

Gieb diesen Todten mir heraus, &c.

and the subsequent interview between Philip and the Grand Inquisitor, in which the whole spirit of those fanatic days seems embodied.

In perusing these volumes the reader will not fail to be struck with the evidence they contain of a more than ordinary *joyousness* of temperament in Mrs. Hemans. He will be astonished also in finding himself able to say that he has at length seen a book, dealing much in strictly personal memoirs, wherein no shadow of vanity or affectation could be discerned in either the Memorialist or his subject. In concluding this notice we must not forget to impress upon our friends that we have been speaking altogether of the work issued by Saunders and Otley, publishers of the highest respectability, who have come among us as strangers, and who, as such, have an undeniable claim upon our courtesy. Their edition is embellished with two fine engravings, one of the poetess's favorite residence in Wales, the other of the poetess herself. We shall beg our friends also to remember that this edition, and this exclusively, is printed for the benefit of the children of Mrs. Hemans. To Southerners, at least, we feel that nothing farther need be said.

DR. HAXALL'S DISSERTATION.

A Dissertation on the Importance of Physical Signs in the Various Diseases of the Abdomen and Thorax. By Robert W. Haxall, M. D. of Richmond, Va. Boston: Perkins and Marvin.

The Boylston Medical Committee of Harvard University, having propounded the question, "How far are the external means of exploring the condition of the internal organs useful and important?" a gold medal was, in consequence, awarded to this Dissertation on the subject, by our townsman Dr. Haxall. Notwithstanding the modesty of his motto, "*Je n'enseigne pas, Je raconte*," he has here given evidence, not to be misunderstood, of a far wider range of study, of experience, of theoretical and practical knowledge, than that attained, except in rare cases, by our medical men. He has evinced too more than ordinary powers of analysis, and his Essay will command (oh, rare occurrence in the generality of similar Essays!) the entire respect of every well-educated man, as a literary composition in its own peculiar character nearly faultless.

The Dissertation does not respond, in the fullest extent, to the category proposed. The only available method of discussing the question, "How far are the external means of exploring the condition of the internal organs useful and important?" is to show, as far as possible, the deficiencies of *other means*—to point out the inconvenience and want of certainty attending a diagnosis deduced from symptoms merely general or functional, and to demonstrate the advantages, if any, of those signs (afforded by external examination) which, in medical language, are alone denominated *physical*. But to do all this would require a much larger treatise

than the Committee had in contemplation, and so far, it appears to us, they have been over-hasty in proposing a query so illimitable. Our author (probably thinking thus) has wisely confined himself to diseases occurring in the common routine of practice, and here again only to such as affect the cavities of the Abdomen and Thorax. The brain is not treated of—for, except in a few strictly surgical instances, the unyielding parietes of the skull will admit of no diagnosis deduced from their examination.

In the discussion of the subject thus narrowed, Dr. Haxall has commented upon the physical signs which (assisted as they always are by functional symptoms) lead to the detection of the diseases of the *liver*, the *spleen*, the *uterus*, the *ovary*, the *kidney*, the *bladder*, the *stomach*, and the *intestines*—of *Typhoid* or *Typhus Fever*—of *Inflammation of the Peritonæum*—of *Pleura*, *Pleura-pneumonia*, *Hydrothorax*, *Pneumothorax*, *Catarrh*, *Emphysema*, *Asthma*, *Dilatation of the Bronchia*, *Pneumonia*, *Pulmonary Apoplexy*, and *Phthisis*—of *Pericarditis*, *Hypertrophy of the Heart*, *Dilatation of that organ*, and lastly, of *Aneurism of the Aorta*.

The most important and altogether the most original portion of the Essay, is that relating to the fever called *Typhoid*. The pathology of fever in general has been at all times a fruitful subject of discussion. Solidists, humorists, and advocates of the idiopathic doctrine, have each their disciples among the medical profession. Dr. H. advocates no theory in especial, but in regard to typhus fever agrees with M. Louis in supposing the true lesion of the disease to reside in an organic alteration of the glands of Peyer. He denies consequently that bilious fever, pneumonia, dysentery, or indeed any other malady, assumes, at any stage, what can be properly called a "typhoid" character, unless the word "typhoid" be regarded as expressive of mere *debility*. The chief diagnostic signs he maintains to be physical, but enters into a minute account of *all* the symptoms of the disorder. The Essay is embraced in a pamphlet, beautifully printed, of 108 pages.

SCHLOSS HAINFELD.

Skimmings; or a Winter at Schloss Hainfeld in Lower Styria. By Captain Basil Hall, Royal Navy, F. R. S. Philadelphia: Republished by Carey, Lea and Blanchard.

"Skimmings," we apprehend, is hardly better, as a title than "Pencilings" or "Inklings"—yet Captain Hall has prefixed this little piece of affectation to some pages of interest. His book, we are informed in the Preface, is intended as a pioneer to a work of larger dimensions, and consisting of passages from journals written during three different excursions to the Continent. The specimen now given us is principally valuable as treating of a region but little known, or at least very partially described.

Towards the close of April 1834, the Captain, accompanied by his wife and family, being on his way from Rome to Naples, received an invitation from a certain Countess Purgstall to visit her castle or Schloss of Hainfeld near Gratz in Lower Styria. The Countess, whose name and existence were equally unknown to our travellers, was found to be an elderly Scotch lady, who forty years before having married an Austrian nobleman, went with him to Germany, and never re-

turned to Scotland. She claimed moreover to be an early friend of Sir James Hall, the captain's father. Induced by the knowledge of this fact, by the earnest manner in which the old lady urged her invitation, and more especially by a desire of seeing Lower Styria, our author paid her a visit in October, taking the homeward route through that country instead of following the usual track of English travellers through the Tyrol.

The Countess Purgstall is a character in whom the reader finds himself insensibly interested. Her maiden name was Jane Anne Cranstoun. She was the sister of Lord Corehouse, and of Mrs. Dugald Stuart—moreover our travellers find her a most agreeable companion and hostess, and discover beyond a doubt that from herself Sir Walter Scott depicted *Die Vernon*, the most original and spirited of his female paintings. It is, consequently, almost needless to say that in early youth the Countess was a votary of the gay world; and the circumstances under which she was so solicitous for a visit from the son of her old friend, were the more touching on this account. Her only son, a boy of premature talent, having died, she had given herself up to grief; and for three years she had been confined to bed. Captain Hall and his family remained with her, at her urgent desire, until her decease, which took place upon the 23d of March, within a day of the period long before designated by herself for that event.

Besides the variety of singular anecdotes respecting the Countess and her household, the volume is enriched with many curious stories, scandalous, legendary, or superstitious. In a chapter entitled "The Neighbors," we have the Austrian nobility at their country residences strikingly contrasted with the English *noblesse*. Here is an account of a dinner given the Captain at the castle of an Hungarian nobleman, near the village of St. Gothard.

In the midst of these national discussions the dinner appeared; and as our morning's expedition had made us more than usually hungry, we looked forward with less dread than we had ever done before to the overloaded table, which all reports of the nature and extent of a German dinner led us to expect. But our fears on this score, if we had any, were groundless, for a less loaded repast never was seen. There was positively too little for the company, and we felt awkward at having, by our intrusion, diminished the scanty allowance of the family. Every dish was carried off the table as clean as if, instead of a goodly company of Hungarian ladies and gentlemen, with a couple of hungry heretics from England, the Baron had introduced a dozen of his wild boar hounds to lick the platters.

As this was the only Hungarian dinner we saw during our stay in these parts, a notice of it may perhaps interest the lovers of good cheer. We had first of all coldish, dirty-looking, thin soup; then a plate with ill-cut slices of ill-salted tongue; and, after a long and dreary interval, a dish consisting of slices of boiled beef, very cold, very fat, and very tough. I know not whence the fat came; for in that country there are no cattle bred for the table, but only for the plough and the wagon, and after many years of labor they are killed, not because they are fit to be eaten, (quite the contrary) but because they can work no longer. The next dish promised better; it was a salmon twisted into a circle, with his tail in his mouth, like the allegorical images of eternity. But I am sure if I were to live, as the Americans say, from July to Eternity, I should not wish to look upon the like of such a fish again. It had been brought all the way from Carinthia by the bold Baron himself. I need not say more. And yet its bones were

so nicely cleaned, that the skeleton might have been placed in a museum of natural history, and named by Agassiz or Deshayes without further trouble. Next arrived a dish of sausages which disappeared in what the Germans call an Augenblick or twinkling of an eye. Lastly, came the roast, as it always does in those countries, but instead of a jolly English surloin or haunch, the dish consisted of a small shred of what they facetiously called venison—but such venison! Yet had the original stag been alive from which this morsel was hewn, it could not have moved off faster. To wind up all, instead of dessert, we were presented with a soup-plate holding eleven small dry sweet cakes, each as big as a Geneeose watch glass. In short, not to spin out this sad repast, it reminded me of long by-gone days spent in the midshipmen's birth on short allowance, where the daily beef and bread of his gracious Majesty used to vanish in like manner, and leave, as Shakspeare says, "not a wreck behind." I ought not to omit that the wine was scarcely drinkable, excepting, I presume, one bottle of Burgundy, which the generous master of the house kept faithfully to himself, not offering even the lady by his side, a stranger and his own invited guest, a single glass, but drinking the whole, to the last drop, himself! So much for a Hungarian magnate!

At Chapter X, we were somewhat astonished at meeting with an old friend, in the shape of the verses beginning "*My Life is like the Summer Rose*." These lines are thus introduced. "One day, when I entered the Countess' room, I observed that she had been writing; but on my sitting down by her bedside, she sent away the apparatus, retaining only one sheet of paper, which she held up, and said—'You have written your life; here is mine,' and she put into my hands the following copy of verses, by whom written she would not tell me. Probably they are by herself, for they are certainly exactly such as suited her cast of thought." Here it certainly appears that the Countess desired the Captain to think them her composition. Surely these stanzas have had a singular notoriety, and many claimants!

It appears very clearly from the relation of Captain Hall and from a letter of Lockhart's, published in the volume before us, that the Countess Purgstall (Miss Cranstoun) had no little influence in the formation of the literary character of Sir Walter Scott. In his youth the great novelist, then comparatively unknown, was received on friendly terms by the family of Dugald Stuart, of which Miss Cranstoun, the elder sister of Mrs. Stuart, was a member. This intimacy, we are told, led Sir Walter frequently to consult Miss C. in regard to his literary productions, and we should infer that the sagacity of the young lady readily appreciated the great merit of her protégé. On this head an anecdote of deep interest is related. Burger's poem "*Lenore*" was received in Scotland about 1798, and a translation of it read by Mrs. Barbauld, at the house of Dugald Stuart. Miss Cranstoun's description of the poem and its effect, took possession of the mind of Sir Walter, and, having with great effort studied the lines in the original, he at length completed himself a poetical translation, and Miss Cranstoun, very much to her astonishment, was aroused one morning at half past six o'clock, to listen to its recital by the translator in person. Of course she gave it all attention, and begged permission to retain the MS. for a few days to look it over at leisure. To this the poet consented—adding that she had as well keep it until his return from the country, whither he was about to proceed on a visit. Of this

intended visit, it seems the critic was aware. As soon as Sir Walter had gone, she sent for their common friend Mr. Erskine, afterwards Lord Kinneder, and confided to him a scheme for having the MS. printed. An arrangement was made with Mr. Robert Miller the bookseller, by which a small edition of "Leonore" was to be hastily thrown off, one copy to be done on the finest paper and superbly bound. Mr. Miller had the book soon ready, and despatched it to the address of "Mr. Scott," so as to arrive when the company were assembled round the tea-table after dinner. Much curiosity was expressed by all—not forgetting Miss C—to ascertain the contents of so beautiful a little volume. The envelope was at length torn off by the astonished author, who, for the first time, thus saw himself in print, and who, "all unconscious of the glories which awaited him, had possibly never dreamed of appearing in such a dress." He was now called upon to read the poem—and the effect upon the company is said to have been electrical. These reminiscences of Sir Walter form, possibly, the most interesting portions of Schloss Hainfeld. The entire volume, however, has many charms of matter, and more especially of manner. Captain Hall is no ordinary writer. This justice must be done him.

PETER SNOOK.

Peter Snook, a Tale of the City; Follow your Nose; and other Strange Tales. By the Author of 'Chartley,' the 'Invisible Gentleman,' &c. &c. Philadelphia: Republished by Carey, Lea and Blanchard.

The 'Invisible Gentleman' was exceedingly popular—and is. It belongs to a class of works which every one takes a pleasure in reading, and yet which every one thinks it his duty to condemn. Its author is one of the best of the English Magazinites—possessing a large share of Imagination, and a wonderful fertility of Fancy or Invention. With the exception of Boz, of the London Morning Chronicle, and, perhaps a couple of the writers in Blackwood, he has no rivals in his particular line. We confess ourselves somewhat in doubt, however, whether Boz and the author of 'Chartley' are not one and the same—or have not some intimate connection. In the volume now before us, the two admirable Tales, 'Peter Snook' and 'The Lodging-House Bewitched,' might very well have been written by the author of 'Watkins Tottle,' of which they possess all the whimsical peculiarities, and nearly all the singular fidelity and vigor. The remaining papers, however, 'Follow your Nose,' and the 'Old Maiden's Talisman,' are more particularly characteristic of the author of the 'Invisible Gentleman.'

The first of the series is also the best, and presents so many striking points for the consideration of the Magazine writer—(by which we mean merely to designate the writer of the brief and piquant article, slightly exaggerated in all its proportions) that we feel inclined to speak of it more fully than is our usual custom in regard to reprints of English light literature.

Peter Snook, the hero, and the beau ideal of a Cockney, is a retail linen-draper in Bishopgate Street. He is of course a stupid and conceited, though at bottom a very good little fellow, and "always looks as if he was frightened." Matters go on very thrivingly with him,

until he becomes acquainted with Miss Clarinda Bodkin, "a young lady owning to almost thirty, and withal a great proficient in the mysteries of millinery and mantua-making." Love and ambition, however, set the little gentleman somewhat beside himself. "If Miss Clarinda would but have me," says he, "we might divide the shop, and have a linen-draper's side, and a haberdashery and millinery side, and one would help the other. There'd be only one rent to pay, and a double business—and it would be so comfortable too!" Thinking thus, Peter commences a desperate flirtation, to which Miss Clarinda but doubtfully responds. He escorts the lady to White Conduit House, Bagnigge Wells, and other "genteel" places of public resort—and finally is so rash as to accede to the proposition on her part of a trip to Margate. At this epoch of the narrative the writer takes occasion to observe that the subsequent proceedings of the hero are gathered from accounts rendered by himself, when called upon afterwards for certain explanations.

It is agreed that Miss Clarinda shall set out alone for Margate, and Mr. Snook follows after some indispensable arrangements. These occupy him until the middle of July, at which period, taking passage in the "Rose in June," he safely reaches his destination. But various misfortunes here await him—misfortunes admirably adapted to the meridian of Cockney feeling, and the capacity of Cockney endurance. His umbrella, for example, and a large brown paper parcel containing a new pea-green coat, and flower-patterned embroidered silk waistcoat, are tumbled into the water at the landing place, and Miss Bodkin forbids him her presence in his old clothes. By a tumble of his own too, the skin is rubbed off both his shins for several inches, and his surgeon, having no regard to the lover's cotillon engagements with Miss Clarinda, enjoins upon him a total abstinence from dancing. A cock-chaffer, moreover, is at the trouble of flying into one of his eyes, and, worse than all, a tall military-looking shoemaker, Mr. Last, has taken advantage of his delay in reaching Margate, to ingratiate himself with his mistress. Finally, he is "cut" by Last and rejected by the lady, and has nothing left for it but to secure a homeward passage in the "Rose in June." In the evening of the second day after his departure, the vessel drops anchor off Greenwich. Most of the passengers go ashore with the view of taking the stage to the city. Peter, however, who considers that he has already spent money enough to no purpose, prefers remaining on board. "We shall get to Billingsgate," says he "while I am sleeping, and I shall have plenty of time to go home and dress and go into the city and borrow the trifle I may want for Pester and Company's bill, that comes due the day after to-morrow." This determination is a source of much trouble to our hero, as will be seen in the sequel. Some shopmen who remain with him in the packet, tempt him to unusual indulgences in the way, first of brown stout, and secondly of positive French brandy. The consequence is, that Mr. Peter Snook falls, thirdly, asleep, and, fourthly, overboard.

About dawn, on the morning after this event, Ephraim Hobeon, the confidential clerk and factotum of Mr. Peter Snook, is disturbed from a sound nap by the sudden appearance of his master. That gentleman

seems to be quite in a bustle, and delights Ephraim with an account of a "whacking wholesale order for exportation" just received. "Not a word to any body about the matter," exclaims Peter, with unusual emphasis; "it's such an opportunity as don't come often in a man's life time. There's a captain of a ship, he's the owner of her too; but never mind, there an't time to enter into particulars now, but you'll know all by and bye; all you have to do is to do as I tell you, so come along." Setting Ephraim to work, with directions to pack up immediately all the goods in the shop, with the exception of a few trifling articles, the master avows his intention of going into the city "to borrow enough money to make up Pester's bill for to-morrow." "I don't think you'll want much, sir," returned Hobson, with a self-complacent air. "I've been looking up the long winded 'uns, you see, since you've been gone, and have got Shy's money and Slack's account, which we'd pretty well given up for a bad job, and one or two more. There, there's the list, and there's the key to the strong-box, where you'll find the money, besides what I've took at the counter." Peter seems well pleased at this, and shortly afterwards goes out, saying he cannot tell when he will be back, and giving directions that whatever goods may be sent in during his absence shall be left untouched until his return.

It appears that after leaving his shop, Mr. Snook proceeded to that of Messieurs Job, Flashbill & Co. (one of whose clerks, on board the *Rose* in June, had been very liberal in supplying our hero with brandy on the night of his ducking,) looked over a large quantity of ducks and other goods, and finally made purchase of "a choice assortment" to be delivered the same day. His next visit was to Mr. Bluff, the managing partner in the banking house where he usually kept his cash. His business now was to request permission to overdraw a hundred pounds for a few days.

"Humph," said Mr. Bluff, "money is very scarce but—Bless me!—yes—it's he! Excuse me a minute, Mr. Snook, there's a gentleman at the front counter whom I want particularly to speak to—I'll be back with you directly." As he uttered these words, he rushed out, and, in passing one of the clerks on his way forward, he whispered—"Tell Scribe to look at Snook's account, and let me know directly." He then went to the front counter, where several people were waiting to pay and receive money. "Fine weather this, Mr. Butt. What! you're not out of town like the rest of them?"

"No," replied Mr. Butt, who kept a thriving gin-shop, "no, I sticks to my business—make hay while the sun shines—that's my maxim. Wife up at night—I up early in the morning."

The banker chatted and listened with great apparent interest, till the closing of a huge book on which he kept his eye, told him that his whispered order had been attended to. He then took a gracious leave of Mr. Butt, and returned back to the counting-house with a slip of paper, adroitly put in his hand while passing, on which was written, "Peter Snook, Linen Draper, Bishopgate Street—old account—increasing gradually—balance 153*l*. 15*s*. 6*d*.—very regular." "Sorry to keep you waiting, Mr. Snook," said he, "but we must catch people when we can. Well, what is it you were saying you wanted us to do?"

"I should like to be able to overdraw just for a few days," replied Peter.

"How much?"

"A hundred."

"Won't fifty do?"

"No, not quite sir."

"Well, you're an honest fellow, and don't come bothering us often, so I suppose we must not be too particular with you for this once."

Leaving Bluff, Mr. Snook hurries to overtake Mr. Butt, the dealer in spirits, who had just left the banking house before himself, and to give that gentleman an order for a hogshead of the best gin. As he is personally unknown to Mr. Butt he hands him a card on which is written "Peter Snook, linen and muslin warehouse, No. —, Bishopgate street within, &c. &c." and takes occasion to mention that he purchases at the recommendation of Mr. Bluff. The gin is to be at Queenhithe the same evening. The spirit-dealer, as soon as his new customer has taken leave, revolves in his mind the oddity of a linen-draper's buying a hogshead of gin, and determines to satisfy himself of Mr. Snook's responsibility by a personal application to Mr. Bluff. Upon reaching the bank, however, he is told by the clerks that Mr. Bluff, being in attendance upon a committee of the House of Commons, will not be home in any reasonable time—but also that Peter Snook is a perfectly safe man. The gin is accordingly sent; and several other large orders for different goods, upon other houses, are all promptly fulfilled in the same manner. Meantime Ephraim is busily engaged at home in receiving and inspecting the invoices of the various purchases as they arrive, at which employment he is occupied until dusk, when his master makes his appearance in unusually high spirits. We must here be pardoned for copying about a page.

"Well, Ephraim," he exclaimed, "this looks something like business! You havn't had such a job this many a day! Shop looks well now, eh?"

"You know best, sir," replied Hobson. "But hang me if I a'n't frightened. When we shall sell all these goods I'm sure I can't think. You talked of having a haberdashery side to the shop; but if we go on at this rate, we shall want another side for ourselves; I'm sure I don't know where Miss Bodkin is to be put."

"She go to Jericho!" said Peter, contemptuously. "As for the goods, my boy, they'll all be gone before to-morrow morning. All you and I have got to do is to pack 'em up; so let us turn to and strap at it."

Packing was Ephraim's favorite employment, but on the present occasion he set to work with a heavy heart. His master, on the contrary, appeared full of life and spirits, and corded boxes, sewed up trusses, and packed huge paper parcels with a celerity and an adroitness truly wonderful.

"Why, you don't get on, Hobson," he exclaimed; "see what I've done! Where's the ink-pot?—oh, here it is!" and he proceeded to mark his packages with his initials and the letter G below. "There," he resumed, "P. S. G.; that's for me at Gravesend. I'm to meet the Captain and owner there; show the goods—if there's any he don't like shall bring 'em back with me; got bills—bankers' acceptances for the rest; see 'em safe on board *them*—but not *before*, mind that Master Ephraim! No, no, keep my weather eye open as the men say on board the *Rose* in June. By the bye, I havn't told you yet about my falling overboard whap into the river."

"Falling overboard!" exclaimed the astonished shopman, quitting his occupation to stand erect and listen.

"Ay, ay," continued Peter—"see it won't do to tell you long stories now. There—mark that truss, will you? Know all about it some day. Lucky job though—tell you that; got this thundering order by it. Had one tumble, first going off, at Margate. Spoilt my peagreen—never mind—that was a lucky tumble too. Hadn't been for that, shouldn't so soon have found out the game a certain person was playing with me. She go to Jericho?"

But for the frequent repetition of this favorite expression, Ephraim Hobson has since declared he should have doubted his master's identity during the whole of that evening, as there was something very singular about him; and his strength and activity in moving the bales, boxes, and trusses, were such as he had never previously exhibited. The phrase condemning this, that, or the other thing or person to "go to Jericho," was the only expression that he uttered, as the shopman said, "nau-

rally," and Peter repeated that whimsical anathema as often as usual.

The goods being all packed up, carts arrive to carry them away; and, by half past ten o'clock, the shop is entirely cleared, with the exception of a few trifling articles, to make show on the shelves and counters. Two hackney coaches are called. Mr. Peter Snook gets into one with a variety of loose articles which would require too much time to pack, and his shopman into another with some more. Arriving at Queenhithe, they find all the goods previously sent already embarked in the hold of a long decked barge which lies near the shore. Mr. Snook now insists upon Ephraim's going on board and taking supper and some hot rum and water. This advice he follows to so good purpose that he is at length completely bewildered, when his master, taking him up in his arms, carries him on shore, and there setting him down, leaves him to make the best of his way home as he can.

About eight next morning, Ephraim awaking, of course in a sad condition both of body and mind, sets himself immediately about arranging the appearance of the shop "so as to secure the credit of the concern." In spite of all his ingenuity, however, it maintains a poverty-stricken appearance—which circumstance excites some most unreasonable suspicions in the mind of Mr. Bluff's clerk, upon his calling at ten with Pester and Co.'s bill, (three hundred and sixteen pounds seventeen shillings) and receiving, by way of payment, a check upon his own banking house for the amount—Mr. Snook having written this check before his departure with the goods, and left it with Ephraim. Upon reaching the bank therefore, the clerk inquires if Peter Snook's check is good for three hundred and sixteen pounds odd, and is told that it is not worth a farthing, Mr. S. having overdrawn already for a hundred. While Mr. Bluff and his assistants are conversing upon this subject, Butt, the gin-dealer, calls to thank the banker for having recommended him a customer—which the banker denies having done. An explanation ensues and "stop thief!" is the cry. Ephraim is sent for, and reluctantly made to tell all he knows of his master's proceedings on the day before—by which means a knowledge is obtained of the other houses who (it is supposed) have been swindled. Getting a description of the barge which conveyed the goods from Queenhithe, the whole party of creditors now set off in pursuit.

About dawn the next morning they overtake the barge a little below Gravesend—when four men are observed leaving her upon sight of the pursuers and rowing to the shore in a skiff. Peter Snook is found sitting quietly in the cabin, and although apparently a little surprised at seeing Mr. Pester, betrays nothing like embarrassment or fear.

"Ah, Mr. Pester, is it you? Glad to see you, sir! So you've been taking a trip out o' town, and are going back with us? We shall get to Billingsgate between eight and nine, they say; and I hope it won't be later, as I've a bill of yours comes due to-day, and I want to be at home in time to write a check for you."

The goods are also found on board, together with three men in the hold, gagged and tied hand and foot. They give a strange account of themselves. Being in the employ of Mr. Heavside a lighterman, they were put in charge of "The Flitter," when she was hired by Peter Snook for a trip to Gravesend. According

to their orders they took the barge in the first instance to a wharf near Queenhithe, and helped to load her with some goods brought down in carts. Mr. Snook afterwards came on board bringing with him two fierce looking men and "a little man with a hooked nose," (Ephraim.) Mr. S. and the little man then "had a sort of a jollification" in the cabin, till the latter got drunk and was carried ashore. They then proceeded down the river, nothing particular occurring till they had passed Greenwich Hospital, when Mr. S. ordered them to lay the barge alongside a large black sided ship. No sooner was the order obeyed than they were boarded by a number of men from said ship, who seized them, bound them hand and foot, gagged them and put them down into the hold.

The immediate consequence of this information is, that our poor friend Peter is bound hand and foot, gagged, and put down into the hold in the same manner, by way of retaliation, and for sake-keeping on his way back to the city. On the arrival of the party a meeting of the creditors is called. Peter appears before them in a great rage and with the air of an injured man. Indeed, his behavior is so mal-a-propos to his situation, as entirely to puzzle his interrogators. He accuses the whole party of a conspiracy.

"Peter Snook," said Mr. Pester solemnly, from the chair, "that look does not become you after what has passed. Let me advise you to conduct yourself with propriety. You will find that the best policy, depend on't."

"A pretty thing for you, for to come to talk of propriety!" exclaimed Peter; "you that seed me laid hold on by a set of ruffins, and never said a word, nor given information afterwards! And here have I been kept away from business I don't know how long, and shut up like a dog in a kennel; but I look upon't you were at the bottom of it all—you and that fellow with the plum-pudding face, as blowed me up about a cask of gin! What you both mean by it I can't think; but if there's any law in the land, I'll make you remember it, both of you—that's what I will!"

Mr. Snook swears that he never saw Mr. Jobb in his life except on the occasion of his capture in "The Flitter," and positively denies having looked out any parcel of goods at the house of Jobb, Flashbill & Co. With the banker, Mr. Bluff, he acknowledges an acquaintance—but not having drawn for the two hundred and seventy pounds odd, or having ever overdrawn for a shilling in his life. Moreover he is clearly of opinion that the banker has still in his hands more than a hundred and fifty pounds of his (Mr. Snook's) money. He also designates several gentlemen as being his creditors of his, although they were of the number of those from whom large purchases had been made for the "whacking" shipping order, and although their goods were found in "The Flitter." Ephraim is summoned, and testifies to all the particulars of his master's return, and the subsequent packing, cart-loading and embarkation as already told—accounting for the extravagances of Mr. Snook as being "all along of that Miss Bodkin."

"Lor, master, h'e glad to see you agin," exclaimed Ephraim. "Who'd ha' thought as 'twould come to this?"

"Come to what?" cried Peter. "I'll make 'em repent of it, every man Jack of 'em, before I've done, if there's law to be had for love or money!"

"Ah, sir," said Ephraim, "we'd better have stuck to the retail. I was afraid that shipping consarn would'n't answer, and told'd you so, if you recollect, but you would'n't harken to me."

"What shipping concern?" inquired Peter, with a look of amazement.

"La! master," exclaimed Ephraim, "it aint of any use to pretend to keep it a secret now, when every body knows it. I didn't tell Mr. Pester, though, till the last, when all the goods was gone out of the shop, and the sheriff's officers had come to take possession of the house."

"Sheriff's officers in possession of my house!" roared Peter. "All the goods gone out of the shop! What do you mean by that, yourascal? What have you been doing in my absence?" And he sprang forward furiously, and seized the trembling shopman by the collar with a degree of violence which rendered it difficult for the two officers in attendance to disengage him from his hold.

Hereupon, Mr. Snap, the attorney retained by the creditors, harangues the company at some length, and intimates that Mr. Snook is either mad, or acting the madman for the purpose of evading punishment. A practitioner from Bedlam is sent for, and some artifices resorted to—but to no purpose. It is found impossible to decide upon the question of sanity. The medical gentleman in his report to the creditors confesses himself utterly perplexed, and, without giving a decision, details the particulars of a singular story told him by Mr. Snook himself concerning the mode of his escape from drowning after he fell overboard from the "Rose in June." "It is a strange unlikely tale to be sure," says the physician, "and if his general conversation was of that wild imaginative flighty kind which I have so often witnessed, I should say it was purely ideal; but he appears such a plain-spoken, simple sort of a person, that it is difficult to conceive how he could invent such a fiction." Mr. Snook's narration is then told, not in his very words, but in the author's own way, with all the particulars obtained from Peter's various recitations. This narration is singular enough but we shall give it only in *petto*.

Upon tumbling overboard, Mr. Snook (at least according to his own story) swam courageously as long as he could. He was upon the point of sinking, however, when an oar was thrust under his arm, and he found himself lifted in a boat by a "dozen dark looking men." He is taken on board a large ship, and the captain, who is a droll genius, and talks in rhyme somewhat after the fashion of Frazer's Magazine, entertains him with great cordiality, dresses him in a suit of his own clothes, makes him drink in the first place a brimmer of "something hot," and afterwards plies him with wines and liqueurs of all kinds, at a supper of the most magnificent description. Warmed in body and mind by this excellent cheer, Peter reveals his inmost secrets to his host and talks freely and minutely of a thousand things; of his man Ephraim and his oddities; of his bank account; of his great credit; of his adventures with Miss Bodkin, his prospects in trade, and especially the names, residences, et cetera, et cetera, of the wholesale houses with which he is in the habit of dealing. Presently, being somewhat overcome with wine, he goes to bed at the suggestion of the captain, who promises to call him in season for a boat in the morning which will convey him to Billingsgate in full time for Pester and Co.'s note. How long he slept is uncertain—but when he awoke a great change was observable in the captain's manner, who was somewhat brusque, and handed him over the ship's side into the barge where he was discovered by the creditors in pursuit, and which he was assured would convey him to Billingsgate.

This relation we have given in brief, and consequently it implies little or nothing. The result, however, to

which the reader is ingeniously led by the author, is that the real Peter Snook has been duped, and that the Peter Snook who made the various purchases about town, and who appeared to Ephraim only during the morning and evening twilight of the eventful day, was, in fact, no other person than the captain of "the strange, black-sided ship." We are to believe that, taking advantage of Peter's communicativeness, and a certain degree of personal resemblance to himself, he assumed our hero's clothes while he slept, and made a bold and nearly successful attempt at wholesale speculation.

The incidents of this story are forcibly conceived, and even in the hands of an ordinary writer would scarcely fail of effect. But in the present instance so unusual a tact is developed in the narration, that we are inclined to rank "Peter Snook" among the few tales which, each in their own way, are absolutely faultless. Such things, however, insignificant in themselves or their subjects, satisfy the mind of the literary critic precisely as we have known a few rude, and apparently unmeaning touches of the brush, fill with unalloyed pleasure the eye of the artist. But no—in the latter case effect is produced chiefly by arrangement, and a proper preponderance of objects. "Peter Snook" is rather a Flemish *home-piece*, and entitled to the very species of praise which should be awarded to the best of such pieces. The merit lies in the *chiaro-scuro*—in that blending of light and shadow where nothing is *too distinct*, yet where the idea is fully conveyed—in the absence of all rigid outlines and all miniature painting—in the not undue warmth of the coloring—and in the slight tone of exaggeration prevalent, yet not amounting to caricature. We will venture to assert that no painter, who deserves to be called so, will read "Peter Snook" without assenting to what we say, and without a perfect consciousness that the principal rules of the plastic arts, founded as they surely are in a true perception of the beautiful, will apply in their fullest force to every species of literary composition.

LIFE OF RICHELIEU.

Lives of the Cardinal de Richelieu, Count Ozena, Count Olivarez, and Cardinal Mazarin. By G. P. R. James. Republished by Carey, Lea and Blanchard.

As a novelist, Mr. James has never, certainly, been popular—nor has he, we think, deserved popularity. Neither do we mean to imply that with "the few" he has been held in very lofty estimation. He has fallen, apparently, upon that unlucky mediocrity permitted neither by Gods nor columns. His historical novels have been of a questionable character—neither veritable history, nor endurable romance—neither "fish, flesh, nor gude red herring." He has been lauded, it is true, by a great variety of journals, and in many instances mentioned with approbation by men whose critical opinions (could we fully ascertain them) would be entitled to the highest consideration. It is not, however, by the amount, so readily as by the nature or character of such public compliments, that we can estimate their intrinsic value, or that of the object complimented. No man speaks of James, as he speaks, (and cannot help speaking) of Scott, of Bulwer, of D'Israeli, and of numerous lesser minds than these—and all inferior to James, if we harken to the body rather than to the soul

of the testimonies offered hourly by the public press. The author of "*Richelieu*" and "*Darnley*" is lauded, by a great majority of those who laud him, from mere motives of duty, not of inclination—duty erroneously conceived. He is looked upon as the head and representative of those novelists who, in historical romance, attempt to blend interest with instruction. His sentiments are found to be pure—his *morals* unquestionable, and pointedly shown forth—his language indisputably correct. And for all this, praise, assuredly, but then only a certain degree of praise, should be awarded him. To be pure in his expressed opinions is a duty; and were his language as correct as any spoken, he would speak only as every gentleman should speak. In regard to his historical information, were it much more accurate, and twice as extensive as, from any visible indications, we have reason to believe it, it should still be remembered that similar attainments are possessed by many thousands of well-educated men of all countries, who look upon their knowledge with no more than ordinary complacency; and that a far, very far higher reach of erudition is within the grasp of any general reader having access to the great libraries of Paris or the Vatican. Something more than we have mentioned is necessary to place our author upon a level with the best of the English novelists—for here his admirers would desire us to place him. Had Sir Walter Scott never existed, and *Waverley* never been written, we would not, of course, award Mr. J. the merit of being the first to blend history, even successfully, with fiction. But as an indifferent imitator of the Scotch novelist in this respect, it is unnecessary to speak of the author of "*Richelieu*" any farther. To genius of any kind, it seems to us, that he has little pretension. In the solemn tranquillity of his pages we seldom stumble across a novel emotion, and if any matter of deep interest arises in the path, we are pretty sure to find it an interest appertaining to some historical fact, equally vivid or more so in the original chronicles.

Of the volumes now before us we are enabled to speak more favorably—yet not in a tone of high commendation. The book might more properly be called "*Notices of the Times of Richelieu*," &c. Of course, in so small a compass, nothing like a minute account of the life and varied intrigues of even Mazarin alone, could be expected. What is done, however, is done with more than the author's usual ability, and with much more than his customary spirit. In the *Life of Axel, Count Oxenstiern*, there is, we believe, a great deal of information not to be met with in the more accessible historians of Sweden.

HALL'S LATIN GRAMMAR.

A new and compendious Latin Grammar; with appropriate exercises, Analytical and Synthetical. For the use of primary schools, academies, and colleges. By Baynard R. Hall, A. M. Principal of the Bedford Classical and Mathematical Academy, and formerly Professor of the Ancient Languages in the College of Indiana. Philadelphia: Harrison Hall.

The excellences of this grammar have been so well proved, and the work itself so heartily recommended by some of the first scholars in our country that, at this late day especially, we feel called upon to say but little in its behalf. But that little we can say conscientiously.

It appears to us at least *as well* adapted to its purposes as any Latin Grammar within our knowledge. In some respects it has merits to be met with in no other. It is free from every species of empiricism, and, following the good old track as far as that track can be judiciously followed, admits of no royal road to the acquisition of Latin. The arrangement is lucid and succinct—yet the work embodies a vast deal of matter which could have been obtained only through reference to many of the most elaborate treatises of Europe. In its analysis of *idiom* it excels any similar book now in common use—an advantage of the highest importance. The size of the work is moderate, yet nothing of consequence to the student is omitted. The definitions are remarkably concise—yet sufficiently full for any practical purpose. The prosodial rules at the beginning are easily comprehended, and thus placed, are easily applied in the further progress of the scholar. A great many useless things to be found in a majority of grammars are judiciously discarded, and lastly, the analytical and synthetical exercises are admirably suited to the illustration of the principles inculcated. Upon the whole, were we a teacher, we would prefer its use to that of any other Latin Grammar whatever.

BLAND'S CHANCERY REPORTS.

Reports of Cases decided in the High Court of Chancery of Maryland. By Theodorick Bland, Chancellor. Vol. 1, pp. 708, 8vo.

We cannot perceive any sufficient reason for the publication of this book. The tribunal whose decisions it reports, is not of the last resort;* they therefore are of very questionable authority, even in Maryland; and the Chancellor, though evidently a man of sense and learning, has not, like Kent, Marshall, or Hardwicke, that towering reputation which will stamp his *dicta* as law (either persuasively or conclusively) beyond the limits of his own state. The cases reported in chief, are all decided by the author of the book. In the notes are given many decisions of his predecessors. So that, wherever we look, there is still but the same inadequate weight of name and station.

Now, the enormous multiplication of books in every branch of knowledge is one of the greatest evils of this age; since it presents one of the most serious obstacles to the acquisition of correct information, by throwing in the reader's way piles of lumber, in which he must painfully grope for the scraps of useful matter, peradventure interspersed. In no department have the complaints of this evil been louder or more just, than in the law. There are five and twenty supreme courts, or courts of appeals, in the United States, (not to mention Arkansas or Michigan) each of which probably emits a yearly volume of its "*cases*;" besides as many professed legislative law-factories, all possessed with the notion of being Solons and Lycurguses. These surely can give both lawyers and people *rules of conduct* enough to keep their wits on the stretch, without any supplies from inauthoritative sources. The law books we get from England would of themselves now suffice to employ those *lucubrations of twenty years*, which used to be deemed few enough for a mastery of the legal profession. From these considerations, we hold him to be no friend to lawyers—and hardly a good citizen—who heedlessly

* Constitution of Maryland, Art. 66.

sends forth a bulky addition to their reading, to encumber and perplex the science, and make it more and more a riddle to common minds.

The volume before us, besides these more general objections, is liable to at least another special one. Many of its cases are inordinately voluminous. That of *Hannah K. Chase* fills 30 pages—*Lingan v. Henderson* 47 pages—*Cunningham v. Browning* 33 pages—*Owings' case* 40 pages—and "*the Chancellor's case*" 92 pages! The third one of these cases involves no principle that can probably affect any mortal out of Maryland, and the last is not even a judicial decision in Maryland! It is a mere determination of the legislature of that state, touching the salary of a judge. They might all, we are full sure, have been shortened by two-thirds, with great advantage to their perspicuity, as well as to the reader's time, patience and money.

There are no running dates on the margin, showing in what year each case was decided. But in other respects, the *getting up* of the book is uncommonly good. The paper, typography, and binding, are all of the first order. We are sorry however that these appliances were not bestowed to better purpose.

LUCIEN BONAPARTE.

Memoirs of Lucien Bonaparte, (Prince of Canino), written by himself. Translated from the original manuscript, under the immediate superintendence of the author. Part the First, (from the year 1792, to the year 8 of the Republic.)

In the publication of these memoirs the Prince of Canino disclaims any personal views. "I do it," he says, "because they appear to offer materials of some value to a history so fruitful in great events, of which the serious study may be useful in future to my country." In the commencement of the brief introduction from which these words of his are quoted, he complains, but without acrimony, of the pamphleteers who have too often made him the subject of their leisure. "Revelations, secret memoirs, collections of anecdotes, the fruits of imaginations without shame or decency, have not spared me. I have read all of them in my retirement, and I was at first surprised how I could have drawn upon myself so many calumnies, never having offended any person. But my astonishment ceased when I had better appreciated my position—removed from public affairs, without influence, and almost always in silent or open opposition to the powers, though sufficiently near to keep them constantly in fear of my return to favor, how was it possible for the malice of the courtiers to leave me in repose?"

It is not our intention to speak at length of these memoirs. Neither is such a course necessary in regard to a work which will, and must be read, by every person who pretends to read at all. The author professes to suppress all details that are foreign to public affairs—yet he has not too strictly adhered to his intention. There are many merely personal and private anecdotes which have a very shadowy bearing, if any, upon the political movements of the times. That the whole volume is of deep interest it is almost unnecessary to say—for this the subject is alone an assurance. The style of the Prince de Canino, is sufficiently well known to a majority of our readers. The book now before us

possesses, in prose, many of those peculiarities of manner, which in so great a measure distinguished, and we must say disfigured, the author's poem of the *Circeide*. Here are the same affectations, the same *Tacitus-ism*, and the same indiscriminate elevation of tone. The edition of this book by Saunders and Otley is well printed, with a clear large type, and excellently bound.

MADRID IN 1835.

Madrid in 1835. Sketches of the Metropolis of Spain and its Inhabitants, and of Society and Manners in the Peninsula. By a Resident Officer. Two volumes in one. New York: Saunders & Otley.

One portion of this title appertains to volume the first, the other to volume the second. Of Madrid, the author has managed to present a vivid picture by means of a few almost scratchy outlines. He by no means goes over the whole ground of the city, nor is he more definite than necessary; but the most striking features of the life and still-life of the Metropolis are selected with judgment, and given with effect. The manner of the narrative is singularly *à la Trollope*—and this we look upon as no little recommendation with that large proportion of readers who, in laughing over a book, care not overmuch whether the laugh be at the author or with him.

The sketches, here, of the manners and social habits of Madrid are done with sufficient freedom, and a startling degree of breadth; yet the details, for the most part, have an air of profound truth, and the conviction will force itself upon the mind of the reader that the "Resident Officer" who amuses him is thoroughly conversant with his subject. Such passages as the following, however, are perhaps somewhat overcolored:

No place offers such perfect social facility as the Spanish *tertulia*. Any body presented by any other body at all known to the master of the house, is sure to be politely received, and, unless in some very peculiar case, offered the house—the usual compliment paid to a stranger or new acquaintance. The great demoralization of society in Spain, may be attributed, in no small degree, to this unbounded admission of a nameless crowd, destitute even of the slightest pretensions to birth, talent or character, into the best houses of the capital and country, where they elbow, and are elbowed by, the most distinguished individuals in the nation—on a footing of the most perfect equality. . . . A decent coat and look, and the show of a few ounces, are much better passports to society than the best character and station. The master of the house is frequently ignorant of the quality and circumstances of his guests. The usual answer to the query "Do you know that man?" is "No, I know nothing at all about him; he was introduced by so-and-so, who comes here often, but he appears a *buen sujeto, muy fino y atento*."

Notwithstanding the greater variety and racy picturesqueness of volume one, volume two will be found upon the whole more entertaining. Here the author deals freely, and *en connoisseur*, with the Ministry, the Monasteries, the Clergy and their influence, with Prisons, Beggars, Hospitals and Convents. This portion of the work includes also some memorabilia of the year 1835—the Cholera and the Massacre of July. A chapter on the Spanish Nobility is full of interest.

The work is a large octavo of 340 pages, handsomely printed and bound, and embellished with two good engravings—one of the Convent of the Salesas Viejas, the other of the Prado by twilight.

SOUTHERN LITERARY MESSENGER.

VOL. II.

RICHMOND, NOVEMBER, 1836.

No. XII.

T. W. WHITE, PROPRIETOR.

FIVE DOLLARS PER ANNUM.

STANZAS.

BY MRS. E. F. ELLET.

Wouldst thou know, stranger, wherefore the vain cares,
And envious strifes, and ills of this sad world

Vex not my thoughts serene,
Nor fright my peace of soul?

Wherefore its wild commotions fret me not,
And the vain pageants of its summer smile,
(More fleeting than the light)
Nor dazzle, nor distract?

It is not that a swelling pride doth lift
My spirit 'bove the reach of changeful Fate,
Or shield me from the ills
To mortal lot assigned;

Or teach me with a scorn unwise to turn
From good on all bestowed, the boon of Heaven:—
'Tis not that spells I bear
By stern cold Reason wrought:—

But in my spirit's inmost treasure-house
There is a blessed world, from evil free,
Nor wearying cares come nigh
The chambers of the soul!

In this fair home hath Thought her palace reared,
And planted living flowers; there flow the springs
Of Fancy, pure and bright,
In sweet rejoicing streams.

There bends the golden heaven of Poesy,
With gladdening sunlight fraught; there blandest airs
Breathe o'er the fragrant soil,
And palmy groves ascend.

Thus is it that Life's clamors and complaints,
And idle vaunts, unheeded pass me by,
Like the dull streamlet's voice,
Or inarticulate wind.

Amid the jarring storm's discordant strife,
O, searcher after rest! may'st thou too hear
That mightier melody
From chords attuned of Heaven!

MODERN TRAVELLING.

Forty years ago, I used to be a great traveller, and was pretty well acquainted with the means of transportation then in use; but about that time, I retired to the country and settled upon a small farm, where I have, until lately, pursued the even tenor of my way. During the last summer, some business compelled me to set out for a distant point, and I left my little home with extreme reluctance. As I was to travel in a world about which I knew but little, except through the news-

papers, I thought it right to rig myself out in somewhat better style than usual, so I put on my best *bib* and *tucker* and repaired to town and sought a barber's shop to get my hair cut and my beard shaved, humming, as I went along, the old song,

"I called to the barber, come shave me boy, do you hear,
And I'll give you sixpence for to spend in ale or beer;
Shave me, shave me, barber come shave me,
Make me look neat and spruce that Molly may have me."

Sixpence quotha!—it cost me four and sixpence, at the least. When I opened the door, I was so much astonished at the elegance of the apartment, that I drew back, and would have retired, thinking I had made some mistake, when two or three fellows flew out upon me, and began brushing my coat with such impetuous violence, that I could not escape from them; indeed, it was with much ado that I could prevent my ears from being brushed off, by their whizzing brooms. I was as restive, you may depend upon it, as my horse is under a cedar broom; twice they struck me severe blows on the cheek, but always begged pardon, so I could not be offended; and, indeed, I had made up my mind when I left home, not to betray my ignorance of present customs. All this time two small *shavers* were dusting my boots, and I protest it was with much difficulty I could keep my legs. After considerable suffering on my part, and repeated declarations of my being satisfied with their services, and paying each of them something, (for I saw they expected it,) they desisted. I now expressed a wish to be shaved and trimmed, and was immediately disrobed, and ushered to a high-backed chair, where my head was roughly thrown back, my chin tucked, and the operation of shaving performed in the *twinkling of an ejaculation*. It did not take long to cut my hair and strangle me with cologne water; but what was my surprise, when they were done with me, to find the whole of my occiput as bare as the palm of my hand, and nothing left upon my head but a few straggling locks at the side, time having already stripped naked my forehead. I was sadly vexed, but what could I say? I had voluntarily put myself in their power, and was devoutly glad when I got into the street, that I had escaped alive from their hands. Well, I had now paid four-and-sixpence; I had lost all my hair; my face had been scratched by brooms and lacerated by a razor, and I had learned in exchange, that barbers were different folks now-a-days from what they used to be, and that men were brushed down like horses—rather a bad speculation! I had not been in this world, it is true, "ever since king Pepin was a little boy," but I was pretty old, and had never been treated so unceremoniously in my life. I had imagined when I entered the house, that I was going into just such a shop as my old friend Kippin used to keep, who received me with the profoundest of bows, and shaved me with a solemnity of manner that suited my temper exactly. No tawdry ornaments hung upon his walls; no mirrors flashed wheresoever you turned; no newspapers lay scattered around; no

Helen Jewetts or other engravings caught your eye. His walls were mute as "Tara's Halls"—a piece of broken looking-glass stood upon the table, and an old shaving-can, encrusted with the smoke of a thousand fires, sat disconsolately in the chimney; but, nevertheless, these modern fellows cannot shave as Kippin "*used to could*." There is too much hurry in every thing now-a-days! It is true, shaving must be done by steam—the water ought to be hot, but the razor travels too incontinently fast, and the whirlpools in my beard cannot be crossed over with such despatch—but pshaw! this is nothing to what I have to tell of the changes in this world. My first trip was to be made in a steamboat which was to *start* (fly, perhaps, would be a better word) at ten o'clock at night. I had never been in one, having been of the same opinion with old what's his name, who never could be induced to go on board, not even when the boat was lying at the wharf without a particle of fire—when urged to go, and told that there was no earthly danger, he always shook his head doubtfully, and declared "*there was no knowing when accidents might happen*." However, go I must; my business required despatch, and there was no mode of travelling so expeditious. Accordingly, I went on board, and passing the fire-room, where they were just *firing up*, I stopped, with unfeigned horror, and asked myself if, indeed, I was prepared to die! I almost fancied myself at the entrance of the infernal regions, and the firemen, all begrimed and black and covered with sweat, seemed like the imps of the devil, tossing the damned spirits into the flames. I shuddered and turned away, inwardly vowing if heaven would be graciously pleased to spare me this time, I would never again, voluntarily, put myself in the way of being burnt to death. I proceeded to the cabin, which I found, as yet, unoccupied, and you may be certain if the barber's shop had surprised me, my amazement was now complete, at finding myself in the most splendid apartment I had ever beheld. I shall not attempt any description, because I have no doubt, Mr. Editor, you have seen many a one; all I shall say is, that having examined every thing with as much wonder as did parson Polyglott when "*he dinner'd wif a Lord*," I laid myself down in a berth, and could not satisfy myself of my personal identity, any more than could he who went once to see some great man, and was treated with so much distinction, that when he retired to bed, he lay some time revolving all that had passed, and the scene around him, and exclaimed, "can this be me!" Putting his foot out of bed, (he had a remarkable foot,) egad! he cried, that is certainly *my foot*. Just so, clapping my hand to the back of my head, and feeling that the barber had nearly scalped me, I became assured that it was indeed your humble servant, and was trying to compose myself, when I heard a cry of "the stago is come," and in a few moments in walked the captain and seated himself at his writing-table, and immediately afterwards forty passengers, at least, rushed into the cabin, all talking in the loudest key, and dressed in every variety of mode, and seeming to strive with one another who should get first to the captain to pay his money. What does this mean? thought I; wherefore such hurry? "Why need they be so forward with death who calls not on them?" as Falstaff says. I soon found out the cause; they were securing berths, and as they passed mine, they

severally peeped into it; at length, one prying more earnestly than the others, exclaimed, "halloo, my hearty, you are in the wrong box; you must come out." I made no reply, and he repeated his command to me to turn out—still I said nothing, and he turned to the captain: "I say captain, here's a Jackson man in my berth." "Yes," said I, feeling my dander rise, as honest Jack Downing says, "and I shall assume the responsibility of staying in it." Alas! I reckoned without my *host*, for the captain came up and desired me to evacuate the premises. "Why," said I, "captain, I thought possession was eleven points of law." "None of your nonsense, sir," returned he, and took hold of my arm. Seeing how matters stood, I fixed myself, Dentatus-like, with my back to the side of the boat, and seizing my hickory stick, defended myself manfully, but numbers prevailed over valor, and I was, at last, ignominiously dragged forth, like Smith from the Chickahominy Swamp, to the no small amusement of the company, some of whom hurraed for old baldpate. Here was a pretty commencement of my journey! In the end, I was compelled to sleep upon a table, think o' that! and imagine my horror when I found myself stretched out like a corpse, with a sheet over me!! All my previous fears of being scalded to death rushed upon my mind, and I made sure that this was indeed my winding-sheet. The thumping of the boat; the groans of the lever above, leaping and pitching like some vast giant struggling to be free; the snoring and snorting around me; the intense heat, produced by the juxta-position of so many human bodies, effectually banished sleep from my eyelids; I was "*in a state of dissolution and thaw*," and wished myself anywhere else, even in "*the Domdaniel caves under the roots of Ocean*," if there were such a place, so that I could escape my present thralldom. How often have I wondered, said I to myself, that people could be so foolhardy as to live at the foot of Mount *Ætna* or *Vesuvius*, where they are liable to be overwhelmed in a moment by burning lava; and here am I, lying near the crater of a volcano, without the hope of escape if there should be an eruption!! Overwhelmed by the oppressive weight of my thoughts, I sunk, from absolute exhaustion, about daybreak, into a doze, from which I was almost immediately aroused by a bell, which I mistook for the last trump, and springing up, perceived that it announced our arrival at the place of destination, and I was forced to huddle on my clothes as fast as possible. Such a scene of confusion and hurry as now presented itself, baffles my poor powers of description. Passengers, porters, trunks, wheelbarrows, hackmen, every body and every thing, in one moving mass upon the wharf, so completely confounded the few brains I had, that I stood like a fool, while "hack, sir?" was bawled in one ear, "hack, sir?" in another—"omnibus, sir? do you go in the omnibus?" One pulled me by the right, another by the left, until my limbs were almost dislocated. At last, remembering a little of my latin, I concluded it must be right to go *with all*, and I cried out "omnibus!" "Your baggage, sir, where is it?" "God only knows, my friend," said I. "Is this it, sir?" "Yes, yes." Into the omnibus they shoved me, with such despatch, that had I been the "*stout gentleman*" himself, I am sure none could have seen even the "broad disk of my pantaloons." It was the first time in my life, that I had ever travelled in a carriage without shutting the door, ex-

cept once, upon compulsion, when my horses ran off with me; but if you will credit me, sir, there is no door to an omnibus; so I suppose omnibus means without a door, but in what language is more than I pretend to know. Perhaps it may be the *Garamma* language, but none but the author of the Doctor can tell that. If you should be acquainted with the tongue, Mr. Editor, just drop me a hint in your next number, and I shall be much obliged to you.

Well, praised be heaven, I had escaped the death of a hog, and felt somewhat revived by the morning air. Away we whirled with great rapidity to the rail road depot, where the cars were ready to receive us. We were told that from some irregularity, I never knew what, we were to be drawn for some miles by horses, and I blessed my stars at the occurrence, as I had been anticipating, with some dread, that wonderful velocity of the engines of which I had heard and read so much; but short-lived indeed was my joy, as it began to be a matter of interesting speculation whether the cars meeting us, might not, peradventure, be driven by steam. We had not proceeded far, before our apprehensions were realized. Just as we turned an abrupt curvature in the road, there came the engine roaring and snorting upon us!! Mr. Editor, I have been pursued in my time by a mad bull; I have been upon the point of being tossed upon his horns; I have been in the imminent peril of being run over by squadrons of wild horses which had taken the stampado; I have seen perils by sea and perils by land, but never had I felt such alarm, such destitution of all hope of escape as now. Our driver sprang from his seat, and had just time to unhitch his horses, but what were we to do? One man jumped out and broke his leg, the rest of us kept our seats. I could not leave mine—I was transfixed with horror—my eyes were starting from my head and my mouth wide open. Breathless, we awaited the shock, and soon it came like a thunder-crash. What happened to others I cannot tell. All I remember distinctly is that the concussion was so tremendous, that it brought my two remaining teeth so violently together, that they were both knocked out; they were the last of the Capulets, and I would not have taken a thousand dollars a piece for them; it is a wonder I did not die of fright—my hair, if I had had any, must have turned grey; but thanks to the barber, I had none. I was taken up more dead than alive, and nothing could induce me to hazard my life again. I consigned to the devil all cars, steamboats, rail-roads, their projectors and inventors, solemnly vowing never to be in a hurry again as long as I lived, but to remember the old maxim, *festina lente*—make haste slowly.

My business I abandoned in despair,—bought the dullest horse I could procure,—sold my trunk and got a pair of saddle-bags, and resolved to jog slowly and safely homeward. After a fatiguing journey, I reached my own house, where nobody knew me. When I told my wife who I was and what had occurred to me, she said it was a judgment upon me for being such a fool as to cut my hair in *that* fashion. She will never listen to me now when I attempt to repeat the particulars of my excursion, and that is the reason that I have concluded to trouble you with my history. If it should entertain you, and serve as a warning to my countrymen not to be in such a confounded hurry in doing every thing, I

shall be repaid for my trouble. The whole world seems to me to be in a sort of neck-or-nothing state; all the sobriety, frugality and simplicity of our forefathers seems to be forgotten, and the only object is, to grow rich suddenly, and time and space must be annihilated in the pursuit.

I am, sir, very respectfully, your most obedient, humble servant,
SOLOMON SOBERSIDES.

FRIENDSHIP,*

AN ESSAY.

Solem e mundo tollere videntur, qui amicitiam a vitâ tollunt; quâ a Diis immortalibus, nihil melius, nihil jucundius, habemus.
Cicero de Amicitia.

Pleasure, to be really such, must be the matter of our own free choice and voluntary election; whatever is commanded immediately becomes a duty; and though by the goodness and wisdom of the commander, the paths of duty may lead to pleasure; yet strictly and properly speaking, pleasure can never be enjoined by any authority, can never submit to the bonds of obligation.

No virtue can be more amiable and excellent than *friendship*, no pleasures more refined than that which it affords, and though *friendship* may be recommended as the most valuable acquisition and the highest enjoyment, it cannot be enjoined as a duty, or as an indispensable obligation; so that, if, after our utmost researches in pursuit of it, we should be disappointed, we cannot be condemned as criminal, or deficient in what we owe to our own happiness.

Friendship, to adopt the definition given by Lord Shaftsbury, is that peculiar relation which is formed by a consent and harmony of minds, by mutual esteem and reciprocal affection. Friendship, therefore, can never be enjoined as a duty, since our lot in life may never be cast amongst those whose minds will harmonize with our own; it is rather to be considered a singular blessing.

* When New York was in possession of the English during the war of the revolution, the officers, to relieve the monotony of a garrison life, established a society in which some subject of a literary character was discussed at every meeting. Before this society was read this essay, by Mr. Gilchrist—which we print from his original MS. Of their author, personally, we know little, except that he was not an officer in either the army or navy, nor a member of either of the learned professions, although a gentleman of literary taste and extensive acquirements. Henry K. White, in a letter to his brother Neville, mentions a Mr. Gilchrist as one of the contributors to the "Monthly Mirror," with Capel Loft, Robert Bloomfield and others. If Mr. G. returned to England he was probably the author of most of the articles in the Monthly Mirror over the signature of *Octavius*. Judge Hoffman and Mr. Dunlap of New York, may be able to give some account of him, as well as of the "*Literary Society*."

About this same time there existed, perhaps in opposition to, or in ridicule of the "*Literary Society*," a junta formed by the young ladies, together with the students of medicine, and other young men of New York, and called the "*Dreaming Society*," one or more of whose members were appointed at each meeting to prepare an essay for the next, (either in prose or verse,) which essay was either to be a dream, or to represent the essayist as having obtained it by means of a dream, or to have written it while asleep. The sisters of Lindley Murray; the late Dr. Samuel L. Mitchell; Mr. Dunlap, (we believe,) the author of the "*History of the American Theatre*;" and Judge Hoffman, were members.

sing, vouchsafed, perhaps, to few, but when vouchsafed, one of the most exquisite cordials in human life. Intending man for social happiness, the author of his nature, in great wisdom and goodness, hath given this impulse to the human heart; and the heart rarely errs, or misleads us in its hints and admonitions. What a pleasure, what a comfort is it, to have one in perfect amity with us, to whom we can at all times unbosom ourselves with perfect confidence and safety, with whom we can enjoy all the refinements and peculiar pleasures of rational conversation; one who will tenderly enter into and share all our griefs, or kindly participate in all our joys; thus heightening the one, and alleviating the other. What pleasure to have a friend upon the wisdom of whose counsels we can safely rely in all our difficulties, in all our embarrassments; whose power and interest will always be at hand to succor and assist, or whose affection, at least, will always be forward to console and cheer us. Providence gives nothing in mortal life more valuable than such a friend; but the difficulty of the acquisition is in proportion to the value.

I cannot express my sentiments better on the difficulties which attend the acquisition of real friendship, than in the words of one of the most masterly writers of the age. When Socrates, says he, was building himself a house at Athens, being asked by one that observed the littleness of the design, why a man so eminent would not have an abode more suitable to his dignity, he replied, "That he should think himself sufficiently accommodated, if he could see that habitation, narrow as it was, filled with real friends." Such was the opinion of that great master of human life, concerning the unfrequency of such an union of minds as might deserve the name of friendship.

Multitudes are unqualified for a constant and warm reciprocation of benevolence, by perpetual attention to their interest, and unresisting subjection to their passions; many varieties of dispositions also, not inconsistent with the common degrees of virtue, may exclude friendship from the heart. Some, ardent enough in their benevolence, are mutable and uncertain, soon attracted by new objects, disgusted without offence, and alienated without enmity. Others are soft and flexible, easily influenced by reports and whispers, ready to catch alarms from every dubious circumstance, and to listen to every suspicion which envy and flattery shall suggest. Some are impatient of contradiction, more willing to go wrong by their own judgment, than to be indebted for a safer and better way to the sagacity of others, inclined to consider counsel as insult, and inquiry as want of confidence. Some are dark and involved, equally careful to conceal good and bad purposes, and pleased by showing their design only in the execution. Others are unusually communicative, alike open to every eye, and equally profuse of their own secrets and those of others, ready to accuse without malice, and to betray without treachery. Any of these may be useful to the community, and pass through the world with the reputation of uncorrupted morals, but they are unfit for close and tender intimacy. He cannot properly be chosen for a friend, whose kindness is exhaled by its own warmth, or frozen by the first blast of slander—he cannot be a useful counsellor who will hear no opinion but his own—he will not much invite confidence,

whose principal maxim is to suspect—nor can the candor and frankness of that man be much esteemed, who spreads his arms to human kind, and makes every man, without distinction, a denizen of his bosom. Such is the picture of human disposition, drawn by the pen of that great moral master.

Having taken a view of the difficulties to be met with, I shall next take notice of those qualifications which seem necessary to obtain real and permanent friendship: and here we shall find that virtue is the only sure solid basis on which it can be built: if founded on other or less worthy motives, its continuance is short and precarious: as those motives shift and vary, it will vary with them: Cicero, in the treatise from which I have taken the prefatory lines says, "*Nec sine virtute, amicitia esse ullo pacto potest.*" Such unions deserve not the name of friendship; they are rather confederacies, so much the more dangerous and hurtful, as the uniting causes are mean and vicious.

To this mutual and virtuous complacency, is generally necessary, an uniformity of opinions, at least of those active and conspicuous principles which discriminate parties in government, or sects in religion. When differences in regard to these subaist, debates will arise; vehemence, acrimony and vexation, and, in time, an utter extinction of benevolence, will ensue. Intercourse of civilities may continue, but the poison of discord is infused, and though the countenance may preserve its smile, the heart is hardening and contracting; to use another quotation from the same author, "*accedat autem suavitas quædam oportet sermonum atque morum, haudquaquam mediocre condimentum amicitiae.*"

Besides virtue and similarity of leading opinions and dispositions, there are many other qualifications necessary to the refinement of friendship; such as an openness and frankness of temper, joined with the greatest faithfulness, prudence and discretion; a constancy and firmness of mind; an evenness and uniformity of behavior, a suavity of manners, an absence of all jealousy, a readiness to overlook little faults and foibles, and an exquisite and generous sensibility—in short, all the dispositions directly opposite to those before mentioned; partly the produce of a kind and indulgent nature, and partly of virtuous culture.

Let us not, however, forget, while we specify those good qualities necessary to be found in another, that we are under every obligation to cultivate them in ourselves; for as no friendship can either be real or lasting which is not founded on virtue and the good qualities above enumerated, it follows that our entry into the union must encourage the cultivation of every right and amiable principle in the soul. Two virtuous minds will stimulate each other in every laudable pursuit, will guard each other from every wrong propensity, and criminal deviation; and never dare either of them to commit an action which the other would hear of with concern, or behold with a blush.

Nor is this union of less utility for the improvement of the lesser virtues, the graces of life, the arts of pleasing, the "amiable attentions"—as we will surely be solicitous to excel in those attentions, and to become amiable in proportion as we wish to be loved.

To enumerate all the advantages and all the pleasures of friendship, were I equal to the task, would far exceed my limits—that friendship which gives to human life

its highest reliab, and affords to virtue the strongest support and encouragement. I shall conclude, therefore, with the sentiment with which I began, "quæ a Diis immortalibus nihil melius habemus, nihil jucundius."

MISPAH.

A late writer tells us, that being on board the packet ship Silas Richards, on his way from New York to Liverpool, the captain one day opened the letter bags in the round house, to sort the contents; and to amuse the passengers standing about him, read aloud some of the most singular superscriptions, when he came to a letter which had a seal with an epigraph on it which ran thus: "Mispah—Gen. xxxi. 49." "Here," said he to a clergyman by, (the writer himself, I suppose,) "this is for you to expound." But the clergyman not being able to do so, ran for his Bible, and soon returning with it open at the place referred to, read out, "Mispah: the Lord watch between me and thee, when we are absent one from another." "Beautiful!" said one. "Beautiful!" said another. "A gem! a gem!" exclaimed a third. "A gem indeed!" cried all together. "And surely," adds the writer, "the brightest, most precious gem of all, was to find, in such a place and circle, these prompt and full-souled expressions of sympathy on this announcement of religion and christian piety. There were, indeed, powerful tendencies to such sympathy in the circumstances of us all. For who present, whether going to or from his home, did not feel himself separated from those he loved, and loved most dear? And who, with a wide and fitful ocean before him, tossing on its heaving bosom, would not feel his dependence, and looking back or forward to home and friends, lift up his aspirations to that high Providence who sits enthroned in Heaven, and rules the land and sea, and breathe to him the sweet and holy prayer—"The Lord watch between me and mine, while we are absent one from another?"

These reflections are all just and natural enough; but they are, perhaps, a little too vague and indefinite. At least, they do not strike me as quite true to the text. For the word "watch" here does not mean simply *protect*, but rather *witness*, and Laban's idea when he said "Mispah," was, "may the Lord stand witness, and look out to guard against any infraction of the covenant which has just been made between us." So the author wanders a little from the point of the thing. And he does so again when he proceeds to ask, "And whose was the hand that fixed this stamp of piety on this winged messenger of love—of love that grows more ardent and more holy as it is distant and long away from its object? The first post-mark was Quebec, and the letter was directed to a quarter-master in London. Was it then, from a wife to a husband? or from a sister to a brother? or what was the relation?" Obviously, such a seal could be used with strict propriety only by one who either was, or was engaged to be, married, to the writer, and who might very nicely use it at once to assure and remind the absent partner of that conjugal, or connubial fidelity which they had vowed before God. At any rate, it must be felt, I think, by

every one, that it would have a peculiar charm when used by a person who might happen to be in such a predicament. And taking the thing in this light, and putting myself for a moment in the shoes of the fair young *fiancée* who has just set the seal to her letter, I would expound or explain the motto upon it, something in this way:

O what can sooth the sorrow, love,
This anxious absence brings,
But to reflect that one above,
With overshadowing wings,
The witness of our plighted troth,
Will hear, and help, and keep us both?

O may he still our guardian be,
As he hath ever been!
And watch, my love, o'er me and thee,
While ocean rolls between!
And bring thee back, all perils past,
To make our bonds more sweetly fast!

Q.

CHARACTER OF CORIOLANUS.

Coriolanus possessed those traits of character, which in an unpolished age, and amongst a people so renowned for their chivalry as the Romans, are fitted to command universal admiration. Of high birth—of a frank, ingenuous nature—wise in the council-chamber, as he was ardent and intrepid in the field, it would have been strange if he had not soon won his way to the esteem and confidence of his countrymen. Accordingly we find him, after having signalized his name by a series of the most brilliant exploits in a campaign against the Volsci, returning to Rome, to receive in the gratitude and applause of his fellow-citizens, the reward of his heroic deeds. But neither the fame of his splendid successes, nor his own intrinsic dignity, could exempt him from the reverses of fortune. The chaplet with which the fickle goddess one moment decks the conqueror's brow, the next she snatches away, and leaves him the wretched victim of disappointed ambition. Thus was it with Coriolanus. The Tribunes of the People, those infamous panders to the morbid appetites of the mob, finding it necessary to sacrifice him, the panoply of virtue proved a poor shield against their virulence. Taking advantage of that hauteur of which there was certainly a spice too much in his composition, they very dexterously managed to excite him to expressions of contempt for the commons, on the one hand, and, on the other, to inflame their minds with a sense of imaginary wrongs, and impress upon them a conviction, that if they would not be trampled in the dust, they must dispute every inch of ground with the Patricians, and omit no opportunity to strike a blow at a class of men they were taught to consider their natural enemies. As the influence of the tribunes with the people was unlimited, so their success was complete—their machinations resulting in the condemnation of Coriolanus to perpetual exile. Alas, that we have to deplore that the magnanimity this great man had so often exhibited, should desert him in the hour when most he needed it! Stung to madness that his distinguished services to the state should meet so base a return, he resolves, in an ecstasy of resentment, that Rome shall suffer the meed of her dark ingratitude. He goes over to the enemy, who

receive him with open arms, and signify their readiness to do his bidding. An army is placed at his disposal, with which he invades the Roman territory, and ravaging the country as he passes along, at length draws up his legions within a few miles of the city, prepared, in the event of a refusal to comply with his harsh and extravagant requisitions, to overwhelm friend and foe in one indiscriminate ruin. Seized with consternation at his sudden and unexpected approach, the Romans sue for mercy. Successive deputations, consisting of the friends who had fought at his side in battle, and of the principal citizens who had stood by him when the decree was passed for his unjust and cruel banishment, are in vain sent to entreat him to lay aside his unnatural rebellion. Nothing can move him until, his wife and mother coming out to the camp, and throwing themselves at his feet, he reluctantly grants to their prayers and tears the amnesty which all feebler considerations had not availed to obtain.

Now suppose, for a moment, that the reprobation which the Christian code of morals pronounces on the principle of revenge, be laid out of view; and let it be granted that Coriolanus had a right to retaliate on the men who had so deeply injured him; yet how shall we excuse the design he meditated of involving his innocent friends in the same heavy penalty? When he was banished, it was by a majority of only three tribes. The whole body of the Patricians were in his favor, and profoundly sympathized in his calamity; and he must have foreseen that if the Volscian soldiery, the ancient and uncompromising enemies of Rome, were admitted into the city with Aufidius, his co-equal in command, at their head, that nothing sacred or venerable would be spared by their rapacious violence—that the rights of property, the quiet and security of old men, the purity of virgins and matrons, and the sanctity of temples—in a word, all that age, or innocence, or religion had consecrated, would be made the inevitable victims of the same ruthless invasion. And all this he contemplated unmoved. Surely, in the very conception of an act implicating, in such tragical consequences, not his enemies merely, but his friends also, and those who should have been dearer to him than his own life—his family and kindred—there was a monstrous perfidy from which every mind that has not been too deeply corrupted to appreciate the force of any moral motive, must revolt with horror.

But it may be asked, "How can Coriolanus be justly charged with the crime of those consequences which his clemency prevented?" In estimating character, the man who has once evinced the inveterate malignity of his heart, must be branded with eternal infamy, unless it appears that he subsequently became penetrated with profound contrition, and changed his conduct from the purest and most virtuous motives. Was this true of Coriolanus? Having condemned the higher claims of his country, and thrown off her allegiance, his ultimately yielding to the yearning voice of natural affection was a weakness—an amiable weakness, it may be said—but still a weakness. Such is our mental conformation, that we behold a congruous character with a degree of complacency, even though the character be a bad one; and although we may lend a measure of our sympathy to those good acts of confessedly bad men, which are the mere gratification of a physical propen-

sity, the unbending rigor of reason sternly refuses to allow any moral excellence to those deeds, or to insult the majesty of virtue by assigning them as her offspring. We return, however, to a point temporarily merged, in order to follow up another branch of the argument. The principle of revenge is wholly, and under all circumstances, inadmissible. Nor is it a proper reply to this proposition to say, that ours is an age of moral and intellectual light, and that it is unjust to apply to one who lived two thousand years ago, the same rigid rule of judgment to which he would be subjected at the present day. In the trial of questions involving an abstract principle, there should manifestly be but one standard for all ages and nations. Any other hypothesis will lead to the most glaring absurdities. For if the moral quality of an action could be modified by the unimportant circumstances of time or place, there is no crime in the decalogue which may not be justified. Modern heathen nations almost universally allow polygamy; in certain portions of the world murder is deemed innocent; and the ancient Spartan, we know, regarded theft as the prince of virtues. Where is the man who would presume to excuse these practices because they pertain to a barbarous nation, or to a period of moral darkness? Yet may it as well be done, as to justify the practice of revenge in the case under consideration. The ignorance of the age or nation may palliate the conduct of an individual; it cannot justify what is intrinsically wrong; and it would be in the last degree preposterous to put out the lights by which we are surrounded, and go to seek the radiant form of virtue in the dim twilight of heathenism. If Coriolanus had displayed a fortitude in suffering equal to his bravery in action—if he had never suffered a thought of retaliation upon his ingrate country to invade his breast; but, when thrust out from home and kindred, and all that on earth he held most dear, he had sought, in the conscious purity of his heart, and, in a sense of duty discharged, that tranquil happiness which, to a wise man, is of far higher price than the shouts and huzzas of the multitude—that mental peace which can cheer the gloom of solitude, and whose elastic energy can buoy up the soul under the heaviest distresses, his name would have come down to posterity circumvested with a halo of glory, ever enlarging, ever brightening. As it is, there is a spot upon his fame which all his splendid achievements may not wipe off. The man who courts toil, and suffering, and danger in his country's cause, earns well the patriot's meed; but he who conquers himself, achieves a nobler triumph. He bequeaths to the generations of all time, in the bright example he leaves for their emulation, a rarer and richer legacy.

There may be glory in the might
Which treadeth nations down;
Wreaths for the crimson conqueror,
Pride for the kingly crown;
But nobler is that triumph hour
The disenthralled shall find,
When evil passion boweth down
Unto the Godlike mind.

In his contempt of this sentiment consisted Coriolanus' great error. Alas for his fame, that he had not discerned its truth and acted accordingly!

MR. EDITOR,—Reading the “Belles of Williamsburg” in your July number of the Messenger, induced me to search amongst some old papers for the enclosed graphical and beautiful lines, which though not written at quite so early a period as 1777, will serve to show that in 1799 the halo of refinement and wit was still shining around that classical spot so famed in Virginia history.

P.

BEAUTY TO THE BEAUX OF WILLIAMSBURG.

Gallants! who now so brisk and gay
From night to morn can dance away
As if you ne'er could tire,
Can beauty only warm your heels?
What, is there not one beau that feels
Her flame a little higher?

Have Phœbus and the sacred Nine
Been banished from their wonted shrine
Where Love his tribute paid?
Unaided by Apollo's rays
Will hymeneal altars blaze
Though sacrifice be made?

Gods! shall Amanda pass unsung?
Shall Stella fair and gay and young
Not swell the note of praise?
Shall blythe Cassandra's art and fire,
Her tuneful voice and tuneful lyre
No kindred effort raise?

Shall gentle Mira's sparkling eyes,
In ambuscade where Cupid lies,
Still sparkle on in vain,
As if, instead of lambent fire,
Like Leopard's filled with ire
Or clouded with disdain?

Shall twenty other Nymphs beside
Unnoticed pass adown the tide
Of Time so swiftly flowing,
Without one stanza to their praise
To tell the folks of future days
That they were worth the knowing?

Should Valentine's once blythesome day
Thus quite neglected pass away,
Like some dull Sunday morning,
Narcissa may begin to frown,
Nay, Flora with disdain look down,
So Beaux, I give you warning.
Idalian Grove, 14th February 1799.

BEAUTY.

PHILOSOPHY OF ANTIQUITY.

NO. I.

Of all the benefits that modern times owe to antiquity, the most important but at the same time the least often acknowledged, is the boon of philosophy. The poets, orators, and historians of Greece and Rome are in the hands of every school-boy, and are the pleasure and study of all who pretend to education, while the

works of Plato, Aristotle, Plotinus, and the other lights of antiquity (the heralds, they have been called, of the true cross) languish here and there on the shelves of some old library, or in the shop of some antiquarian Bibliopole. There is this remarkable difference between philosophy and the lighter literature of antiquity. Homer and Herodotus, Demosthenes and his fellow orators, flashed out, as it were, from the bosom of the people with no warning—no precursor, and first established that order or sequence of literary cultivation which the experience of subsequent ages has proved infallible; I mean first, poetry and eloquence—next, history, and last of all, philosophy. Philosophy itself was no child of the moment. As the sea-beach gains something as each wave rolls over it, so was it with philosophy. Each age made its deposit at the bank of truth, and slowly and imperceptibly, but with not less security, was that mountain raised, which, however wildly raged the storms of the middle ages—how much so ever its fair face was obscured—still never ceased to exist, but served as a place of rest to the weary bird of literature, a rest whence the yet callow philosophy and unfledged history might wing their infantine flight. We may give an era to history—for there is great difference between it and tradition—we may positively ascertain the first poet, but we cannot approximate to the first philosopher. Socrates is not the only sage who never gave his lucubrations to posterity, and we learn from its very name, (love of wisdom,) that it is coeval with mind, nay, almost one of its principles. Were we to treat as philosophy only what has been written, we should be forced again to bound our researches by what has descended to us, and short indeed would be our course; but it is not so. We know with as much certainty the opinions of those who never wrote, as we do those of Plato and his followers, and are thus able to trace philosophy *ab ovo usque ad mala*, from the alpha not to the omega, for that has not been reached, but to the point at which we find it now.

Philosophy first presents itself to the historian about the commencement of the sixth century. The country where we first behold it, is Asia Minor; beneath its warm climate the Grecian colonists, who from time to time had settled there, grew day by day more and more cultivated, till at length they were the tutors of their father-land. Thales of Miletus, Pittacus of Mytelene in Lesbos, Bias of Priene flourished in a quick succession, while as yet Hellas had produced but Solon, who was more lawgiver than sage, and who would better be associated with Lycurgus than with Thales.

The philosophy of Ionia was echoed back with increased vigor from Magna Grecia. It is customary for the imagination, when Italy is its theme, to fly back to the days of Rome—to revel with Horace and with Cicero, with Virgil and Macenas. How great so ever may be our veneration for those later ages, they should never blot out from memory Italy's earlier civilization, when Apuleia and Brutium were seats of learning instead of Tuscany, and when Pythagoras was master of its philosophy instead of Cicero and Seneca.

The *point de depart* of philosophy was the origin of the world and its elementary principle. Perhaps it was necessary that the mental machinery should first be employed upon the grosser matter ere it should seize hold of that most delicate of all materials, mind—that

the artillerymen of logic should first acquire skill in battering to pieces erroneous opinions on natural philosophy ere his piece should be directed against errors in ethics and psychology. Its *modus operandi* was, generally, that of empiricism. This is in a degree true of all from Thales to Plato.

As the astrologers and alchemists of all ages, so did the philosophers of the time of Thales. Though arguing on correct bases, they obtained the most improper results. Pushing their analysis beyond the bound of reason—not content with the phenomena of matter, of which experience has taught us more than suffices for the mind of man, they sought to discover the *arcana*, the hidden principle of the world's existence. They failed of course, and it is a humiliating though not less instructive task to glance in succession at the varied, though not less incoherent, labors of those great spirits who, notwithstanding that absurdity which belonged more properly to their age than to them individually, yet emitted occasional glimpses of what we in vain would hope had led to better results.

According to Thales the principle of the world is water. He is said to have been induced to adopt this, in consequence of some partial experiments. There was besides another principle, prime mover of all things, which he called *nous*. To him we are indebted for that best and most ancient of maxims, *Know thyself*.

Friend and townsman of Thales was Anaxamander. He lit his lamp at the same light and cast its blaze on the same subjects. His *point de depart* is infinity, which he surmised all-containing and divine, without determining it more precisely. Perpetual changes of earth and of things can take place in infinity. These were his *principia*, but from them he developed multitudes of doctrines which it is not now important to examine. He bent his attention to astronomy, and nearly similar were the doctrines of Pherecydes of Syros. He called his trinity of principles, God, time, and matter. He attempted to explain animated bodies and mankind. He considered the soul as imperishable. Anaxamander and Pherecydes were the two first philosophers who wrote their doctrines out.

Now bursts on us a genius of the most astounding kind—Pythagoras. Mighty as was his fame—great as the influence he exerted on posterity—Homer-like, it seems his doom was to have “no place of burial or of birth.” Iamblychus, in his life of Pythagoras, makes him appear even from his infancy a sage and a philosopher. Where he was instructed—how—by whom—we know not. There are accounts that he travelled far and wide in search of science, studied among the Egyptians for twenty-two years, and travelled so far as to meet and converse with the Indian Gymnosophists. His life was a varied one—now persecuted from town to town—now a prisoner at Babylon. With the sages of Egypt he doubtless there met with, and imbibed a portion at least of that God-revealed doctrine, which we have reason to believe had sent some glimmerings of its glorious radiance to Babylon, the Rome, the Athens of the East.

In our days, when the genius of the press flits from clime to clime—when distance is annihilated, it seems a small matter to us to study the philosophy, to pour over the lucubrations of distant lands; but it was not so then. Each dogma was learned with difficulty and

attained with labor; we may then judge how great was that philosophic spirit which prompted its possessor to so long and painful voyages, and how strongly circumstances favored him, turning even apparent obstructions into favorable events. For another paper we reserve the philosophy of Pythagoras.

THE GIRL OF HARPER'S FERRY.

Ah! tell me not of the heights sublime,
The rocks at Harper's ferry,
Of mountains rent in the lapse of time—
They're very beautiful—very!
I'm thinking more of the glowing cheek
Of a lovely girl and merry,
Who climb'd with me to yon highest peak—
The girl of Harper's ferry.

She sailed with me o'er the glassy wave
In yonder trim-built wherry;
Shall I ever forget the looks she gave
Or the voice which rang so merry?
To the joy she felt, her lips gave birth—
Lips, red as the ripest cherry—
I saw not Heaven above, nor Earth—
Sweet girl of Harper's ferry!

We clamber'd away over crag and hill
Through places dark and dreary;
We stooped to drink of the sparkling rill
And gather the blushing berry;
Dame Nature may sunder the Earth by storms
And rocks upon rocks may serry,
But I like her more in her fragile forms,
My girl of Harper's ferry.

I followed her up the “steps of stone”
To where the dead they bury;
On Jefferson's rock she stood alone,
Looking on Harper's ferry—
But I, like Cymon, the gaping clown,
Stood, lost in a deep quandary,
Nor thought of the river, the rock, the town,
Dear girl of Harper's ferry.

She carv'd her name on the well known rock,
The rock at Harper's ferry;
You would not have thought me a stone or stock
Bending o'er charming Mary—
Insensible rock! how hard thou wert
Hurting her fingers fairy,
Deeper she writ upon my soft heart—
The girl of Harper's ferry.

Ye who shall visit this scene again,
This rock at Harper's ferry,
Come pledge me high in the briak Champaign
Or a glass of the palest Sherry—
And this is the name which ye shall quaff,
The name of Mary Perry!
She's fairer than all your loves by half—
The girl of Harper's ferry.

THE KIDNAPPER'S COVE.

I have always felt deeply interested in the past history of the Aborigines of our country; and with a pleasure amounting to enthusiasm, embrace every occasion of retracing the annals of that once noble and heroic, but now degraded and scattered race. Who that has any taste for the wild and picturesque, would not love to roam along the Susquehanna, and call up the associations with which its leafy forests are rife? They were once the favorite hunting grounds of the numerous tribes of Indians, belonging to the empire of the Five Nations, whose sway extended over every mountain, plain and river, from Champlain to Carolina.

I set out upon my summer ramble, attracted by the feelings I have mentioned, to visit scenes of so much traditionary interest; and being unacquainted with the topography of the adjacent country, I sought out one of its oldest settlers in the hope of obtaining a guide, and some information respecting the most remarkable relics of the past. I was so fortunate as to fall in with a real old forester, one who loved nature in her wildness, who had trod her labyrinths of shade ere the woodman's axe was heard clearing the way for rising villages and busy factories. I found him animated with antiquarian zeal, with a memory filled with stories of by-gone days, and a spirit of poetic fervor, which could re-people every spot with living images of the wild beings who had there fulfilled their mysterious destiny. He readily offered to be my guide in Indian antiquities, and we set out on our pilgrimage; Oliver Oldham (thus was my cicerone called) beguiling the way, now with a story, now with a song of ancient time, suggested by this well-remembered pass, that over-hanging rock, or steep waterfall. All was animated, all interesting, on the tongue of this old narrator. He carried me back to the days when the Indians and the white settlers were united in bonds of amity and love; when the unsuspecting red man showed no dispositions but those of the most friendly and confiding nature, towards the race before which he was so soon to disappear, and from which he was fated to receive such injuries. He retraced the history of aggression, and related several incidents of harrowing barbarity, in which the power of our race was perverted to oppress and finally to crush our ancient friends and allies. My mind retaining some historical recollection of the massacre of the Conestogo Indians by the white inhabitants of Pextang, I requested my companion to proceed towards the site of that ancient settlement. As we advanced, we saw nothing to remind us of the first masters of the soil, save the magnificent features of nature, still bearing the appropriate epithets of their language. The mighty voice of the Susquehanna still roared through its breakers, and the dark form of the Black Warrior lifted itself on high. Having arrived at the supposed spot of the cruel massacre, Oliver gave me a short history of the war-like and generous tribe who once inhabited the extensive and flourishing settlement, lying between the Susquehanna and Conestogo creek. Among the rocks and fastnesses to which it is said the Indians fled for refuge in the general destruction of their tribe, he particularised one, called the "Rock of Sacrifice," with which, he remarked, there was a singular tradition connected; and another story of still deeper interest, with a bend in the

river just below it, which he pointed out as the "Kidnapper's Cove;" thus designated from a remarkable circumstance which once happened there. "But," said he, "as both places are inseparably connected in my own mind, I will begin with the "Rock of Sacrifice," and tell you what the Indian legends relate of both.

The tradition is, that only six warriors escaped the murder of their people; and not wishing to survive the fall of their nation, sacrificed themselves on this spot to the god of vengeance, believing they should be permitted in the land of spirits to behold the day of just retribution on their murderers. One of these chiefs was known by the appellation of the "Spread Eagle," from his power and majesty. He was a famous chief; his word in council, and his arm in war, were alike irresistible. He was the friend and ally of the whites. He said, "they are wise, they will teach us their arts, there is room enough for us both, let them fell the trees and till the soil, the wilderness stretches to the great waters, our young men can follow the chase, and our old ones learn to grow a great nation. Our white brethren must dwell among us." His counsel was followed, and mutual amnesty established between the two races. At length the rapacious thirst for gain fomented discord, and the Indians were assailed and murdered in cold blood. The Spread Eagle, by his wonderfully muscular strength, fought through the enemy, bearing two children (the only remaining members of his family) on his shoulders. He fled to the habitation of Colonel Carlisle, who in the general defection had maintained the cause of the persecuted Indians. His confidence in this tried friend, while all around was treachery and bloodshed, wavered not; and he rushed through the infuriated crowd to the covert of his protection. Exhausted by exertion and mental anguish, he had scarcely reached the door, when he beheld his murderers in close pursuit. Darting forward with a last effort, he threw his children at the feet of Carlisle, exclaiming, "is there mercy, is there faith, in the heart of one white man?" "Fear not," replied the voice of his protector, "I will defend you from every assault of your enemies." The Indian's emotion was overwhelming. He vented not in words the deep feelings with which his heart was torn, but his large chest heaved with the inward struggle. After a few moments he became tranquil, and uttered his determination in a few brief words—"Carlisle, my people are gone—their blood dyes the ground—the smoke of their wigwams darkens the sky—I will not stay to see their ashes scattered by the wind—I will join my brothers in the spirit-land—see you yonder rock? It points upwards. To night its blaze will tell that the last Conestogo chiefs have gone to call down vengeance on their murderers. The Great Spirit drinks the blood of the brave, but he calls not for the death of the young, they must live to do deeds of glory. Carlisle, your children have sported with mine on the brink of the roaring stream—let them roam together until ten winters have stripped the leaves off the trees: then, my children, mind the course of the sun—he rises in the east, but he goes down in the west—follow his path until you find the home of the red man. Arrowfoot and Caraola, my children, remember the words of your father. Make not your home with the white man—get far away from him, but shed not his blood—you have eaten of his bread, and slept by his fire: die sooner

than do him harm, lest the frown of the Great Spirit darken your souls, but forget not he has shed the blood of your people, and broken the faith of his promise." He rose, and unloosing his wampum belt, presented it to Carlisle, which he received as the pledge of faith and friendship. The next moment the "Spread Eagle" was gone. As soon as it was dark, Colonel Carlisle looked towards the beacon rock. Its fires were just kindling, but soon six figures were seen within the circle of their ravages. They stood, like the rocks around, unmoved and unterrified by the fury of the conflagration. He watched, until the fiery billows swept over the self-devoted victims. Arrowfoot and Caraola were also spectators of the scene. Their sympathies, unlike those of the little group around, were not expressed in tears of grief, or shrieks of terror. In silent and fixed attention they stood with their backs against a tree, until the last flickering spark was gone. Then each took the hand of the other, and pointing to the extinguished pile, promised to obey their father's command.

Arrowfoot and Caraola were immediately taken as inmates into Colonel Carlisle's family, and the natural shyness and suspicion of the Indian character, dispelled by the affectionate attention bestowed on them by every member of the household.

Colonel Carlisle had been very unfortunate in his domestic ties. Death had successively swept to the grave six children; and last of all his beloved wife, who sunk under the repeated strokes of family affliction. Eva and Eldred were now the melancholy father's only ties to existence. She was the oldest. Eleven summers had fanned the auburn ringlets on her snowy brow, and health and joy sparkled on her radiant cheek. But little Eldred, though nine years old, was feeble and infantine; claiming a double share of his father's care and tenderness. The Indian children soon became the favorite and happy companions of Carlisle's own. They bounded with them through the wild woods of the Susquehanna, Caraola bearing Eldred on her shoulder as lightly as a bird skipped over the rocks; and Arrowfoot teaching the nimble foot of Eva where to rest in climbing the steep precipice. His dexterity in the use of the bow was an unceasing source of amusement: and the young foresters often spent the day pursuing the chase, and at night brought home a fawn, the trophy of Arrowfoot's skill.

Such was the childhood of Eva and Eldred—passed amidst the magnificence of nature, with two of her untutored children to teach them how to love and commune with her in the thundering waterfall, the deep voice of the coming storm, or the whispers of the evening wind—each was alike delightful, because each was alike expressive of her beauty or her grandeur. The disposition of Arrowfoot was naturally contemplative—that of Caraola, tender and romantic. While he, in thoughtful mood, watched the swift current of the mighty river, journeying to meet its kindred fountains in the deep, and imagined himself also a traveller in ceaseless step in pursuit of an unknown destiny, she would sit on the beetling rock, overhung by the dark hemlock, and chant the funeral dirge of her tribe, and, pointing to the Indian mound, describe to her little group of wrapt listeners, the mysterious rites of interment, and the plentiful supplies which are left with the dead, to sustain them till they reach the spirit-land.

Her soul seemed to live in the memories of the past, associating with the majestic scenery around her recollections of the faded glory of her people.

Colonel Carlisle thought it his duty to instruct these young orphans in some of the most useful branches of education; but he soon found that their spirits could not be tamed down to con over the dull elements of the white man's language. They loved better to climb some rocky steep in search of the young eaglet, or follow the bounding deer into the depths of the near forest. It was only when the young Eva became his teacher, that Arrowfoot listened to the page of instruction, and even then his eye would stray from the lesson, to the bright countenance that hung over it, in which his musing fancy beheld all it could picture of beauty and happiness. Believe not those who say the Indian's heart is only susceptible of the fierce emotions. Love, in all its strength and purity, often lies hidden in the deep recesses of his nature, prompting him to deeds of high daring and self-sacrifice, which the energies and feelings of civilized life, dissipated upon a thousand objects, are too weak to achieve. Arrowfoot looked on young Eva's face of sunshine, and felt the pride and sternness of his soul melt before it. At first he was happy, for it beamed on him in his lonely walks, and gladdened the darkest wood path. But a change came over him, when he attempted to analyze the feelings that soon warred within his bosom. He became moody and sad, for he knew the vision he had so long dwelt on would never pass away from his soul, and he remembered the promise that bound him. He held it sacred, for it was made to the parent and the chief; but darkness fell upon his soul, and no star lighted the dim and dreary destiny to which he was hastening. The struggle was however fearful between the dignity and firmness of the Indian character, and the softer but still powerful feelings that are called forth in men of every tribe and language, by the fascinations of beauty, and the smiles of artless affection. One day, when Eva was trying to awaken his interest in the records of history, he exclaimed, turning on her a countenance of grief and wounded pride, "Does Eva wish Arrowfoot to forget the misfortunes of his race? Then tell him not of the triumphs, the glories of other nations. Once the Indian could boast of the valor of his warriors, and the number of his captives, but now he is driven from his war-paths, and his hunting grounds. He is robbed of his rights; and his injuries swell the page of your nations' triumphs. If he receives justice, it is because the oppressor grows weary of trampling on the fallen. If he receives kindness, he is base enough to forget the wrongs of his people. But Eva, my father's death-song sounds in my ears. His voice calls to me from the spirit-land, and bids me break the spell that has bound me even near the grave of my nation. He says the daughter of the white man has smiled on me, and the coil of the serpent is around my heart. Oh, start not! The bright sun warms into life the poison hemlock, and the healing balm. But I must go. It is the hand of destiny that shapes our lot; we may war against it, but we cannot control it."

The spring of the young Indian's activity seemed gone. He no longer took delight in the difficult and perilous adventure. He wandered amid the solitude of nature, only to indulge the musings of a sensitive and unhappy mind.

Colonel Carlisle marked, with deep interest, the change which had come over the boy. He knew too well the silent, dignified fortitude of the Indian, to make any direct inquiry as to the cause of his sadness. His sympathy was only shown in redoubled acts of kindness, which awaited nothing but to make Arrowfoot throw a deeper covering of reserve over his feelings, and avoid, as much as possible, the society of those he loved best. Months passed away, and still there was on his countenance, "the settled shadow of an inward strife." The cause was a mystery to all, but it acted as a check upon the full tide of joyful existence, which animated Eva and Eldred.

The lapse of two years wrote its changes on the brows of all that household. In Eva, the lovely child expanded into the fair and beautiful proportions of womanhood. Eldred's pale cheek was exchanged for the ruddy glow of health and exercise, and his frame became more vigorous as he grew old enough to share the mountain sports of the young Indian, who, now tall and athletic, displayed all the physical powers of his race. His constitutional fortitude, strengthened by the habits of reflection acquired in civilized life, enabled him to bear his fate with great endurance; and he looked on the object of his affections with the fixed and melancholy gaze, which some lovely wanderer might cast towards the pure star, that shone bright and far, above him. He sought not to attain her; he made no effort even to gain her sympathy: but his way was not altogether so dark as if the beam had been withdrawn.

Colonel Carlisle had resided in Pennsylvania from early manhood: one sister shared with him the valuable funded property left by their father, a wealthy Bristol merchant; but a large proportion of the estate he had realized, was vested in land, which, according to the custom of the country, only descended in the male line. The feeble state of Eldred's health through infancy and childhood, led many to anticipate the time when these large estates would pass from Colonel Carlisle's family, to that of his sister; who, married to an East Indian, was the mother of a wild and roving boy. Communication was tardy and uncertain in those days; for the hidden powers of earth, air and water, had not then been called into action, by the commanding energies of man; and Colonel Carlisle having united his fortune with the early adventurers in the colonies, while animated by the ardor of youth, soon felt that the ties which bound him to the home of his childhood, were feeble, compared with those man frames for himself in maturer years.

He was sitting one evening, revolving in his mind some of the pleasant memories of days long past, and scenes in which that sister had been always at his side, when a purpose he had formed, of writing forthwith to inquire after her welfare, and inform her of the health and happiness of his own domestic circle, was frustrated by the arrival of tidings from New York, that an officer in the British Navy, the son of his sister Mrs. Fitzgerald, had just arrived in port, and would come down to visit him in a few days. The heart of the affectionate old man throbbed with joy at the prospect of embracing his young relative. "He is a noble fellow I doubt not," said he to his daughter. A little wild in his youth, I have heard that his strange adventures gave my sister much pain, but young men will be thought-

less, and women's fears often outrun discretion, you know, my little Eva." "Yes," he continued to himself, as she went dancing on, to spread the joyful news of the arrival of a gay young visitor, through the house, "the boldest and finest spirits often commit extravagancies, before education and experience give them the right bent, 'the upward and onward course.' Poor fellow! he has had little of that best instruction, a father's high and pure example. Fitzgerald is an honest man, as the world goes, but I doubt if he could teach his son any thing better than to scrape together ingots. But half the blood in his veins is *Carlisle*, and that could not flow on in the same current with any thing mean or dishonorable. Besides, he wears his majesty's uniform; so, as his father would say, the *balance* is in favor of his being a brave man and a true."

The expected guest at length came, and was welcomed by Colonel Carlisle with honest warmth. As he surveyed the noble figure of his nephew, in the imposing costume of the British navy, he felt assured that all his hopes for him were realized; and was proud of the relationship between them. Eva and Eldred with beating hearts gave a timid welcome to their dashing kinsman, but were not perfectly at ease until, with the frankness of a sailor, he inquired if they believed him to be "the old man of the sea," told of in children's story books? "Ah," he said, taking Eva by the hand, "I have dreamed of your blue eyes and sunny curls, but I never *even dreamed* that you would not be glad to see your own cousin Julian. You will not confess it, but I hope this warm hand and mantling cheek, tell another tale." Then turning to Eldred, he exclaimed, "Is this the little fellow I have often heard my mother talk of, who wasn't quite large enough to be elected king of the fairies? Why here he is a sturdy boy, who could heave the anchor of my schooner." Then the young Indians were introduced, and a few particulars added to what Julian already knew of their history. Carola was struck with the glitter of the young officer, but Arrowfoot looked coldly on him, and soon turned away. Between the visitor and the stern Indian there existed, from the first, a sort of repulsion, such as we see between substances of the most opposite nature. It was attributed by those around them, to the difference of nature and habit, which had brought all the feelings and mental qualities of the sailor to the surface, and buried those of Arrowfoot in impenetrable reserve. This assumed the rigidity of marked dislike towards the stranger, who evidently felt uneasy at "the keen encounter" of his dark eye. The Indian was often reproached by the open-hearted company, for avoiding their society, and taking part in none of their plans of amusement: but as he gave no reason, his coldness was attributed to some trivial prejudice, or intuitive dislike. This was a check upon the hilarity of the young party: for Julian was the spring of all their gaiety. Now, gathered around him, they hung with breathless interest upon the fascinating adventures of the sailor's life; now, seated in the pleasure boat, they skimmed the clear waves of the Susquehanna, he chanting some merry or sentimental air, and keeping time with the graceful dip of his oar. The person of the young officer never appeared to so much advantage as when borne on the surface of his own element; his spirit seemed to acquire an elasticity which gave grace to every motion, while

his full, black eyes sparkled through the thick curls that floated in the evening breeze. Arrowfoot never failed to join these excursions; though apparently unobservant of what was passing, he sat silent and apart. Julian was evidently incommoded by his presence, and sometimes seemed to shrink from his searching eye. What could there be about the gay visitant to awaken the suspicion or the hatred of the Indian! It could not be jealousy. The young foreigner had disclaimed all pretensions to the hand of his fair cousin, by urging her, with the freedom and affection of a brother, to accept the addresses of a youthful admirer in the neighborhood. Indeed, Eldred appeared Julian's favorite, from the deep interest he took in all the boy's amusements, and the fatigue and self-denial he would undergo to promote his pleasure. With all the zeal of fifteen, he hunted, sailed or angled as suited the whim of Eldred; and declared he would joyfully exchange the deck of his schooner, for the hunting grounds of the Susquehanna. He had so completely won the boy's heart, that Eldred talked boldly of forsaking his books and going abroad with Fitzgerald. The proposition was actually made to Colonel Carlisle, who, at first, treated it as a jest; but when he perceived that his nephew was serious in urging the thing, and that he had gained Eldred's hearty assent, he firmly but affectionately refused to suffer his son to go beyond parental restraint at his early age. Eldred was disappointed, but with the gentleness which marked his disposition, cheerfully submitted to his father's wishes; but Julian was not only disturbed, but displeased. This was the first time he had exhibited any thing of a sensitive or suspicious nature. He asked if his uncle had not confidence in the affection he had evinced for Eldred, or in the promises he had made to guard him from all evil? His feelings were only calmed by new assurances on the part of Colonel Carlisle, that his confidence in the regard of his nephew was greatly heightened by this last expression of it.

The day following, Julian, with a melancholy countenance, informed Colonel Carlisle, that he had received orders to leave port in less than a week, and of course he must reach his vessel in time to make the necessary arrangements; two or three days more were all he could spend with the beloved relatives to whom his heart was doubly bound by the ties of kindred and affection. These tidings spread gloom over every face but Arrowfoot's. With a penetrating glance, he sought to read the secret purposes of the stranger, whose words he heeded not. Julian turned from the inquisitive look; and, with averted eyes, remarked to Colonel Carlisle, that business called him immediately to the neighboring town; but as he should only be detained a few hours, he hoped to return in time to take a last sail with the little party on the noble river, which would ever dwell in his memory, the mirror of many past joys.

But I see you are curious to know whether the young Eva was proof against the attractions of the gallant officer? Did her guileless heart receive no arrow from the vagrant Cupid, who is so apt to make one in water excursions and rambles in search of the picturesque; and who, often an unbidden guest, forces himself into pleasant country parties, to disturb their harmony and mar all their pastimes. She remained "fancy free;" for Julian Fitzgerald deigned not to borrow from the quiver of the mischievous boy, and Eva's was not a

love to be bestowed, unsought. She was a being, too, of deep affections: and though her cousin was handsome, brave, full of recitals of wild and varied interest, and amusing sketches of life and manners, which she knew only through books, his character was not one to excite her enthusiasm. It seemed to her romantic spirit, deficient in the lofty qualities which could alone call forth the enduring love of a refined, feeling woman; though she admitted that it must be a very pleasant world where the men were all as gay, and agreeable, and courteous as he. With his knowledge of the human heart, he might have found it no very difficult matter to deceive his cousin Eva's penetration, had his pride or vanity, or any of the thousand springs of action by which men are actuated, been put in motion: but he existed for more stirring scenes; though, now like a bird pursuing its mysterious way from one far land to another, he paused to rest for awhile amid song and sunshine.

The hours of Fitzgerald's absence were spent by the family in preparing mementos of regard, for him to take to their mutual friends in England. He returned before Eva had completed her package; and, as if to drive away care, rallied her on the Quaker taste of her presents. But though he assumed gaiety, he was restless and uneasy, and sometimes fell into fits of abstraction, from which he would suddenly start, and attribute his unusual sadness to the prospect of parting so soon from his only friends in America. Eldred hung on him, persuading him with artless and disinterested affection to renounce his wandering life, and share with him the large domains that would be his in a few years. But the young officer smiling at the boy's simplicity, replied that he would "owe fortune only to his own arm, and to the favoring gale."

The evening came on, and the little party embarked on the bright river. The breeze was fresh, dimpling it with smiles, and soft and fleecy clouds flitted over them, on their way to form a canopy of splendor the retiring monarch of day. The scene seemed to revive the spirits of Julian, and he resumed his animated tone, as he called over the roll for the excursion. "Where is our pilot Arrowfoot?" said Eva, looking round. "Oh, the Indian boy," replied Julian, "I did not perceive he was missing. But you will not deny me the pleasure of commanding your little bark this last cruise we shall make together? I am sure I shall steer as gallantly as he, and as safely too." "No doubt of it, dear cousin," answered Eva, "but there is something singular in his leaving his post, without giving us any reason for it." "I thought," said Eldred, "he had gone with you, Julian. I hav'n't seen him since your return." "No, indeed," replied the young officer, "I believe he has no desire for my companionship. These Indians are strange beings; I would as soon think of taming the mountain eagle as of civilizing them." "Slacken sail," cried Eldred, "if I mistake not, that speck on the waters is Arrowfoot's bark canoe. Yes, I know the dash of his paddle; he is making towards us with all his strength." "What can the boy have been after?" remarked Fitzgerald, in rather an anxious tone: but the next moment the Indian came alongside, and bounded into the boat, leaving his own light canoe to drift down the current.

"I thought," said Eldred joyfully, "that our old pilot

would not desert us altogether. But where have you been? Out of breath, and as pale as a corpse! Have you been fighting with a wolf, or capsized by the water-fiend?" "You will not speak," exclaimed Eva, as he turned silently away, and fixed his eyes on the dark cove they were nearing; "can you not tell us whether the spirit who haunts yon depths will be propitious, for we are going to invade his realms?" "You have nothing to fear from the water-spirit," replied Arrowfoot, "but why do you not sail up the river as you have always done before?" "Because Julian wishes to see the cove," said Eva gaily; "and with you at the helm we fear nothing." "Trust not to that," replied he, in a low tone, "I would guard you from danger with my life, but—I would we were sailing up the stream," he continued with increased anxiety. "What can you mean, Arrowfoot?" cried the now alarmed girl, but immediately recovering her natural buoyancy of spirit, she rallied him on his superstition. "Have you seen a raven hovering over us, or does the moon dip her horn?" she laughingly inquired. "Believe not the omen, but let us follow these merry waves that go dancing by us, to 'the cave of their slumbers,' and hear the wild song of the water-spirit soothing them to rest under yon rude canopy of rock." Fitzgerald now approached. "I do not like to see my cousin's bright countenance wearing this shadow? What gloomy forebodings are these that disturb you, Eva?" "I wish," answered she, "that we had taken the usual course, for Arrowfoot thinks we are not quite safe in venturing into the cove this evening. Night is coming on, and perhaps we may strike upon some hidden rock." "Never fear," rejoined he, "I am an old cruiser, who has doubled Cape Horn and been baptized by Neptune. I want to show you how we steer through dangers in real nautical style. This young Indian," he continued in a lower tone, "knows nothing about it." "More perhaps than you think he does," said Arrowfoot, sternly; for the almost whispered accents had reached his acute ear. Julian turned away apparently disconcerted, but in a few moments was himself again, and that he might obliterate every uneasy feeling from the breasts of the little party, played off Jack-tar for their entertainment with so much odd singularity and humor, that all, save the lone Indian, entered into the spirit of his drollery, and forgot every thing but the fantastic drama before them. He stood apart, gazing first on the dark masses of rock which overhung the river, then down its broad and deep solitudes of water, on which no skiff or fishing boat was visible. They were now entering the unfrequented cove. Seldom was it that even the canoe of the wild Indian disturbed the stillness of this spot. How strange was it then to see a small boat rise as it were out of the waters, and emerge from the shadow of the rocks within a few hundred yards of them. Arrowfoot, whose wary ear had heard the dash of oars before it was visible, stood with straining eye fixed upon it as it rapidly approached them. "I'll declare, the water-spirit you were talking of," said Fitzgerald, "has taken the form of a fishing boat, and Arrowfoot is going to answer his demand why we presume to come into his presence. But let me speak him as we do a ship at sea, and lo! the charm will dissolve, and the whole affair turn out to be nothing more than a trader going down stream." In a moment he took out an in-

strument something like a bugle, but of a peculiar tone, and blew a few notes, which were answered by another of the same kind, and an attempt on the part of the trader to overhaul them. "I told you," said Julian, "it was no water-witch. See she wishes to give us a friendly salute, and learn where we are bound." Eva's looks were directed first to her cousin and then to the Indian, but for whose look of alarm and defiance she would have enjoyed the adventure. The boat came nearer, and yet seemed steered by invisible hands, for no one could be seen beneath the awning which was raised at one end of it. "What lazy hulks," exclaimed Fitzgerald, "to let their boat float on with the current, while they lie dozing there. I'll pipe them again, and if they don't answer more gaily I'll board them straightway." He raised his bugle just as they were in the act of passing, and sounded a note, which was replied to by two figures masked and muffled in short cloaks, springing on the side of their little bark. "Good God! who are you? what is your purpose?" cried he, in a tone of consternation. "Villains! Murderers!" shouted Arrowfoot, straining the terrified Eldred close to his bosom. The ruffians rushed upon him, and the cry of despair he uttered when he found he could not retain his hold upon the boy, revealed their success. The struggle had been momentary. The Indian was shaken off into the water, by men whose nerve had been strengthened by many a scene of blood and strife; and the child he had so vainly striven to defend was heaved into the boat of the strangers. One wild shriek pierced the silence of the cove and all was still, while the pirates pushed silently down the stream. Eva sunk lifeless on the bosom of Caraola, who seemed stunned by the events which had just occurred, but soon her mournful wail told her utter hopelessness. Julian Fitzgerald stood silent and unmoved. Where was his vaunted courage, which had made no effort to rescue a helpless boy? "Caraola," he at length said, "I have been thinking what course we had best pursue, to overtake these murderers before they have completed their bloody purpose. I would follow them immediately, but we must first get assistance for this fainting girl." "Oh go," cried she, "I can steer the boat—I can revive Eva." Her voice, as it dwelt on the emphatic word "go," roused the unconscious sufferer to a sense of her wretchedness. "Go—haste—save him—my brother, my father's darling," she shrieked in agony. "Julian, do you hesitate?" "No, Eva—I am rowing with all my strength—I must leave you in safety. My plan is formed. Your father will approve it. We must raise forces and scout the country around, for the ruffians will not dare to execute their design on the river. We can rescue the boy before they reach a place of concealment." "Oh Julian, speed, speed fast," she said, in a tone of touching entreaty, "my brother's life depends upon your arm. Oh Caraola, is Arrowfoot too gone? I know he clung to him as long as life remained. Did they kill him?" "They threw him off," replied Caraola, but he lives still. I saw him striving to reach yonder shore. His heart is strong, and though his young arm bends like the sapling, I know the Great Spirit will strengthen it."

The night had fallen dark and gloomy ere they reached Colonel Carlisle's door. Eva's cry of anguish caught her father's ear, and he rushed to meet them.

"Is it my child's voice I hear?" exclaimed he, with alarm. "Speak Eva! where is your brother? Oh God! what has befallen him?" "He is gone, father—gone! seized by strangers; hasten to pursue—Julian, tell him all!" she said, as she gasping, fell into Caraola's arms. He briefly sketched the events of the evening, and the probable design of the ruffians, to obtain the costly watch and diamonds which it was ascertained Eldred wore as a pledge of the inheritance to which he was heir. It might be from some motive of revenge to the father, but that Colonel Carlisle's open heart and hand, his high-minded and useful career, checked the supposition of his having a secret enemy.

The necessity for instant exertion prevented the old man's heart from bursting under this unexpected calamity. A company was raised for immediate pursuit. Julian co-operated in every plan to regain the lost boy, and set out as the leader of a party to search every spot where it was possible the villains had found a harbor. Colonel Carlisle himself headed another, but being scarcely able to guide his own steps, he yielded to his nephew's counsel, and returned home, that he might not delay others in their search.

We will leave Fitzgerald engaged in this fruitless enterprise, and follow the trace of the boat which bore Eldred away from all he loved on earth. He lay still in the bottom of it, with a gag in his mouth and his tender frame enveloped in a seaman's cloak. He heard but the splash of the oars and the shrill cries of the night-hawk scared from its solitary resting place. The hardened wretches, whose victim he had become, heeded not his stifled sobs, but leaving the wide Susquehanna, rowed up Conistoga creek until they came to a little inlet, which formed a very secluded cove, overhung by precipitous banks and surrounded by unbroken wood. There they lifted out the now senseless boy, and making fast their boat to the rocks, bore him through rugged paths to an old tenantless habitation, which had once been a mill-house, but all its works having been destroyed by a recent flood it had been left a wreck in the midst of desolation. Not until they had deposited their burden in the remotest corner of the building, did these murderers break the profound silence in which they had travelled. Having descended the ladder by which they had entered the upper story, and carefully concealed it from view, they began to consult upon the best means to adopt. "Did he say," asked McMurdough, "that he would be here before day light? I am against delaying the thing. A bird in the hand may flutter." "He said we might depend on him," replied Hawkins. "I would rather obey orders in these things. It is enough for my conscience to do the deed; let them bear the responsibility that get the money." "Hush!" whispered the other; "didn't you hear the leaves stir?" "Nothing," said his comrade, "but that cursed whippoorwill going to set up its screech. I'll tell you, Hawkins, I had just as lief tap the boy on the head as to crack an egg, but this Antonio is a cunning fellow. He always leaves some hole to creep out at himself, but his poor followers must take care of themselves. He likes to get others to do his dangerous deeds too, but I know I must hear the clink of the Spanish dollars or he never sets foot on the deck of the Scudder again, and so I've told him." "McMurdough," said Hawkins, "did I tell you what I heard

them Yankee lubbers say, as we cruised off Newport?" "Who cares for their guesses? As soon set a parcel of clams to privateering as such as them." "Not so fast. They showed some cuteness in their talk. One tapped the other as our vessel was gliding by and said, 'Jonathan, as ever I hope to eat pumpkin pie thanksgiving day, that's no English trader, though she does spread their colors. Notice how clear she keeps of 'old Ironsides.' I bet you don't find her shaking hands, if she can help it. I'll stake a Jew's-harp she hoists other colors before she gets much farther." "And strikes them too," replied the other. "That's all talk," said the first: "I've heard all about the Buccaneers, as they call 'em, and what nice traps are laid for 'em, but where's one they have ever caught? Catch a pirate before you hang him say I." "So say I too," said McMurdough, laughing. "As long as we have satisfaction among ourselves we may defy the devil; but some things must be altered, or I don't serve under Antonio." "McMurdough, the boy keeps very quiet," observed Hawkins: "like as not you fixed him, so he'll die before his time." "May be so—he's but an unfledged bird, and will not stand rough handling. No concern of mine, I did but *his* bidding." "The moon is wrapping herself up in as black a cloak as ours," remarked Hawkins, "so we might as well take a little rest. But first I'll step above and see about the child. If he's smothered, all the better; I never had so little mind to a job in my life." "Why so? he says there is no doubt of the fortune—just put this one out of the way, and he's the next heir." "It goes against my conscience, McMurdough, to shed the blood of the young and innocent; let there be guilt where I strike."

He ascended the ladder, and groped for the spot where lay the victim of their cruelty. No sound escaped from him, and it was not until he pulled away the gag and uncovered his face, that he perceived the boy still breathed. His pulses were quick and faint, betokening exhausted and failing life. He was evidently locked in a deep slumber, which neither the terrors of his situation nor the gripe of the iron screws, had power to break. Folded in the sweet mantle of forgetfulness, he was insensible to every thing but the busy fancies that sported in his brain. Even the stern heart of the murderer relented, when a straggling moon-beam fell on the pale face, and revealed the bruises made by the hand of violence. The fresh air seemed already to revive the young slumberer, and he had not the heart to shut it out, but turned his head towards the rent in the wall, and then endeavored to seek repose in another part of the building.

The covering of night was not so secure as the banditti supposed. The faithful Arrowfoot, with untiring step, had followed all the windings of their rugged course. Resolving not to lose the traces of their flight, he had traversed dangers which by day light would have appeared impassable; and while they were placing their charge in the upper story of the house, crept within hearing and laid himself down in a thick under-wood, where his ear caught every word which passed between them. It was his presence which had scared the whippoorwill from his perch, and gave occasion to the imprecation of the ruffian. He listened intently to their discourse, which revealed all he suspected, that Julian was the contriver of the whole scheme of abduc-

tion and murder. As soon as he heard this, he moved off as lightly as the air itself, and making his way to the boat they had left, seized the oars, and with the skill of a practised hand pushed over the water, straining every nerve to give the alarm before Fitzgerald's arrival at the designated spot.

He was conscious of his danger in meeting the false-hearted villain, and blessed the thick veil of darkness which concealed his little bark from view. His only thought was to reach home before the star of Eldred's fate had set forever; and kind nature almost seemed to stay her rapid wheels, to give the devoted Indian the only boon he sought, time to arrest the murderer's knife. Having reached the landing, he bounded like the shot arrow, to the chamber where the wretched father paced the floor in the phrensy of despair. Arrowfoot rushed into his presence, exclaiming, "Where is Fitzgerald?" "Not returned," replied the deep voice of agony, "the search is fruitless—Julian delays to confirm the fatal tidings." "Hasten, Carlisle, if ever you hope to see your son again—he lives, but the hour for his death is appointed—the assassin waits but the sentence from the mouth of your nephew Fitzgerald to despatch him. Stand not motionless. Doubt not the certainty of what I tell you. I have pursued the ruffians and heard all the plot. In two hours, Eldred's fate may be sealed: for the ruffians wait but the return of their leader, Julian Fitzgerald. Arm yourselves and follow me," he cried to the gathering retainers of the household, as, seizing the first weapon that came to his hand, he darted towards the river where he had fastened the little skiff.

While Arrowfoot is leading the way towards the lonely habitation where he had left the imprisoned boy, we will follow the covert footsteps of Julian. After he had prevailed on Colonel Carlisle to retire from the search, he dispersed the band under his guidance, in every direction, but the right one, and under pretence of making inquiries at a small fishing station, sailed down the river alone, intending to take this opportunity to meet the instruments of his dark purposes.

The brow of McMurrough lowered with angry impatience, as leaning against an overshadowing tree, he waited the appearance of Fitzgerald. The assassin knew too well his rapacity for wealth to believe that any trivial cause could detain him, and yet the "slow paced night" had nearly finished her circuit without his coming. At length the glimmer of twilight gave place to the broad day, and still he came not. In a state of fearful doubt and uncertainty McMurrough strode backwards and forwards, resolving the part he should take.

The return of light roused the sleeping senses of Eldred. The unfinished dream still floated in his fancy, and gave color to his words. "Oh! Arrowfoot you have saved me from falling headlong down the precipice. I should have perished but for you." "Who?" muttered the hoarse voice of Hawkins. Shuddering, at the sound the boy looked up, and beheld the savage visage of the robber bending over him. His recollection suddenly returned, and clinging to the cloak of the robber who was endeavoring to withdraw, he plead for mercy in the most moving terms. "What have I done," he exclaimed "how have I wronged you, or any one else? Tell me, and I will restore you fourfold. Only

spare my life, that is all I ask, and you shall be rewarded. I am my father's darling, he will give all he has for my life. Think, were you a father, had you but one son, the hope of your age, the pillow of your widowed heart, and he were torn—" "Boy, boy, your words pierce me like a sword! And yet it is not the voice of a child that can shake the mind from its purpose. It is the voice of the Almighty, crying *blood for blood!* What! can nothing pay the forfeit of blood, but blood again? Whose blood must pay this boy's? The deep answer speaks in my soul, my own child's blood is the price. I dare not, no I will not shed a drop of yours. Let others answer for their own deeds," he said, slowly retiring. As soon as he was alone, Eldred lifted up his heart to God, and prayed that he who hears the young ravens when they cry, would deliver him out of the hands of his enemies. Feeling tranquillized by casting himself upon the Almighty arm, he calmly surveyed the waving woodlands, and rushing streams, where had been the pastime and joy of his childhood. His eye caught the upwards flight of the "cloud cleaving eagle" soaring with unchained wing in boundless air, and he thought of the days when his heart bounded on wing as free and joyous, and the tears gushed from their full fountains as his head sunk on the broken aperture of the wall on which he was leaning. Absorbed in deep sorrow he heeded not the angry colloquy of the Kidnappers below, debating the point of his instant death or release. Hawkins refusing to take any further part in his destruction, and McMurrough in brutal ferocity at Fitzgerald's delay, threatening his immediate assassination. A confused noise of voices approaching, broke in upon their dialogue, putting every other idea to flight, but that of immediate escape; and they fled towards a deep ravine, hoping to secrete themselves in it, until the pursuit was over; but it was too late. The wary Indian had placed a guard at every pass, and they were soon made prisoners. What was their astonishment to see Fitzgerald in the train of their pursuers? The unusual darkness of the night, prevented his finding the secret path to the place of rendezvous, and seeing himself totally at fault, he was obliged to await the glimmer of day light, in order to proceed more securely. Arrowfoot's ear caught the sound of his stealthy tread, and warning his followers to advance cautiously, he darted forward, and intercepted Fitzgerald, at the spot where his followers had left the boat. It instantly flashed across his mind that his base design was known to the Indian; and resolving that his secret should perish with him, he drew his sabre and attempted to close with his adversary. But the movement was perceived in time for Arrowfoot to place himself on his guard; and although Julian was quick of eye and firm of foot, he gained no vantage ground. He was confident of success, for few had ever resisted that arm who encountered it in deadly strife: but Arrowfoot, with agile spring, always eluded the sweep of his weapon, and repaid his efforts by honest downright blows with a battle axe which he had seized from the boat of the Pirates. In the first moment of conflict, a shrill cry had given signal to the band of pursuers, but before they reached the spot, Julian Fitzgerald lay prostrate and disarmed at the feet of their leader. The skill and self-possession which until now had always ensured him victory, failed in his struggle with the Indian. Conscience, defied so

long, at last asserted its power, and unnerved his arm. He uttered no word of wrath or of fear; but his clenched teeth, and the wild glare of his eye, spoke the roused ferocity of the demon within. Arrowfoot, leaving the prisoners in the care of the rest of his party, flew to the captive boy. Eldred was aroused from his slumber by his hurried steps. Thinking his murderers had returned to do the work of death, he dropped from his resting place on the wall, and terror depriving him of every other sensation, he heeded not the rush of many feet, or the cries of his distracted father calling his name. The deeply moving voice of Arrowfoot at length awoke him to the consciousness of life and hope. A faint sob was the only expression he was able to give to these overpowering emotions. In speechless ecstasy he gazed on the haggard face of his father; who, with clasped hands and streaming eyes, gave thanks to the Almighty for his merciful interposition.

The Indian soon became aware of the danger of such a reaction in the feelings of the boy, and bore him from Colonel Carlisle's presence into the near forest, where placing him on the bank of a murmuring rivulet, he bathed his temples, and, aided by the soothing sights and sounds of nature, soon restored him to tranquillity, and enabled him to return with his father and friends to the home where his sister watched with straining eyes, for some messenger who would tell her of his safety or his death.

Meantime the officers of the law took charge of the criminals. The general delight at receiving the lost one again shut out for a time all recollection of the traitor from the hearts of this affectionate family. But the indignation of the community was strongly excited, and numbers surrounded the prison, calling loudly for the instant trial of the prisoners. On examination, Fitzgerald protested that he was innocent of the crime laid to his charge. McMurdough maintained an obstinate silence. But Hawkins confessed the whole plot, and further added, that Fitzgerald had joined the Buccaneers in the West Indies in the preceding year—had distinguished himself in their piratical depredations by his daring courage; and was now commander of a small cruiser on the Chesapeake. Fitzgerald, he said, had not specified to him the person to be put out of the way, but only that one life stood between him and a large fortune, which all should share, provided his hand was not seen in the business. This evidence was sustained by that of Arrowfoot. When asked why he suspected the pretended affection of Fitzgerald for the boy, he replied in the sententious manner of his race, that he "saw him cast an evil eye on him, when he first met him." When questioned as to his knowledge of the scheme laid to entrap Eldred, he said that he saw "something dark working in Fitzgerald's mind, and followed him to the fishing town. There unperceived he saw him meet two men dressed as fishers, and all three walked off together. After a while, the fishermen returned, but Fitzgerald was gone, where, he knew not; he only suspected some evil was intended against the boy, for his fortune." When it was inquired why he did not reveal his suspicions? he replied, that he "scorned the part of a meddler or tale bearer, and he had no positive evidence of what he believed." The testimony was now summed up, and the jury retired to consider the verdict. Colonel Carlisle sent in a petition, recommending his guilty nephew

to the mercy of the court, but the intercession was rejected, and sentence of death pronounced on Fitzgerald and McMurdough. Hawkins, who was considered less guilty and who was penitent, was doomed to ten years imprisonment. The night preceeding the day fixed for their execution, the prison was discovered to be on fire; and before any aid could be procured, the devouring flames had enveloped the building, and rendered all access to the prisoners' rooms impossible. The next morning diligent search was made for their skeletons, but as they were never found, it was universally believed that the arch-villain Fitzgerald had found means to fire the prison, and taken advantage of the general confusion to fly with his associates from the penalty of the law.

Another cloud was soon to rest on Colonel Carlisle's family. The period destined for the departure of their Indian friends was at hand. Arrowfoot spoke not of his purpose, until his plans were matured, but his countenance betrayed the struggle within. There was something almost solemn in the secrecy and silence with which these young Indians made preparation for their pilgrimage. Lest they should yield to the sympathies of nature, in receiving the expressions of the love and gratitude of the companions of their childhood, they kept almost aloof from them; and it was only by stealth that Eva and Eldred conveyed to their secret depository, stores for their long journey, and mementos of attachment.

Colonel Carlisle, while he lamented deeply the obligation which must separate the Indian orphans from their only earthly friends, could not violate his pledge to their father by attempting to detain them. He restored to Arrowfoot the wampum belt of the Spread Eagle, remarking, that it contained something which he must not examine till he had crossed the great western river. The Indian made the promise, deeming it some mysterious token left him by his father; and Colonel Carlisle hoped the large sum of gold he had prevailed on him by this stratagem to accept, would be of use to him in after life.

The evening preceding his departure, Arrowfoot's heart seemed lighter than usual. He led Eva to one of the favorite haunts of their childhood. "Eva," he said, "you have seen my dark and sad countenance; you have thought me ungrateful and unhappy. Yes, the soul of Arrowfoot is debased; it has rebelled against the command of my dying father, and preferred degradation and pity to the high hopes of my brethren in the West. Eva, you know it not, but it was the spell of Eva's voice, the charm of Eva's eye, that darkened my soul; but now, that dream is gone, my soul rises from its sleep, and brushes away the dew that dimmed its sight." The tears of Eva flowed fast, to think that she had ever caused grief in such a noble heart. She turned to speak some word of comfort to him, but he had left her side, and plunged into the forest to regain calmness.

That night, when sleep had prest down the eyelids of Eva, and she lay in sweet unconsciousness of all, save the gay visions of happier years which floated through her brain, the beloved Carola hung over her earliest friend, kissing her cheek and wetting it with her tears. The lovely sleeper heard not the deep sigh of suppressed sorrow, or the light foot which was passing forever from the home, where love and protection had

been extended to the children of the savage. The morning light revealed the truth. A fan of eagles' feathers was lying on Eva's pillow, and a bow and arrow were placed near Eldred's couch—the sole traces of their Indian friends. A melancholy void was left in the little group who had been wont to gather with cheerful faces round the hearth; and many a sigh and heartfelt prayer were breathed for the wanderers who came not again. Thus passed away, like the shadows of evening, the last scions of the Conistoga Indians.

UNIVERSAL SYMPATHY.

A WINTER'S NIGHT THOUGHT.

BY EDWIN SAUNDERS.

The night is cold, the wind is bleak,
The nearest road the shepherds seek
To gain their home, to share the smile
That shortens, sweetens all their toil—
The smile of love, that well repays
The labor of the darkest days.
The driving snow comes down amain,
Across the field and down the lane;
The lucid stream that rolled along,
With rapid course and ceaseless song,
And wantoned in the sunny ray,
Now hushed and still'd its course doth stay:
The flowers and herbs that graced its side
In nature's general death have died.
Along the hedge and in the grove
No more are heard, around, above,
The thousand songs, and chirps, and cries,
That thro' the leafy arches rise.
The birds are gone, the trees are bare,
And sadly mourns the very air—
Their echo is no longer there.
Their fitful sheep-bell on the gale,
Like some lost spirit's dismal wail,
Now borne in fearful loudness near,
And now slow dying on the ear,
Comes with a witchery o'er the soul,
And seems like nature's funeral toll—
The knell of beauty, life and grace,
And this her last sepulchral dress.
Is there a heart so hard, so cold,
Without emotion can behold
This general death, this quick decay
Of all that's beautiful and gay?
What, shall the happy woodland chime
Be hushed, or seek a milder clime?
What, shall the garden and the grove
Be stripped of all that moved your love?
The yielding stream, whose glassy face
Gave back your form with tenfold grace,
Be dulled and stiffened, and your eye
Not know a tear, your heart a sigh?
It cannot be!—regrets must steal
O'er human souls, for we do feel.
Yes, there's a close-linked sympathy—
For this we know our fate must be;
Though lord of nature, man's a part,
And every change speaks to his heart;

But yet he hopes that spring shall come,
And call her favorites from the tomb—
That Flora shall descend and stand,
And cast her garland round the land;
And beauty, light, and joy, and bliss,
Bring back creation's loveliness.
And so it is, (the thought I love,)
With the pure spirits from above.
Man has his winter, and they stoop
To give desponding mortals hope.
Sent by their Maker, they sustain
The drooping soul when worn with pain,
And point the heart with sorrow riven
To the pure joys of love and heaven.
Yet though they know man soon shall rise
In holy rapture to the skies,
They feel such grief as spirits may
At all the trials of the way,
And long to bear him from the earth
To waken in that glorious birth.
Yes, there's a sympathy between
The world without and world within,
And there's a symmetrical band
Connects us with that happy land.

London, January 1836.

CRIME AND CONSEQUENCE.

Fons fraudum et maleficlorum.

'Tis the fountain of cozenage and villainy.

Anatomy of Melancholy.

There resided, many years ago, in a small town in one of the West India islands, an individual known by the name of Waring, whose singular habits attracted much attention, and procured for him no small degree of notoriety. He was apparently between sixty and seventy years of age, tall and thin, but well formed; and the few locks of hair that time had spared, were as white as snow, and strangely contrasted with the bushy jet-black brows beneath which the large eyes yet shone with the lustre of youth, and told of passions which had once been stormy, if they were even now at rest. The upper part of his face indicated intellect and daring, but there was a degree of feebleness about the lips; and the smile, which sometimes curled them, spoke of any thing but joy. He lived in almost total seclusion, avoiding all intercourse which was not absolutely necessary, and entirely confining himself to his own humble residence. In the front part of his house he kept a small retail shop, and there he was to be found from early dawn to dark; and for many years he had pursued this avocation, without ever attempting to increase his business, or holding communion with the people about him, save in the way of trade. Those of whom he purchased his goods were in the habit of calling on him to offer their wares, for he was a good customer, higgling, it is true, about the price, and standing out for the last farthing, but always paying in ready money, and ever exhibiting the most scrupulous honesty. In his small way his trade was extensive, for curiosity induced many from the neighboring country to call upon him; and in the

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town, the lower classes and the negroes preferred dealing with one who they were sure would not take advantage of their ignorance to defraud them—a degree of integrity remarkably rare among the petty shopkeepers of ——. Of his early history nothing was known. He had come to the island in a small schooner, from some port in North America, and, soon after his arrival, took on lease the house in which he established himself, and which he afterwards purchased. In the rear of his dwelling was a tolerably large lot, which he had enclosed with a high paling, so as effectually to prevent his neighbors from watching his movements, and here he had resided for years, entirely alone. The delicious fruits and vegetables of that sunny clime and fruitful soil, which constituted his only food, were brought to his door for sale; and his habits of untiring industry enabled him easily to dispense with the attendance of a domestic. As he was not known to make any deposit or investment of the money he received, a notion generally obtained, that he was in the habit of burying it somewhere in the lot of ground which he had fenced in so carefully. Following up this idea, a plot had been laid by some desperadoes, to discover, if possible, the place of concealment, and possess themselves of the treasure. Three of them, one night, scaled the fence, and concealing themselves behind some empty hogsheads, awaited the coming forth of their intended victim, who, they conjectured, would visit his hidden treasure. Their motions, however, did not escape the vigilance of Mr. Waring. He came forth, it is true, and they rushed upon him, but two of them received the contents of a blunderbuss, by which they were instantly killed, and before the third recovered from his surprise, he was cut down by the blow of a sabre.

The noise of course occasioned an alarm, and a crowd collected to inquire into the cause. All information was refused, however, until the civil authorities should be present. They were sent for, and, upon their arrival, Mr. Waring unbarred his door, and led the way into the yard.

"I have been saving the courts and the hangman trouble," said the gray-haired old man, as he pointed, with a grim smile, to the bodies that lay drenched in gore; "take the carrion away."

From that time this singular being remained unmolested, by either the intrusions of curiosity, or the assaults of villainy. The house that I occupied was within a few doors of his, and the business in which I was engaged led to some transactions between us. It so happened, that in examining my books, I detected an overcharge which had been made against him by the inadvertence of one of my clerks. I of course hastened to inform him of the error, and to correct it. It was with some little difficulty that I persuaded him of the fact, but when it was made clear to him, he fixed his large eyes upon me with a peculiar expression, and taking my hand, pressed it with warmth.

"I do not thank you," said he, "merely for the trouble you have taken, or for the information you have given, which has enabled me to save, though a small sum of money, yet an important one to me. These, however, merit, and they have my gratitude; but I thank you, more particularly, for exhibiting a trait of honesty that my experience had scarcely led me to ex-

pect among the merchants of this place. You are from Virginia, I believe?"

I replied in the affirmative, and inquired if I might not greet him as a countryman.

"I never speak of the place of my birth," was the gloomy answer.

I have had too many, and too important affairs of my own, to care to busy myself much about those of other people; but, I must confess, I entertained a strong desire to learn something of this old man, and of the events which probably superinduced his eccentricities. My curiosity was destined to be gratified, though not immediately.

Years rolled on, my affairs had prospered, and I was preparing to return to my home, there to enjoy the fruits of my toil: the soil where he was born, is the *only home* to a true Virginian. One morning, to my great surprise, I received, by a negro boy, a note from Mr. Waring, saying that he desired an interview with me, which must be strictly private, and requesting me, if it suited my convenience, to call upon him at dusk. No trifling cause would have prevented my obedience to this summons. Accordingly, at the time appointed, I repaired to Mr. Waring's shop. He was busy, waiting on some customers, and I was about to retire; but he detained me, saying, "I will attend to you in a moment, Mr. S——." As soon as they had left him, he pointed to the back room—"Step in there, quickly, quickly!" he exclaimed, "and wait quietly my coming." I instantly obeyed. About a quarter of an hour elapsed before he joined me, and in the meantime I took a survey of the apartment. I have seldom seen a more wretched abode. An old leathern couch, a rickety table, two chairs, (one I strongly suspected for the *nonce*,) and an old wooden clothes chest, comprised the main portion of the furniture. The walls were bare, save where the spiders had hung their tapestry; bundles of rags and nondescript remnants of various useless things, were stuffed into every corner, and the whole wore the appearance of squalid poverty or pinching avarice. "Strange infatuation!" thought I, "that men should devote their prime of years, their powers of mind, to the acquisition of that which is to raise them above poverty, and yet when they have obtained the means to make life comfortable, voluntarily condemn themselves to the very privations which they had originally fled from as a curse! The measures we adopt to escape the evil, bind us by the chains of habit, to the condition itself which we deprecated."

As I made this reflection, he who suggested it entered. After a brief interval, during which he gazed upon me as if to search my very soul, he said, "Mr. S. you are curious to know who and what I am. Nay, never blush, man, it is natural enough. You cannot think it otherwise than strange, that one who is connected by no ties of consanguinity with his fellow men, who has no apparent motive for hoarding his gains, for whom ambition has no charms, and who is looked upon by no earthly being with the eye of affection, should condemn himself to the want of every comfort, for the acquisition of that, which in a brief space of time, must be snatched from him by the cold hand of death. You, no doubt, think it strange too, that one, whose language gives evidence of education, and I may say of capacity, which would place him at least on an equality with his

fellow men, should confine himself to the petty and despised occupation, in which for years I have been engaged. You probably deem me a miser; in one sense of the word I am one, for God's sun shines not on a greater wretch; but there breathes no human being, for whom wealth has fewer charms or smaller power. The coarsest raiment, the simplest food, and a bare shelter from the storm, are the limits of my bodily wants, and as for my mind riches cannot purchase it peace. Still, my aim has been to gather them; for what purpose you shall be informed. I have requested this interview, because I had reason to think you an honest man, and none but such would answer my purpose. I desire your agency and assistance in the performance of an act of justice, the execution of which has been the main object of my life. For your mere trouble you will be amply compensated; for the satisfaction you will afford me it is out of my power to offer an equivalent. Having thus stated my wishes, I shall proceed, irksome and degrading to me as is the task, to recount to you the narrative of my early life. I claim from you simply the promise that you will not, during my life time, reveal what I am now about to utter to you." I gave my promise. "Listen then," said the old man.

"I, as well as yourself, was born in Virginia; my real name is W.... My father was descended from the English aristocracy, and was not a little proud of the circumstance. During the Revolutionary War, although his feelings were certainly on the side of the British government, he maintained a neutrality sufficiently strict to enable him to preserve his estate, which was a very large one. At an early age I was sent to England, where I received my education, and remained until I was twenty-three. Soon after my return to America my father died, (my mother had expired many years before) and I was left in the uncontrolled possession of one of the largest fortunes in Virginia. Young, well-born, good-looking and rich, every noble quality was of course attributed to me, and every where my society was courted. I lived in an atmosphere of sunny smiles, amid the rich the gay and the beautiful. Among the latter there was one pre-eminent. It was no dream of love that robbed her with surpassing beauty—it was no perversion of fancy that invested her with the perfection of womanhood. If ever there were a heart untainted by a single impurity, it beat within the bosom of Emily C....., and that heart, with its boundless love, its thousand charities, its noble confidence, its unbending honor—that heart, I, *I, the miserable*, worthless, degraded object that you see, won by my seeming virtue, and broke by my glaring villainy!"

He paused, and wiped the drops of agony from his brow; at length he resumed.

"I did not mean to anticipate my tale, but I was forced onward by the tide of memory. Such a creature as I have described could not but be surrounded by admiration, and among the many who aspired to her hand, was one, whose perseverance was untiring, notwithstanding the frequent rejections which he had encountered. His name was Roberts. He was a young man of good family and fair education, with prepossessing appearance and manners, and was a general favorite with his acquaintance. His father, it was understood, had ruined himself on the turf, but the son, al-

though launched on the busy scenes of life extremely poor, had contrived to accumulate a comfortable sum of money; how, none exactly knew; some said by speculations in lands, others by the purchase of bonds, while some hinted that he was indebted to his science in horse-racing and his skill in cards, for the greatest portion of his success. For my own part I made no inquiries about the matter. I met him in good society, his deportment was gentlemanlike, and moreover, he was a delightful companion. He sung a good song, told a good story, and had no small share of original wit. I do not know whether he loved Emily, or whether his motives were mercenary (for she was wealthy) but as I before observed, though repeatedly discarded, he nevertheless continued his attentions. I, alas! was more favorably received, and in the course of time Emily became my wife.

"Though memory ever reverts to that blissful period of my existence, conjuring up the past amid the pauses of occupation by day, and peopling the dark hours of the night, when remorse has banished sleep, with the shadowy forms of the loved—the lost—there are times when I lose the consciousness of its reality. I remember, but as a dream, amid the storm-blackened waves on which I am tossed, the bright skies that once cheered, and the blessed sun that beamed upon my course. My fortune enabled me to indulge in an extensive hospitality, and the pleasures of my abode offered every inducement to society. Among the most frequent of my guests was Roberts, the former assiduous suitor of my wife. He seemed to have entirely overcome his disappointment, and indeed no one congratulated me upon my marriage with more seeming cordiality than he. Emily did not like him, for she doubted the soundness of his principles; but she tolerated him, because she saw that he was entertaining to me, and probably thought my mind and morals beyond the reach of his influence. Fatal error! and, common as fatal! There is in the mind a principle somewhat resembling the phenomenon of heat in matter, which is imparted from one substance to another, as they come in contact, until uniform temperature is established,—so, when the vicious and the virtuous are in the habit of association, the bad qualities of the former are imbibed, not producing a moral medium, it is true, but creating propensities equally criminal. I grew in a short time, in consequence of this intimacy with Roberts, very fond of the turf, and that which was at first mere delight in the exhibition of the beauty and speed of the noble animals in their fierce struggle for victory, changed into a desire of being personally interested in the event. I betted freely, and though constantly flattered by my associates, and more especially by Roberts, upon the correctness of my judgment, I very rarely won. My losses, however, were not larger than my ample income could well afford. By and bye I became an owner of horses, and as I determined to procure the best, and did so, I was obliged to pay large sums for them. From ignorance, mismanagement, and probably knavery, but few purses fell to my lot. On one occasion, there was what is termed a sweepstake, in which I had entered a colt of great promise. From previous trials I was very sure that there were but few who could match him, and the event justified my confidence. Besides the stake, which was very considerable, my private wagers amounted to

some thousands. I invited the members of the club to dine with me at the tavern kept by the proprietor of the course. Shortly after we sat down, a storm which had been gathering all day, broke forth with great violence, and continued without abatement until long after night-fall. As it soon became apparent that the tavern must be our quarters for the night, a general disposition was evinced to pass the time as pleasantly as possible, and even to exceed the bounds of sober merriment. The wine flowed freely; the song, the jest, and the merry tale gave their zest to the entertainment, and when we rose from the table we were most of us in a situation to be led into any amusement that might be suggested, how far soever beyond the bounds of prudence. Cards were introduced, and various parties formed at various games. I knew that I possessed no skill, and flushed as I was with wine, I still retained sufficient sense not to engage in a contest with those whom I felt assured must, without extraordinary fortune on my side, transfer my money to their pockets. As I sat looking on at some of the players, I was accosted by Roberts.

"What!" said he, "are you an idler as well as myself?"

"Yes," I replied, "but that is not extraordinary, for you know very well that I am not able to cope with these gentlemen. But how happens it that you, who are an experienced hand, should refuse to try the chances?"

"Why," said Roberts, "I make it a rule never to play at any game that depends on science, unless my head is perfectly cool. Now, I have swallowed rather too much of the good wine, to be able to rely upon my judgment. I should not object to try my luck at any thing that depended on the toss of a die or the turn of a card, because if fortune smiled upon me I should play the bolder for what I have drunk, and win the more, and if I lost, why the affair would be the sooner ended, and I should get to sleep the earlier."

"Well," said I, "can you find no such game?"

"I don't know," replied he, "some of the party are talking of faro; if they open a bank I will bet against it. Would you like to do so?"

"No," I replied, "I shall content myself with being a spectator."

"Pooh!" said Roberts, "you've plucked the knowing ones to day, and got your pockets full of cash; you can afford to part with some of it, even if you lose; but what should prevent you from doubling what you have?"

"But, Roberts," said I, "I do not even know how the game is played."

"It is as simple as two and two make four—here," continued he, taking up a pack of cards, "I will show you," and he went on to explain the game.

"Is this all the mystery?" inquired I, when he had got through; "I have heard it said that the odds were in favor of the banker, but I can't see how."

"Oh, so they are, generally," said Roberts, "but merely because it is the disposition of most men, when they have a run of luck, to stake with prudence, and when they are losing to exercise a corresponding degree of rashness."

"And what should make me an exception?"

"The fact that I warn you of the error, and more

than that," said Roberts, "you have the power, I have observed it frequently, of exciting yourself to boldness when it is required, and of bringing your passions under curb when it is necessary they should be still. He who possesses this self-command, although he may meet with occasional reverses, will ultimately prove successful. But I do not wish to persuade you against your inclination, and as I see that they are preparing to commence the game, I will leave you; or suppose you sit by and see how the fickle dame is disposed to treat me."

"I do not object to that," said I, carelessly, and I accompanied him to another part of the room.

"Who are the bankers?" said Roberts, as we approached the group who were busy with the preparations.

"Who?" cried one, "why, only think, Wallis here takes it all upon himself, and he is bragging that he will soon empty all our pockets."

"Indeed! I have seen a bolder bird than he cut down. But we'll play low, Wallis?"

"Oh, of course. Ten checks are my limit, and we'll put them at ten dollars each."

"And you call that low?" said I.

"Why, not so very low, to be sure," said Roberts, "but not quite so high neither as two thousand upon a three year old, eh! friend?"

I was silent; the game proceeded for an hour. I looked on, and there was but little change in the situation of the parties.

"Now," said Roberts, as the banker commenced a deal, "I think I have you."

He placed the limited sum of a hundred dollars in such a situation, as to be effected by three cards. He won—doubled—won again—again—and pressed on, until he was winner about four thousand dollars. This was the work of a few minutes. I was astonished; the dealer looked aghast.

"A glass round to my luck," cried Roberts. We drank that, and another, and another, as Roberts continued to win. My whole attention was taken up with his play; I did not observe that the other betters were generally losing. Presently, what with the wine I had drunk, and the excitement necessarily induced by the spectacle before me, I began to feel desirous to adventure, myself. I did adventure, at first, with success, while, on the contrary, Roberts's luck began to desert him.

"Hang it!" said he, "it seems as if every one who comes in contact with you to-day, were destined to suffer. You hammer us on the course, and you are now mauling Wallis, at cards; but confound it, man, I wish you would let somebody win besides yourself."

It is unnecessary to protract this scene; suffice it to say, the fate of all other tyros was mine of course, that after acquiring moderate gains, I began to lose, that as I lost my money, I lost my prudence, that although, to outward seeming, I was calm as a stoic, (for my pride was strong enough to effect that falsity,) within me there raged a boiling hell of passion, and as stake after stake was swept from me, I verily do believe I could have stabbed the winner to the heart. When the game ceased, I had been stripped of all my ready money, and was largely in debt. It was near morning. I threw myself into a chair and fell into what was rather stupor than sleep.

With the early dawn, I shook off my lethargy, and with a head fevered, and a heart aching from the dissipation of the night, I set out on my return home, which was but a few miles distant. Although my absence, on the previous night, had been unpremeditated and unavoidable, my conscience, as it whispered over the list of my late transgressions, numbered this as one of them. I knew I should be greeted with affectionate smiles, and felt how unworthy I was to receive them, and that was a bitter pang. Is it not a marvel that men should ever be tempted to the commission of a second moral offense, when the punishment for the first is so severe? But the head-ach of the drunkard and the repentance of the gambler are alike forgotten, when temptation again assails them.

As I rode along, a prey to remorse, I made many excellent resolutions. I determined to sell off my racing stock, content myself with viewing the sport, and never again to bet upon it. Cards I would never touch; my time should be occupied in the cultivation of my estates, and for relaxation, I would depend on literature and the conversation of my domestic circle. Finally, I resolved to communicate to my wife all that had occurred, and give her the promises I was making to myself. By the time I reached home, I had contrived, by these means, to restore, in a great measure, my self-complacency, and I almost flattered myself that I had gained a moral victory before I had even encountered the foe.

Emily met me at the door, with a thousand welcomes. "How kind it is in you," she said, "to come so early! I knew when the storm came on, that I could not see you last night, and I hardly hoped you would have been so early a riser." "But dearest," continued she, "you must have passed an uncomfortable night, your eyes are heavy, and inflamed. Are you not well?"

"Oh yes, very well," I replied, "but there was a great crowd at the tavern, and I could not sleep; a good breakfast, however, will soon restore me."

"Were you successful yesterday, Charles?"

"Quite so," said I; "my colt surpassed my expectations; I shall not take a trifle for him."

"Why, do you mean to sell him?"

"Him, and all the others. I am determined to quit the turf, Emily."

"Indeed!" exclaimed she, "how I rejoice to hear you say so, my dear Charles, and particularly as you are not induced to the resolution by loss. I feared that if you were a winner, you would have been more wedded to the sport. I have never interfered with this passion of yours, Charles, but it has always been a source of regret to me, to see you waste your intellect on pursuits, to say the least, so frivolous, and which lead you into society that I cannot but think unworthy of,—perhaps, disreputable to you."

I eagerly, rather angrily I fear, defended myself from the latter charge, and asserted, that my associates were, in general, men of station in society and respectability equal to my own, and that if there were a few whose characters were less estimable, they were merely the necessary instruments of our pleasures, and not held in the light of companions.

"I care but little for station, if it be not worthily held," replied Emily. "Whilst I would pay to those whom adventitious circumstances place above the mass of mankind, the formal respect which society demands,

I should hold education and virtue to be the fit companions of a husband whose cultivation of mind I admired, and whose natural goodness of heart I dearly loved. Now, Charles, let me ask you, are not your associates, generally, persons of dissipated habits; nay, vicious ones? for I cannot look upon gambling as less than a vice. Do you derive from them any moral benefit? are you sure that they contribute even to your amusement? I do not, for a moment, believe that you have learned to look upon play as an amusement.—Oh! God forbid it should ever come to that! I had a friend once who was married to a gambler, and Charles, I have seen the deep anguish that pressed upon her heart, and graved its lines upon her pallid brow, though her tongue never uttered a complaint. When the wretch who had trampled upon her affections had basely reduced himself to absolute want, he, as basely, deserted the family who relied on him for support, by destroying himself, and they were left, in their utter feebleness and misery, to the cold charity of the world. Poor Mary! God had mercy on thee, and gathered thee to himself," sighed Emily, as a tear stole down her cheek. "Ah, Charles, you see I have good reason to hate gaming."

"You cannot detest it more than I do, Emily," replied I; "never fear that I shall be caught in its snares."

"But Charles, men acquire habits by degrees, and learn to love that which they once loathed; and what pleasure is to be derived from associating with those whose time is spent in play, if you do not join in their occupation. They cannot converse with you; that would take off their attention from the game; and they cannot listen to you, their interest is absorbed in their desire to distress those whom they call their friends, by winning their money. But, my husband, I did not mean to read you a lecture," continued she smiling. "Ah, well do I know, for your wife's sake, for your cherub child's sake, you never will abandon yourself to the infamy of a gambler's life." And she threw herself into my arms. I pressed that form of loveliness to my bosom, and felt the beating of its confiding heart, and, coward that I was, I betrayed its confidence by withholding the communication I had decided to make. I felt humbled by her purity, and rebuked by her love, and I dared not tell her what I had done.

The day wore on, not without sad reflection on my part, but I felt self-assured that I would never so err again, and as this confidence became strong, I persuaded myself that it was unnecessary to distress my wife by any disclosures. I had only to pay off the debt I had incurred, and there was an end of the affair. That evening, much to my surprise, and very contrary to my wishes, Roberts called upon me. I had no desire to see one who had been an eye-witness of my last night's madness, and I felt a dread lest he might allude to it in Emily's presence. There was no occasion, however, for any such apprehension. He talked of various things, and in a most amusing manner, but never referred to the races, except to observe, in a slight and careless way, that I had missed no sport by having been absent that morning. It was not until my wife retired that he touched upon the subject.

"Why, in the name of common sense," he asked, "did you leave us this morning so abruptly, W . . . or rather, why did you not return?"

"Simply," replied, I "because I was guided by com-

mon sense. I had lost enough, and too much, and in a way that my feelings disapproved of, and there was no pleasure to be derived from lingering about the scene of my folly."

"I lost too," said Roberts, "but I never sit down contented with a loss. He were but a poor merchant, who would fold his arms, and abandon all enterprise, because, forsooth, he found one adventure unsuccessful."

"It is the business of the merchant," said I, "to take such chances; it is not mine to gamble, and yet I should think that merchant foolish, who should take a hazard where he clearly saw that the chances were against him."

"And how do you know," asked Roberts, "that the chances are against you?"

"Because every one lost last night but the banker," I replied.

"And he had to refund this morning all that he had won," said Roberts, "and put a good round sum to the opposite side of the account."

"Indeed!" said I, "did you play?"

"To be sure I did," was the reply, "and have got all my money back again, with a tolerably comfortable stake besides. I regretted much that you were not there. Our error, last night, is obvious enough; the wine made us imprudent, or we both could have risen from the table winners."

"Perhaps it is better that we, at least that I, did not. I might have been tempted to continue a course that I feel confident would lead to disastrous consequences."

"Well," said Roberts, "I dare say you are right; and right or wrong, it is certainly not my wish to urge you to play. I merely thought you might be desirous to recover what you had parted with, and would therefore venture a trifle more to effect such a result; but let that be. You will be on the field to-morrow, of course?"

"No," replied I, firmly.

"No!" exclaimed Roberts, with great surprise "Why, what becomes of your horse, *Velox*? There is nothing in the stables to match him, and a heavy purse to be won."

"I have determined to sell out my racing stock," Roberts stared at me.

"Indeed," he exclaimed at length. "What next? I am prepared now for any marvel. Possibly you are going to turn Methodist; when may we expect you to hold forth?" "Pardon me," he cried, as he saw that I was beginning to be displeased with his freedom, "but I cannot but wonder that a man of your strength of mind and liberality of disposition, should permit himself to be so worked upon by a trifling loss of money, for trifling it is, compared with your means. What will your friends say, when they hear that the wealthy Mr. W. . . . is going to withdraw himself from their society and the fashionable amusements of the day, because, in a luckless hour, he touched a card, and lost some money, which he well could spare?"

"Mr. Roberts," I hastily replied, "I have not said what my motives were, nor have you a right to impute petty ones to me. It may be, sir, that you conceive good or ill luck to be the only principle which can govern a man in such a case: I trust I can be, and am influenced by a higher feeling; a sense of right and wrong."

"Nay, nay," said he, "be not angry with me. I question not the correctness of your course, I only suggest what will be the probable remarks of others. It

is known that you were unsuccessful at faro last night; you immediately proceed to dispose of your running horses, and that too with every prospect before you of a fortunate campaign. Rumor will increase forty fold the amount you have sunk, and it will be at once supposed you were compelled to sell. For, be assured, that however pure and correct your conduct may be, mankind will never believe in the existence of a motive which would exalt, if they can, by any possibility, pitch upon one that would have a contrary tendency. However, I am done. I trust you will not ascribe what I have said to any thing but friendly feelings towards you."

Can you believe, Mr. S. that I was fool enough to be worked upon by this flimsy argument? Yes, sir, I was that fool! I did not abandon my resolution, it is true, but I postponed its execution, and it amounted to the same thing in the end. I will not tire you by detailing the various contrivances which were resorted to to induce me to play. I could not if I would, recount the various schemes of villainy by which I was stripped of my personal property, and compelled to mortgage my real estate. Usury, as well as gaming was now hurrying me on to destruction. I was fully aware of my situation. The dark clouds that hung over me were plain to my eye, the roar of the breakers was distinct to my ear, but in sullen desperation I held on my course, until the bark, freighted with reputation, fortune, earthly happiness, and future hopes, was dashed upon the flinty rocks, and the shattered fragments strewn upon the waves. Long, long before this, Emily had been conscious of the course I was pursuing; my frequent and prolonged absences from home, my moodiness when there, my altered looks, my nights unblest by sleep, or filled with horror-burthened dreams, that spoke in deep groans of despair, told the tale in accents not to be misunderstood. Oh! what efforts did she make to reclaim me—with what kindness did she try to soothe me—with what eloquence did she plead and urge me to abandon the vice that was pregnant with destruction to us all! And how often did I promise—how often did I *swear* to reform, until perjury on perjury robbed her of all respect for, and confidence in me, though they could not totally extinguish the flame of undying love that burned on the pure altar of her heart. Her health gave way at last; the bloom of beauty faded from her cheek, and her form of graceful roundness was attenuated to a shadow. My little boy, too, as if he sympathized with his drooping mother, wasted away, and looked the very type of misery. What a heart had I, to inflict all this! I have sometimes thought that a demon must have possessed me, and was permitted, for some wise purpose, to work his will. I know it was a foolish thought, a miserable attempt to shuffle off, from my wounded conscience, the awful responsibility of my own uninfluenced crime. But is it not strange? I was tempted by no gratification of passion, by no smiles of success; there were no changes of fortune to retard my downward progress, and yet, unvarying loss could not teach me to despair, and the burning consciousness of the wretchedness I was heaping upon all who were most dear to me, could not prevail upon me to refrain. But let me proceed.

My ruin was at length complete; every thing was swept away. I had neither food for my family, nor a roof to shelter them. Before this, Emily had been

repeatedly urged by her relations to accept of an asylum with them, but she had refused to abandon me. She was as wretched as one could be who was free from all crime, and bowing, with unmurmuring meekness, to the hand that chastised her. She had nothing but her own unequalled goodness to sustain her. I had forgotten even to be kind, and yet she would not abandon me. But the time had now come when it was necessary that she should look to her friends for the bare necessities of life; and the state of her health too required comforts and assistance not to be procured by poverty. For the present, therefore, she consented to remove, with our boy, to her father's house. I did not accompany her, for I was fully aware that my society would be tolerated there only for her sake; and sunk as I was in my self-esteem, and justly degraded in the eyes of others, my pride could not brook any manifestation of the feelings entertained towards me. From the physician who attended her, I had daily reports of my wife's health, which became more and more precarious. How could it be otherwise? Had I not destroyed her peace of mind?—had I not violated the sanctuary of her love?—had I not poisoned the source of her being? and with her wrung heart, must she not pine away, till merciful Heaven reclaimed its unequalled creation? My child too—but what claim had I to a husband's or a father's name?

One evening, as I sat in a room at a tavern, my temporary place of abode, gloomily reflecting on my situation—recurring, in agony of soul, to the happiness that I had forever cast from me, and painfully endeavoring to suggest to myself some plan by which I might retrieve, in part, my fallen fortunes, there was a knock at the door, and Roberts entered the room. He had been absent for some time, in one of the northern states, and he now approached me with seeming joy, and as if he anticipated from me an equally cordial welcome. His presence, however, was any thing but pleasing to me. I was largely indebted to him for money lost and loaned at cards; and when did debtor meet his creditor with joy at his heart? Besides, I had begun to feel, that but for my association with this man, I should never have plunged into the vortex that had overwhelmed me. He was aware of my coldness, and broke out with—"Why, W., my dear fellow, what is the matter? Is this the way you receive an old friend after a six months' absence? But you seem to be in the dumps; has any thing unusual occurred to fret you?"

"Why do you put such a question?" replied I; "do you not know that I am a ruined man—that every thing I could call my own has been torn from me—that I am a wanderer, covered with shame, heaped with obloquy, steeped in poverty? and do you expect, under such circumstances, to find my heart bounding with joy, or my face mantled with smiles? To be plain with you, Roberts, I was thinking of you just as you made your appearance, and I will tell you what was passing in my mind. Memory had gone back to the time of our first acquaintance, when I was in possession of all most valued by man: wealth, that seemed scarcely to have a limit—a reputation, unbreathed upon by reproach—the affections of one whose equal I have never met, and the unspeakable blessing of a pure conscience. All, save one, of these have fled—perhaps that too is gone; and all this is your work. Yes, sir, yours! But

for you, I should never have been tempted to play; but for you, I should have abandoned in time the vile pursuit. Yes, sir, it was you who urged me on, by stimulating me with false hopes that fortune would not always frown—that one lucky cast would retrieve all, and a thousand specious tales that won upon my credulous ear; and when, amid reflections such as these, you presented yourself in person, you can hardly suppose that you could have been very welcome."

"W . . .," replied Roberts, "I have had a long ride to-day, and feel heartily tired. It was my intention to go to bed as soon as I should reach this house. But the landlord informed me you were here, and as a friend I hastened to see you. Some would feel offended at the reception I have met with, but I can make every allowance for the feelings that irritate you, and I feel it my duty not to leave you until I have somewhat calmed your present mood. Whenever I get into trouble, and feel a disposition to give way to misfortune, the first thing I do is to sit quietly down, with a comfortable glass and a good cigar, and philosophize upon the matter; and by your leave, you shall follow my prescription. Come, come, I will take no denial; we will talk over your affairs soberly and calmly, and the odds are ten to one but we strike upon some plan which, if boldly and industriously pursued, will set all things straight again. You will not drive me from you, will you? O no, I see that you will not."

When the refreshments he had ordered had been produced, Roberts resumed. "Where is your wife, W., and how is she?" I informed him. "And you, I suppose, are a less welcome guest than she at her father's? Well, all that will come right too. By the bye, the old gentleman should not be quite so rigid about this matter of play as he is. Many a cool hundred has he won of my father; but I have observed, that your reformed sinner always makes a persecuting saint. Let that rest, and tell me, candidly, are you entirely destitute?"

"Utterly, utterly," replied I.

"Are your debts all paid?"

"You know they are not; I have not paid you."

"Pshaw!" said Roberts, "never mind me. Have you paid others?"

"They have paid themselves."

"Good! Have you formed any plan by which you expect to support yourself and family?"

"None," replied I. "But if I had, what means do I possess to put any scheme into execution?"

"Let us hit upon the scheme, and we shall find the means," said Roberts; "my purse, as well as yours, is at present at the lowest ebb. A rascal that I entrusted with a snug sum, has decamped, and left me in the lurch; and a fellow whose bond I held, has smashed, and won't pay a shilling in the pound. But I started in life with nothing, and have been so often reduced to the same condition as at first, that, as you perceive, I take the thing quite coolly. It is true, I am a single man, and there is no one depending upon me—otherwise, I might feel the matter more seriously; but I should not sit down, and mope, and scold my friends, W.—: I should be but the more prompt, the more decided, and the more persevering in my actions. Let me see; you have as yet proposed nothing to yourself. What say you to turning merchant?"

"I know nothing about business," I replied, "and besides, I have neither capital nor credit."

"The law, then? Your talents and education combine to fit you for that profession."

"And what am I to live on, while I pursue the necessary study?"

"That's true; one thing then is clear—money you must have, and that at once. That being the case, there is but one way to obtain it."

"And that is—"

"By winning it," replied Roberts. I started from my chair, and walked up and down the room with violence.

"Now I pray you be calm, and listen to me attentively," continued the tempter. "You would not, I presume, object to getting back some of your losses by the same means that you made them?"

"And if I should not, how am I to know that I can? Has it not been, all along, my endeavor to do so, and has not each attempt invariably plunged me in deeper? Besides, I cannot play without a stake."

"Let me put this question to you, W—," said Roberts. "Suppose you knew that a man had defrauded you of a certain sum of money; you had no proof, however, which could establish his guilt, and enable you to recover in a court of law. Would you, if he were by accident placed in your power, hesitate to force from him what he had deprived you of—nay, would you not deem yourself justified in using artifice to place him in that situation?"

I replied that I could not tell; possibly under such circumstances I might do so.

"To be sure you would," rejoined Roberts, "and all the world would applaud the deed."

"But whither does your question lead?" asked I.

"Patience, and you shall hear," replied he. "Do you remember playing a game of brag in company with C. and F. and myself, on which occasion you and your humble servant were left minus a few thousands?"

"Certainly," said I, "I remember it but too well."

"Well," resumed Roberts, "we, poor innocent lambs, were cursing our ill-luck—luck indeed! ha, ha! there was no *luck* in the matter; we were fairly pigeoned—damnable cheated, sir!"

"How do you know, Roberts? By Heaven, if I thought so, I would make an example of them."

"Oh! sir, you could not prove it!"

"How do you know the fact, I repeat?"

"Because I have seen them playing together since, when I was not interested in the game, and could watch them coolly and closely, and I did so; and I am perfectly satisfied in my own mind that there was collusion between them. Now, for the drift of my question; I say, it would be perfectly justifiable in us to pay these knaves in their own coin—to turn the tables upon them, and so get back the cash they fobbed from us, and that, I take it, would be a pretty little capital to begin the world with again."

"There is certainly nothing to object to on the score of justice," said I, "but I question if such a scheme would be deemed honorable among gentlemen."

"I cannot answer for their abstract opinions," said Roberts, "nor do I greatly care for them; but this I know, that among the whole circle of my acquaintance, which is tolerably extensive, there is not one who would hesitate about the matter."

"But what means shall we employ? If they be the rascals you have described, will they not be keen enough to detect us?"

"I defy them," said Roberts. "Leave every thing to me. To-morrow you shall be instructed; it is necessary now that I should sleep. Do you so, likewise, and be assured that your situation will soon be changed for the better. In the meantime you will need money; there are fifty dollars, half of all I have—take them; you will soon be able to repay me. Good night! and hark ye, no more despondency, but look the world boldly in the face, and smile with contempt upon fate, as I do."

Perhaps, Mr. S., you are surprised that I should so easily have assented to this vile proposal. There had been a time, sir, when I should have treated it as a personal insult; but I was not then a broken-down gambler. My principles had not been sapped by continual contact with the unworthy; the degrading and unhallowed desire of gain had not fastened on my soul, and corroded my sense of honor. One must have been crushed and miserable as I was, before he can be sure of his power to resist the tempter.

Our scheme was soon executed; we regained our losses from —, and something more besides, and I was once more out of the reach of absolute want. I hired a small house, where, very much against the inclination of her family, I placed Emily. One of her sisters accompanied her, for her continually declining health rendered the sympathies of a female friend absolutely necessary. I once more resolved to abandon play. The suggestion thrown out by Roberts with regard to the study of the law, although doubtless not seriously intended by him, had been frequently present to my mind. I now determined to pursue that avocation, and felt every confidence in my capacity to succeed. I compared myself with those around me who bore a reputation in the profession, and felt proudly conscious that in talent I was their equal. I told my wife of this. Her only answer was a deep sigh, that seemed to shake her slender frame, and these words: "I hope it may be so, Charles; for your sake, I hope it may be so." I felt nettled at the doubt implied, but I replied not. I had deceived her too often to dare to remonstrate. My studies were commenced, but I had little calculated on the difficulties of my task. It had been a long time since I had taken a book into my hand, and I found it almost impossible to chain down my attention to the subject before me. My eyes would be fixed on the page, but my mind would wander far, far away from it. Sentence after sentence was perused and reperused, but no distinct meaning was conveyed to my understanding. I would sit for hours in one fixed attitude, lost in total abstraction, and when recalled to myself by some accidental circumstance, the visions which had been floating in my mind were as scattered and unintelligible as the wildest fancies of a foolish dream. It was impossible to study.

One morning, after repeated and unavailing attempts to overcome this state of mind, I threw down my book in despair, and went forth into the open air, to try if exercise would not bring relief. It was a lovely day in spring, the trees had just shot out their tender leaves, the birds were pealing forth their joyous notes, a thousand insects were dancing in the balmy air. It was a

day on which a heart at ease might feel most happy; but to me the blessed sun no longer shone with brightness, and my bosom was cold to those charms of nature which had once made it thrill with gladness. I wandered on, knowing and caring little where I bent my steps, when, at a sudden turn of the road, I encountered Roberts.

"Well met!" said he. "I was on my way to see you. I have good news for you."

"Indeed," replied I, sadly, "let me have them, then, for there is no one to whom they could be more welcome."

"Another chance, W . . . , to get back some of your cash, and if I mistake not, a pretty good lump of it too. I am to give a dinner to-day, a bet I lost—lost *purpose*—ly, my boy, and you must come; we will try conclusions with the gentlemen again, and with rather better chances of success than we formerly had. Turn back and get your horse, and as we ride along I'll tell you all about it."

"I must decline your invitation," replied I.

"That you shall not!" said Roberts.

"It is useless for me to go, Roberts, for I will not play. I am convinced that I cannot win by fair means, and I will not resort to any other."

"You can do as you please about that, but I must have you with me; it will be of service to you; it will cheer you up, and show your friends that you are not the man to give way to misfortune. Believe me, the world respects every one who shows it a bold front. Indeed you must not refuse me; I shall feel hurt if you do."

I went. Is it necessary to say that night was spent in play, and with the aid of my *honest* partner, I did not lose. The ice was now fairly broke. I could no longer refuse to join Roberts in his schemes of plunder. I was in his power, and felt that he could blast me by a single word. But some suspicions began to be entertained; my success was too uniform for one who had formerly lost so constantly, and it was therefore concerted between Roberts and myself, that I should occasionally seem to lose to him, making a subsequent settlement with him in private.

There was a young man, son of the Sheriff of the County of ———, who acted as deputy to his father, a very worthy and respectable man, who had served with great credit in the continental army, and brought up and maintained, by his industry, a numerous family. He himself paid no attention to the affairs of his office, but confided them entirely to the activity and integrity of his son, who had won general respect and popularity by the zeal and fidelity with which he discharged his duties, and the gentleness and mercy he exhibited, when called on to put in force the harsh decrees of the law. I had but little acquaintance with either the young man or his father, nor, in all probability, would the latter have been much pleased to have his son in habits of intercourse with me. I had attended a session of the court on some business, and was detained too late to admit of my reaching home that day. Several others were in the same situation—among them, Roberts. After supper he took me aside, and asked me if I recollected Wallis.

"No," I replied, "I remember no such person,"

"You have a bad memory, then," said he; "I never forget those who win my money," and he recalled to

my mind the individual who had held the faro bank at the races.

"What of him?" I inquired. "Does he think to take me in again?"

"O, no," replied Roberts, with a laugh, "we have learned rather too much for that. But I have been talking with him; he will open a bank to-night, and he agrees that you and I shall be equally interested. It shall be my business to get him betters; and as there are several here whose pocket-books are well filled, I think we shall make a handsome adventure of it. For the sake of appearances, you know, we too must bet against him, and he will permit us to win largely, for the purpose of enticing others. Is it not capitally contrived?"

"But may not this Wallis betray us hereafter?"

"Not the slightest danger of it; he is as close as wax. I know him of old; and besides, he is under obligations to me that he cannot violate if he would."

"Roberts," said I, "do you feel no remorse? Does not conscience upbraid you with the meanness, the guilt of your course? Have you no misgivings, when you behold the agony of those you defraud?"

"Have you such feelings?" said Roberts.

"I have!" replied I. "They torture me by night and by day. The hell that burned within me when, like a madman, I scattered my wealth to the winds, was ease, was happiness, to what I now endure, and if the hour of detection should ever come,—but that—I could not and I would not survive!" I clasped my hands together, and shook with fear at the very thought.

Roberts gazed at me some little time in silence, and his countenance assumed a bitter sneer. At length he broke forth.

"Conscience! Remorse! ha! ha! Because I have lived too long to be a dupe? Most men, in the greenness of youth, are fools, and ripen, with age and experience, into knaves. There are some, however, who are early wise, and they, if circumstances permit, become great and distinguished; and some, who are always silly, and these are reckoned virtuous, and become the footballs of the others. For my part I was not made to be kicked. I have found out that I must be the wolf or the lamb; I prefer to be the beast of power. There is not one of those men that you see there, who would not, if they could, strip us to the last farthing. I play their own game, and place them where they would place me. And for this, forsooth, I must feel remorse! I find the whole system of society based upon a cheat; every one endeavors to overreach his neighbor, and the most successful is the most respected. Shall I not strive among the rest? You have been defrauded of a princely fortune and reduced to absolute want. I have let you into the secret of your misfortunes, and taught you how to retaliate your wrongs on others, and you prate to me of conscience and remorse. Well then, if conscience be to you this dreadful torment, in the name of common sense obey its dictates. Be wholly one thing or another. Go to those with whom you have played of late, and hand them back their money. Tell them they were cheated; that you see through the evil of your ways, and come to make restitution; once more throw yourself back on poverty, and see how highly the world will applaud the act! They say there is exceeding joy over a repentant sin-

ner in heaven. Do you try how much there is on earth. But I am losing time. Am I to understand that you decline sharing with Wallis and myself?"

"No," I replied, "it is my fate; I have gone too far to recede, and I must endure, as I can, the loss of self-respect."

We parted, mixing in with the general crowd. It was not long before Roberts had collected various persons around him, who seemed to be listening with great attention to something he was narrating, which, to judge from their frequent peals of laughter, was highly humorous. No one knew better than he how to afford entertainment to others. His manner was admirable; his very laugh was a provocative to mirth. Without being boisterous, it was the most joyous, careless, light-hearted burst of gaiety that I ever listened to. Of those who were most attracted by him, was the young man I have before mentioned, the son of the old sheriff. He seemed to be in an ecstasy of delight, and Roberts fooled him "to the top of his bent." They drank together, they sang together, and committed various extravagances; Roberts declaring that he was just in the humor for a frolic, and a frolic he would have. Presently cards were introduced, I know not at whose suggestion, and I was told by some one that a faro bank was about to be opened, and I received the information as if it were new to me. We soon afterwards adjourned to another room, and the game was commenced. At first I did not bet, or rather appeared not to do so, but stood looking on at the others, and marking the vicissitudes of the game. To my surprise and regret I saw the sheriff's son at the table, for I had always heard him spoken of as a moral and prudent youth, and, moreover, I had not supposed he possessed the means to play. I observed, however, that although evidently flushed with what he had been drinking, he staked with caution, and would not, in all probability, win or lose any thing of consequence, and I thought nothing more of the matter. About midnight, after going through the mockery of apparently winning some hundreds, I threw myself upon a couch and slept. It was daybreak when I awoke, but the lights were still burning, and the gamblers, undiminished in number, as eager as ever in their play. Roberts was among them, and I, being desirous of returning home, took him aside to acquaint him with my intention. He objected to my doing so, stating that he was excessively fatigued, and must sleep a few hours himself; that he had forbidden to awake me, and I must now take my turn to watch, for it was better that one of us should observe how things were going on; that so far, owing to the most singular run of luck on the part of one individual that he had ever witnessed, the bank was loser. I inquired how his young companion had fared. He had lost rather heavily. "But surely," said I, "he cannot afford to do so." He replied very carelessly, "that's his own affair. I did not urge him to play. The truth is, he received yesterday a considerable sum of money in payment of an execution, and very possibly he may be using the funds. I suppose he knows that he can make it all good. But go you now and sit down, and wake me in a couple of hours, that will be sufficient repose for me."

I was fain to comply with his request. Before the two hours had elapsed, however, a messenger arrived

with the intelligence that my wife had been taken alarmingly ill. Rousing Roberts, I immediately departed and pushed forward with all possible speed; but the distance was considerable and the road execrable, and several hours were consumed before I reached home. All was quiet. Leaping from my horse I rushed towards the house; a feeling of faintness came over me, and I was obliged to pause and lean against the door-post for support. Rousing my energies I proceeded to my wife's chamber, and knocked gently for admittance. A faint voice desired me to enter. I did so, and was met by Emily's sister, who was weeping bitterly. Not a word was spoken—she pointed to the bed and left me. I softly approached and with a trembling hand I drew aside the curtain.

Did she sleep? The eyes were closed, the face serene and almost smiling. I took her hand—it was cold and clammy to the touch. I gently pressed her bosom. Was it a throb that I felt? No—that heart had ceased to beat, had ceased to feel. Life with all its bitterness had fled. The enfranchised spirit had soared to its native home. I gazed in silence. I did not weep, I did not groan. There was a benumbing, icy thrall that bound up every faculty; it was pain, it was agony, but it left no power to express that pain.

I heard a feeble sob: Whence did it proceed? I had thought I was alone. I moved in the direction of the sound. Stretched upon the floor, his face buried in his little hands, lay my boy. I knelt beside him; I raised and strained him to my breast. "Oh, let me go," said he, "mother is gone; I want to go to mother. She said she would ask her God to keep a place for me, and God is good, I know, and he will do it. Father, lay me down there with mother."

Mr. W.... here bent his head and wept like a child. It is fearful to see an old man weep. Presently he resumed.

I left the chamber of death, and retired to the room I had used as a study. What was passing in my mind I am utterly unconscious of. The past, the present and the future, were mingled in one common chaos. I was lost in a reverie that seemed protracted beyond the years of man. Of the mass of confused and unintelligible ideas that were swarming in my brain, one at length stood out clear and distinct, and gathered strength as I brooded over it. It was self-destruction. It rose upon me, a cheering light, shedding gladness over my dark and desperate fortunes. The intolerable weight which had pressed upon my mind was at once uplifted, the pent-up agony which had racked my heart passed off, and visions of peace, of a deep, enduring calm, floated before me, unmixed with a doubt or dread of the untried future. There was a loaded pistol lying on the table; in an instant it was in my grasp, but heaven in its mercy saved me from that crime—a sudden icy pang transfixed me; utterly enfeebled I sank to the floor, my senses fled, and I was as one who is numbered with the dead, or who had never breathed among the living.

When reason was again restored to me, I found myself stretched upon a bed. I recognized the apartment in which I lay; it had been my wife's. I tried to move, but had not the strength to do so. I heard a step in the room and essayed to speak; my voice was scarce a whisper; the light in the chamber was dim, but my

eyes could not endure it. I again closed them and sank into sleep.

When I awoke, a physician and a nurse were standing at the bed side. I would have spoken, but they bade me be quiet; and I was even as a child, and submitted. For many weeks had disease preyed upon me, and existence been suspended by a single thread which would not break. Slowly I recovered, my strength was restored to me, but never, from that day to the present moment, has this withered heart known peace.

I have but little more to say. From my medical attendant I learned that the young man who had been fleeced at the tavern, stung by remorse, and unable to make good the money he had lost, had swallowed a deadly draught. His aged father, stripped of his little all to pay the debt, broken-hearted by the villainy in which I had participated, was thrown with his helpless family upon the reluctant bounty of society. Wallis and Roberts had fled, it was supposed, to the South. My son had been taken home by his grandfather. I have never seen him since I pressed him to my bosom in his mother's death chamber. He was and is dear to me as the hope of heaven to the martyr's heart, but his eye shall never look upon the degraded being who gave him life.

While listening to the recital of the physician, amid pangs that gnawed my soul, I formed the resolution of quitting my country, never again to return, and in some foreign land, in an humble occupation, with rigid economy and ceaseless industry, to build up another fortune; not for the luxuries it might purchase, or the comforts it might afford me in age, but that I might, as far as money could avail, repair the mischief which I had assisted in perpetrating, and the injustice I had been guilty of towards my child.

I watched the sun as he threw his slant rays on the fields and the forests, familiar to me as the face of a friend, and when he sank beneath the horizon, commenced the preparations for my departure. I had some money; retaining as much as was absolutely necessary for my expenses, and no more, I enclosed the remainder to my physician, with a request that he would, after remunerating himself, pay the rest to the poor old sheriff. I also despatched a note to my father-in-law, stating my intention to leave the country, and imploring him, for the mother's sake, to bestow every care and attention on her child, and to call him by her maiden name. This done, in the dead of the night I set out on my journey, and took the direction of the sea port of ——. Thence, under an assumed name, I embarked for this island, and here I have since remained, steadily pursuing the course I had laid down for myself. My labors have been crowned with success beyond my hopes, and I am now the possessor of much greater wealth than I inherited. When I was in England, a mere youth, an opportunity occurred of rendering an important service to an acquaintance, at that time very needy, but who has since become a partner in one of the most extensive banking houses in London. Instead of burying my money in the ground, as the wiseacres here have surmised, I have regularly remitted my gains to him, and by his judicious management of them in the British funds, they have reached their present amount. Through him too, I have re-

ceived intelligence of my son, on whose education no expense has been spared. He has applied himself to the profession of the law, and is considered as fast rising to eminence. I could long ago have rendered him independent of labor, but I deemed it best that he should earn his bread by the sweat of his brow. That portion of man's doom is not a curse.

And now, Mr. S., it simply remains for me to acquaint you with the service which I wish you to render me. You will ascertain as soon as may be after your arrival in Virginia, what descendants there are of — the former sheriff of —, their situation in life and character; not that I mean to withhold from them what is justly their due, be they ever so vile; for may they not, if vicious, trace their very crimes to my unprincipled conduct? but that by being correctly informed of their pursuits and habits, I may be enabled to judge in what manner and to what extent, I can best act to their advantage. You will also seek the acquaintance of my son, and if you can become his friend. Write to me, and tell me candidly what he is; but until I sleep in death do not speak to him of me. You will not be condemned to a long silence, for I feel that my days are numbered. All necessary documents will be placed in your hands before your departure hence. You are my executor. Farewell.

LIFE'S STREAM.

BY LUCY T. JOHNSON.

Life's stream sweeps through many a vale
Of varied hues and smiles and tears—
And bowers that joy the breezy gale,
And desert wastes where grief appears.
It sweeps—aye swiftly to the sea,
Even as the gush of waters flowing;
A wave—a rush how merrily!
And then a chasm darkly showing.

Its source is in the little nook
Beside that far-off mountain,
Where young buds o'er its bosom look,
And violets kiss the fountain.
How pure it gurgling starts—and beaming
Bright in the first spring-morning's sun,
Heaven's own loved miniature seeming—
O thus is life begun!

And then it seeks another scene—
One gemmed with many flowers,
Where May-dews linger yet between
And in the leafy bowers:
And still it thrills most joyously,
Rippling o'er rock and glen—then sleeping
Beside the mead or on the lea;
But O, its dregs are creeping.

And still it meets another land;
But all its early flowers have faded,
Save here and there upon its strand,
One lingers by the storm abraded.
And now its lengthened depths are clouded
With misty volumes floating;
And in a wild of brambles shrouded,
O doth it cease its sporting.

Yet one more vale it finds—the last
 On life's meandering shore—
 Its yellow leaf twirls on the blast,
 Its blossoms breathe no more:
 And o'er its sullen, beamless tide,
 Its bubbles all are breaking—
 'Tis done—it meets the ocean wide,
 Each balmy scene forsaking.

'Tis done—the ocean's boundless waste
 Rolls up its misty gleaming;
 And on that desert shore is cast
 The sea-wave darkly streaming.
 But shall it be thus lost? No never—
 A brighter impulse shall be given,
 E'en from its ocean sleep—to sever
 Its scintillings to Heaven.
Elfin Moor, Va. 1836.

AN ADDRESS

Delivered before the Students of William and Mary, at the
 Opening of the College, on Monday, October 10th, 1836.

BY THOMAS R. DEW,

President and Professor of Moral and Political Philosophy.*

Gentlemen:—In obedience to the customs of our institution, I proceed to address you on the present occasion; and I do it, I assure you, with feelings of no ordinary character. When I reflect upon the antiquity and reputation of this venerable institution,—upon the numerous alumni who have been sent forth from its halls, so many of whom have graced the walks of private life, or risen into the high places of our government, and shed around them the benign influence of their talents and statesmanship,—when I reflect upon the long line of efficient and distinguished men who have preceded me in this office, and upon the character and virtues of him who was my predecessor, I cannot but feel a weight of responsibility which excites in me a deep and painful solicitude. For eight years it was my pleasure to be associated with him whose place I have been called to fill. His learning, his piety, his conscientiousness in the discharge of his duties, however onerous, will long be remembered by all who knew him well; and the regret manifested in the countenances of the citizens of our town when he bade them an affectionate farewell, marks conclusively the deep impression which his virtues and usefulness had made upon their hearts, and the loss which our society has sustained by the departure from among us of one, who, with his amiable family, constituted so interesting a portion of our social circle. Again, then, let me say, I enter upon the duties of my station with deep and painful solicitude, sustained alone by the consciousness, that I shall yield to none who have gone before me in this office, in zeal, fidelity, and love for our venerated Alma Mater.

* Repeated calls from the friends of William and Mary, as well as our own high estimation of this Address, have induced us to publish it. It will be understood, of course, that the M.S. originally, was solicited of Professor Dew for publication, by a Committee on the part of the Students. We omit the correspondence as of no general interest.

I shall not, on the present occasion, endeavor to present to your view an exposition of the general advantages resulting from education; the limits which I have prescribed to myself in this address, together with the necessity of introducing other topics, will, of course, prevent me from such an effort. Nor is it necessary;—your presence in this hall—your determination to subscribe to our laws, and to obey the requisitions of our statutes, prove that you have already comprehended the inestimable benefits of education, and have come up here to pursue your collegiate career.

As it is probable there may be students in every department of our college, and each one may be anxious to know something of our entire system previous to the selection which he may make of the courses of study for his attendance, I will, in the first place, give you some information as to our general plan. Our plan embraces a course of general study, which may be pursued to great advantage by all having the time and means, no matter what may be their professions in after life. Besides this course of general study, it embraces the subject of law, and aims at accomplishing the student in one of the learned professions.

Let me then commence with the subject of the classics. In this school we have a preparatory department, in which the student may acquire that elementary instruction requisite for the successful study of the higher classics. As but few of you, however, will, in all probability, wish to enter this school, I shall confine the remarks which I have to make on this subject to the higher classical studies. In one department of this higher school, the attention of the student will be confined to the following authors: Horace, Cicero de Oratore, Terence, Juvenal, Livy and Tacitus, in Latin—and to Xenophon's Anabasis, Æschylus, Herodotus, Euripides, Sophocles, Thucydides, and Homer in Greek.

He will be required to read them with facility—to construe them—to explain their meaning—to master portions of history which may be referred to, and to acquire a thorough and intimate acquaintance with the whole philosophy of the Latin and Greek Grammars. In this school it is expected that the classic student shall complete his knowledge of the ancient languages. I would therefore recommend it to all who may have the time and inclination to pursue such studies, or whose profession in after life may demand deep classical learning.

The knowledge of the ancient languages is far more important to us than that of any other, save our own. At the time that the barbarians from the north and east broke up the Roman Empire, and engrafted the feudal system on its fragments, whence the nations of modern Europe have arisen, the Latin and Greek languages were the two great languages of the civilized portion of the ancient world. It is necessary to study them in order that we may be enabled to understand their transition into the modern languages; the latter are derivations from the former. It has been well observed that there is not a single nation from the north to the south of Europe, from the shores of the Baltic to the plains of Italy, whose literature is not imbedded in the very elements of classical learning, and this remark applies particularly to the literature of England. But again, in order that you may understand well the classical authors put into your hands, it is necessary that you should become acquainted with the manners, customs,

institutions and religion of the ancient world. Great and mighty changes have taken place in the condition of man since the fall of the vast fabric of the Roman Empire. The whole interior economy of nations has been changed. The complex system of polytheism, with its thousand of forms, and ceremonies, and sacred mysteries, has all been overthrown, and the beautiful and simple religion of the meek and humble Saviour of the world traced, as with the pencil of light, upon the sacred page, and revealed even unto babes, has been established in its stead. This great and salutary change alone, has stamped a new character upon the age in which we live. How vast the difference between a Priest of Jupiter and a Minister of the Gospel! How great the difference between the Eleusinian mysteries of the Polytheist, and the communion service of the Christian! In order then that you may be enabled to read the classic authors to advantage, and apply with skill the lessons which you may draw from the page of ancient history, it is necessary that you should study the laws, customs, institutions, religion, and polity of Greece and Rome. For this reason, there has been recently attached to our classical department, a school of Roman and Grecian Antiquities, and Heathen Mythology, in which you will be enabled to derive full and complete information on all these topics.

The degree in the classical department has been placed upon a high footing. It is necessary that the candidate for this honor should not only be a proficient in the studies just mentioned, but that he should obtain a certificate of qualification on the junior, mathematical, rhetorical, and historical courses. With this additional information, our classic graduate goes into the world not a mere Latin and Greek scholar, but an elegant classic. This course of study has been devised principally for the benefit of that large and respectable class of students who propose to follow the profession of teaching. To all students of this description, I would recommend the attainment of this degree—a degree which will at once give its owner a high standing in our community, and be a most ample certificate of his merits and qualifications.

Besides the degree in the classical school, there are three others of a high order given in our institution; these are the degrees of A. B., B. L., and A. M. With regard to the first, you will find in our laws a detail of the courses of study necessary to its attainment. These courses you will find full and well selected, bearing an advantageous comparison with similar courses in any other college of our Union. They embrace the four great departments of mathematics, physics, morals and politics. These studies I would recommend to all who may have the time and the means to pursue them, no matter what profession they may follow in after life. Independently of the pleasure which each of them imparts to the mind of the zealous student, there is a utility arising from them far beyond the conception of ordinary minds—a utility which springs both from the enlargement of the understanding by the salutary exercise which they afford to it, and from the light which they respectively cast on each other. One of the most beautiful and interesting facts in relation to literature, is, that all its departments are connected and associated with each other; the study of one perfects the mind in the comprehension of another. The acquisition of a new idea sometimes

revolutionizes the little republic of the mind, and gives a new cast to all our thoughts. Hence the division of labor in science is not productive of the same advantage as in physics, but we should always extend the range of our studies in proportion to the enlargement of mind and the facilities for acquiring information, no matter what may be our profession or occupation hereafter.

If the time or means of the student, however, should constrain him to limit his course of studies whilst here, then it would be certainly proper that he should make a selection of those subjects which may have the closest and most intimate connection with the profession which he may follow, or the station in life which he may expect to fill. His own judgment will readily inform him of the selection which should be made, taking care always, according to the requisition of our statutes, to enter a sufficient number of classes to afford him full occupation. Every young man should task himself fully, least want of employment, while here, should induce idle habits. For the peculiar advantages of each course of studies, I must refer you to the introductory lectures of the Professors, all of which will be open to your attendance, and will give you much more complete information on each department than I could possibly impart, even if not confined within the limits of an opening address.

The degree in law is of a professional character, and consequently we can generally expect that those alone will aim at its attainment who propose to follow the profession of the law. This profession, in all countries, but particularly in our own, is one of elevated standing, of superior learning, and, I may add, of great moral and political power. The habits of his profession ensure the lawyer, in every country, an honorable station among statesmen, and the foremost rank in deliberative councils. Law, said Dr. Johnson, is the science in which the greatest powers of the understanding are applied to the greatest number of facts. The common law of England, with the great modifications which it has undergone in our own country from the operations of our government and republican institutions, will form the principal text to which your attention will be directed in this department. "This law," it has well been said, "is not the product of the wisdom of some one man, or society of men, in any one age; but of the wisdom, counsel, experience and observation of many ages of wise and observing men." It is, emphatically, "the gathered wisdom of a thousand years." And you, gentlemen, who propose to accomplish its study, must devote yourselves to it with unremitting ardor. You must not study the mere statutes and prescriptions of the law alone, but you must examine, with the eye of philosophy, the whole foundation on which the great superstructure is raised. It is necessary that you should examine the principles of the science of government; that you should look into the wants of our nature; examine the beautiful structure of the human mind, with all our feelings, principles, propensities and instincts. In fine, you must, in the language of one who has risen to the highest eminence in his profession, "Drink in the lessons and spirit of philosophy. Not that philosophy described by Milton, as

A perpetual feast of nectared sweets
Where no crude surfeit reigns;

but that philosophy which is conversant with men's

business and interests, with the policy and welfare of nations; that philosophy which dwells not in vain imaginations and platonic dreams, but which stoops to life, and enlarges the boundaries of human happiness; that philosophy which sits by us in the closet, cheers us by the fireside, walks with us in the fields and highways, kneels with us at the altars, and lights up the enduring flame of patriotism."

Deep and extensive knowledge is, above all things, requisite for the success of him who aspires to an elevated stand in this honorable profession. Well, then, have the officers of our institution ordained that the degree in this department shall not be conferred for a mere knowledge of laws. The candidate for this honor must have studied, beside the municipal law, the subject of government and national law, together with some exposition of our own system of government, all of which subjects are taught by the Law Professor. He must, moreover, have obtained the Baccalaureate honor in this, or some other institution, or if not, must have attended a full course of lectures in some one of the scientific departments of this institution. With the collateral information thus obtained, the graduate in law will go forth, not a mere lawyer, equipped only with the forms and technicalities of his profession, but with a mind deeply imbued by the principles of science and the spirit of philosophy. With a mind thus furnished, every hour of study in his profession becomes efficient, and moves him forward with ease and rapidity in his career, enabling him to encounter all the difficulties and obstacles which beset him on his way.* For a full exposition of the courses of study in the law department, I must refer you to the introductory lecture of the Professor, which will impart all the information which you may desire on this subject.

Before speaking of our Master's degree, I will say a few words on the school of civil engineering, lately established by the visitors in this institution. The United States of North America present at this moment one of the most sublime spectacles which has ever been offered to the eye of the philanthropist—the spectacle of a people few in numbers at first—rapidly increasing and spreading over one of the fairest quarters of the world; building up institutions, the admiration of the age in which we live; and rearing up, by the mere development of internal resources, a fabric of greatness and empire, unparalleled in the annals of history. The original heterogeneous interests of the different portions of our Union, are made to harmonize more and more, from day to day, by the magic influence of internal improvement. The canal and the rail road, the steam boat and steam car, constitute in fact the great and characteristic powers of the age in which we live. Throughout our extensive territory, covering so many degrees of latitude and longitude, embracing every climate and yielding every production, nature calls on art to aid her. Although we have already executed works of improvement within the limits of our system of republics, which

rival in splendor and grandeur the boasted monuments of Egypt, Rome or China, and far surpass them in usefulness and profit, yet the work is still in a state of incipency—a boundless field is opening to the enterprise of individuals and states. In the peculiar phraseology of a favorite science, there at this moment exists a vast demand for internal improvements. From one side to the other of our immense territory, turnpikes, rail roads and canals are constructing every where; the engineer is abroad in the land, almost annihilating by his skill, time and space. Yet his labors are not commensurate with the demand. There is, at this time, scarcely any profession in our country which rewards its successful follower more highly and certainly than that of civil engineering. The visitors of our institution have therefore very wisely attached a school of this description to our college, placing it under the direction of an individual who combines, most happily, profound scientific knowledge with great practical skill—an individual who for years zealously and successfully pursued the business of engineering in another country, until called off by other employments. I would therefore warmly recommend this school to all who are anxious to follow this profession, as soon as their attainments will enable them to join it with advantage.

In the supplemental laws, published since the last session of our board of visitors, you will find a detail of the studies requisite for the attainment of the degree of A. M. This is the highest honor in our institution which can be won by the student during his collegiate career. It will require generally two years additional study after obtaining the Bachelor's degree; few of you, consequently, can be expected to aim at its attainment. Those however who shall have an opportunity, will find themselves amply rewarded by the advantages which may be derived from it. In this course, all the studies which are pursued in the first portion of your collegiate career, are extended and amplified. In the first portion of your studies, you master the great principles of science; in the latter, you enter more fully into your subjects, and begin the great work of applying your principles to facts. He who shall have the good fortune to obtain this degree, will have amassed a fund of knowledge which will enable him to grace and ornament any of the walks of life into which he may choose to enter. His mind will have been trained in the most important of all arts—that of acquiring knowledge and generalizing facts. He will almost necessarily have attained the great desideratum of literary men—love of study and the power of discrimination. So that in his case there will be afterwards no waste of labor and time, no useless expenditure of frivolous and unprofitable thought. To a mind thus trained, all nature furnishes lessons of instruction and philosophy, from her least to her greatest operations—from the falling of an apple, to the complex movements of worlds innumerable, all is harmony, concord and wisdom. Such a mind can draw the lesson of philosophy alike from the prattle of the innocent babe, or the deeply studied conversation of a Bacon or a Newton.

I have thus, gentlemen, endeavored briefly to present an exposé of the several departments of study in our college.* I have given you the bill of fare, and we hope

* One of the great advantages of establishing a Law School in a college is, that the student, whilst pursuing his professional studies, is enabled at the same time to give a portion of his attention to other subjects of a kindred character, and thus ultimately to enter his profession with the great and inestimable advantage of a proper elementary education, which must ever give him a decided superiority to him who is educated in the law alone.

* I have dwelt in this address very little on the subjects requi-

that you may make your selections with judgment, and afterwards prosecute your studies with energy and perseverance. By the late arrangement of the visitors in regard to the Master's degree, our scientific courses are as extensive as at any other institution in this country, and one of them, the moral and political, is believed to be more extensive than in any other institution known to us. And this will lead me to say a few words on the policy of our board of visitors in establishing so extensive a course.

Many persons are under the impression that moral and political studies need not be prosecuted at college—that the physical and mathematical sciences are the most important subjects, and should be studied to their exclusion. This opinion seems to be based upon the popular notion that moral and political subjects may be comprehended without the assistance of a teacher, and may consequently be prosecuted to most advantage when the student has finished his collegiate career and entered upon the great theatre of life. This impression is certainly erroneous and highly pernicious; and in justification of the system which we have adopted in our own college I must employ a few moments in attempting to explain its thorough fallacy. In the first place then, I have no hesitation in affirming that moral and political studies are the most important of all. These subjects are of universal application; they concern every member of the human family. We cannot escape their influence or connection, no matter what may be our destiny through life. The great *high-ways*, and the little *by-ways*, of our existence, if I may be allowed the expression, alike pass through the regions of morals and politics. From the village gossip who tells the tale of her neighbor's equivocal conduct, and significantly hints that it was no better than it ought to be, to him who watches the movements of empires and penetrates the secret designs of statesmen, all are concerned in these universally applicable subjects. It is a matter of very little practical consequence to us what may be the opinions of our neighbor in mathematics or physics—whether he believes two sides of a triangle may be less than the third, or that the earth is the centre of our system, and that the sun, moon and stars revolve around it. We may laugh at him once or twice during the year for his ignorance, but his opinions wound none of our sensibilities and run counter to none of our interests. But the moment our opinions clash upon the subjects of morals and politics, that moment the case is altered. The opinions of my neighbor are no longer indifferent to me. If he has notions of morality under which he is constantly condemning my course of life, or a system of politics entirely at war with mine, then does the collision become indeed a serious one. It was a matter of very little moment to Castile that King Alphonso should believe the solar system miserably defective in its arrangements, and that he could suggest some most important improvements in it. But the case was seriously altered when he believed that he was responsible to God alone, and not to his subjects, in the administration of his government, and that his wisdom was sufficient to make and unmake the laws of his country. The fact is, morals, politics and religion are the great concerns of human nature. They

spring from relations of universal existence throughout the human family—relations from whose influence none of us can possibly escape.

But it is said that even if these subjects be of such universal application, they may easily be acquired in after life when we have appeared as actors upon the great stage of the world. Then it is affirmed we may begin the study of morals and politics to most advantage, when theory and experiment may go hand in hand—when we may correct the visions of an overwrought imagination by the plain and palpable realities that exist around us. This opinion is certainly erroneous. The period of youth is the proper time to commence these studies. You have come up here, gentlemen, with minds and feelings not yet hackneyed in the beaten walks of a business life. You are now enlisted in no mere party warfare. Your hopes have not yet been damped by disappointment, nor your energies been deadened by adversity. All your affections and sympathies are warm and generous. Your hearts and heads have not been besieged by cold, inveterate selfishness, or perverted by unreasonable and noxious prejudices. You have as yet set up no false idols in the temple of the mind. *Addicti jurare in verba nullius magistri*. You stand committed to the cause of truth and justice alone. Under such circumstances you are in the best possible condition for the reception of pure and virtuous principles. Now is the time to imbibe the great lessons of morality and to study the general and elementary doctrines of government and politics. A little time hence you will have entered upon the bustling, busy theatre of the world. Your private interests and party prejudices will then rise up at every step to cloud your minds and pervert your judgments. Your moral and political researches will no longer be conducted with a single eye to truth and justice, but the demon of party will too probably exert an irresistible control over the little republics of the mind and heart.

There are no sciences which require the same full, free, and generous exercise of the feelings of the heart, as morals and politics. In the fixed sciences, it is a matter of very little concern to us what the character of the fact may be; all we aim at is mere truth. We do not care whether a triangle should have two, three, four, or five right angles; all we are in search of, is the mere fact, the real truth. Whilst we are conducting the inquiry, all the passions and active feelings of our nature are laid to rest, and the intellect is left alone and unbiassed to move directly to its results. But when we have reached the region of morals and politics, then do we find that all the passions, propensities and principles of our nature are brought into full play. The whole human being, as he has been made by our Creator, becomes then the important subject of our researches, and we can never arrive at just conclusions without a due consideration of all the forces which are in action. And this is one reason why these are really the most difficult of all sciences.

Hence, gentlemen, the wisest and greatest statesmen have been generally found among those who have directed their minds at an early period of their lives to morals and politics. Such men become deeply imbued with the great principles of those sciences in their youth. They are early taught to worship at the shrine of truth, while the ardent feeling of devoted patriotism banishes

site for the degree of A. B. because of their well known character and importance.

from the mind all narrow considerations of selfishness and shields it against the intolerable prejudices of party spirit. A mind thus early and correctly impressed with the great elementary principles of morals and politics, will ever be well balanced and considerate in its conclusions, and rarely surprised into hasty and rash decisions. In looking to the speeches which emanate from our deliberative bodies, I have often been struck with the exemplification which they afford of the truth of this remark.

There is nothing in which our speakers are more defective than in comprehension of view. They seem too often to seize but one single point of a subject; and although they may move with a giant's strength in that direction, yet the mind remains unsatisfied. One of the principal causes of this defect, is the want of a proper moral and political education in early life. They have not received elementary instruction sufficient to give the proper impulse to the mind. They are capable of taking but one view of a subject, and that is dictated by local and partial interests, or by too intense a consideration of but one set of circumstances. Such politicians, however brilliant they may be in mere detail, are incapable of taking the length, breadth and depth of a great subject; they lack scope and comprehension of idea, and cannot dive down to the bottom—where truth is always found. Such men may be efficient instruments when directed by the genius and the skill of the great politician, but are totally incapable of taking the lead in difficult times, because incapable of forming the conception of great plans and the means by which they are to be executed.*

Of all the states in the Union, I may perhaps affirm without fear of contradiction, that Virginia has produced the greatest number of able and profound statesmen and of eloquent and efficient debaters. And to this fact, no doubt, has been owing principally that preponderating influence which she has so happily exerted in by-gone times upon the destiny of our confederacy. One great reason of the superiority of our orators and statesmen, is the fact that the mind of the Virginia youth has always been easily directed to the study of politics and morals. Our whole state hitherto has been one great political nursery, and I hesitate not to affirm that our old and venerable Alma Mater has had a powerful agency in the achievement of this result. The law, political and moral departments of this college have always been upon a high and respectable footing, and moral and po-

* Such was Lord Grenville, whose character was so ably sketched by Burke; and such a man was the famous Neckar of France, whose heart was good and whose mind was active, but he was unfortunately deficient in general information and in comprehension of idea. He had been a banker at Geneva and would have managed a great nation like a banking house. It is a curious fact and serves to show the penetration of Dr. A. Smith's mind, that he always said Neckar would soon fall, though enjoying at first the greatest and most enviable popularity; and he made the prediction altogether from the character of his mind which he had thoroughly studied during a short period of association with him. Turgot may perhaps be given as an example of a really wise and great statesman, a man of an excellent elementary education, and of enlarged and liberal views. He has rarely had an equal in modern times, and may be considered in this respect as well contrasting with the two first mentioned. I could easily adduce similar striking illustrations in our own country, and especially among living statesmen, but it is unnecessary and might be improper.

litical subjects have here always received a due consideration. Hence it is that old William and Mary can boast of so astonishing a number of distinguished statesmen in proportion to her alumni—statesmen with whom she might boldly challenge any other institution in this country, or even in the world—statesmen who, whilst they have woven the chaplet of her glory and engraven her name on the page of our country's history, have illustrated by their eloquence and statesmanship the national legislature and federal government, and carried their pervasive influence into the councils of every state in our wide-spread confederacy. So that we may well say of our Alma Mater in view of these brilliant results, in the language of one of the Trojan wanderers,

Quis iam locus,
Quis regio in terris nostri non plena laboris?

It is surely then a subject for congratulation, rather than censure, that the governors of our institution, whilst they have enlarged the course of studies in every department, have been particularly attentive to morals and politics, and have prescribed such a course on those subjects as will, I am in hopes, insure advantages never before enjoyed in this institution. The great mass of high intellect in all countries, must be employed in morals and politics, and no mind can have received its greatest enlargement, or be fully prepared for a faithful discharge of the great duties of life, without their study. This applies forcibly to our own country, but particularly to the slave-holding portion of it, and will lead me to make a few remarks on the inducements which should urge you, gentlemen, as Americans and Virginians, to make, whilst here, the greatest possible proficiency in all your studies.

The establishment of our federative system of government, has justly been considered as the commencement of a new era in the history of nations. It is emphatically the great experiment of the age in which we live; to it the eyes of all are directed, and upon its issue must the cause of liberty and republican institutions throughout the world, mainly depend. The great and distinguishing characteristic of our system is, that the sovereignty resides in the people—that they constitute the source of all political power, and the only check on the misconduct of rulers. Where such a system prevails, all must depend on the general intelligence and virtue of the mass. If the mainpring of our system is the sovereignty of the people, then does it follow that the people must be enlightened. In the language of the great author of the Declaration of Independence, "power is always stealing from the many to the few;" and nothing can prevent the gradual decay and final loss of our liberties, but unceasing vigilance on the part of the people. We must ever be upon the watch-tower, ready to give the alarm, not only when the citadel of our liberties is openly and violently attacked by the arm of bold and ruthless usurpation, but when we behold those secret and artful approaches to despotism, which gradually undermine the fabric of our institutions, and give no signs of coming mischief, until we are involved in irremediable ruin.

Every man throughout our wide-spread republic, must take his share of responsibility in the result of the great experiment which is now going forward. There is no privileged class here to rule by the right divine.

Far different is our case from the despotisms of the ancient world, or the monarchies of the modern. Sovereignty resided formerly at Babylon, at Thebes, at Persepolis. Now we find it at Paris, Vienna, and London. But in our own more happy country, it pervades our territory like the very air we breathe, reaching the farthest, and binding the most distant together. Politics here is the business of every man, no matter how humble his condition may be. We have it in commission to instruct the world in the science and the art of government. We must, if we succeed, exhibit the extraordinary phenomenon of a well-educated, virtuous, intelligent people, "free without licentiousness—religious without a religious establishment—obedient to laws administered by citizen magistrates, without the show of official lictors or fasces, and without the aid of mercenary legions or janissaries." As a nation, a glorious charge has devolved upon us. Our condition prescribes to each one the salutary law of Solon, that there shall be no neutrals here. Each one must play his part in the great political drama; and you, gentlemen, who have assembled here for the purpose of receiving a liberal education, must recollect that fortunate circumstances have placed you among the privileged few. Every motive of honor, of patriotism, and a laudable ambition, should stimulate to the utmost exertion. Neglect not the precious opportunity which is afforded you. The *five talents* are entrusted to your care; beware lest you bury or throw them away. This is the most important era of your life—the very seedtime of your existence; success now may insure you success hereafter.

The age in which you live, and the circumstances by which you are surrounded, as inhabitants of the south, create a special demand for your utmost exertions. The times are indeed interesting and momentous. We seem to have arrived at one of those great periods in the history of man, when fearful and important changes are threatened in the destiny of the world. In the prophetic language of the boldest of philosophers, we may perhaps with truth affirm, that "the crisis of revolutions is at hand." Never were the opinions of the world more unsettled and more clashing than at this moment. Monarchists and democrats, conservatives and radicals, whigs and tories, agrarians and aristocrats, slaveholders and non-slaveholders, are all now in the great field of contention. What will be the result of this awful conflict, none can say. England's most eloquent and learned divine tells us, that there now sits an unnatural scowl on the aspect of the population—a resolved sturdiness in their attitude and gait; and whether we look to the profane recklessness of their habits, or to the deep and settled hatred which rankles in their hearts, we cannot but read in these moral characteristics the omens of some great and impending overthrow. The whole continent of Europe is agitated by the conflicts of opinions and principles; and we are far, very far from the calm and quiet condition which betokens the undoubted safety of the republic.

When the times are so interesting and exciting; when clouds are lowering above the political horizon, portending fearful storms; when the lapse of time is every day disclosing great and startling events, can you, gentlemen, fold your arms in inglorious indolence—throw away the opportunity that is now offered you—fail to prepare for the important part which should devolve on

you, and add yourselves to the great mass of the unambitious, illiterate citizens, who have been in all ages and all countries the blind instruments with which despotism has achieved its results. I hope—yes, I know, that at this moment a worthier and a nobler impulse actuates every one of you. And you must recollect too, that you are generally members of that portion of our confederacy whose domestic institutions have been called in question by the meddling spirit of the age. You are slaveholders, or the sons of slaveholders, and as such your duties and responsibilities are greatly increased. He who governs and directs the action of others, needs especially intelligence and virtue. Prepare yourselves, then, for this important relation, so as to be able to discharge its duties with humanity and wisdom. Then can we exhibit to the world the most convincing evidence of the justice of our cause; then may we stand up with boldness and confidence against the frowns of the world; and if the demon of fanaticism shall at last array its thousands of deluded victims against us, threatening to involve us in universal ruin by the overthrow of our institutions, we may rally under our principles undivided and undismayed—firm and resolute as the Spartan band at Thermopylæ; and such a spirit, guided by that intelligence which should be possessed by slaveholders, will ever insure the triumph of our cause. I will not dwell longer at present on the high motives which should urge you to exertion; but let me call your attention to some of the evils and temptations which will beset you in your collegiate career, and against which I must now warn you to be on your guard.

There are many persons opposed to a college education, because it is supposed to subject the youth to strong temptations, and in the end, to lead many into dissipation and vice, who might otherwise pass through life moral and correct citizens. I will not say that temptation does not exist here—that evil may not arise to some from their connection with college. But I do affirm unhesitatingly, that there is no better preparation for the great world into which you are soon to enter, than a proper discharge of your duties in the little one, with which you are now about to connect yourselves. The individual who passes through a college life with honor and credit to himself, resisting the little temptations which beset him, has already been tried and tested, and his virtue is of a much more stern and genuine character than that of him who has never gone forth from the paternal roof, and consequently never been disciplined in the school of his equals. You may rest assured that every one of you who shall pass safely through this ordeal, will be a better and a more useful citizen, because of the very temptations which you may have triumphantly resisted whilst here.

Let me then call on each of you to guard against all excesses which may lure you from the path of your duties—remember that one transgression tempts to another, until the individual becomes hardened and reckless in his course. Beware of the very beginnings of vice; a little indulgence at first, believed even to be harmless, may lead to melancholy ruin in the end. Never forget the great purpose for which your parents have sent you here, and never permit, for a moment, any circumstances to divert you from it. Be firm, be determined in your course; listen not to the Syren voice of

pleasure and dissipation, but acquire at once that manliness and resolution which will enable you to say no! when pressed to do wrong; and you may rest assured that you will meet with your recompense not only in after life, but here, even whilst you are students. I may claim to have some experience in this matter. I have been myself a student in this college, and for some years past have been connected with it, and have been no inattentive observer of passing events; and it gives me pleasure to assure you, that the economical, moral, and diligent students have always been the most popular, and the most highly esteemed by their companions. Are there any honors to be conferred?—those are the gentlemen to receive them. Are there any distinguished duties to perform?—those are the individuals invited to discharge them. It is their names which are sounded with praise by their fellow-students, wherever they go in society; and their reputation survives and is cherished, while those who have spent their time in idleness and dissipation are forgotten; or if remembered, remembered to be condemned.

It too often happens that the youth at college imagines that he has rights and interests to defend adverse to those of his instructors. This false impression is pregnant with the most mischievous consequences. It arrays the student against the professor, introduces disorder and idleness into the institution, and in the end becomes, perhaps, the cause of the student's dismissal, and consequently of irreparable injury to himself, and of pain and mortification to his friends and relatives. Now, gentlemen, I beg you to reflect a moment on the absurdity of this opinion. Where can there be any hostility of interest between your instructors and yourselves? Is it our interest, as well as yours, that you should be diligent in your studies, correct and moral in your deportment? Does not the student who makes the greatest proficiency in his studies, earn the greatest honor for himself, while he reflects the greatest renown upon the college? and I can assure you that we feel proud indeed when we behold those who have received our instruction gracing and adorning the spheres in which they move. Where, then, is the hostility of interest? There is none; the belief is vain and idle. The right for which the student is induced to contend, is often nothing more than the *right* to do *wrong*, the exercise of which always proves more destructive to himself than detrimental to us. If the student would only take a correct view of this subject, there would be nothing more endearing and harmonious than the relation of professor and pupil. The complexion of his whole future life may depend upon his acquirements and conduct whilst here. It is our duty, and it is his interest, that we should guard and restrain when he would run into excess. It has been my fortune to meet with several in the world who have spent their collegiate lives in reckless dissipation and idleness. I have beheld them while reaping the bitter fruits of their conduct; have heard their confessions of deep regret, and seen them shed the tear of heartfelt repentance; and I have not met with one who did not wish that he could run his race again, that he might avoid the errors of his youth.

But, independently of the motives of interest which should operate on you, there are others, of an elevated character, which must ever stimulate the generous and the virtuous. The friends and relatives, who dwell

around the enchanted spot of your nativity and boyhood, and seem associated with your very existence, are looking with interest to your career whilst here, and calling upon you for exertion during this eventful period of your lives. But, most of all, should the anxious, the painful solicitude, which is felt for your welfare by those beloved beings who have guided you along the path of infancy urge you onwards. Never forget the joy with which you may recompense your kind indulgent parents by your assiduity and success while here; nor the sorrow and mortification which you may occasion by your idleness and misconduct. You have, indeed, the happiness of the authors of your existence in your hands, and a generous heart will recoil from the infliction of sorrow. And let me urge you to keep up a frequent and unreserved correspondence with your families; reveal, frankly, all that occurs concerning yourselves, and never neglect the mandate of a father, or spurn the advice of a mother. Perhaps I could not give you better counsel, than to beg you never to forget the example of Marmontel. When you are about to perform a questionable act, let each one pause, and ask himself, "what would my mother say if she knew what I am about to do?"*

After having made these general remarks, I must call your attention, particularly, to several vices which the Faculty will be bound to take every means within their power effectually to suppress. These are, *extravagance, drinking and gambling*. The visitors at the last meeting of the convocation were so much impressed with the belief of the great injury which the extravagant habits of southern students have done to the cause of literature, that they passed a regulation requiring the Faculty to obtain, if possible, from each merchant in town, a pledge, that he would, in no case, extend credit to the students unless upon application from the parent or guardian, made known through the President, or some one of the Faculty. I am most happy to say, that every merchant in town has given the pledge with a willingness and promptness which reflect the greatest credit on the mercantile portion of our city, and mark, conclusively a generous disregard of all selfish considerations, when arrayed against the permanent interests of the town and college. In justice to the merchants, I must state to you, that they have subscribed to this pledge with no motives of hostility towards any of your number, or from any dissatisfaction at the conduct of any one of you. Their act has been the result of the most praiseworthy motives.†

* I know of no one thing more essential to the prosperity of any college than the co-operation of the parent or guardian with the discipline of the institution. Such co-operation furnishes a sanction to the laws which can be derived from no other quarter. Hence my anxiety that a constant and frequent correspondence, of the most unreserved character, should be carried on between the students and their families. A timely letter from a father or a mother, has saved many a young man from ruin, by making him pause in his career and reflect on his conduct.

† The resolution of the visitors is as follows:

Resolved, That it is highly expedient that the practice of students buying on credit should be stopped: and therefore, that the President be directed to endeavor to obtain the consent and a formal pledge from the merchants and dealers of Williamsburg, not to furnish commodities in any case to a student, on credit, unless by the written authority of the parent or guardian, communicated through the Faculty: And it is made the duty of the President, should his application be rendered unsuccessful by

You may suppose, gentlemen, that the conduct of the Visitors and Faculty in this matter has been unwarrantable, and unnecessarily strict; but a moment's reflection will convince you of your error. This regulation has been made after the maturest consideration of the subject, and past experience not only justified, but absolutely demanded such a step. I know of no one thing more loudly and more universally complained of in all our southern institutions than the unreasonable and absurd extravagance of many of the students who attend them. This evil, in some cases, has been enormous, and I have known many parents to be so much discontented with the conduct of their sons in this respect, as to cut short their education, and to become so disgusted with a college life as to resolve never more to subject a son to the same temptation. Now, the principal cause of this lavish expenditure of money, has been the facility with which credit has been obtained. The facility of obtaining credit has ruined even many a cautious man, by the temptations which have been thrown in his way, and the consequent inducements which have been offered to him to run into debt. During the ardent, and too often thoughtless period of youth, experience has shown that this privilege becomes too dangerous to be trusted to the individual. He adds expense to expense—proceeds from one extravagance to another, until he becomes perfectly reckless in his career. Prices, of course, will be enhanced in proportion to the risk which the creditor runs. Those who are honest are made to pay for those who are not. And thus many a student, before he has had a pausing season for reflection, finds an aggregate of items arrayed against him, which draws down the displeasure of his parent, or materially embarrasses his own little property.

The resolution of the Board of Visitors is intended, if possible, to eradicate this evil. The student's expenses now must be known to his parents and guardians, or they must give their express consent to his obtaining credit. If he shall be still extravagant, the responsibility must rest with him and his parents; we shall have done our duty. But we hope, most sincerely, that you will keep in view both your own and the college interests in this particular. Strict economy on the part of the student at college is a great virtue. Let each one remember that the money which he spends here has not been wrung from his brow, but from that of another. Liberality with that which is mine may be generous, but with that which is another's, is often selfish and culpable. I beg you to reflect upon the consequences of extravagance while here: it leads the student into idle, dissipated habits, and defeats the great purposes for which he has entered our institution; it blights his future prospects, and draws down upon him the displeasure of his parents. But, above all, gentlemen, let me bid you remember that which must always move the generous heart of youth. Your extravagance here extends beyond yourselves; it may reach your innocent brothers and sisters—your parents may become disgusted, or their resources may be contracted, and a Bacon or a Newton may be made to follow the plough,

the refusal to give such pledge, or a violation of it, if given, to correspond with the guardians or parents of the young men at college, advising them to give explicit instructions to their wards or sons not to deal, either in cash or on credit, with any such merchant or dealer.

because the thoughtless, prodigal son has gone before them. And thus may it be affirmed, but too truly, that every increase of collegiate expense necessarily inflicts an injury on the great cause of science and education. There may be those whose ample resources may place them far above the necessity of strict economy. To them I would say, that it is selfish, or thoughtless at least, to indulge, before those with whom they must associate, in a style of expenditure which they cannot imitate without ruin to themselves and their parents. Liberality, under such circumstances, ceases to be generous—it becomes a species of selfish ostentation, which reflects no credit on him who displays it, and does great injury to his associates. To every one of you, then, let me recommend rigid economy, and you may be sure of reaping your reward in more steady habits, increased diligence, and a more perfect preparation for the great theatre of life on which you expect to enter.

Upon the subject of drinking and gambling, I shall say but a few words; the melancholy consequences of these vices are known to all—how the one stupifies and benumbs the faculties of the mind and the body, while the other reaches the citadel of the heart, and generates a train of the blackest vices which human nature is heir to. Let me beg you to beware of these vices, which have plunged so many families into distress and mourning, and have generated so large a portion of the misery of the world. Take care how far you indulge, lest your ruin come before you are aware of it. Our laws are severe against these vices, and experience has convinced us that we must rigidly execute them. But I hope the propriety of your course here will furnish us with no occasion for the enforcement of our laws.

In conclusion upon this subject, I will say to you, that if the students of William and Mary shall bind themselves, during their residence at college, not to spend more than a certain amount of pocket money, which should be moderate—not to taste ardent spirits any where, nor wine, or any other intoxicating liquor, except in private families, and not to touch a card, or play for money at any game of hazard, and shall strictly conform to these resolutions—then you will indeed have formed a temperance society, of which you may be justly proud—one that will do the greatest honor to yourselves, establish the reputation of our college, and set an example to the world whose benefit may extend throughout our country; and the students of '36 and '37 will long be remembered in the College of William and Mary. How far superior will such a reputation as this be to that short-lived notoriety purchased by extravagance and dissipation, and terminating too often in mortification and ruin. The case of the student is a very peculiar one; if he can pass through his short career at college, with all due diligence and propriety, he will have achieved for himself a great result. Full success in his studies during the few brief months that he remains within our college walls, may accomplish more for his future standing, and future happiness, than many years of hard toil and labor in after life, without the advantages which he might have reaped whilst here. It is for this reason that a society of the kind which I have just recommended must succeed here, if it can succeed any where. For you have only to adhere to your temperance vow for a few months, and the benefit is attained. But whether you shall form such a society as this or not,

let every one of you endeavor, whilst here, to be economical, temperate and diligent; and such as persevere in this course, whatever may be said to the contrary, are most respected and honored by their fellow-students, make the greatest proficiency in their studies, and turn out at last the most valuable and distinguished members of society.

There are many other subjects to which I would wish to call your attention; but the limits which I have prescribed myself in this address, compel me to be brief. Our laws forbid your entry into taverns, and likewise all drinking parties and suppers among yourselves. Experience has shown these things to be ruinous to the students, and highly pernicious to the interests of the institution. You are to respect the college premises—not to deface or injure the college buildings. Each one of you is to be responsible for the injury done to his room, and to pay for all the injury which he may do to the buildings—always bearing in recollection that you come here not to exercise your knives, but your heads.

I would advise you particularly to be punctual in your attendance on divine service every Sabbath, and to be respectful and attentive whilst in church. He who disturbs a religious congregation, not only manifests a censurable disregard of religion, but exhibits an unfeeling heart, and is guilty of conduct which is not gentlemanly. An enlightened pulpit is not only the source of religious instruction, but of morality and civilization; and a truly pious clergyman merits the respect, the love, and gratitude of the world, for he is one of the greatest of its benefactors. Be always respectful in your conversation towards religion, not only from regard to the feelings of others, but for the sake of your own reputation. Avowed infidelity is now considered by the enlightened portion of the world as a reflection both on the head and heart. The Atheist has long since been overthrown by the light of nature, and the Deist by that of revelation. The Infidel and the Christian have fought the battle, and the latter has won the victory. The Humes and Voltaires have been vanquished from the field, and the Bacons, Lockes, and Newtons have given in their adhesion. The argument is closed forever, and he who now obtrudes on the social circle his infidel notions, manifests the arrogance of a literary coxcomb, or that want of refinement which distinguishes the polished gentleman. If there be among you any ministers of the gospel, or professors of religion studying with a view to the ministry, to them we cheerfully open our lecture-rooms, free of all expense, and shall consider ourselves as highly recompensed, if the instruction which we may communicate shall be made instrumental in promoting virtue and true religion.

A copy of our laws will be placed in the hands of each one of you: read and respect them. On the part of the Faculty, with which I have the honor to be connected, I have to state that the discipline of the college must and will be enforced. The oath of office, the reputation of the institution, your own welfare and success, all demand vigilance and promptness on our part. From your instructors you will always receive kind, affectionate, and parental treatment, and you may well believe it will ever be painful to us to animadvert on your conduct, or to inflict the penalties required by our laws. Nothing but a high sense of duty could lead us to proceed against those for whom the bare relation

which subsists between us must generate feelings of the kindest character. The professor, who is kind to the student, and attentive to his interests, while he nerves himself upon all occasions to a discharge of his duty, is always his greatest benefactor; and the student will acknowledge it as soon as he has left the college walls.

Be diligent, be perseveringly attentive to your studies, and you have the antidote against all the evils and temptations to which college life is incident. And let me advise you, particularly in your evening rambles and social gatherings, to direct your thoughts and conversation to subjects of importance, particularly to the subject of your lectures. Enlightened, intelligent conversation is a source of great mental improvement; it brings mind into conflict with mind, sharpens the faculties, gives increased relish for study, and greatly enlarges the stock of information by an interchange of ideas. It is for this reason that a few intelligent men in a county will be found quickly to raise its intellectual level; and a few inquiring, successful students in a college, will in like manner quickly inspire the whole number with ardor and devotion to study. Hence the fact which the statistics of all long established colleges will prove, that great men are not sent out from their walls one by one, from year to year, in regular succession, but they come at longer intervals, and always in little platoons. Thus are we convinced of the interesting fact, that genius is rarely solitary—it delights in company. The example and conversation of the successful student arouse and stimulate his companions, and lead them along with himself to distinction.*

Let me advise you by all means to discard at once that absurd notion, which has made an illiterate man of many a vain student—that genius delights not in labor. Very different is the fact; love of study, and unshaken perseverance in the pursuit of its object, is the true characteristic of genius every where. The men of genius who have built up the great systems of philosophy, and laid the foundation of civilization, have all been laborious students, as well as deep thinkers; they have been the true working-men of the world. Such men were Socrates and Plato, Demosthenes and Cicero, of antiquity, and such have been the Luthers, the Bacons, and Newtons of modern times, and such all men are compelled to be, who possess a laudable ambition for distinction and usefulness. In the language of Doctor Johnson we may assert, that "all the performances of human art, at which we look with praise and wonder, are the results of perseverance. It is by this that the quarry becomes a pyramid, and that distant countries are united by canals. It is therefore of the utmost importance that those who have any intention of de-

* Our own college furnishes most conclusive proof of the truth of these remarks. I will give only two examples, and comment will be unnecessary. John Randolph, L. W. Tazewell, Robert B. Taylor, and John Thompson, author of the letters signed "Curtius," were the heavy product of one season; while F. F. Barbour, B. W. Leigh, Chapman Johnson, Henry St. George Tucker, (President of Court of Appeals,) Robert Stanard, J. C. Cabell, and Lewis Harvie were that of another; and during the whole time William and Mary College rarely numbered more than sixty students. I have been informed, on inquiry into this subject, that the northern colleges, especially Yale and Harvard, furnish similar instances. It is said, for example, that the class in which Harrison Gray Otis graduated at Cambridge, yielded a most extraordinary number of great men in proportion to its size.

viating from the beaten track of life, and of acquiring a reputation superior to names hourly swept away by time among the refuse of fame, should add to their reason and their spirit the *power of persisting in their purposes*, acquire the art of sapping what they cannot batter, and the habit of vanquishing obstinate resistance by obstinate attacks."

There is even a great deal of labor requisite on your part to place yourselves on the intellectual level of the age in which you live. In the beautiful language of one of the ablest writers of our country, we can truly say, "it is not with us as it was in former times, when science belonged to solitary studies, or philosophical ease, or antiquarian curiosity. It has escaped from the closet, and become an habitual accompaniment of every department of life. It accosts us equally in the highways and byways. We meet it in the idle walk, and in the crowded street; in the very atmosphere we breathe, in the earth we tread on, in the ocean we traverse, and on the rivers we navigate. It visits the workshop of the mechanic, the laboratory of the apothecary, the chambers of the engraver, the vats of the dyer, the noisy haunts of the spinning-jenny, and the noiseless retreats of the bleachery. It crosses our paths in the long-winding canal, in the busy rail-road, in the flying steamboat, and in the gay and gallant merchant-ship, wafting its products to every clime. It enters our houses, sits down at our firesides, lights up our conversations and revels at our banquets. One is almost tempted to say that the whole world seems in a blaze, and that the professors in science, and the dealers in the arts surround us by their magical circles, and compel us to remain captives in the spells of their witchcraft." And can you consent to waste your time in inglorious repose and idleness, while the whole world is blazing with philosophy? No, gentlemen, you cannot. Arouse all your energies, waken up your faculties, enter on your career like the combatant at the Olympic Games, resolved to win the prize, and in advance I tell you, the victory will be yours.

You are here placed amid scenes which may well excite a noble and a laudable ambition, and make the bosom of the patriot throb. You tread on classic soil—a soil connected with associations which carry the imagination back to bygone days, and fix it on the noble achievements of philanthropists, heroes, statesmen, and sages. There is every thing here to excite generous aspirations. On the one side of you is the almost hallowed island where our hardy forefathers made the first lodgment of civilization on our portion of the western world, in face of the wilderness and the savage foe. On another side, not far removed, is the spot where the father of his country wound up the drama of the revolution, by that great and signal victory which gave us peace, and ensured us so important a station among the nations of the earth. You will assemble daily in these classic halls, which have witnessed the collegiate labors of some of the greatest and noblest men who have ever lived in the tide of time; men who have raised up their country's glory, and gone down to their graves covered with the laurels which their genius and their virtues won. Fronting this building, at the other end of our street, and in full view, stand the interesting remains of the Old Capitol of Virginia, which every true Virginian must gaze on with mingled emotions of pride and plea-

sure—a building in which the chivalry and talent of our state were assembled during the dark days of the revolution, when Wythe, Pendleton, and Jefferson displayed their wisdom in council, and Lee, Mason and the matchless Henry poured forth those strains of sublime eloquence which animated and cheered the drooping spirit of the land, and warmed the heart and braced up the nerve of the patriot. Looking on such scenes as these—contemplating the great minds that have been nursed in our institution, and the intellectual Titans who have won their trophies on this interesting theatre, can you fail to be inspired with a noble ambition?—an ambition to imitate those mighty men who have gone before you, and whom the genius of the place in silent eloquence summons to your recollection. The author of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire tells us, that he first caught the inspiration which gave rise to his great work, while gazing from the modern capitol of Rome on the ruins that lie scattered over the vallies and the seven hills. May we not hope then that many of you will catch a similar inspiration amid the interesting objects which surround you while breathing, in this old and hospitable city, a political atmosphere that still retains all the ardor and patriotism of former days? Again then, gentlemen, I call on you for perseverance and unremitting exertion; and in view of all the circumstances which surround and stimulate you while here, may I not say to you, in conclusion, that your friends, your parents, your instructors, expect every one to do his duty.

THE BRIDEGROOM'S DREAM.

BY MISS C. E. GOOCH,
Of Washington City.

Come gaze upon the moon, my love,
Upturn thy bonny brow,
And I'll tell thee a dream I had
Beneath her light just now.

I did not mean to slumber, love,
But gazed into the skies,
Till gentle sleep came softly down,
And clos'd my weary eyes.

I dream'd that I was lying there,
As I before had lain,
Ungazing on the lady moon,
And winking stars again.

Methought, a snowy-feathery cloud
That hover'd round the moon,
Came sailing down toward the earth,
And chang'd its semblance soon.

It was a pinnacle—beautiful;
Of silver made and pearl,
And there was seated at the helm
A most entrancing girl.

About her lurk'd some witching spell
The sternest heart could bow,

Nay—look not sad, my own dear girl,
That ladye fair—was thou!

"Come dearest," softly didst thou cry,
And seated by thy side,
We sprang up in the buoyant boat
Cleaving the airy tide.

Far swifter than the lightning's flash—
Far swifter than the wind,
Yea—swifter than the viewless thought
We left the world behind!

And smilingly thy dark blue eyes
Were ever fixed on mine,
I felt a thrilling through my veins,
An ecstasy divine!

Upward and upward, onward still,
Until we reach'd the bound
Of that encircling atmosphere
That girdles earth around.

A sudden pause—a giddy whirl,
Lo! we had pass'd the bound,
And quickly as a beam of light,
Sank down on lunar ground!

We two have stray'd through many vales,
Thou well might'st lovely call,
But that fair valley of the moon
Was loveliest of them all!

Soft rippling o'er a silver lake
The wind sang through the trees,
And every thing was gather'd round,
Each dainty sense to please.

Young odorous flowers, of rainbow dye,
Sprang up beneath our feet;
And fruit, that seem'd to tempt our taste,
Was more than earthly sweet.

I thought in that lone valley,
Were none but thou and I,
And we were destined there to live,
To live—and love—and die.

A destiny so calmly blest,
So free from earthly pain,
Say, can you wonder that I griev'd
To wake on earth again?

Yes! thou art mine, my beautiful,
And we are happy now;
But sorrow will come to the heart,
And sadness to the brow.

Sickness will come, with pallid hand,
And poverty may press;
Yes, earth with all its earthly cares,
Will mar our happiness.

Yet do not sigh, my own lov'd bride,
I shall be with thee still;
And will we not, by sharing, half
Annihilate each ill?

ESSAYS OF GILCHRIST.*

II.

Permitte Divis cetera

Quid sit futurum cras, fuge querere.—*Horat.*

All the miseries and infelicities to which human nature is subject, are of three classes. Those to which we are immediately exposed from the imperfect state of our existence—those which are the concomitants of vice, folly and obstinacy, and those which by restlessness, impatience and apprehensions, we have portioned out to ourselves.

The first, as they are inseparable from our nature, will always yield to the remedies of reason and philosophy; and instead of fruitless complaints and unavailing wishes for an amendment of that condition in which the divinity has thought fit to place us, we shall be enabled to support it with fortitude and thankfulness that it is not more intolerable.

The second, as they are the immediate effects of our deviations from the paths of virtue, in direct opposition to sense and reflection, will cease when they become intolerable either from pain, remorse or disappointment; since we cannot suppose that a rational being will persist in the commission of actions repugnant to justice, goodness and truth, when he finds the happiness, pleasure or profit which he had in view, so far from being accomplished, that those very means which to him appeared the fairest and most likely to insure success, have been the chief instruments of disappointment.

The first two general causes of human infelicity, we see then, may be obviated by the dictates of philosophy and the application of rational remedies, but we shall find the third much more obstinate.

This impatience, this restlessness, this not dissatisfaction with our present condition, but frivolous apprehensions of the future, this disposition which changes that which nature has made so excellent, overturns the beautiful fabric of human happiness, mingles the bitterest ingredients with the cup of felicity, or dashes it from the lips of those for whom it has been prepared, this I say, is of such an unaccountable and inexplicable nature as would lead one to suppose no remedy could be found to remove. Who but a fool or hypochondriac could we suppose, when basking in the genial beams of a summer sun, and fanned by the cooling zephyrs, or sailing on a smooth sea under a serene sky, would torment himself with the apprehensions of storms and tempests? Who, but a madman would destroy the pleasures of a delightful landscape by reflecting, that in the course of a few months the fields will be stripped of their verdure, the groves of their shade, and the rivulet arrested in its course by the nipping breath of winter winds?

Did this infelicity arise from a consciousness of our own unworthiness, in possessing enjoyments superior to what we deserve, and the fear of being stripped of them in consequence thereof, it would carry some shadow of reason along with it—but this is not the case, since few can bring themselves to think that their portion of happiness is equal, if not superior to their merit; or was it the result of a comparison of our own situation with those around us, we should have some hopes of a cure;

* See last Messenger.

since, if we take a true and impartial survey of our own condition, and those of our fellow creatures, we shall certainly have more cause for thankfulness than murmuring. Do we see one possessed of immense wealth?—perhaps heaven has denied him a soul capable of enjoyment. Look we down and behold his counterpart, oppressed with poverty and want—to him, perhaps, heaven has been bountiful in its gifts of resignation and contentment. The rich are not happy in proportion to their possessions, neither are the poor wretched in proportion to their wants. Through every inequality of life, the same conclusions may justly be drawn. Have we from a state of affluence been reduced to want, or from a state of power to that of dependency?—are we deprived of our liberty and cut off from society to drag out a part of our existence in dreary confinement?—have we been robbed of those whom we had treasured up in our hearts as the better half of ourselves, and left to tread the rugged paths of life desolate and forlorn?—the means of happiness are still in our power—that substantial happiness which arises from the steady and uniform practice of virtue, the testimony of an honest conscience and thoughts of self-approbation.

A disposition to murmur, is to accuse the Deity of injustice; a disposition to despondency is an imputation of disregard to that Being who has so liberally provided for the wants of all his creatures. To anticipate miseries which, perhaps, may never come to pass, is to wrest the keys of futurity from the hands of the Almighty, to plunder his decrees of what cannot possibly belong to us till he shall think proper to bestow them, and to fly in the face of him who has declared that he will withhold no good thing from the virtuous and deserving part of his creatures.

Would we then wish to dry up this source of infelicity and be happy in the enjoyment of our present lot, without which we can never, with tranquillity, look forward to the future, let us consider that in the state in which we are placed by the hand of Providence, though our wishes may be many, our real wants are but few—that happiness or misery do not depend on the trifling contingencies of sublunary affairs—that the ways of Providence are impervious to mortal eyes, so that we can neither foresee nor prevent whatever portion of good or evil may be in store for us—and that a rational use of whatever means of happiness we may have received, is not only to prolong them, but to heighten the enjoyment and prepare us for what may further be added to our happiness, or what pain may in future be inflicted. To act in this manner is to deserve the rank in which we are placed, whether as men or philosophers—by which all unjust murmurings will be effectually removed, and the cause of our greatest share of infelicity will be done away.

Literary Society, December 2, 1779.

III.

Sunt quibus datur sapientia, sed modus sapere carent. Verba cum frondes sunt, ubi superabundant fructus raro invenimus.
Cicero in Appianum.

The faculty of interchanging our thoughts with one another, or what we express by the word *conversation*, has always been represented by moral writers as one

of the noblest privileges of reason, and which more particularly sets mankind above the brute part of the creation.

Though nothing gains so much upon the affections as this *extempore eloquence*, which we have constantly occasion for, and are obliged to practice every day, we very rarely meet with any who excel in it.

The conversation of most people is disagreeable—not so much for want of wit and learning, as of good breeding and discretion.

If we resolve to please, we must never speak to gratify any particular vanity or passion of our own; but always with a design either to divert or inform the company. He who aims only at one of these, is always easy in his discourse. He is never out of humor at being interrupted, because he considers that those who hear him are the best judges whether what he was saying could either divert or inform them.

A modest person seldom fails to gain the good will of those he converses with, because no one envys a man who does not appear to be pleased with himself.

But should we be disposed to talk of ourselves, what can we say? It would be as imprudent to discover our faults, as ridiculous to enumerate our supposed virtues. Our private and domestic affairs are no less improper to be introduced in conversation. What does it concern the company how many horses we keep?—how many courses we dine of?—or whether our servant is a fool or a knave?

One may equally affront the company he is in, either by engrossing all the talk, or preserving a contemptuous silence.

Notwithstanding all the advantages of youth, few young people please in conversation; the reason is that want of experience makes them positive, and what they say is rather with a design to please themselves than any one else.

It is certain that age will make many things pass well enough, which would have been laughed at in the mouth of one much younger.

Nothing, however, is more insupportable to men of sense, than an empty, formal use of a proverb, or a decision in all controversies, with a short unmeaning sentence. This piece of stupidity is the more insufferable, as it puts on the air of wisdom.

A prudent man will avoid talking much of any particular science for which he is remarkably famous. There is not a handsomer thing than what was said of the famous Mr. Cowley—"That none but his intimate friends ever discovered by his discourse that he was a poet." Besides the decency of this rule, it is certainly founded on good policy. He, who talks of any thing for which he is already famous, has little to get, but a great deal to lose. It might be added, that he who is sometimes silent on a subject where every one is satisfied he could speak, will often be thought no less knowing in other matters, where perhaps he is wholly ignorant.

When occasion for commendation is found, it will not be amiss to add the reasons for it, as it is this which distinguishes the approbation of a man of sense from the flattery of sycophants and admiration of fools.

Though good humor, sense and discretion can seldom fail to make a man agreeable, it may be no ill policy sometimes to prepare ourselves for particular conversa-

tion, by looking a little into what is become a reigning subject.

Though the asking questions may plead for itself the specious names of modesty and a desire of information, it affords little pleasure to the rest of the company who are not troubled with the same doubts; besides which, he who asks a question, would do well to consider that he lies wholly at the mercy of another before he receives an answer.

Nothing is more silly, more rude or absurd, than the pleasure some people take in what they call speaking their minds. A person of this manner of thinking will say a rude thing merely for the pleasure of saying it, when an opposite behavior, full as innocent, might have preserved his friend, or made his fortune.

It is not possible for a man to form to himself as exquisite pleasure in complying with the humor and sentiments of others, as with bringing others over to his own; since it is the certain sign of superior genius which can assume and become whatever dress it pleases.

We may add, moreover, that there is something which can never be learnt but in the company of the polite. The virtues of men are catching, as well as their vices; and our own observations added to these, will soon discover what it is that commands attention in one man, and makes us tired and displeased with the discourse of another.

Literary Society, July 16, 1779.

IV.

Facta Majorum, velut in Speculum ostendit Historia—Judex æque bonorum et malorum.

It is not without reason, that history has always been considered as the light of ages, the depository of events, the faithful evidence of truth, the source of prudence and good counsel, and the rule of conduct and manners—confined without it to the bounds of the age and country wherein we live, and shut up within the narrow circle of such branches of knowledge as are peculiar to us, and the limits of our own private reflections, we continue in a kind of infancy which leaves us strangers to the rest of the world, and profoundly ignorant of all that has preceded, or even now surrounds us. What is the small number of years which make up the longest life, or what the extent of country which we are able to possess or travel over, but an imperceptible point in comparison of the vast regions of the universe, and the long series of ages which have succeeded one another since the creation of the world? And yet all we are capable of knowing must be limited to this point, unless we call in the study of history to our aid, which opens to us every age and every country, keeps up a correspondence between us and the great men of antiquity, sets all their actions, all their achievements, virtues and faults, before our eyes, and by the prudent reflections it either presents or gives us an opportunity of making, soon teaches us to be wise in a manner far superior to the lessons of the greatest masters.

History may properly be called the common school of mankind, equally open and useful both to great and small; those necessary and important services can be obtained only by its assistance, as having the power of speaking freely, and the right of passing an absolute judgment on actions of every denomination. Though the abilities of the great may be extolled, their wit and

valor admired, and their exploits and conquest boasted, yet if all these have no foundation in truth and justice, history will tacitly pass sentence upon them, under borrowed names. The greatest part of the most famous conquerors, we shall find treated as public calamities, the enemies of mankind, and the robbers of nations; who, hurried on by a restless and blind ambition, carry desolation from country to country, and like an inundation or a fire, ravage all they meet in their way. We shall see a Caligula, a Nero and a Domitian, who, praised to excess during their lives, become the horror and execration of mankind after their deaths; whereas a Titus, a Trajan and a Marcus Aurelius, are still looked upon as the delights of the world. It is history which fixes the seal of immortality on actions truly great, and sets a mark of infamy on vices, which no after-age can ever obliterate. It is by history that mistaken merit and oppressed virtue appeal to the uncorrupted tribunal of posterity, which renders them that justice, which their own age has sometimes refused them, and, without respect of persons, and the fear of a power which subsists no more, condemns the unjust abuse of authority with inexorable rigor.

There is no age or condition, which may not derive the same advantages from History; and what has been said of princes and conquerors, comprehends also in some measure, persons in power, ministers of state, generals of armies, officers, magistrates, and in a word all those who have authority over others, for such persons have sometimes more haughtiness, pride and petulance, in a very limited station, and carry their despotic disposition and arbitrary power to the greatest lengths.

Thus history we see, when it is well taught, becomes a school of morality for all mankind; it condemns vice, throws off the mask from false virtues, lays open popular errors and prejudices, dispels the delusive charms of riches, and all the vain pomp which dazzles the imagination, and shows by a thousand examples that are more availing than all reasonings whatever, that nothing is great and commendable but honor and probity. From the esteem and admiration which the most corrupt cannot refuse to the great and good actions which history lays before them, it confirms the great and important truth, that virtue is man's real good, and alone can render him truly great and valuable. This virtue we are taught by history to revere, and to discern its beauty and brightness through the veils of poverty, adversity and obscurity, and sometimes even of disgrace and infamy; and on the other hand, it inspires us with contempt and horror of vice, though clothed in purple and surrounded with splendor.

Literary Society, February 11th, 1780.

THE EXILE'S ADIEU TO HIS NATIVE LAND.

[Written several years ago.]

The hour is come, and I must part,
My native land, with thee;
The scenes, the ties that hold my heart,
Are thine, fair Land of Liberty!

But *these*, and all beside I leave,
To venture on the ocean wave;
Compell'd, alas! compell'd to be
An exile from my home and thee!

The hill, the lawn, the blushing vine,
That deck my place of birth,
My much lov'd native land, are thine,
And sacred is thy earth;
For thou contain'st a father's grave,
Who died, thy soil and rights to save—
Yet, I am thus compell'd to be
An exile from them all and thee.

Beside, the ties by nature given,
To bind us to our kind—
All, *but* the fadeless hope of heaven,
I leave with thee behind:
Then while the vessel lingers here,
Accept, my native land, a tear;
Alas! I am compell'd to be
An exile from my home and thee.

Away! away! how swiftly we
Are swept across the brine;
Yon far blue spot is all I see,
But oh! that spot is thine.
A weeping exile bids adieu
To friends he never more shall view;
Alas! he is compell'd to be
A wanderer, fair land, from thee!

But *hope*, and recollections bright,
With him will always be,
And like the brilliant star of night,
Dispel his misery.
For thinking on thy sons, I'll deem
Myself among them; though a dream,
'Twill consolation sometimes give,
To know for *thee* they *only* live.

Pure as thy native air and sky,
Thy daughters, slaves can never nurse;
Too noble, they had rather die,
Than give or bear the fatal curse.
Around thy banner, at the call,
Oh, may thy offspring stand or fall;
And though to friendless climes I flee,
My warmest prayers shall be for thee.

The sun that sets will rise again,
But I can never see
His rays upon my native plain,
Nor friends to welcome me.
Adieu, forever! who can tell
The sorrow of this last farewell?
But fate ordains, and I *must* be
An exile from my home and thee.

WALLADMOR.

Sir W. Scott's reputation prompted some German publishers to make a bold attempt at imposition. A work was announced under the title of Walladmor, and professing to be a free translation from the English of Sir Walter. It was a miserable failure.

TRAGEDIES OF SILVIO PELLICO.

BY MRS. E. F. ELLET.

The misfortunes and sufferings of this individual, as related in the memoirs of his "Imprisonments," published not long since, have excited in Europe and in this country an interest in his fate. There are few of our readers, we think, who do not remember the captive at Spielberg, and have not been moved by the simple and touching account of his calamities, and the truly philanthropic and christian spirit exhibited under them. Many of the tragedies we propose to notice were composed in prison, and repeated to his fellow-captives, to beguile the dreary hours of confinement, when perhaps the sufferer looked forward to death alone as the means of his liberation. These dramas have, therefore, an interest apart from their intrinsic merit, and would invite attention, even were they destitute of greater claims. But the name of Silvio Pellico, before his unfortunate arrest, was known throughout Italy as one of the best of her living dramatists; and his subsequent pieces have detracted in no way from his literary fame. This is great praise in itself, when we consider the high reputation acquired by his first effort, "*Francesca da Rimini*."

It is well known that Manzoni attempted to carve out a new path for the drama in Italy. Avowedly renouncing the system of Alfieri and his followers—a system which had been prevalent since the birth of dramatic literature in his country—he aimed at becoming the founder of a new school, that should be more akin to the English and German. From his boldness in violating the unities of time and place, and numbering himself among the romantic writers, we are induced to believe that the reformation he advocates is to be total, and that his new principles are to be recommended by advantages peculiar to themselves. But this is not the case in the tragedies of Manzoni. His rich fancy, and command of poetic language, have indeed embellished them as poems; but as dramas, they have gained absolutely nothing. His heroes wear the same stiff and formal aspect with all the rest; we know them, if not by the "Athenian garment they have on," by their cold, stately, and monotonous deportment. The interest is almost wholly political; the plots are unskilfully conducted, and the dialogues occasionally wearisome. The death-scene of Ermengarda in *Adda*, and the interview between the count and his wife and daughter, in *Carmagnuola*, are indeed touching and tragic; but they are merely episodes in the pieces, and the merit of a single scene is insufficient to redeem a whole play. The same faults, growing out of the selection of a political subject, are to be found with Pindemonte; while Monti and Niccolini are to be regarded as followers of Alfieri, since their compositions are upon the same plan. Pellico, without ostentation, has aimed at penetrating to the true source of tragic emotion. He has excluded all local coloring from his productions, neglecting also those striking embellishments of description and imagery, of which all the above-mentioned writers have availed themselves: yet his dramas are universal favorites in Italy. The cause of this popularity, the secret of his influence, lies in the exhibition of the passions. To accomplish this point, and succeed by the representation of feeling alone, he has sacrificed

what he considered the minor advantages of poetical ornament; but while he has thereby proved his power to unlock the sympathies, he has compelled himself to forego the complete success he might have commanded by a more impartial attention to the devices of his art. He has avoided, in most of his plays, the turgid declamation too common among the poets of his country; we say in most of them, for we think his *Euphemio of Messina*, in sound and fury, will challenge a comparison with any of the productions of his predecessors, without displaying the pathos of which the subject was capable. It is ever difficult to sympathize with distresses growing out of artificial opinions dependant upon a state of society entirely different from our own; we cannot, therefore, enter into the embarrassment of Ludovica, when she fancies herself bound by a sacred vow, to save her country by the sacrifice of her lover. Had the dependance of her father's fate upon Euphemio's destruction been brought more fully and immediately into view, when her resolution was formed, her conduct would have been more consistent with her character, and with female nature; and those who read with coldness the resolves, the conflicts, the despair of the bewildered enthusiast, would have been moved with emotion at the sufferings and the heroism of a daughter. It is truth to nature, and its exquisite simplicity, which give such power to the *Francesca*; no where does the author overstep the modesty of nature in the expression of emotion. This tragedy, by which its author is best known, is founded on a passage in Dante, where the shade of the unhappy lady relates the story of her love. Francesca, the daughter of Guido, lord of Ravenna, was given by her father in marriage to Lanciotto of Rimini; being fondly attached at the time to his brother Paolo, who had unfortunately slain her brother, and consequently ventured not to become a suitor for her hand. Their sufferings are occasioned by a mutual misunderstanding. Paolo, supposing himself the object of her hatred, only after a long absence returns to his brother's court; and Francesca, endeavoring to hide her now criminal love under a semblance of aversion, craves permission to retire from Rimini with her father. Accident discovers to the pair their concealed feelings towards each other; Lanciotto's jealousy is awakened, and he arrests his brother, commanding his wife to prepare for her departure from the city. But Paolo, apprehensive for her safety, breaks from his guards, and seeks her presence for a last interview; and when Lanciotto, raddened by rage, rushes upon his brother with his drawn sword, bidding him defend his life, Francesca throws herself between them, and receives her husband's steel in her own breast. She expires, and Paolo, casting away his sword, resigns himself also to death.

There is much that is beautiful and touching in this play; both in the perfect guilelessness and loving nature of Francesca, and the noble devotedness of Paolo; but our limits will permit us to offer only a translation of one scene in the third act. This scene has been much praised and celebrated, and is certainly one of the most effective in the drama.

Paolo. Francesca!

Francesca. Heavens! who is't I see?
Signor—what would you?

Paolo. But to speak with you.

Francesca. To speak with me! I am alone—alone
Thou leav'st me—father! Father—where art thou?
Help—help thy daughter! Give me power to fly!

Paolo. Whither?

Francesca. Signor—pursue me not; respect
My will. Unto the altar I retreat;
The wretched have most need of heaven.

Paolo. And I

With thee unto the household altar's foot
Will also go. Who than myself more wretched?
There mingled shall our sighs ascend. O, lady!
Thou wilt implore my death—the death of him
Whom thou abhorrest; I will pray that heaven
May hear thy prayers, and all thy hate forgive,
And shower down joys on thee, and long preserve
Thy youth and loveliness, and give thee all
Thy heart desires; all—all—thy husband's love
And children blessed!

Francesca. Paolo! (hold, my heart!)
Weep not. I do not wish your death.

Paolo. Yet—yet—

You hate me!

Francesca. And what reek you, if I ought
To hate you? I disturb you not. To-morrow
I shall be here no more. Be to your brother
A kind and true companion: for my loss
Console him; me he surely will lament.
Ah me! of all in Rimini, he only
Will weep when it is known to him. Now listen;
Tell him not yet—but know, I never more
Return to Rimini; sorrow will kill me.
When he shall hear, my husband, these sad tidings,
Console him; and you too, perhaps—for him
May shed a tear.

Paolo. Francesca—and you ask
What reek I, if you hate me! and me doth
Your hate disturb not—nor your fatal words?
Oh! lovely as an angel, by the Deity
Created in the most impassioned moment
Of heavenly love—dear, dear to every heart—
A happy wife—and dar'st thou speak of death?
To me such words belong, who for vain honors
Was banished from my native country far,
And lost—alas! a father then I lost.
I hoped again to embrace him. He would never
Have made me wretched, had he known my heart,
But given me her—her whom I now have lost
Forever.

Francesca. What mean you? Of your beloved
You speak—and are you without her so wretched!
So mighty then is love within your breast!
Love should not reign sole sovereign in the hearts
Of valiant cavaliers. Dear is to them
The sword, and glory; such are noble passions.
Follow them, thou, and let not love debase thee.

Paolo. What do I hear? hast thou compassion on me?
And wouldst thou hate me less, if with the sword
I should acquire a loftier fame? One word
From thee suffices. Name the spot—the years;
I will depart to earth's remotest shores;
The harder and more perilous I find
The enterprise, the sweeter will it be,
Since thou, Francesca, dost impose the task.
The love of fame and daring have indeed
Made strong my arm; far stronger shall it be
In thy adored name. Nor ever stained
Shall be mine honors with a fierce ambition.
No crown I covet, or will seek, save one
Of laurel, twined by thee: enough for me
Thy sole applause—a word—a smile—a look—

Francesca. Eternal God!

Paolo. I love thee! O, Francesca—
I love thee! and most desperate is my love!

Francesca. What words are these? I rave! What
hast thou said?

Paolo. I love thee!

Francesca. Dar'st thou—hold! To hear—thou lov'st
me!

So sudden is thy passion! Know'st thou not I am thy brother's wife? Can'st thou so soon Forget thy lost beloved one? Ah me Wretched! Let go my hand—thy kisses here Are frenzy!

Paolo. This, this is no sudden passion! I lost my love—and thou art she! Of thee I spoke; for thee I wept: thee loved: thee ever I love—and to my latest hour will love! Ay, if for this, my madness, doomed to suffer Eternal chastisement beyond the grave, Eternally still more and more I'll love thee!

Francesca. Can this be true?

Paolo. The day that to Ravenna I went, ambassador from my father's court, I saw thee cross the vestibule, attended By a band of mourning females,—pause beside A recent sepulchre; in pious act Prostrate thyself, and thy joined hands to heaven Lift up, with silent interrupted tears. "Who is it?" I inquired of one. "The daughter Of Guido," he replied. "And whose the tomb?" "Her mother's tomb." Oh, in my inmost heart How felt I pity for that mourning daughter! How throbbed my breast, confused! Thou wast veiled, Francesca, and thy eyes saw not that day; Yet from that day I loved thee.

Francesca. Thou—oh cease! Didst love me!

Paolo. For a time I hid my passion; Yet seemed it one day thou hadst read my heart. Forth from thy chamber to the secret garden Thy steps were turned. And nigh the silver lake, Prone among the flowers, with sighs I watched thy chamber,

And at thy coming, trembling rose. Intent Upon a book, thine eyes beheld me not; But on the book let fall a tear. I came In deep emotion nigh. Confused my words, Confused were also thine. That book, Francesca, Thou gav'st to me; we read—we read together "Of Lancillotto,* how by love compelled;" Alone we were, and free from all suspicion. Our eyes then met; my face was crimsoned—thou Didst tremble—and in haste wast gone.

Francesca. That day— The book remained with thee.

Paolo. It rests upon My heart; it made me in my exile happy. Hero 'tis; behold the page we read together. Behold! and mark the drop which fell that day From thy dear eyes.

Francesca. Away—I do conjure thee; Hence! no remembrance should I yet preserve, Save of a brother slain.

Paolo. Oh, then that blood I had not shed! O, fatal—fatal wars! That slaughter bowed my soul to misery; I dar'd not ask thy hand; I went to Asia, To battle there. I hoped yet to return, To find thy wrath appeased—to obtain thy hand. Ah! to obtain thy hand, I do confess I nourish hope.

Francesca. Ah me! I pray thee—hence! My sorrow and my honor now respect! Oh for the strength by which I may resist!

Paolo. Thou clasp'st my hand! Joy! tell me, wherefore clasp My hand!

Francesca. Paolo!

Paolo. Dost thou hate me not? Dost thou not hate me!

Francesca. 'Tis right I should hate thee.

Paolo. Can'st thou?

Francesca. I cannot!

Paolo. O, repeat that word! Lady—thou hat'st me not!

Francesca. Too much I said.

Cruel! is't not enough? Go—leave me!

Paolo. Nay— I leave thee not till thou hast told me all.

Francesca. Have I not said—I love thee! Ah! the words

Escaped my impious lips! I love thee—die For love of thee! I would die innocent; Have pity!

Paolo. Love me?—thou? My terrible Anguish thou seest. I am a desperate man; But the deep joy which thrills me in the midst Of my despair, is such great happiness I cannot utter it. Is it then true Thou lov'st me—and I lost thee?

Francesca. Thou thyself, Paolo, did'st forsake me; I could ne'er Think myself loved of thee. Go! be this hour The last—

Paolo. It is impossible. I cannot Leave thee. Let me behold at least thy face Each day.

Francesca. And thus betray us both; enkindle Injurious thoughts in Lanciotto's breast! And stain my name!—Paolo, if thou lov'st me, Away!

Paolo. Alas! irreparable fate! To stain thy name! No—thou'rt another's wife; Paolo must die! Tear from thy breast remembrance Of me—and live in peace. I have disturbed Thy peace; forgive me. No—no—do not weep; Love me no more. Alas! what do I ask? Love me! yes—weep o'er my untimely fate.

Act III, Scene 2.

This play has been long before the public; we will now examine some of Pellico's later pieces, which have never been translated into English, and but recently printed in Italy.

The three best of his new tragedies, *Gismonda da Mendrisio*, *Leoniero da Dertona*, and the *Herodias*, have been published together in one volume. The scene of the first is laid at the period of the destruction of Milan by the forces of Frederick I, assisted by many of the Lombards, to whom that city had become odious. Aribert, son to the Count of Mendrisio, had been betrothed to Gismonda of Lodi, but afterwards becoming enamored of Gabriella, a lady of Milan, espoused her, and devoted himself to the cause of her countrymen. Having aided to destroy Lodi, he engages in the defence of Milan against the Emperor and his father's house; while his younger brother, who has married Gismonda, leads an army against the city. The piece opens with the exultation of the victors over the conquest of Milan; but the rejoicing of the Count is embittered by the tidings that his eldest son has perished. Gismonda, whose desire of vengeance is satisfied at the account of his death, with difficulty suppresses her tears, and avows in a soliloquy her unextinguished love for the man who had deserted her, and wasted her country. Aribert, however, had escaped the slaughter of Milan, and appears in the second act with his child and Gabriella in man's attire, before his father's gate, to implore forgiveness and protection for his family. His wife meets Gismonda, and emboldened by the expression of sadness in her countenance, addresses her, without revealing her real sex, and begs her mediation, but in vain. The Count unexpectedly comes forward and listens to her; encouraged by his parental tenderness, Aribert

* It is conjectured that Arnaut Daniel, a Troubadour, was the author of the romance of Lancillotto.

throws himself at his feet, and is pardoned and restored to his former privileges. He prays Gismonda to forget what is past, and be a sister to him, to which she replied with concealed bitterness.

"Forgetful of the past? To me no harm
Or outrage hast thou done, nor in thy power
Is it to harm me. I could still be happy
Whatever madness and whatever guilt
Drove thee to fight beneath Milan's proud standards,
And to espouse a daughter of Milan.
I hold me, Aribert, not wronged by thee,
But rather bless the day that broke a bond
Imposed in folly, and bestowed my hand
Upon a loyal cavalier. In thee
I hate my house's foe, Caesar's and God's."

Her subsequent maledictions and menaces betray to Aribert the true cause of her emotion, and teach him to anticipate the vengeance of a jealous and deserted woman. Herman, his younger brother, in fear of losing his inheritance, refuses a reconciliation with the fugitive, even at his father's command, loading him with reproaches which at length become mutual. They are interrupted in one of their disputes by the sound of a trumpet, and discover from the window a band of Suabians who had been invited thither by Herman, and come under the direction of the Margrave of Auburg, to demand, in the Emperor's name, the rebel son of the Count. The old man refuses compliance with this requisition, taking on himself the consequences of disobedience; and Herman afterwards reveals to his wife the league he had formed with the imperial troops for the destruction of his brother. The ensuing scenes show the unfortunate lady under the dominion of conflicting passions; now fired with rage, now agitated by fear, now melting with tenderness. Gabriella, leading her child, supplicates her aid against the dangers that threaten her husband, but is repulsed with hatred and anguish. The wretched Gismonda, however, afterwards discovers to the Count in the presence of his eldest son, the treachery that surrounds them, herself assuming the blame; informs them that the keys of a subterranean passage leading from a wood to the castle were consigned by her to the enemy. Their vehement reproaches cannot increase her mental agony. Soon afterwards, the alarm is given, and the news brought that the subterranean passage is already invaded. The fifth act introduces us into the midst of the battle, which takes place within the palace. The Count, disarmed and wounded, is vainly endeavoring to hold back Herman from the scene of conflict. Gabriella with her son rushes in, followed by the Margrave, who snatches the child from her arms. Gismonda rescues and restores the infant to his mother, but repels her thanks as insults. The shouts of victory at length are heard from the adherents of the Count; Aribert is saved by Gabriella from the lance of an enemy, and enters triumphant, finding his brother wounded and sustained by the Count. Herman acquits his brother of evil design against him, and confesses himself the traitor who had admitted the hostile troops, vindicating Gismonda from any share of the blame. He dies, and his unhappy wife retires into a convent.

The scene of *Leoniero da Dertona* is in the twelfth century. The inhabitants of Dertona, a city which had joined the celebrated Lombard league against the Emperor Frederick, are divided into two factions; one,

headed by Arrigo, tribune of the people, taking part with the allies; the other adhering to the cause of the Imperialists. The first party hold a fortress upon the rock, in those times a post of great strength and importance. The consul Enzo, leader of the Imperialists, had given his sister Eloisa in marriage to Arrigo, to induce him to desert his cause; that failing, had treacherously possessed himself of the person of the tribune, threatening to kill him if the fortress were not surrendered. At this crisis, Leoniero, father of Enzo, returns from the East, where he had gone as a soldier in his youth, and suffered long imprisonment. A feud has long existed between his family and that of Auberto, the father of Arrigo; but Leoniero, being informed of the conduct of his son, censures highly his breach of faith towards his brother-in-law, and his treason to his country. Yet he cannot so far forget his private resentment as to declare himself the friend of Auberto, though such a course would have at once subdued the strength of the opposing faction, so dear is Leoniero to his countrymen. He remains neutral for a time, and Enzo meanwhile works upon the fears of Eloisa, who endeavors to prevail on her imprisoned husband to write a letter commanding the surrender of the fortress. Neither entreaties nor threats can move the stern virtue of the tribune, and his father is confirmed in his resolution to maintain his trust by the arrival of a messenger from Milan, who discovers the treacherous alliance of Enzo with the Imperial troops, and promises succor from the Milanese in a few days. Enzo then attempts to possess himself by force of the person of his father, who, finally dismissing his long cherished enmity, takes refuge in the castle with his ancient foe, and is received with open arms. His son sends hostages to induce him to return; and Leoniero, hoping that his paternal counsels may reclaim the traitor, goes, at the advice of Auberto and others, though distrusting his professions of penitence. Arrived at his son's palace, he finds himself unexpectedly a prisoner, forbidden to see or speak with any but his guards. The fifth act opens with an imposing scene. Upon the walls of the castle are discovered Auberto and his faithful soldiers, the friends of liberty. The plain beyond is filled with Suabian troops, mingled with the Dertoneses. In the foreground stands the consul with other magistrates, and the Count of Spielberg, who in the Emperor's name declares Enzo governor of Dertona, and imposes on all its citizens obedience to him. Enzo kneels to do homage to the vicegerent of his master for his newly acquired domain, and receives a sword from the Count. The senators and his troops swear fealty to him, and he then addresses Auberto in behalf of Arrigo, who stands bound on one side, offering life to the son on condition of the father's obedience. We will translate the remainder of the act.

Enzo (to Auberto.) A last and brief delay
I now accord to thee; but ere the bell
Sounds its first stroke to tell the coming hour,
Pronounce his life or death. (to executioner) At the first
stroke,
Mark me, his head must fall!
Auberto. Enzo, a duty
Inviolable as the icy grave,
Binds me this fortress to maintain, until
The standard of Milan shall join our troops.
For that which is not granted to my will,
Oh! punish not the innocent! These prayers
Are poured, ah, not in coward fear! And wherefore

To deeds of useless cruelty descend?
 What may avail his slaughter? In all breasts
 An hundred fold will wrath be wrought against thee.
 Thou rendest Eloisa's heart—bethink thee,
 She is thy sister! From thy noble father,
 From Leoniero, at his hour of death,
 Thus stained with fratricide, thou wilt in vain
 Implore his blessing for thyself, thy children.
Arrigo. Cease, father, cease! Thy sorrow may infect
 The heroes round thee; they have need of strength.
Auberto. Alas, I am a father! Since my duty
 I do not violate, these tears are lawful.
 If thou inexorable dost demand
 A victim, give, O give back to his children
 Arrigo—take my head!

Arrigo. No—never!

Auberto. Enzo!

Enzo. Immutable my sentence: wo if thou
 Thus hear'st the next hour sound! He falls—his fall
 The signal for the assault.—Ha! in such haste
 Uggero!

Uggero. My lord, your father hath besought me
 With words of agony that would have moved
 Yourself!—Within the tower, near to Arrigo
 He was, with Eloisa, when thy order
 Summoned the guilty hither. Fear unspeakable
 Seized Leoniero; to the battlements
 He mounted; thence beheld the axe that menaced
 The generous youth. His daughter's shrieks subdued
 The old man's heart: He wept, and trembling cried
 "Hence, hence, unto my son—crave his permission
 That I speak to Auberto; I alone
 Somewhat can proffer, shall secure the safety
 Of all."

Enzo. What would he say? Can he prevail
 On the besieged to yield? What fear I?—He
 Vanquished by terror; dare I thus believe?
 Let him approach—and be a guard about him;
 Tremble, if to the people he escape,
 (to the Count) Is it not noble victory, to my power
 E'en he should bend his pride? But whence the tumult
 In yonder castle?

(soldiers on the walls drag forward Enzo's hostages)

Soldiers. Death—death!

Hostages. To thy presence,

Enzo, by hostile fury we are dragged.

Auberto. Since vain my prayer has been for a son's life,

Enzo, behold thy friends!

Soldiers. Life, liberty

Give to the Tribune, or your hostages

We slay!

One of the Hostages. Have pity! say what crime to-
 ward thee

Have we committed, that to such a fate

We are betrayed! Ubaldo, Berengario

Had written to thee—yes!

Enzo. Who are my friends,
 Who traitors, I discern not. This, Corrado,
 Is this thy faith? Thus hath thy kinsman opened
 The gates?—Hear me, Auberto—hope yet lives.
 Cæsar's decree, which gives me the dominion
 Of this Dertona, consecrates my power
 In Leoniero's eyes. Hither he comes.
 Him ye shall hear, and if with him the oath
 Of stern resistance binds you, be that oath
 By him absolved.

Auberto. Unworthy calumny!
 Leoniero—Ha! he comes. Can it be so?
 His face, so wan indeed, and mien deject
 Bespeak him changed.

Ghielmo. Auberto, no! High thoughts
 He sure revolves!

SCENE IV.

To them enter Leoniero and Eloisa.

Auberto. O ancient hero! Where
 Where is thy courage? Why do I behold thee
 Thus moved? Hast thou forgot our late embrace,

The embrace of noble love?

Eloisa. Beloved husband,
 Our father promised safety.

Arrigo. Leoniero!
 Is this the virtue, armed in which, but now
 Thou talked'st to me of death, and didst inspire me
 With thoughts sublime? Behold me, still the same
 In these last moments. Be, old man, like me!
 By one unworthy act, oh! cancel not
 The blameless deeds of a long life!

Leoniero. Enzo!

Dost thou not homage to such minds? My son,
 Pity thy sire! I long once more to bless thee.
 A sorrowful hate is that which toward a son
 A father bears in such an hour! This weight
 I can endure no longer. I would love thee,
 But cannot love thee, if thou wilt not turn
 From wickedness like this.

Enzo. Sire, to Auberto

Address thy speech.

Leoniero. Pity thyself: my soul
 Prophetic in the future reads for thee
 A fearful fate; nor is that future distant.
 Now deprecate the wrath of Heaven. Its mandate
 Is, "let Arrigo live!"—For this thy God
 Shall pardon many crimes; thou in the arms
 Of friends and of thy children, in old age
 Consol'd shalt die; nor shall the daily sun
 Look on thy bones exhum'd by the revenge
 Of a wronged people. History shall say
 How knelt a father at thy feet, and prayed
 For power once more to bless thee!

Enzo. Cease. Auberto,
 Open those gates to me, or the first sound
 Of the approaching hour—— (bell sounds)

Voices. Ha!

Enzo. Sounds his knell!

Leoniero. Enzo! Have pity! 'Tis in vain! Oh Heaven,
 This fearful strait! Lo! 'twixt opposing duties
 The chief I am constrained to choose. The just
 I cannot save without it. Hear, Auberto,
 Arrigo, hear, and all ye who refuse
 To the new lord obedience!

Auberto and others. Obedience
 Unto the laws, the church, our honor!

Leoniero. Listen,
 Brave warriors! With unmerited disdain
 Ye saw Leoniero's grief. He now, impelled
 By patriot love—by love for you—since need
 There is of noble sacrifice—conjures you
 To be like him—in courage! (stabs his son.)

Auberto. Ah—that blow—

Enzo. I die!

Eloisa. Oh! Father—brother!

Count. Treason—Ho!

The murderer—cut him down!

Leoniero. Dertona's saved!
 Come hence—ye heroes—come! The people all
 Will arm them at your cry!

Followers of Enzo. We're Dertonese!

Defend, defend Leoniero!

Arrigo. Struck to earth
 Behold the leader of our foes! Already
 His squadrons fly!

Soldiers (from the castle.) Victory!

Auberto. (rushing forward) My son—thou here!
 I clasp thee once again! Where is the hero,
 Thy Saviour? Leoniero—where art thou!

Eloisa. O, friends! behold my father!

Auberto and Arrigo. Ah—unhappy!

Leoniero. Fled is the foe—my country saved—and I—
 I have done all I could! This blood—the blood
 Of a monster—but that monster was my son!
 I slew him—and I weep—and cannot hate him!

Auberto. O virtue!

Leoniero. If thou once didst hate, Auberto,
 Pardon—for heaven hath punished. Eloisa—
 Arrigo—I do bless ye in my death,

You and your children. But if one of them
Should e'er become a traitor—Lo—Arrigo,
This steel—

Eloisa. He dies!

Arrigo. O noble, lofty spirit!

With dread and reverence o'erpowered, thou leav'st us!
There is none on the earth can equal thee!

Though the incidents of this piece are chiefly of a political nature, interest is excited for the feelings of *Eloisa* and the father. But the sacrifice he makes in immolating his son, if it does not revolt us, is hardly fit for exhibition when the scene is laid in an age so nearly resembling our own in the influence of religion and public sentiment. The slaughter of a son by a Roman parent for the good of his country may compel our admiration; but such outrages upon nature are more fit to be marvelled at in history than used for the purposes of tragedy. The same objection does not apply to the catastrophe of *Esther d'Engaddi*, another of *Pellico's* dramas, though it is even more harrowing to the feelings; her despair is perfectly natural, when hopeless of vindicating herself by other means, she drinks of the poisoned cup proposed as a test of her innocence.

The *Herodiad* contains much finer poetry and more pathos than the preceding tragedies; much has been made of an apparently unpromising subject. The character of *Herodias* is one of those mixtures of good and ill, the one principle perpetually struggling with and overpowering the other, which are so well adapted to the purposes of the drama; with a powerful mind, disposed to virtue by the influence of early habits, she is under the dominion of a haughty and ambitious temper, excited by her absorbing passion for *Herod*, who possesses not half her strength of intellect. *Zephora*, the rightful spouse of the king, had been driven from the court to make room for her rival, who had also abandoned her own husband. *Herodias*, influenced by the remonstrances of *John the Baptist*, and the persuasions of the virtuous *Anna*, her friend and confidant, who had become a convert to christianity, is at one time induced to leave the court of *Herod*; and the queen *Zephora*, who comes to render herself a hostage for the security of *Herod* against her native tribes, is received by the king. *Herodias*, however, who had been insulted by the populace on quitting the palace, soon returns to dispute her place with *Zephora*, and at length, wrought to madness by jealousy and rage, stabs the unhappy queen, ordering one of the guards to conceal the body. She is now quite abandoned to the dominion of her passions, which hurry her to destruction. The conflict of emotions in her breast is evident throughout the play, yet it is skilfully managed. In the festival scene, where her daughter dances before the king, and pleases him so that he engages to grant whatever she shall ask, even to the half of his kingdom—the wretched queen is tortured by contending passions, which are inexplicable to the mind of *Herod*. She now craves music; now drives the singers from her presence with maniac execrations. With the Prophet her madness for a time is quelled; she submits to reproof from his lips, and condescends to vindicate herself. The following reply to his remonstrance against her desertion of her lawful husband, is characteristic.

Herodias. Patience 'mid insults had I not? Who then
Shall dare to say to me—"Thou should'st have urged

Thy virtue further!" Is there one can measure
His virtue for another, and declare
It might have been extended—where it ceased?
Is frail man infinite? The weary pilgrim,
If—crossed innumerable steep—at length to earth
Prostrate he fall—brand ye his name with sloth?
When his breath fails, say ye—"Yet other rocks
Before thee hang!" With patience did I suffer!
Endured the horrid chain—how long endured!
And when at last within my bosom rose
In all its sovereign and terrific power,
HATE—and a desperate burning thirst impelled me
To avenge my wrongs—with steel—if I gave not
The blow, but rather chose to fly—was mine
No virtue?—I alone know that it was!
I—conscious of the ills endured—and conscious
Of the bold heart God gave me!

John. On bold hearts
Hard trials God imposes—and on thee
It was imposed—

Herodias. To die in shame!

John. Far better

Than live in guilt.

Herodias. Audacious! bold!

John. What right

Hast thou, O woman, from the innocent wife
To steal her spouse? Thou lov'st him; is this right
Enough? The robber loves his prey—doth God
Absolve the robber? To the traitor dear
His perfidy—and slaughter to the murderer;
Are slaughter then, and treachery no crime?
A strong heart is within thee. Thou hast sinned.
Exert the strength then which the weak possess not:
Regain the upright path whence thou hast fallen.

After the murder of *Zephora*, tortured by the upbraiding of a guilty conscience, the queen sends again for the Prophet, to implore peace at his hands, though she is unwilling quite to renounce her sins; he on his part, thunders forth no maledictions upon her head; even his rebuke breathes the mild spirit of the religion of love. When she confesses the deed to which her fury has impelled her, he involuntarily utters an exclamation of abhorrence.

John. Monster!

Herodias. 'Tis not for thee

To show to me the monster that I am:

Better than thou, I know it. I but ask

Is there a bound, which passed, excludes the wretch

From God's forgiveness? Must I, desperate,

Curse heaven, and to the murders caused by me,

Add thine, and others—or, my rival dead.

If I now pause from blood, now reverence thee

And all the just—henceforth with never ceasing

And blameless deeds wipe out the horrors past—

Turn all a burning spirit's energies

To work the glory of my king—my people—

My God,—will this God, to compassion moved,

Moved by his servant's prayers—thy prayers—a veil

Cast o'er my sin, and bless the last endeavors

Of one who would be pious, but in vain

Struggled against opposing evil nature?

John. There is indeed a bound, which past, excludes

From God's forgiveness. But *Zephora's* slaughter

It is not—nor what'er we can imagine

Of murder yet more horrible. The limit

That shuts eternally God's pardon out,

Is—to renounce repentance.

Herodias. And I

Renounce it not. Console me; oh extinguish

In me this fierce remorse—this hate of all

The universe—myself!

John. Amend.

Herodias. That word.

John. Amend.

Herodias. I will.

John. Remove thee from the palace;
The King.

Herodias. Such separation but Zephora
Could ask. And now, what'er my crime has been
In slaying her—Zephora is no more.
None can now say to me, "Herod is mine!"
Is the Omnipotent a wrathful being
Who claims vain sacrifices, abject baseness,
And barbarous abandonment of all
The heart holds dear?

John. Thou hypocrite! the peace
Of holiness thou would'st attain and joy thee
Still in the fruits of sin.

Herodias I ———

John. Peace I offer—
But hence hypocrisy—a heart's deceit
That hopes to hide itself from God, and form
An impious league 'twixt penitence and guilt,
A league impossible! The wicked, whom
His deeds of evil prosper still is wicked
If such prosperity he doth not spurn;
In his returning nobleness abhorring
The good which God gave not. I say to thee,
That throned at Herod's side, even as before,
Thou still would'st feed on pride, and evil passions,
On hatred and revenge. God's high decree
Is not capricious; this is man's own nature:
Necessity immutable. Amendment
There is not for the guilty, if he yet
Reject not of his infamy the fruit!

Herodias. No reformation is there—none—for me!
Now know I all. Expect the axe!—He goes
Tranquil to death—and I who slay him—tremble!

Herodias then instructs her daughter to claim as her
promised boon from the King, the head of John. Herod
grants it reluctantly, but would stipulate for the safety
of Zephora; and is horror struck at the story of her
death. Then comes the punishment. The daughter
of Herodias is struck dead in her mother's arms, who
reproaches the King as the cause of her crimes and
misfortunes.

Herod. Remove her from the cruel sight.

Herodias. Back! thine
Is yet more horrible than death. Accursed
The infamous love which bound us once! Thou, thou
Hast on my head heaped up the fearful wrath
Of the Most High; hast torn from me my child,
My innocent child, whose only guilt it was
That I have been her mother. Who impelled me
Into such crimes? Who led me to condemn
The Eternal? Who inspired the secret hope
That earth and heaven contained no God? Ah me
Deluded! it was he!

Herod.

Ah ———

Herodias Wretch! was't not
Thy part to curb my madness—guard the lives
Of John and of Zephora?—to repentance
Invite, compel me?—and to sooner rend
A thousand times my heart, than immolate
All innocence—all justice!

Herod.

I ———

Herodias. The Book
Of Life I see displayed! Lo! with the blood
Of John and of Zephora God blots out
Eternally my name—and yet another—
The name of Herod!

Herod. This is terror—frenzy!
Alas! with her own desperate hands she tears
Her streaming hair! Help! help!

Herodias. Herod! our names
The finger of the Lord hath blotted out!

Thus ends this tragedy; which in energy and char-
acter is not inferior to the best of our author's com-
positions. The chief personage bears some resemblance
to the Saul of Alfieri, and has, like him, the ingredients

of a character adapted to the romantic school. The
last dramatic production from the pen of Silvio Pellico
which has reached this country is *Thomas More*, of
which we have left ourselves but brief space to speak.
It is almost, if not altogether, a failure. The represen-
tation of the historical personages of the Court of Henry
VIII. in a piece in which not the slightest local or na-
tional coloring is preserved, has a singularly feeble
effect on minds familiar with the graphic power of the
English dramatists. With this association the scenes
are unusually bald and desolate; the characters, which
might have been Italians or Greeks for ought appearing
to the contrary, save in their names, (and those have a
Tuscan twist,) walk through the chill desert of their
parts with more than classic monotony. Not that we
believe Pellico could have succeeded, even had he at-
tempted the task, in exhibiting a faithful picture of the
manners of that court and those times, or in painting
English character; we simply regard it as unfortunate
that he should ever have thought of writing a drama on
a subject in our history. Alfieri's *Maria Stuart* ought
to have been a warning to deter him from such an ef-
fort. The chief business of the piece in question is to
exhibit the integrity and virtue of More, the fallen
Chancellor, and victim of tyranny, through trials and
persecutions. These, of course, avail nothing to turn
him from the path of duty; and the reader, foreseeing
from the beginning the certain catastrophe, is conducted
by slow steps through the play, as through a long
avenue of cypresses terminating with a scaffold. An
effort is indeed made, in the last Act, to divert attention
by exciting hopes of a deliverance, but it is feebly
effected. The historical answer of More to his enemies
is preserved; "As St. Paul, who took part in the murder
of Stephen, is with the martyr in heaven, so may you, my
judges, and I, be saved alike in the mercy of the Lord."

Pellico does not want energy, but he lacks that con-
centration of sentiment and passion which is one of the
greatest merits in dramatic poetry. His style is two
diffuse; his eloquence, though graceful, often devoid of
boldness and vehemence. No striking imagery is to
be found in his pages, though such is the genuine and
universal language of emotion. He never labors to
produce effect by a single sentence. Yet he excels his
contemporaries and most of his predecessors in the de-
lineation of feeling, and in the interest imparted to his
dramas; especially in the expression of tender emo-
tions. All with him is unaffected and simple; and his
faults are rather deficiencies than offences against na-
ture and taste. Had he studied to give a local interest
to his pieces, and appreciated the advantages of a
knowledge of the scene and times, his success might
have been unbounded. Man may be man when stripped
of costume, but he is not man as we know him and as he
moves in the world; nor is any thing gained by remov-
ing from our view those external circumstances which
so universally influence his character and actions.

Sir John Hill, who passed for the translator of Swam-
merdam's work on insects, understood not a word of
Dutch. He was to receive 50 guineas for the transla-
tion, and bargained with another translator for 25—this
other being in a like predicament paid a third person
12 pounds for the job.

MONODY

On the Death of Mrs. Susan G. Blanchard, wife of Lieut. A. G. Blanchard, of the United States Army, and only Sister of the Author.

Sister! they've laid thee in the silent earth!
 Thy spirit's free!
 And many suns have set upon thy grave—
 Unknown to me!
 I was not there—to catch thy parting breath!
 When thou didst die—
 Yet Sister! I shall weep, till grief will dim
 Thy Brother's eye!
 Mem'ry shall haunt thee! wheresoe'er I go—
 Breaking my heart!
 And thy pure sainted image shall be mine
 Till life depart!
 I would my weary spirit were with thine
 Triumphant borne—
 For Susan! I shall cling to life, no more—
 Now thou art gone!
 Perchance that angel spirit hovers nigh
 This lonely spot!
 And on the wintry air whispers—that I
 Am not forgot!
 Weeping, I grasp at this ephem'ral dream,
 Though vain it be!
 And dedicate my breaking heart, oh Grief!
 Through life, to thee!

A CONTRAST,

BY PAULINA.

It was a calm autumnal evening. The late bright green that had clothed the forests, had given place to a rich and almost endless variety of colors. In other lands the fairy pencillings of fancy may have pictured beauties like these, but in our own American woods there is a charm and genius may strive in vain to imitate or describe. And who is it that can gaze on such a scene without a soft, delicious melancholy? It has a voice to the contemplative mind impressive yet sweet. The rustling of the fallen leaves—the murmur of the breeze through the thinly clad boughs—the gay and almost magic hues of the richly variegated foliage—more lovely as it approaches more nearly to its fall—all conspire to still the troubled passions of the mind—to elevate the spirit above the transitory things of time, and remind us of the solemn truth, that all the beauties and pleasures of this world are fleeting as the summer flower—transient as the splendor of an autumn wood. Ten years had passed since last I stood beneath the lofty oaks that cast their shade over the silent sepulchres of the dead. Tired of the greetings of friends and gaze of strangers, I sought the spot where rested the ashes of those that once had been among the friends of my youth.

I strolled from tomb to tomb, and sought on the pages of memory the history of many I had once known and loved, but often did I inquire of my companion, to gather more fully the recollection which time had partially obscured. At length a simple, yet elegant tomb attracted my attention. Near it stood one of an impos-

ing appearance, in which art and munificence seemed to have exerted their skill, to make it tower above the rest. On the first was this simple, but affecting inscription—

SACRED

To the memory of

MATILDA WILLIAMS.

On living tablets of the heart,
 Her virtues are engraved;
 Then seek not on the works of art,
 The record of her praise.

It bore no dates, but was evidently recently erected. The name I did not recognize, but the tender, unpretending inscription, sensibly touched my heart, and I felt a strong desire to know the history of her whose virtues needed no external record. My friend read my feelings, and immediately drew my attention to the next tomb-stone. It bore a long list of lineage, beauty, amiability, &c. &c. and as I read the long and beautiful detail, I almost questioned the justice of Omnipotence in thus snatching, in early life, from mortal gaze, so pure, so beautiful a pattern of every female grace and excellence. "Only twenty-four," I exclaimed, "and yet so highly exalted, so much beloved." My friend smiled archly and remarked, "Have you seen so much of the world and not yet learned that real merit rarely has loud trumpeters?" Her manner surprised me, and I inquired the meaning. It is too late now, said she, to enter into the narrative about which you feel so much interested; to-morrow I will relate the history of both these women, whose tombs are not more strikingly different than were their lives and characters. United in life by a strange destiny, or rather by strange circumstances, it is fit that their last dwellings should be near each other, and that their monuments, like their characters, should stand forth in striking contrast.

Matilda Clayton was the only daughter of the poor widow who removed to this village a short time before you left here, and who for years has taught the village school.

Perhaps you remember the interest her coming gave to all the lovers of mystery in our circle. She was dressed in black. Her child was about twelve or fourteen; beautiful as a fairy, and seemingly a visitor from some ethereal sphere—so delicate, so gentle was her every glance and movement. They brought with them an elegant harp and guitar, and two richly painted portraits. Of their characters or former home, nothing could be gathered. She rented that house which you see among those lofty oaks, and furnished it in a style of neat simplicity and taste. Soon after she came, she issued proposals for a school, but few at first seemed disposed to patronize her; and though curiosity was strongly manifested to know who and what she was, all that could be gathered was the assertion that she was the widow of an officer, whose untimely death had left her friendless, and induced her, to seek among strangers, a home and support. Months passed by, and her correct deportment—the pure elegance of her manners, and her various accomplishments, gained her the good-will and confidence of some of the leading characters in the village, by whose influence a considerable number of scholars was soon procured. Among her friends and patrons was Mr. Wilton; and his daughter Clara, then

about the age of Matilda, was the first committed to her care.

Soon did the widow and her daughter engage the affections of the scholars, and a great intimacy took place between Matilda and Clara. The Wiltons were wealthy, and their influence great; yet, notwithstanding their efforts to induce Mrs. Clayton to mingle with society, she and Matilda remained secluded from all the gaieties and pleasures of the village. Often did their acquaintances stroll to the cottage to listen to their sweet voices as they sung to their instruments; and never shall I forget the tender tears I shed as I stood one moonlight evening near the lattice, and heard the widow play and sing these touching lines:

How hard it is with calmness to survey,
The scenes which memory bringeth to my view;
I fain would drive its spectre forms away,
And think ideal, what I know is true.
She brings back scenes of bliss beyond compare,
Recalls the joys which are forever fled—
I bathe their memory with my bitter tears,
And leave this spot to weep around the dead.
I gaze on thee, my own, my darling child—
I see "thy father's softened image there;"
And oh! my tears arise to check thy smile,
And bid thee share thy widow'd mother's care.
I've asked not pity, for too cold's this world
To share the sorrows of the suffering poor;
From wealth's high summit, when the wretch is hurled,
Alone they're left their misery to deplore:
But conscious virtue will our solace be—
Perhaps we yet some feeling hearts may find;
While sweet's the task to teach and succor thee,
My own Matilda, my dear orphan child:
And to our God our evening hymn we'll raise,
For He did hear, when in our wo we cried;
The widow's spouse—the orphan's friend we'll praise,
And dry our tears in hopes of bliss on high.

Even now I almost fancy I can hear her sweet tremulous voice, as it rose on the silent evening breeze, and still I seem to gaze on that lovely, though pallid face, as with tearful uplifted eye she sang those last lines of tender heart-touching piety and faith. But I have wandered from my narrative. Years rolled by, and still the widow's school increased, and with it love and respect for her and her daughter. Clara Wilton had been the constant companion of the latter for near three years, and her proficiency in both solid and ornamental branches of education should have satisfied even her ambitious parents. But the fashionable error that a young lady's education could never be completed at home, had found its way here, and Clara, with others, was removed from Mrs. Clayton's maternal care, to mix with strangers, careless of their principles, and uninterested in their happiness.

You, who have known the course pursued in fashionable boarding schools—you who have seen the disappointed hopes—the perverted minds—the corrupted hearts which have been the result of injudicious plans of education, will not wonder when I tell you that the artless, affectionate Clara returned home, after two years *polish*, an altered, a sadly altered being. Matilda was now assisting her mother in the duties of the school-room. That budding beauty which in childhood charmed, was mellowed, refined, by the graces and dignity of the woman. That quiet spirit, whose benign influence had been felt by so many in the morning of life, now shed its purifying influence in a more extended circle.

Matilda was admired—beloved. Many sought her society—she treated all with that amiable politeness which springs from a pure heart: but few could gain her confidence or tempt her from that deep retirement she had learned to love.

Clara still loved Matilda. Though fashion, folly, show and pleasure had filled her mind, still she often left the bustle of gay life, to spend an hour in that quiet, lovely spot, where she had spent her happiest days. Often did she strive to enlist Matilda under the banners of her leading pleasures, but she strove in vain. When crossed or afflicted at any real or imaginary loss, she told her the troubles that annoyed her; and often did Matilda point out the transitory nature of her favorite joys, and point her unsatisfied heart to the only fountain of perfect bliss.

Clara had many admirers, and frequently had the cottage been visited in her evening rambles by her and her friends, to listen to the elegant performance of its inmates, while Clara often joined the concert with her own clear and highly cultivated voice.

Among the number who had thus become known to Matilda, was James Williams, long an ardent admirer and evident favorite of Miss Wilton's.

Long had he solicited her hand, but she would not decide his fate. Almost constantly with her, he had imagined her necessary to his happiness, and so long had been kept in a feverish excitement of love, and hope, and doubt, that he scarcely cared to have his case permanently fixed. Believing himself beloved, he rather enjoyed than disliked her frequent changes of deportment towards him, and had not yet learned that there was a deep and holy feeling meant by love, that he had never yet enjoyed.

But he saw Matilda. Again and again he repaired to the cottage, and ere he knew that he was in danger, he found himself completely enslaved by the artless, lovely manners, and rich and highly cultivated mind of her who never thought of conquest. But he was shackled, and how to break his bonds he knew not. Only one means presented itself, and that was to urge Clara to a decided and immediate step relative to him. She, unsuspecting his motive, and believing his happiness in her power, rejected him, vainly expecting to hear renewed declarations of affection, and to witness a sorrow and despair which she would, ere long, turn into hope and gladness.

But, like the captive bird, who after weeks of imprisonment finds the door of his cage unbarred, he exulted in his newly gained liberty, and with delightful speed burst asunder every tie that bound him to his captor, and sought again those joys which he had feared were lost to him forever. Clara loved him, if the heart of a gay unthinking girl could love. Little had she dreamed that in the lowly Matilda she could find a rival, and that too, in the only heart whose worship she had ever really valued. But in his speaking countenance she read that her rejection gave no pain, nor was she long in discovering the cause of his alienated affections. Clara was now awake from more sleeps than one—she had awoke from confidence in love, to prove that she had been bewildered with an *ignis fatuus*; her feelings of resentment, envy and revenge, which had slumbered so long, were now aroused and glowed with the intensity of a long smothered flame.

When she first left her native village, she was a stranger to the vices so prevalent among the young in modern times. But easy is the task to imbibe wrong sentiments—to learn that revenge is noble—that the end justifies the means, and that she who can best dissemble, most secretly effect her purposes, is most praiseworthy and admired.

Her feelings naturally ardent, needed but an exciting cause to call into active exercise some of the most uncontrollable, and unamiable passions. Clara might have made, with proper government when young, an excellent woman. But no early discipline had prepared her for usefulness and happiness. An only daughter, the heiress of a large estate and honorable name, and possessed of many personal graces—she had known no restraints—met with no crosses to her inclinations, and had been taught, by precept and example, that admiration, conquest, dress and fashion, were the objects at which she should tend—the summit of her ambition. Mrs. Clayton had endeavored to instil good principles in all her pupils' minds; but what can the lessons of the school-room effect, when the family circle extinguishes all the good feelings produced during a few hours instruction? Self-love was Clara's idol—self-love, alas! is too often the destroyer of its worshipper.

Williams soon became an open admirer of Miss Clayton. Gifted with talents, fortune, and a person of uncommon elegance, his mind well stored with literature, and his heart, though uninfluenced by solid piety, yet feelingly alive to many noble and brilliant virtues, he was formed to love with all the deep fervor of a virtuous soul, and formed to be beloved by one who could appreciate his character. No sooner did Williams declare himself the friend and equal of Miss Clayton, than the line of demarkation which had been drawn by the proud and rich gave way, and it soon became quite as fashionable to admire the gentle Matilda, as it had been to pay homage to her wealthier cotemporaries.

Nor did Williams alone desert Miss Wilton's ranks. Among her former suitors was a young man of dissipated character, but polished manners, who would, no doubt, have been a successful competitor for her hand, had not Williams appeared upon the stage. Between these two, no good feelings existed; and no sooner did Dudley discover his attachment to Matilda, than he determined to oppose him. For some months no event occurred worth recital. Rumor declared Williams the future husband of Matilda; while Dudley, tired of his new flame, again returned to flatter the beautiful Clara.

It was evident that she was not happy, and also that the desertion of Williams was a source of real mortification; yet still her fondness for her rival continued, and she even seemed more devoted than ever to the society of her friend. Matilda loved her, and fondly imagined that she was likewise beloved. But the time for her marriage drew near. Clara possessed her confidence, and apparently enjoyed the approaching good fortune of her friend. At this juncture, business called Williams unexpectedly from the state. With a beating heart he bid adieu to his betrothed, promising to write every post, and extorting from her a like favor. One letter only was received from him, and that was cold and brief. Added to this, she was told that his departure was a finesse to avoid the fulfilment of

his engagement—that he had spoken disrespectfully of her, and that she need not expect any farther tidings from him. But Matilda believed it not. She wrote. In a short time her letter was returned unopened. Still she could not believe him false. A month rolled by—a month of anguish, of suspense—but nothing farther was heard from him.

During this time Williams had received letters from his friends advising him to return no more—that Matilda had deceived him—that her conduct was improper in the extreme—that the story of her mother's widowhood was an artful tale, invented to conceal the ignominious birth of her daughter, and that they were proved to be exiles from home, forced off by the resentment of their family. He, too, received a letter from Matilda, requesting to be exonerated from her vows, alleging a former attachment as the cause, which she declared herself unable to overcome. Nor did it end here. Dudley and Clara had so managed that the minds of the public should be prepared for the event of Williams' desertion; and the unhappy girl soon found that not only had her lover fled, but with him her character, and of course her peace. At Williams' request their school had been dismissed, and thus were they left, with sullied fame, and without the means of future support. In vain did they endeavor to investigate the matter. No one stepped forward to assist them, save some who lacked the ability to succor those whom they believed innocent. Two years passed by, and found their situation deplorable indeed. A deep melancholy had seized the widow's mind; their efforts to re-assume their former office failed, and they were poor, friendless and afflicted. Matilda bore it with becoming dignity—all that industry and prudence could effect was done—but the rose was fled from her cheek, and the smile of peace was gone. Only by the bed side of the poor and dying, or afflicted, and within the walls of the house of God, did she venture to stray. But the influence of virtue will sooner or later be felt. Public sentiment cannot long remain stationary, and a reaction seemed gradually taking place in the Claytons' favor. Again they requested to be patronised, and a few persons resolved again to try them. The fever of excitement was passed, and the minds of the community, as they grew more calm, began to look more closely into the nature of the case; and many now wondered that they had been so credulous as to believe what was so slightly proven. But it is needless to descend to particulars—suffice it to say, that they were again placed in a situation of comparative comfort; and many who had secretly shown some kindness to the sufferers, now boldly espoused their cause, and openly declared their belief in their innocence. Clara was still unmarried, and her deep hatred to Matilda now began to assume a more tangible form. No opportunity escaped her and Dudley, to asperse her character; and so marked was their enmity, that it attracted general attention.

Twelve months passed by, and their school increased, and with it their favor with the greater portion of their acquaintances. Dudley and Clara were to be married, and a great excitement existed in expectation of the gaieties of the scene. Never had such preparations been known, and consequently the approaching marriage was the theme of every tongue. The evening before the wedding, a large party of the young men of the village

and its vicinity, had assembled to celebrate some anniversary in which they were interested. After the business of the meeting was over, they agreed to drink to the happiness of Dudley and his Clara. One sally of mirth gave way to another, until Dudley and several others felt much exhilarated by their large potations. Dudley at length mentioned Williams—tauntingly alluded to his former attachment to Clara—attributed his rejection by her to his own influence—and wound up by asserting that it was not the only favor for which his friend had to thank him. Encouraged by the mirth his witticisms excited, he proceeded to state, in a strain of deep ridicule, that had not his superior discernment discovered the true character of Miss Clayton, and given the alarm, she would have now been the wife of Williams; and that for the favor he had done him in getting him out of that dilemma, he should seek out the exile, and claim, by way of reward, a handsome legacy for his first. Among the number present was one who long had loved the innocent girl whose name was thus unceremoniously handled; a suspicion that Dudley was the cause of her ruin, darted through his mind, and he resolved to take him by guile. He accordingly asked if friendship for Williams had prompted him to the task of breaking off his chains. "No, indeed: I had a double motive. She, a proud wretch, had rejected me; and he, a villain, once had rivalled me; for a reason, good or bad, they loved each other, and I made them feel what they will not forget." "And you can prove all that was said?" continued the other. Dudley was now alarmed, for there was something in young Maxwell's look that showed he had said more than he intended to be understood. "Prove it!" said he, "assuredly I did it; and if necessary, can prove a great deal more than you have ever heard."

The party dispersed at a late hour, but Maxwell arose next morning unrefreshed. He fancied he had found the clew to the labyrinth, and resolved, unsuspected and secretly, to discover, if possible, the mystery which he now saw had been so long thrown over that transaction. Maxwell, too, was Williams' friend. He alone knew his present residence, and he resolved, if possible, to investigate the matter, and restore, if innocent, happiness and fame to her whom he now believed unjustly deprived of both.

The halls of Wilton Lodge were glittering with a thousand lights—the merry peals of the violin resounded through the mansion—the gay dancers were seen in every direction—while feasting and profusion marked the splendid scene. Maxwell leant beside a lofty column, decorated with flowers and variegated lamps, and looked on the festive scene with a saddened heart.

Clara was arrayed in almost regal splendor. The jewels glistened in her hair—the pearls gave their pure forms to decorate her snowy neck and arms; every thing combined to make her happy and gay, and yet he thought that she was sad.

Wearied with the dance, she seated herself near the spot where Maxwell stood. He approached, and laughingly inquired why she looked so serious, where all was so gay and bright. She denied that such was the case, when he jestingly remarked, that he should think she was sighing for her old flame, young Williams, unless she looked more like a happy bride. A deep

blush overspread her cheek, and with deep feeling she replied, that Matilda Clayton might grieve for him, for they suited better than any two she had ever known. He asked her why? Because, said she, her heart is false as a traitor's, and his, like hers, inconstant and base. "You astonish me," said Maxwell. "I know them both," she replied, "and Mr. Dudley knows them too." Maxwell said no more, and Clara rejoined the dance.

* * * * *

One month had scarcely elapsed since the marriage of Dudley, when the village was again excited by the appearance of Williams. No sooner had he arrived than a thousand vague reports and ideas were afloat, and the general sentence was, that his business was to see Matilda. He refreshed himself at the hotel, and taking Maxwell's arm, strolled towards the cottage. The sun had set, and the moon was shining with an unusual brightness, and gave to the flowers and shrubberies around the cottage a more than natural beauty. They approached softly, for they recognized Matilda's voice, and listening, heard these words:

Yes, false to me has been this world;
Its malice tore thy heart from me:
The shaft which at my peace was hurled,
Was deeply felt, I know, by thee.
Still conscious virtue is my stay,
Though yet a dart does rankle here—
He thinks me base and false as they
Who tore my bosom with despair.
I'll blame him not; the poisonous breath
Of malice forced him thus to stray;
And fain I'd clasp the tyrant Death,
To wash that guiltless stain away.

Williams' agitation became so great that his friend with difficulty prevented his betraying his nearness to the house; but caution was necessary, as it had been planned that Maxwell should go in alone, and by degrees apprise Matilda of W.'s arrival, and his object. He accordingly knocked at the door. Mrs. Clayton asked who was there. His name was given, and he immediately entered.

Seating himself near Matilda, he asked what event on earth could give her most pleasure? She blushed deeply, and replied, "to see all the world convinced that I am not deserving of the scorn which has been heaped upon me; true, a reaction has already taken place, but where there is mystery there is doubt, and doubt is the fruitful source of distrust. But why did I answer thus; excuse me, for as you entered I was brooding over the past—the bitter past." "And did you ever suspect the enemies who at that dark period caused your sorrow?" "No," she replied, "I would not be so unjust as to censure merely from suspicion; but let us drop so painful a theme—I was wrong to allude to it." But Maxwell was resolved that it should not thus be dropped. "Miss Clayton," said he, "did you never think that Dudley and his wife were deeply concerned in that nefarious business? Answer me, for I do believe that they were the entire cause." He then proceeded to relate what he had heard from the lips of both, and concluded by saying, "I have written to Williams, stating my suspicions, and when he comes, I doubt not a full explanation and investigation will be the result." "Williams!" repeated Matilda; "and do you know where he is? But I must thank you for the interest you have ever taken in my fate. Words are weak to paint the feel-

ings of a grateful heart. Oh! that you may be rewarded, even should your noble endeavors fail." "But you have not told me," he continued, "whether or not you think my charges against those persons just." "I have feared it," said she, "but I resolved to condemn no one until I knew that they deserved it. Those who have writhed under the tortures of unmerited charges, will be the last to give like pangs." "Farewell, Miss Clayton," said he, "when next we meet, may it be to tell you that the sun of happiness has dawned again in your horizon, and that your wrongs are revenged." "Talk not of revenge," she replied; "I would not have it taken. Judgment is mine; I will repay, saith the Lord; and to him will I leave it." She could say no more—tears streamed down her cheek. The widow pressed his hand, and exclaimed, "The Lord will bless, will reward thee!" Maxwell left the room, and rejoined the impatient Williams.

The excitement which reigned during the time that Williams and Maxwell were investigating the mystery of Matilda's injuries cannot be described. Suffice it to say, that a complete exposure of a deep and villainous plot was the result. Dudley, exasperated at his conduct and that of his wife being detected, challenged Williams to a duel; but he refused, and wrote him a letter declaring his contempt of him and his wife, and his determined purpose neither to meet him or any other man for a purpose so ungentlemanly, and at direct variance with the laws of God and man. A suit against them was expected, but Matilda positively refused her consent to such a measure, declaring that money was no atonement for sorrow, and that, her innocence attested, she neither sought nor wished to punish her enemies, as she well knew they would suffer far more than they had forced her to endure. Need I add, that she soon became the wife of the only man she ever loved. A short time before their marriage the brother of Mrs. Clayton sought her out. Her father had died. On his death-bed he forgave her for marrying against his will, and left her a large estate. But happiness is brief at best. It was soon too evident that Matilda was not long for earth. Excitement and sorrow had undermined her health, and her husband saw but too plainly that the seeds of death were already sown.

But to return to Dudley. Disgraced and despised by the virtuous and good, he plunged into excesses of every kind. He and his wife were miserable; for, mutually sunk in each other's estimation, their conduct manifested to all who knew them, the object for which they sacrificed their honor: truth and peace defeated, all was too much for even them to bear. Mr. Wilton did not long survive the shock his feelings had received. He died in less than twelve months after Williams' return.

Clara's health failed; penitence perhaps was little felt—but shame and wounded pride, and a cold neglectful husband, added to the pangs of a reproving conscience, carried her to the grave. She left one child, but that too has lately been laid by her side. Dudley is a bankrupt and a wanderer. Where he is I am unable to inform you. Rumor says that he has fallen a victim to the fury of a mob. And who reared that splendid monument to Clara's memory? Her husband, neglectful, cruel to her while living, had it erected, as if in mockery—for it serves but to remind all who see it how

little she deserved its inscription. But Matilda, my heart bleeds to think on her. She was the mother of one lovely child; but her health was gone. Her husband spared no pains to arrest the progress of disease; but it was in vain that he took her from north to south, from place to place: after two years absence from this village, she returned but to die. But how different was her end from that of her once beloved friend. The sympathy of all, the love of all, the blessings of the poor, accompanied her to her last home. Never shall I forget the joyful peace that illumined her dying face—nor the anguish of her mother, the agony of her husband, when, for the last time, she clasped her infant in her arms, poured out her heart in prayer, forgave her enemies, blessed her friends, and clasping her husband's hand to her heart, breathed her last. You saw her tomb, and do you wonder that it says no external record is necessary for her praise. Two months ago, and I saw her laid in her last bed.

And what became of Maxwell? Williams had an only sister; she is an inestimable woman, and she is his wife. He has met a rich reward for his generous conduct towards Matilda and her husband. He lives in that beautiful spot where the Wiltons once resided. Williams has taken his child and its grandmother, and gone to reside among her friends. His heart is deeply wounded, but the piety of his wife has induced him to look above for comfort. Long might I dwell on the moral of this narrative, but it needs no comment with you.

The two tombs are called the "Contrast," and justly do they deserve the appellation. Strangely blended in their destinies while living, it seems fit that they should thus repose near each other, if but to remind those who pass by, that *virtue* and *vice* alike meet their reward.

Editorial.

CRITICAL NOTICES.

MEDICAL REVIEW.

The British and Foreign Medical Review, or Quarterly Journal of Practical Medicine and Surgery. Edited by John Forbes, M. D., F. R. S., and John Conolly, M. D. (American Edition.) Nos. I, II and III: For January, April, July, 1836.

If any augury of success is to be drawn from desert, this work may fairly be regarded as likely soon to assume a vanward place amongst its competitors for favor with the medical world. Whether we view the quantity or the quality of its matter—the number, variety, richness, or power of its articles—the comprehensiveness of its plan or the judiciousness of its arrangement—it equally strikes us as possessing the very first degree of merit.

Each number consists of four grand divisions: I. Analytical and Critical Reviews; II. Bibliographical Notices; III. Selections from Foreign Journals; IV. Medical Intelligence. So wide is the scope of each one of these divisions, and so copious its *filling up*, that a steady reader of the *Review* can hardly fail to know

every material step that medical science takes—every important discovery—every valuable publication, and almost every instructive case. Not the least commendable trait in the work, is the notice it takes of *foreign* medicine; the attention it bestows upon the state of the profession and upon medical men, medical works, and medical institutions—not only in England—not only in Great Britain—not only in Europe—but in America, and even in Asia. It practically recognizes a great commonwealth of knowledge, pervading the whole earth; each province alike concerned, and alike entitled to be lighted and cheered by the sun of science; a widespread fraternity of intellect and benevolence, of which membership is limited to no climate or hemisphere. Thus we see notices of the state of medicine in Spain, Russia and Denmark; and of the medical journals now published in Great Britain, France, Italy, Denmark, Germany, the Colonies, and America. *En passant*, we state the number of these: in Germany 11; in Italy 5; in Denmark 4; in the United States 8; in Rio Janeiro 1; in Kingston (Jamaica) 1; in Calcutta 1; in France (including hebdomadal and tri-weekly papers,) 17. In Great Britain it seems there are but six.

We cannot too much admire the sound sense and enlarged philanthropy breathed in the following passage of the British Medical Review, occurring just after it has bespoken a regular exchange with its foreign contemporaries.

"It is our anxious desire and earnest hope to make it a freer medium of communication and a closer bond of union, between the members of the medical profession in all civilized countries, than has hitherto existed. It is delightful to all who cultivate the arts of peace, to live in times when the nations of the earth may freely communicate with each other, without restraint or difficulty: and it is doubly delightful to those who, like the members of our profession, are striving only for what is good, to find themselves associated in their labors with the virtuous and the wise of every land, differing indeed in the external and unessential characters of language, customs, and civil polity, but identified in the common desire to improve the physical, moral, and intellectual condition of man, and consequently, to augment the happiness, and exalt the dignity of the human race." *No. I, p. 230.*

It pleases our pride as Americans, to observe the large space which our country evidently occupies in the opinion of the enlightened men who edit this Review. The physicians of the United States and their works, in its pages, fill twice the room, we believe, of those in any other foreign country, not excepting France or Germany; and there are repeated and unequivocal proofs, that the inconsiderable figure which this, like other departments of American science and literature, has hitherto made in British eyes, is now to be entirely changed. Mark the conciliatory and fraternal tone of what follows:

"The energetic character of the American people, whom we feel proud to regard as derived from a common ancestry with ourselves, and their astonishing progress during the last half century in the arts and sciences, are no less conspicuous in the actual state of medicine there, than in the other branches of human knowledge and social amelioration. Were we, however, not resolved to make the state of medical science among our North American brethren better known and more justly appreciated in England, we should almost be ashamed to confess how little we ourselves know of it, and how little is really known of it by the great majority of our best informed physicians and surgeons. While the medicine of France is familiar to most men of any education among us, and that of Germany and Italy is known to many, the condition of our science throughout the vast

territories and in the immense cities of the United States, although recorded in our own language, and cultivated in the same spirit as by ourselves, is scarcely known to us at all. A striking proof of this is, that in some recent histories of medicine published in this country, by men of the very first talents and acquirements, scarcely any notice is taken of America, or of the improvements or discoveries for which we are indebted to American physicians and surgeons. An equally striking evidence is the extremely limited importation into this country of American books, and the non-circulation of American Journals among us. On the contrary, the extreme eagerness with which English books are received in America, is no less strikingly illustrated by the well known fact that all good works on British medicine are not only imported into, but are immediately republished in America, and circulated in vast numbers." "Dr. Combe's admirable work on Hygiene, has not only been reprinted in America, but circulated to the amount of 10,000."

"The zeal with which medicine is cultivated in America, is equally manifested by the number and variety of the medical journals published there; and we are bound in fairness to add, that the original communications and criticisms contained in such of them as we have met with, sufficiently prove that it is not a zeal without knowledge." *Id. p. 233.*

The foregoing extracts are worth making and worth reading, for two especial reasons: first, because in speaking so kindly of us, they tend to awaken a mutual throb of kindness in our own bosoms, and so to strengthen and multiply the ties of international affection; and second, because by showing us how insignificant we are in the civilized world, they severely and justly rebuke our national vanity, pampered so long by our Fourth of July orators and newspaper paragraphists, into the belief that we are "the greatest and most enlightened people on earth."

Among the American physicians whose names are brought with praise before the British public in the Review before us, are Drs. Dunglison, Geddings, and Smith, of Baltimore, and Jackson (senior and junior,) of Boston. Though Dr. Dunglison is an Englishman born, we claim his professional merits chiefly for America, who has fostered, developed and matured, by appreciating and rewarding them. We sympathize in the gratification he must feel, at the emphatic and pre-eminent tribute rendered him in the preface, where he is classed *with*, yet *above*, the distinguished physicians of Berlin, Hamburg, Geneva, Madrid, and St. Petersburg, to whom obligations are acknowledged for valuable assistance.

In No. 2, is a very favorable review of Dr. Dunglison's late work on the Elements of Hygiene. Like his prior and large work on Human Physiology, (of which, as well as of his Medical Dictionary, America is the birth place,) this valuable treatise is rather *technical* than *popular*; being designed more for medical than for general readers.

In the same article, is a detailed notice of the before mentioned essay of Dr. Combe, on Hygiene—or, to give its proper title, "The Principles of Physiology applied to the Preservation of Health, and to the Improvement of Physical and Mental Education." This is the work of which the Reviewer says 10,000 copies have been circulated in the United States; but as it has been stereotyped by the Harpers, and made a number of their "Family Library," besides publication in other forms, we question if 20,000 copies be not nearer the truth. The whole range of physical authorship, we have long believed, does not present an equal to this modest little book of Dr. Combe's, for curious, interesting, and valuable truth: not to physicians alone, or to

scholars, or to gentlemen, or to school-mistresses, but to every class of mankind, from the President of a College to the laborer in "his clouted shoon." The topics it particularly treats of, are the structure and functions of the *skin*—of the *muscular system*—the *lungs*—the *bones*—and the *nervous system*, with the *mental faculties*, supposed to be connected with it. Annexed to each of these subjects are rules, "by the observance of which, each of them may be kept in health, and may conduce to the general health of the body." "And thus the reader is led to wholesome customs, by being taught the reason of their being wholesome."

It is now admitted by all intelligent persons, except those captious and querulous praisers of time past, who abound in every age, that medicine is far advanced in a great and most salutary reformation, the progress of which is still *onward*. In nothing is this reform more conspicuous—*namely*, in nothing does it more *consist*—than in the profession's now aiming to preserve health by timely precautions, instead of being satisfied to restore it when lost. In fact it is not now *medicine* so much as *hygiene*; it is the art of preserving rather than the art of healing; *prevention* rather than *cure*. And as much superior as prevention proverbially is to cure—so much better is the present plan of guarding the health by a judicious diet, seasonable clothing, dwellings properly warmed and aired, and a strict attention to cleanliness—than the old one, of letting luxury and debauchery have their course, and then trusting to expel their crudities and counteract their poison by physic. If the expelling agent—the antidote—had been always infallible (and alas, how many grave-yards prove the contrary!)—the wear and tear of constitution, produced by the action of the disease, and even of the remedy, was a clear *balance* against the old system.

Dr. Combe's work is emphatically an emanation of the reformed school of medicine; and though in that school the names of Broussais, Louis and Jackson may be more united by fame, we deem "Combe on Mental Health"* to have borne away from them all the palm of usefulness.

In the three numbers of the Review, are many articles which we would fain mention, but *all* would exceed our space, and we do not like the task of further selection. Some idea of the merits of the work (and incidentally of Dr. C.'s) was all we aimed to convey.

It is republished (quarterly) in New York, by W. Jackson, and in Baltimore by William Neal, who are authorized to receive subscriptions. The price is \$5 per annum.

MR. LEE'S ADDRESS.

Address delivered before the Baltimore Lyceum, Athenæum Society, William Wirt Society, Washington Lyceum, Philo-nomian Society and Franklin Association, Literary and Scientific Societies of Baltimore, on the 4th of July, 1836. By Z. Collins Lee, Esq.

Having reason to be well aware of Mr. Lee's oratorical powers, we were not altogether at liberty to imagine his Address, merely from the deep attention with which, we are told, its delivery was received, the impassioned and scholar-like performance we now find

it upon perusal. Few similar things indeed have afforded us any similar pleasure. We have no intention, however, of speaking more fully, at this late day, of an Address whose effect must have depended so largely upon anniversary recollections. We allude to it now with the sole purpose of recording, in brief, our opinion of its merits, and of quoting one of its passages without comment.

Is it now, as it was formerly, the necessary tendency of all alarming and apparently fatal convulsions of society and governments, to realize often permanent good out of temporary evil? The political revolutions which distinguished the close of the 18th century were accompanied with various secondary movements more benign and pacific in their character, and more lasting in their results, though not contemplated by the then apostles of anarchy. The changes to which I refer were perhaps among their legitimate results, and when they have been studied through a period longer than the perturbations which produced them, they will doubtless be ranked among the compensatory adjustments, in which Providence strikes a balance between present and overwhelming evils and future and permanent good; for in the political as well as in the natural world the desolating torrent, which sweeps away its bulwarks, often loses its power in the depths of its own excavations, whilst it forms a new barrier out of the very elements it displaced. Thus, in every country which has passed like ours through a great and sudden revolution, or been the scene of public excitement and party spirit, there will be a principle of adjustment and order springing out of the most dangerous and disorganizing commotions. That our land has been lately the witness of most daring outrages upon public peace and private rights—that the torch of the incendiary, and the more fearful and disgraceful out-breakings of lawless violence and ferocious passion, have trampled law and order before our eyes in the dust, and that life and property have been swept away by the sirocco breath of popular tumult, are melancholy facts attested in many parts of our country—and to one unacquainted with the genius of our institutions and the habits of our people, these were indeed most startling evidences of the inefficiency of the one and the unfitness of the other for self-government. But, my fellow-citizens, at the bottom of the American character and closely interwoven with its general sentiment, is a recuperative and renovating principle of right and order, which, sooner or later compensates for the devastation and ruin of one day, by years of order and submission to the laws, and hurls as victims upon their own *Moloch* altars the mad passions and daring spirits which perpetrated it. Let not, therefore, our confidence and hopes be diminished or torn from the true, essential and conservative principles of our institutions, but rather let these evils stimulate us to greater zeal and more devoted labor, in spreading far and wide, by means of knowledge and religion, the true and only remedies—and though the storm may howl and the clouds gather over portions of the country, oh! let us still cling with unflinching confidence to our *union*, to our *religion*, to our *liberties*. In this age kindred minds will unite their sympathies either for good or evil; wealth seeks its preservation by uniting itself to wealth—power strives to extend itself by an alliance with power—in such cases wealth and rank have frequently exercised a predominant influence, and brute force has still oftener enjoyed its short lived triumph; but intellectual power guided by high religious and moral motives, has never failed to establish its just rights and proper sway. The education therefore of the people, the diffusion of knowledge, and the encouragement of literature and science are the only safeguard for a government and social system like ours, exposed as they are to the double hostility of popular menace and the arrogant inroads of exclusive and aristocratic orders; but the most efficacious of all these elements of stability is that of intellectual power, whether it is exhibited in the statesman's forethought and sagacity—in the philosopher's powers of combination and judgment—or in the lighter and more elegant accomplishments of the scholar and the poet—the shaft of the stately column is not weakened by the acanthus that curls at its summit, nor is reason less enlightened when embellished by the imagination.

The foundation, therefore, of a literature peculiarly free and national, and the encouragement of all the arts of life, should be our first aim; and here, gentlemen of the societies, which have so honorably been dedicated to these noble objects, permit

* This is the title usually affixed to the back of Dr. C.'s book.

me to animate, if I can, your laudable zeal, and invoke to you the praise and support of our proud city—of the whole country. In your hands are deposited sacred and beneficial trusts—on your efforts as citizens and scholars depend much of the future prosperity and glory of Maryland. It is not enough therefore that you are the nominal and passive members of these scientific and literary associations, or the admirers of all that is beautiful in the culture of letters and the promotion of science. You may walk indeed through the gorgeous temple of knowledge and explore its holiest recesses or arcana, or bow before its altars with homage and adoration, but you must *unfold its portals and lift high its gates* that the people may enter, and become as enlightened as they are free. Above all, in aiding by your exertions in this great work, you should endeavor to found a literature whose seat is the bosom of God—whose end the elevation of man. Let then the Bible be its chief pillar or corner stone, from whose pure pages and sublime truths, the waters of life may gush forth, and mingling with the full stream of rational and social prosperity, form

“—as deep and as brilliant a tide
As ever bore freedom aloft on its wave.”

THE PICKWICK CLUB.

The Posthumous Papers of the Pickwick Club: Containing a Faithful Record of the Perambulations, Perils, Travels, Adventures, and Sporting Transactions of the Corresponding Members. Edited by "Boz." Philadelphia: Republished by Carey, Lea and Blanchard.

In our June "Messenger," we spoke at some length of the "Watkins Tottle and other Papers," by "Boz." We then expressed a high opinion of the comic power, and of the rich imaginative conception of Mr. Dickens—an opinion which "The Pickwick Club" has fully sustained. The author possesses nearly every desirable quality in a writer of fiction, and has withal a thousand negative virtues. In his delineation of Cockney life he is rivalled only by the author of "Peter Snook," while in efforts of a far loftier and more difficult nature, he has greatly surpassed the best of the brief tragic pieces of Bulwer, or of Warren. Just now, however, we can only express our opinion that his general powers as a prose writer are equalled by few. The work is to be continued, and hereafter we may give at some length the considerations which have led us to this belief. From the volume before us we quote the concluding portion of a vigorous sketch, entitled "A Madman's MS." The writer is supposed to be an hereditary madman, and to have labored under the disease for many years, but to have been conscious of his condition, and thus, by a strong effort of the will, to have preserved his secret from the eye of even his most intimate friends.

I don't remember forms or faces now, but I know the girl was beautiful. I *know* she was; for in the bright moonlight nights, when I start up from my sleep, and all is quiet about me, I see, standing still and motionless in one corner of this cell, a slight and wasted figure, with long black hair, which, streaming down her back, stirs with no earthly wind, and eyes that fix their gaze on me, and never wink or close. Hush! the blood chills at my heart as I write it down—that form is *hers*; the face is very pale, and the eyes are glassy bright: but I know them well. That figure never moves; it never frowns and mouths as others do, that fill this place sometimes; but it is much more dreadful to me, even than the spirits that tempted me many years ago—it comes fresh from the grave; and is so very death-like.

For nearly a year I saw that face grow paler: for nearly a year I saw the tears steal down the mournful cheeks, and never knew the cause. I found it out at

last though. They could not keep it from me long. She had never liked me; I had never thought she did: she despised my wealth, and hated the splendor in which she lived;—I had not expected that. She loved another. This I had never thought of. Strange feelings came over me, and thoughts forced upon me by some secret power, whirled round and round my brain. I did not hate her, though I hated the boy she still wept for. I pitied—yes, I pitied—the wretched life to which her cold and selfish relations had doomed her. I knew that she could not live long, but the thought that before her death she might give birth to some ill-fated being, destined to hand down madness to its offspring, deter mined me. I resolved to kill her.

For many weeks I thought of poison, and then of drowning, and then of fire. A fine sight the grand house in flames, and the madman's wife smouldering away to cinders. Think of the jest of a large reward, too, and of some sane man swinging in the wind, for a deed he never did, and all through a madman's cunning! I thought often of this, but I gave it up at last. Oh! the pleasure of strapping the razor day after day, feeling the sharp edge, and thinking of the gash one stroke of its thin bright point would make!

At last the old spirits who had been with me so often before, whispered in my ear that the time was come, and thrust the open razor into my hand. I grasped it firmly, rose softly from the bed, and leaned over my sleeping wife. Her face was buried in her hands. I withdrew them softly, and they fell listlessly on her bosom. She had been weeping, for the traces of the tears were still wet upon her cheek. Her face was calm and placid; and even as I looked upon it, a tranquil smile lighted up her pale features. I laid my hand softly on her shoulder. She started—it was only a passing dream. I leaned forward again. She screamed, and woke.

One motion of my hand, and she would never again have uttered cry or sound. But I was startled, and drew back. Her eyes were fixed on mine. I know not how it was, but they cowed and frightened me; and I quailed beneath them. She rose from the bed, still gazing fixedly and steadily on me. I trembled; the razor was in my hand, but I could not move. She made towards the door. As she neared it, she turned, and withdrew her eyes from my face. The spell was broken. I bounded forward, and clutched her by the arm. Uttering shriek upon shriek, she sunk upon the ground.

Now I could have killed her without a struggle; but the house was alarmed. I heard the tread of footsteps on the stairs. I replaced the razor in its usual drawer, unfastened the door, and called loudly for assistance.

They came, and raised her, and placed her on the bed. She lay bereft of animation for hours; and when life, look, and speech returned, her senses had deserted her, and she raved wildly and furiously.

Doctors were called in—great men who rolled up to my door in easy carriages, with fine horses and gaudy servants. They were at her bedside for weeks. They had a great meeting, and consulted together in low and solemn voices in another room. One, the cleverest, and most celebrated among them, took me aside and bidding me prepare for the worst, told me—me, the madman!—that my wife was mad. He stood close beside me at an open window, his eyes looking in my face, and his hand laid upon my arm. With one effort I could have hurled him into the street beneath. It would have been rare sport to have done it; but my secret was at stake, and I let him go. A few days after, they told me I must place her under some restraint: I must provide a keeper for her. I! I went into the open fields where none could hear me, and laughed till the air resounded with my shouts!

She died next day. The white-headed old man followed her to the grave, and the proud brothers dropped a tear over the insensible corpse of her whose sufferings they had regarded in her lifetime with muscles of iron.

All this was food for my secret mirth, and I laughed behind the white handkerchief which I held up to my face as we rode home, till the tears came into my eyes.

But though I had carried my object and killed her, I was restless and disturbed, and I felt that before long my secret must be known. I could not hide the wild mirth and joy which boiled within me, and made me when I was alone, at home, jump up and beat my hands together, and dance round and round, and roar aloud. When I went out, and saw the busy crowds hurrying about the streets: or to the theatre, and heard the sound of music, and beheld the people dancing, I felt such glee, that I could have rushed among them, and torn them to pieces limb from limb, and howled in transport. But I ground my teeth, and struck my feet upon the floor, and drove my sharp nails into my hands. I kept it down; and no one knew that I was a madman yet.

I remember—though it is one of the last things I can remember: for now I mix realities with my dreams, and having so much to do, and being always hurried here, have no time to separate the two, from some strange confusion in which they get involved—I remember how I let it out at last. Ha! ha! I think I see their frightened looks now, and feel the ease with which I flung them from me, and dashed my clenched fists into their white faces, and then flew like the wind, and left them screaming and shouting far behind. The strength of a giant comes upon me when I think of it. There—see how this iron bar bends beneath my furious wrench. I could snap it like a twig, only there are long galleries here with many doors—I don't think I could find my way along them: and even if I could, I know there are iron gates below which they keep locked and barred. They know what a clever madman I have been and they are proud to have me here to show.

Let me see;—yes, I had been out. It was late at night when I reached home, and found the proudest of the three proud brothers, waiting to see me—urgent business he said: I recollect it well. I hated that man with all a madman's hate. Many and many a time had my fingers longed to tear him. They told me he was there. I ran swiftly up stairs. He had a word to say to me. I dismissed the servants. It was late, and we were alone together—for the first time.

I kept my eyes carefully from him at first, for I knew what he little thought—and I gloried in the knowledge—that the light of madness gleamed from them like fire. We sat in silence for a few minutes. He spoke at last. My recent dissipation, and strange remarks, made so soon after his sister's death, were an insult to her memory. Coupling together many circumstances which had at first escaped his observation, he thought I had not treated her well. He wished to know whether he was right in inferring that I meant to cast a reproach upon her memory, and a disrespect upon her family. It was due to the uniform he wore, to demand this explanation.

This man had a commission in the army—a commission, purchased with my money, and his sister's misery. This was the man who had been foremost in the plot to ensnare me, and grasp my wealth. This was the man who had been the main instrument in forcing his sister to wed me; well knowing that her heart was given to that puling boy. Due! Due to his uniform! The livery of his degradation! I turned my eyes upon him—I could not help it—but I spoke not a word.

I saw the sudden change that came upon him, beneath my gaze. He was a bold man, but the color faded from his face, and he drew back his chair. I dragged mine nearer to him; and as I laughed—I was very merry then—I saw him shudder. I felt the madness rising within me. He was afraid of me.

'You were very fond of your sister when she was alive'—I said—'Very.'

He looked uneasily round him, and I saw his hand grasp the back of his chair: but he said nothing.

'You villain,' cried I, 'I found you out; I discovered

your hellish plots against me; I know her heart was fixed on some one else before you compelled her to marry me. I know it—I know it.'

He jumped suddenly from his chair, brandished it aloft, and bid me stand back—for I took care to be getting closer to him all the time I spoke.

I screamed rather than talked, for I felt tumultuous passions eddying through my veins, and the old spirits whispering and taunting me to tear his heart out.

'Damn you,' said I, starting up, and rushing upon him; 'I killed her. I am a madman. Down with you. Blood, blood, I will have it.'

I turned aside with one blow, the chair he hurled at me in his terror, and closed with him; and with a heavy crash, we rolled upon the floor together.

It was a fine struggle that, for he was a tall strong man, fighting for his life; and I, a powerful madman, thirsting to destroy him. I knew no strength could equal mine, and I was right. Right again, though a madman! His struggles grew fainter. I knelt upon his chest, and clasped his brawny throat firmly with both hands. His face grew purple; his eyes were starting from his head, and with protruded tongue he seemed to mock me. I squeezed the tighter.

The door was suddenly burst open with a loud noise, and a crowd of people rushed forward, crying aloud to each other to secure the madman.

My secret was out; and my only struggle now, was for liberty and freedom. I gained my feet before a hand was on me, threw myself among my assailants, and cleared my way with my strong arm as if I bore a hatchet in my hand, and hewed them down before me. I gained the door, dropped over the banisters, and in an instant was in the street.

Straight and swift I ran, and no one dared to stop me. I heard the noise of feet behind, and redoubled my speed. It grew fainter and fainter in the distance, and at length died away altogether: but on I bounded, through marsh and rivulet, over fence and wall, with a wild shout, which was taken up by the strange beings that flocked around me on every side, and swelled the sound, till it pierced the air. I was borne upon the arms of demons who swept along upon the wind, and bore down bank and hedge before them, and spun me round and round with a rustle and a speed that made my head swim, until at last they threw me from them with a violent shock, and I fell heavily upon the earth. When I awoke I found myself here—here in this gay cell where the sun-light seldom comes, and the moon steals in, in rays which only serve to show the dark shadows about me, and that silent figure in its old corner. When I lie awake, I can sometimes hear strange shrieks and cries from distant parts of this large place. What they are, I know not; but they neither come from that pale form, nor does it regard them. For from the first shades of dust till the earliest light of morning, it still stands motionless in the same place, listening to the music of my iron chain, and watching my gambols on my bed.

A press of business connected with some necessary arrangements for Volume the Third, has prevented us from paying, in this Messenger, the usual attention to our Critical Department. We have many books now lying by us which we propose to notice fully in our next. With this number we close Volume the Second.

ERRATUM.—The *Essay on Friendship*, in the present number, and to which a foot-note of some length is appended, should have been embraced under the general head of the *Essays of Gilchrist*, also in this number. The mistake occurred by our supposing the *Essay on Friendship* to have appeared in the last Messenger.



